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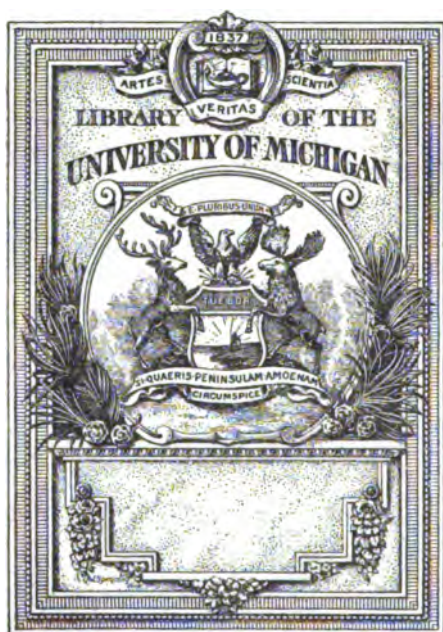
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BANKING AND CURRENCY.—PART I.*

As the expediency of renewing or modifying the charter of the Bank of Ireland, must be decided upon by parliament in the approaching session, and as the subject of Joint Stock Banks, and banking in general will naturally occupy a considerable degree of public attention, we have resolved to place before our readers a review of the evidence that has been laid before parliamentary committees, and the principal opinions worthy of notice that have been entertained on the subject. To some of our readers a portion of this article may seem too elementary,—it may appear superfluous to explain or prove principles about which no doubt can or ought to exist. But before examining the conduct of the banks already established, or the laws by which they are regulated, it is necessary to lay down some fixed principles by which we should judge of that conduct and those laws, and this cannot be done without some inquiry into the nature of banking, and the utility of banks, and what is the proper duty which they ought to perform if well regulated, and what are the services which they ought not to be called upon to perform, and which they cannot attempt without danger to themselves and injury to the public. We shall, therefore, preface our observations upon the reports on banking by a short account of the

nature of banking in general, which we hope will not prove unacceptable to such of our readers as may not have had time or inclination to study those voluminous reports. In our references to the reports at the head of this article we shall merely distinguish them by the years in which they were published.

The banker is the intermediate agent between those who have money to spare for a short period, and those who want money which they expect to replace quickly. By his means the capital of the community is more advantageously distributed among its members than if such loans were conducted without his intervention. If any person wants money or capital, which it is necessary for him to retain for a considerable length of time, he may procure it, if he knows any person in possession of spare capital and willing to lend it to him, and to trust to his integrity for re-payment, or if he has any security to offer which he may give as a pledge to the lender to ensure him the return of his money. In those cases the loans are generally made by persons who have a certain quantity of capital, for which they cannot find any active employment, and from which, instead of consuming it unproductively, they wish to derive a permanent income. In such cases the affair can be transacted without the aid of a banker.

* Report from the Committee of Secrecy on the Bank of England Charter. 1833.
Report from the Secret Committee on Joint Stock Banks. 1836. Same, 1837,
Same, 1838.

The Evils Inseparable from a Mixed Currency. By William Blacker, Esq. London, 1839.

But there is also in every civilized country a large quantity of wealth for which the possessors can find no immediate employment, and which at the same time they intend to invest or to spend after some short uncertain period. This is the case, to some extent, with every man who has money in the morning which he does not spend before night. However, if he is likely to want it soon, it is better for him to keep it in his own possession, even at the risk of loss and robbery, than to lend it to a person who may not be able to repay it when it is called for. Indeed, a loan for such an uncertain period would be of little use to a person in trade, who might be more embarrassed by the sudden call for repayment, than he was assisted by the loan; and security to the lender would be out of the question, as it would not be worth the trouble and expense of investigating the security. Those sums, however, become useful to the public through the intervention of a banker. When a bank of deposit is established by persons whose wealth and integrity inspire the public with confidence that they are ready at any moment to pay all demands upon them, persons who have spare money for which they have no present employment, can secure themselves against all risk of loss or robbery by lodging it in the bank. In addition to the advantage of this security, the owner of money lodged at the bank has, without the trouble or risk of carrying it about with him, the same use of his money as if he had it in his purse, for by an engagement with the bank, which, in the absence of any express contract is implied by law, the bank is bound, as soon as they are presented, to honour his drafts to the full amount of the money which he has lodged there. Thus, if he has £500 in the bank, he may make purchases or payments in any part of the town with the same facility as if he had the money in his purse; he pays by a draft, which the person who receives it presents to the bank, and there receives the amount in cash, or has it transferred to his credit if he keeps an account there. Sometimes the same draft passes like money through several hands before it is presented for payment. The advantages which a depositor naturally de-

rives from his account with the bank, is, that while his money remains completely at his disposal, it is secured from all danger of loss or robbery. Sometimes a bank offers additional inducements to persons to become depositors, either by allowing interest on deposits, or by refusing to discount for persons who do not keep accounts there. The profit of the bank of deposit is derived from this source. Those who keep accounts with them have sometimes more, and sometimes less money there, but it is expected, and sometimes it is a matter of express stipulation, that they should keep a certain average balance there in proportion to the amount of the drafts which they draw. This balance need not be always there; it may be sometimes less and sometimes more. A balance of £800 for three months, and of £400 for nine months, would be deemed an average balance of £500 for the year. Where a bank has numerous customers, these balances form a large sum liable to very trifling fluctuations, the drafts of one man being compensated by the lodgments of another. Experience teaches the banker what sum it is necessary to keep in hands to answer all probable demands upon him, and the rest of the money lodged with him by his customers he invests in such a manner as to secure to himself the fair profits of his trade. These investments are made, either by lending money on bills or other securities, in which case the operations of the banker have, as it were, added that amount to the capital of the country, by lending to persons engaged in business that money which should otherwise have lain idle in the hands of those who lodged it with the bank; or sometimes the bank invests a portion of its lodgments in government securities, in which case the public derives the same advantage from its employments, as it sets free for the purposes of trade the same amount of capital which individuals would otherwise have had invested in the same securities.

This service, performed by banks of deposit, is very generally admitted; but it is not always observed that this addition to the capital of the country is made by the more economical medium of exchange, introduced by those banks. While the utility of banks of

issue is universally recognised, by substituting a cheaper for a more expensive circulating medium, viz. paper for gold; the services of the same kind, performed by banks of deposit, are frequently overlooked; and yet by their means a reduction, the extent of which very few appreciate, is made in the amount of the circulating medium required for the wants of the country. The amount of this reduction is nearly equal to all the deposits in all the banks. This will be readily admitted, if we reflect that the deposit made by each individual is of that money only, which if there were no banks of deposit, he should keep at home in cash.

The existence of a bank of deposit never prevents a man from employing or investing his capital in any eligible manner, it merely prevents him from keeping it idle in his purse or strong box. Thus, all the money lodged in any particular bank would have lain in specie in the hands of the depositors, and all its services are fully performed by the much smaller sum which the banker finds it necessary to keep in his chest to answer occasional demands. The extent to which this reduction in the circulating medium may be made by banks of deposit, must depend very much upon the habits of the people and the rules of the banks. If every person kept an account with the bank, and if drafts for the smallest sums were usual, and were permitted, all the internal trade of the country could be carried on without any money. Every person who now has any money would then have it to his credit at the bank, and would make all his payments by drafts instead of money. This assumed state of things is imaginary, and will never come to pass; many persons cannot keep an account with a bank, their transactions are so small, or of such a nature that their custom would not remunerate a bank for the trouble of keeping an account with them, and many persons, especially those not engaged in trade, do not think it worth while to keep a deposit account with a bank; besides, it is not customary to pay small sums by drafts; such payments would be frequently inconvenient to the person receiving them, and many banks even fix a sum, below which they will not permit drafts to be drawn upon them. The use of

money or circulating medium of some kind is, therefore, required to make those smaller payments, and also to conduct the exchanges of those who do not keep an account with any bank.

Money is generally made of gold and silver, which, from their great natural value, and other qualities, are very well adapted for that purpose. We are not to suppose that the value of the precious metals arises chiefly from their being the materials of which money is made; on the contrary, this employment of them adds no more to their value than any other use which should consume an equal quantity, and thus occasion an equal demand for them. Much of the precious metals is purchased for other purposes, and is paid for at the same price as that which passes as money, and gold was more valuable than it is at the present day, at a time when its use as money was unknown. Silver money was coined long before gold, and yet in those early periods gold was many times more valuable than silver of equal weight.

But although the precious metals are well adapted to their use as a medium of exchange, and are adopted for that purpose in all civilized countries, and thus serve as a universal medium of exchange, yet their employment as money is the source of some loss and inconvenience. In the first place their weight, even that of gold, renders them an inconvenient medium for the payment of very large sums. 7,000 sovereigns are about a hundred weight avoirdupois, and an unpractised person could not reckon that sum without danger of mistake, in much less time than an hour. This great weight of metallic money makes the transmission of it, from place to place, a matter of considerable expense. The inconveniences arising from the weight of money are in a great measure remedied by the use of banks of deposit and bills of exchange. Very large sums of money are almost invariably paid by drafts, and transmitted by bills.

In the second place, the employment of such an expensive material as gold and silver, in the making of money, costs the nation a considerable sum annually. If the circulation of the country amounts to one hundred mil-

lions, and if the ordinary rate of profit is five per cent. this circulation will cost the country five millions a-year: for a capital which would yield that annual profit, is diverted from other purposes, to be employed as a circulating medium. Besides, it is computed that the ordinary wear of the coins, and the losses by shipwrecks, &c. amount to two per cent. annually, and thus the currency of one hundred millions will cost the state seven millions annually, viz. five millions by loss of profit, and two millions actual expense, to keep up the currency to its original amount.

The use of this expensive instrument of exchange is very much diminished by the operation of banks of issue, i. e. banks which issue their own notes, payable on demand, and transferrable from hand to hand, without indorsement.

"When the people of any particular country have such confidence in the fortune, probity, and prudence of a particular banker, as to believe that he is always ready to pay upon demand such of his promissory notes as are liable to be at any time presented to him; those notes come to have the same currency as gold and silver money, from the confidence that such money can at any time be had for them. A particular banker lends among his customers his own notes, to the extent, we shall suppose, of a hundred thousand pounds. As those notes serve all the purposes of money, his debtors pay him the same interest as if he had lent them so much money; this interest is the source of his gain. Though some of those notes are continually coming back upon him for payment, part of them continue to circulate for months and years together; though he has generally in circulation, therefore, notes to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds, twenty thousand pounds in gold and silver, may frequently be a sufficient provision for answering occasional demands. By this operation, therefore, twenty thousand pounds in gold and silver perform all the functions which a hundred thousand could otherwise have performed."—*Wealth of Nations*, Book 2, chapter 2.

According to this view of the matter; the banker, whether he keeps a bank of issue, or of deposit, exercises a very profitable trade, and one that is very easily conducted. The opinion practically entertained by the public

is, that all men by nature know how to conduct a bank, as well as to drive a gig or manage a farm. The banker of deposit has nothing to do but to accept the money of all who are willing to lend it to him without interest, and to lend it to persons whose character for probity and wealth ensures its repayment. The banker of issue may discount every good bill that is brought to him, and makes a certain profit by obtaining interest in exchange for his own notes, which cost him nothing. Both must exert this much caution, to reserve a supply of cash bearing a certain proportion to their liabilities, and to lend their money only to persons likely to repay it. The former rule enables them to satisfy the demands of their creditors, the latter prevents them from suffering by the dishonesty, or insolvency of their debtors.

We shall not now enquire into the justice of the public opinion respecting the facility of conducting a bank of deposit. Perhaps, when once such a bank is well established, and in good credit, it may be conducted very safely on a system of mere routine. But with a bank of issue the case is widely different. There is a limit to the quantity of paper money which can circulate in any country. A certain quantity only is required for transacting the exchanges that are daily made. This quantity does not depend upon the wishes of the bankers; but is determined by the amount and value of the business that is done, and the manner in which that business is conducted.

"Should the circulating medium at any time exceed that sum, as the excess could neither be sent abroad nor be employed in the circulation of the country, it must immediately return upon the banks to be exchanged for gold and silver. Many people would immediately perceive that they had more of this paper than was necessary for transacting their business at home, and as they could not send it abroad, they would immediately demand payment of it from the banks; when this superfluous paper was converted into gold and silver, they could easily find a use for it by sending it abroad; but they could find none while it remained in the shape of paper. There would immediately, therefore, be a run upon the banks to the whole extent of this superfluous paper."

We have cited the above passage from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, as a remarkable instance of an important truth arrived at through the medium of false reasoning. Smith is perfectly correct in his doctrine that the excess of paper issued will return upon the bank, and that the *gold** thus procured will be exported; but his proof of this proposition is erroneous, and it is important to notice the error, as the same proof has been relied upon by many other writers for the purpose of demonstrating an erroneous proposition respecting inconvertible paper money. According to Smith, the reason why the excess of paper returns to the bank is this—"Many people would immediately perceive that they had more of this paper than was necessary for transacting their business at home, and as they could not send it abroad, they would immediately demand payment of it from the banks." The wants and wishes of men are not so easily satisfied, and we believe that an over-issue never led many men to perceive that they had more bank notes than were necessary for transacting their business at home. On the contrary, even in case of an over issue, most men will complain that they have not as much money as they think is necessary for transacting their business, *i. e.*, for paying their debts, and buying whatever articles they desire to possess.

The following is the process by which an excess of paper is returned to the bank:—The persons who obtain the money in the first instance from the bank, are thereby enabled to make various purchases either for the purposes of commerce or consumption, from which they should otherwise be obliged to abstain. This gives a

general impulse to trade, money circulates more freely, and the banker's notes are distributed among all classes of society, according to their respective riches. Every man finds himself in possession of more money, and able to make greater purchases than before. The increased demand enables the sellers to raise their prices. This rise of prices is generally proportional to the over issue, so that the increased quantity of money is not able to transact more exchanges or to purchase more goods than the former quantity. Thus no man finds himself in possession of more money than he wants to transact his business at home. He who has ten pounds where he formerly would have had but nine, does not find himself possessed of a superfluous pound, since with the ten pounds he cannot purchase more goods than he formerly could have procured for nine. If an addition of one-ninth is made to the quantity of circulating medium, while the wants of the community remain the same, prices will rise in the same proportion, and the entire increased currency will be worth in exchange only as much as the former smaller currency was worth. In other words, the currency is depreciated, or becomes less valuable in the proportion of nine to ten. If the paper currency is inconvertible, that is, if there is no person bound to redeem it at a fixed quantity of gold, silver, or some other valuable commodity, there is no limit to the extent to which this depreciation may proceed, if the over issues are increased. There have been instances of paper money issued under the authority of government, and made a legal tender, becoming depreciated to the extent of 400 per cent.†

But if this paper money is conver-

* Not gold and silver, for owing to the nature of our silver coins, which pass for more than they are intrinsically worth, silver money is never exported from England.

† In 1797 the bank of Austria was exempted from the necessity of paying in specie. The consequence was a great over-issue, and depreciation of the currency, until, in 1810, one florin in silver became worth from twelve to thirteen florins in paper. This alarming depreciation induced the government to diminish the quantity of paper money, and in 1811 it was reduced by law to the quantity of two hundred and twelve millions of florins. The consequence of this reduction of the issues was, that in May, 1812, the value of a paper florin was increased to 50 per cent. more than it had been two years before. The rapid fall in the value of French assignats, notwithstanding the violent efforts made by the French government to keep up their value, is familiar to every person. In the fourth volume of Storch's *Political Economy*, published at Paris in 1823, the reader will find a most accurate and interesting account of the various emissions of paper money that have taken place in Europe or America with the sanction of government, and the effects produced by over-issue at different periods.

tible, and the banks obliged to pay it on demand, a limit is quickly put to its depreciation by a process which must convince the most careless banker of the mischief likely to result from his over-issues. The excess of currency raises the price at home of all goods, whether of domestic manufacture or imported from abroad. This rise of prices increases importation, and discourages exportation, and the balance of trade turns against the country; the exchanges fall, and gold, which is the only article that does not rise in price, is exported. Gold cannot rise in price, since the banker is always obliged to give the same quantity of gold in exchange for his notes. A very slight excess of paper money is sufficient to produce these results. An over-issue of one-half per cent. or a fall in the exchanges* of the same amount, will generally lead to the exportation of gold. This demand for gold, and fall of the exchanges, caused by an excess of paper money, will be naturally preceded or accompanied by a general rise of prices, which strongly marks the difference between this case and that to which we shall next advert.

A deficient harvest exercises a more extended influence over the trade, and even over the currency of the country, than would at first be supposed possible. The first effect of a scarcity of provisions is obvious to the most unthinking. It is to raise the price of food generally through the country, with not much greater difference of price in different districts than would be sufficient to pay the expense of carriage from one part to the other. This consequence of a scarcity no man has ever yet denied, and it is almost the only one on which all are agreed. The effect of a scarcity on the wages of labour is not so obvious as its effect on the price of the provisions on which the labourer subsists, and on this point the most opposite opinions are entertained. Some economists maintain that its effect must

be to raise the rate of wages. Their argument has the single merit of being brief and simple. The average wages of labour must, they say, be sufficient to support the labourer and his family in whatever he has been in the habit of considering the necessities of life. This first proposition is thus proved, for if the rate of wages was less than that above supposed, marriages would become less frequent or less fruitful among the labouring classes. The poorest among them would either be deterred from marriage by the prospect of the privations to which he would be exposed by the burthen of a wife and family dependent upon him for their support, or if any are so improvident as to disregard this prospect, they will generally be unable to rear their children, who will perish from the various diseases produced by neglect and want. Thus the population will diminish until the rate of wages rises to its former level. Such is the argument usually relied upon to prove that the wages of labour depend on the habits of expense contracted by the labouring classes; its unsoundness, however, cannot, we think, escape the notice of any one who gives it an attentive examination. If it proves any thing, it would prove that the rate of wages could never fall in any country, for the labourers generally expend all their earnings in the maintenance of themselves and their families; their habits of expense have been therefore settled according to the average rate of wages, and therefore, if the average rate of wages was regulated by those habits, it could never fall: and yet the above argument has been generally adopted by those who maintain that population has a constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence, and to produce a constantly progressing diminution of the wages of labour. But the fact is, that a fall of wages has generally no influence in retarding the increase of population. When wages fall in a country in which the labourers are in

* The exchange with any country, with Paris for instance, is said to be at par when a bill payable at Paris, and which there would be worth a certain weight in gold, is equal in value to another Bill payable in London for the same amount of gold. If the London bill is of less value, then the exchanges are said to be against London, and in favor of Paris, and to have fallen at London, and risen at Paris. The reader will at once perceive that the possible fall of exchange is nearly limited to the expense of transmitting money from the one country to the other.

the enjoyment of something more than the bare necessities of life, they will contract their expenses, and forego some of the enjoyments to which they have been accustomed, rather than follow the advice of the political economists, and abstain from marriage. Even if the argument to which we are replying were valid, it would only apply to the average wages of labour, and would not throw the least light on the inquiry into the temporary effect likely to be produced by a casual circumstance operating for a single season. For the reasons we shall presently mention, we believe that the effect of a scarcity is to lower the rate of wages.

The secondary effects produced by a deficient harvest are different according as importation is or is not permitted to supply the deficiency. If importation is prohibited, and the country is compelled to subsist upon the corn produced within itself, the rise in the price of provisions has the effect of transferring a certain sum of money from one set of men to another set. What the consumers lose the producers gain. In consequence of the desire which every man has to eat as much as before, he will give up some other expense, and spend more than usual upon provisions, rather than do without his usual supply of food. The competition thus created among the buyers will raise the price of corn more than in proportion to the deficiency in the harvest. The quantity consumed must be diminished in proportion to the diminished supply, while the price paid for it exceeds that paid for the greater quantity consumed in years of ordinary plenty. The producers gain by the increase of price that is paid for the entire supply. The consumers lose exactly the same sum, and suffer at the same time the inconvenience of being obliged to subsist upon less than their accustomed supply of provisions. However, this inconvenience produces no general effect upon the state of trade; it is merely a certain quantity of suffering endured by a number of individuals. But the transfer of property from one class to another produces a slight derangement of the balance of profits in different trades. The producers of corn are richer, and able to purchase more—the consumers of corn are

poorer, and obliged to purchase less than in ordinary years. Hence those who produce or import goods to supply the wants of the former class, are enabled to raise their prices, and sell more goods, and make a greater profit than usual, while those who produce or import goods to supply the latter class, are obliged, in consequence of the diminished demand for their articles, to lower their prices, make fewer sales, and be content with smaller profits. It is true, that a certain proportion exists between the average profits of different trades, any excess in the gains of one trade inducing numbers to flock into it, until increased competition reduces its profits to a fair proportion with the rest. But it is evident, and the fact is notorious to all, that this does not prevent occasional variations of great magnitude in the profits of particular trades. Few men can change their occupations on a short notice, and many cannot change them at all. Any sudden change in any trade affects, therefore, in the first instance, only those who are engaged in it, by increasing or reducing their profits, and some time must elapse before this increase or reduction can be removed by any increase or diminution in the number of those who are to share the profits. Thus, for example, if the effect of the late change in the rate of postage be to double the consumption of letter paper, a rich harvest of increased profits will be reaped by those who are at present employed in the manufacture and distribution of the article. The increased business will at first fall principally to those who are at present in the trade. A new person entering into the business would be destitute of the proper skill, and would want the connexions necessary to enable him to conduct it successfully. In a year or two, however, profits will again find their level.

As the consumers of corn, who are not producers of it, form the great mass of the community, including all the artisans and poorer tradesmen, a deficient harvest obliges them to contract their expenses, and to consume less than heretofore of those commodities which are not absolutely necessary to their existence. Hence a slight diminution in the consumption of such articles as sugar, &c. which are the utmost luxuries

of the poor. However, as the farmers and landowners are enabled to increase their expenses by the same amount by which the other classes are compelled to retrench them, no very great derangement of trade is caused by a deficient harvest when the importation of corn is prohibited. But if corn is imported, the case is materially altered; this importation considerably diminishes the individual suffering arising from a scarcity of provisions, at the same time, that it produces a serious derangement in the balance of trade. A certain equilibrium exists between our average exports and imports. This is disturbed by the importation of corn. England suddenly demands a large quantity, perhaps six millions worth of corn. She may be ready to pay for them by her manufactures, but will those who sell it be willing to take those manufactures in exchange. Will the Prussian or Russian landowner, whose wealth has been suddenly increased, be content to expend his increased wealth in the purchase of an increased amount of English manufactures? We say that the contrary will take place, and that his habits will remain unchanged, and his increase of wealth will be spent in nearly the same manner as his former income, that is to say, not one fiftieth part in the purchase of English goods. His countrymen will, in the first instance, have the advantage of his increased expenditure. It will not be felt in England until after a long time, and passing through many channels. In this case the English producer does not gain all that the English consumer loses by the deficient harvest, for as six millions are paid for foreign corn, that sum of money is paid by the consumers in addition to whatever sum the producers receive. Thus the English have six millions less than usual to expend in the purchase of the commodities which they are accustomed to consume, while the inhabitants of the corn exporting countries have six millions more. An effect results exactly analogous to what we have already noticed as taking place on a deficient harvest when no importation is permitted. In this latter case, the producers have more, and the consumers less to spend, and the manufacturers and tradesmen who supply them respectively gain or lose by the altered condition of their customers. But when im-

portation is permitted, Prussia and Russia gain the six millions which England loses. In this respect, those countries may be considered the producers, and the English the consumers of corn. The commodities, therefore, which the Russians and Prussians consume, will rise in price, while those which the English use will undergo a reduction. But a very great proportion, much more than nineteen twentieths of the commodities consumed in any country, are the productions of that country. English manufactures will therefore fall, while Russian and Prussian goods will rise in price. This evil, after some time, works its own cure. The low price of English goods, injurious as it is to the English merchant and manufacturer, leads to an increased exportation, and an increased consumption of them by foreigners. On the other hand, the high price of foreign goods leads to a diminished importation, and a diminished consumption of them in England. Thus the market for the goods of one country is contracted, and that for the goods of the other is enlarged, and this state of things must continue until prices are gradually brought to the level, at which they stood previous to the derangement occasioned by the importation of foreign corn.

In the observations which we have made on the effects of a deficient harvest, we have taken no notice of money, or the consequences of using it as an instrument of exchange. The effects which we have mentioned would be produced, if exchanges were all conducted by barter. The demonstration is perfectly independent of any allusion to the instrument of exchange, and the results will be the same whatever be the instrument of exchange in use, and whatever be the system of currency established. It will throw some light upon the subject of this article to examine how this effect is produced by the instrumentality of our present system of currency.

When we require several millions worth of corn from the continent, this want of ours does not immediately produce in the inhabitants of the continent a demand for that amount of English goods in addition to their usual consumption. The balance of exchange is thus deranged, and England buying more than it sells, becomes the debtor

to the continent for the difference. The exchanges turn against us. A bill on England becomes of less value than a bill for the same sum of money payable on the continent. The effect of this is to encourage exportation, and discourage importation. If the exchanges are 5 per cent. against England, the merchant who sends his goods to a foreign port and sells them for a bill for £100 payable there, receives what is in fact equivalent to £105 at home, since his foreign bill for £100 will sell for a bill for £105 payable in England. His profit is increased by the difference of the exchanges, and reserving the usual profits, he can afford to sell them cheaper by that sum than when the exchanges are at par. The reverse of this happens to the importer who loses by the difference of exchange, and who cannot realize his usual profit, unless he adds the exchange to the price at which he usually sells his goods. As the exporting merchant can afford to reduce the price of English manufactures in the foreign market, he is enabled to sell a greater quantity there than before. A diminution of price always leads to an increased consumption. However, this fall of exchange is never so great as to lead immediately to an increase of exportation sufficient to bring it back to par. Every one by his own experience can tell how slight an influence a fall of 5 per cent. has over his consumption of any foreign article; and in cases where there is a fixed duty which must be paid in the currency of the country, the exporting merchant cannot afford to sell his goods to the consumers at a reduction corresponding to the fall in the exchanges. But while English goods, if exported in too great quantities, will glut the foreign markets, and fall in price so as to entail a loss to the exporting merchant, there is an article which will not fall in price, and which can always be exported in considerable quantities at a comparatively trivial expense. This article is bullion, the raw material of which money is made. The merchant who exports bullion when the exchanges are against us, makes a profit equal to the difference of the exchanges, minus the expenses of freight and insurance. These latter expenses are very small. In the evidence upon the Bank of England charter, No. 3,560, the expense of transmit-

ting gold from London to Paris is stated to be about one eighth per cent., and No. 3,359, a profit of one half per cent. is a sufficient remuneration for the merchant who imports or exports it. The difference of exchange can never much exceed this, and therefore can never exercise much influence directly upon our exports and imports. The excess of English bills, must therefore, in the first instance, be paid punctually in gold. This gold will be taken, either from the gold currency of the country, or from the bullion in the possession of the Bank of England. In either case, a reduction in the quantity of the circulating medium takes place. In the one case, part of the circulating medium itself is exported; in the other, the gold is procured in exchange for Bank of England notes, and the notes so exchanged are, thereby, withdrawn from circulation. This diminished circulation has the effect of lowering prices generally in England. There is less money in the market to pay for goods of any kind, whether imported or produced at home. The currency is diminished in quantity and raised in value. This fall of prices encourages exportation, and checks importation, our exports exceed our imports, the balance is paid in gold, which gradually flows back until the former quantity is restored, and the currency is reduced to its former value. The greater the ordinary trade of the country is, the quicker will be the restoration of the balance, since a smaller proportional increase in the exports, and diminution in the imports will be sufficient to repair the derangement caused by the importation of foreign corn.

This process, which has lately taken place in England, naturally suggests some observations. In the first place, the exportation of gold, from this cause, is limited to the value of the imported corn. It is not likely even to reach this limit, for the instant gold begins to be exported, the currency rises in value, and gives the English merchants an inducement to increase their exports. The state of the exchanges also, has the same tendency, and this increase of British exports, in part, supersedes the necessity of exporting gold. In short, the same causes which ultimately bring back the gold that has been exported,

are in operation from the beginning to retard and diminish its exportation. Hence, in such a case as this, the bank need not view the demand for bullion with any alarm. It is a limited demand for a certain purpose, and will cease of itself, and the gold will come back without the necessity of any exertions on the part of the bank, which may continue to discount on the usual terms. A demand for gold from this cause can never be confounded with a demand caused by over-trading, and excessive issues. The increased imports, which occasioned it, must ever be a matter of public notoriety, and besides, there is this criterion, which should never be lost sight of; in the case of a demand for gold, caused by a deficient harvest, this demand will be preceded and accompanied by a fall in the prices of all British commodities, and by what may be called a general stagnation of trade. If the demand for gold is caused by excessive issues, and over-trading, it will be preceded, and for some time accompanied, by a rise in the price of British manufactures, and by a general briskness of trade. While we were writing this, we met with a paragraph in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, copied from the *Leeds Mercury*, which we insert as applicable, not only to the present time, but to every season in which a supply of foreign corn is imported.

“ We should delude our readers if we encouraged them to believe that the trade of the country this winter would not be universally bad. It will be so. Every department will suffer. The great cotton district is at this moment in severe distress; the great woollen district is not much better; the cutlery of Sheffield; the lace and stocking manufactures of Nottingham; the hosiers of Leicester and Derby; the hardware manufactures of Birmingham and Wolverhampton; the potters of Staffordshire; the cotton spinners and weavers of Glasgow and Paisley; the linen weavers of Dundee; and the great trading communities of London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, and Newcastle, are all labouring under a degree of stagnation, which will destroy the profits of capital, and leave scores of thousands of workmen without work and bread.”

This is a natural consequence of their English customers having been liged to pay six millions of money

for foreign corn, and having so much less to give in exchange for the manufactures of their countrymen

The same effects would follow if there was an inconvertible paper currency. This money, indeed, would not be exported to pay the British bills accepted on account of foreign corn; but British goods will fall in price in consequence of the diminished means of British consumers to purchase them. Even at a reduced price, a sufficient quantity cannot be sold in the foreign market, and the balance of trade against England must be paid in gold, which can be exported without loss. If the inconvertible paper is issued in such quantities as to keep up the price of British goods to their former level, the price of gold, and of all foreign commodities, will rise in the same proportion. The foreigner will require as much paper money as will buy a certain quantity of gold and silver, since it is to the precious metals they look for payment, and not to the paper money, which would be of no use to them abroad. The use of paper money cannot alter the proportion of the prices of different commodities; as it cannot be sent abroad itself, it cannot prevent the exportation of gold, or any other article to pay for the imported corn. To issue an excess of paper money at such a period, would increase the distresses of the working classes, by raising the price of corn even above what it was raised to by the scarcity. Their wages would not immediately rise in the same proportion; besides, the depreciated currency must either remain depreciated, or be restored by a reduction in the quantity in circulation. If it is not restored there is no limit to the depreciation that will at length be caused by the system of depreciating the currency on every emergency, and taking no steps to bring it back to its former value. If, for this purpose, the currency be diminished, then will result all those evils which are the natural consequences of a contraction of the circulation.

“ When the circulating medium is suddenly contracted, money is said to become scarce; whoever owes money is called upon to pay, no one is able to buy, of course no one is able to sell. To part with goods on credit is dangerous to the

seller, and does not relieve him ; for, the bills he would receive, he cannot get discounted ; all credits, therefore, are shortened, and articles of first necessity will, therefore, only be parted with for cash ; and as few have that to give, there is less competition, and the owner, to relieve his wants, must sell at reduced prices, or fail in his engagements."—*Blacker*, page 31.

Perhaps we have said enough to shew that the business of a banker is not so simple as is commonly supposed. He is obliged, not merely like other merchants, to inquire into the solvency of the persons to whom he gives credit ; but he must also take care that he must not issue more notes than the wants of the country require. By doing so, he may endanger his own solvency, and do considerable mischief to the public. This danger is more easily avoided, when all the paper money in any large district, proceeds from one great bank of issue, like the Bank of England. In this case, it is necessary for the bank to keep a large supply of bullion, proportional to the extent of its engagements. It issues a certain quantity of money in exchange for exchequer bills, stock in the public funds, or private commercial bills, until the exchanges are at par, and the circulation full, a bank note being just worth as many sovereigns as it represents. The interest on those securities is the source from which the profits of the bank are derived. If a slight change takes place in the condition of the country, or in the mode of transacting business, so as to make a more contracted circulation sufficient for its wants, or if the exchanges fall, the directors of the bank need not feel any alarm at the circumstance, or take any steps to remedy it. The only effect will be a demand for a certain quantity of gold, which will probably be exported. This will at once contract the circulation, and bring the exchanges to par. This equally results, whether the sovereigns are taken from the circulation, or procured from the bank in exchange for its notes. In the latter case, the notes brought into the bank in exchange for gold are, thereby, withdrawn from the circulation. The bank may continue to discount as freely as before, and yet the contraction of the circulation will not be removed.

While the securities remain unchanged in amount, no matter how great that amount may be, the circulation will not be increased by them. The bank will issue a certain quantity of money each day in exchange for the bills brought to them for discount, and will receive about the same amount in payment of those which fall due. Indeed it will receive each day on an average more than it issues by the amount of the sums retained for discount, but this has no effect in reducing the circulation, since it is again sent out, being distributed among the proprietors of the bank as their profits, or half-yearly dividends. Thus, a circumstance may lead to the exportation of two or three millions of sovereigns without embarrassing the mercantile interests, or increasing their difficulty in getting their bills discounted, as the bank of England has at ordinary times about seven millions in their hoards. On the other hand, if the circumstances of the country change so as to require an increased circulation, or the exchanges turn in favour of the country, the circulation will be increased without any exertions made for that purpose by the bank directors. Gold will be imported, and given to the bank in exchange for its notes, and thus the circulation will be increased by that amount. This quiescence on the part of the bank is sometimes briefly described as "keeping the securities even, and permitting the exchanges to be kept at par by the action of the public upon the circulation." We shall give a few extracts from the report of 1832, to show how far this principle has been acknowledged, and acted on by the governor and directors of the bank of England. J. Horsley Palmer :—

Q. 72.—"What is the principle by which, in ordinary times, the bank is guided in the regulation of their issues ?
A.—The principle with reference to a full currency, and, consequently, a *par* of exchange, by which the bank is guided in the regulation of their issues (excepting under special circumstances), is to invest and retain in securities, bearing interest, a given proportion of the deposits, and the value received for the notes in circulation, the remainder being held in coin and bullion ; the proportions which seem to be desirable under existing circum-

stances may be stated at about two-thirds in securities and one third in bullion; the circulation of the country, so far as the same may depend upon the bank, being subsequently regulated by the action of the foreign exchanges." Q. 78—"According to your description of the principle upon which the affairs of the bank are conducted, do not the directors of the bank of England possess the power of regulating the whole circulation of the country? A.—The bank are very desirous not to exercise any power, but to leave the public to use the power which they possess, of returning bank paper for bullion." Q. 79—"Would the exchanges be corrected if the amount of currency was left wholly in the hands of the public? A.—They have been principally corrected under that management." Q. 80—"Is the bank exposed to no inconvenience by waiting to have the correction take place in this method, instead of itself interfering by that power to diminish the circulation in case of a fall of exchanges? A.—No; provided they are adequately supplied with bullion when the exchanges are at par; and which proportion I have stated to be about one-third. Q. 85—"What is the reason why you think it necessary to keep the securities at the same amount? A.—Because the public are thereby enabled, without any forced action on the part of the bank, to act for themselves in returning notes for bullion for exportation, when the exchanges are unfavourable. If the exchanges continue favourable for any great length of time, then the influx of treasure will command an increased issue of paper, and which may derange the proportions, but it does not follow that the bank ought, upon that account, immediately to extend its issues upon securities. When, however, it is clearly ascertained to be desirable that part of the excess of bullion so received should be returned to the continent, then it may be necessary for the bank to re-assume its proportions, by transferring part of the bullion into securities, still preserving the proportion of one-third and two-thirds." William Ward, Esq.: Q. 1972—"Why is it necessary that the bank should employ their notes in the purchase of gold? A.—Because if they do not, parties will bring it to them to make their payments; parties bring in, and draw out, just as they please. I have £1,000, I will suppose at Paris, and I desire a party to send that £1,000 over to me. He finds it difficult to get bills, and he sends gold. If I do not dispose of the gold in the market, I send it to the mint and get it coined; as soon as it is coined I take

it to the bank, and draw against it, and then my thousand sovereigns are paid in on one side of the account, and I draw out a thousand pound note on the other, and pay to whom I please; so that it is impracticable for the bank to do nothing."

This principle, though now very generally understood, is a comparatively modern discovery. It appears not to have been known in the time of Adam Smith, who seems to have supposed that an over-issue of paper by the bank would lead to a continual drain upon it, and lead to the necessity of a continual exertion to keep its coffers replenished. Thus, book ii., chap. 2:—

"The expenses peculiar to a bank consist chiefly in two articles, first in the expense of keeping at all times in its coffers for answering the occasional demands of the holders of its notes a large sum of money, of which it loses the interest; and secondly, in the expense of replenishing those coffers as fast as they are emptied by answering such occasional demands."

This, and many other similar passages, show that Adam Smith did not observe that the demand for gold diminishes the circulation, and that when the bank has once procured a supply to meet the demand upon it, unless it increases its discounts, every further supply that it wants will be procured for it by its debtors. Thus, in the same chapter we find the following passage:—

"The bank of England, it is to be observed, by supplying its own coffers with coin, is indirectly obliged to supply the whole kingdom, into which coin is continually flowing from those coffers in an immense variety of ways. Whatever coin, therefore, was wanted to support this excessive circulation, both of Scotch and paper money—whatever vacuity this excessive circulation occasioned in the necessary coin of the kingdom, the bank of England was obliged to supply them. The Scotch banks, no doubt, paid all of them very dearly for their own imprudence and inattention. But the bank of England paid very dearly, not only for its own imprudence, but for the much greater imprudence of almost all the Scotch banks."

Here we find the same error re-

peated. The bank of England did not pay for the much greater imprudence of the Scotch banks. If it issued too much paper the excess returned, and gold was demanded in exchange for it; and this would have equally occurred if the Scotch banks had been guilty of no imprudence. But the imprudence of the Scotch banks could not have caused more than this excess to be returned to the bank of England. Let us suppose the excess to be two millions, and that the Scotch banks want one million in gold. This they cannot procure from the bank until they first get possession of one million of its notes. This sum is then returned to the bank in exchange for its notes, and there remains only one million of excess to be returned to it by the public. Even if the public first returned two millions, and afterwards the Scotch banks drew out one million, the effect would be the same. The circulation would be deficient by one million. Gold would flow in to that amount to supply the deficiency, and this gold would be paid into the bank in the payments daily made by its debtors. This principle is a most important

one. By diminishing its issues, the bank can always obtain a supply of gold without any other expense, and except in case of a panic, or some extraordinary emergency, it ought never attempt to procure it in any other manner. Whatever they pay for gold, adds so much to their issues, and thus increases the demand for it. The last instance of the bank of England taking extraordinary measures to procure a supply of gold, was in the panic of 1826, when the directors applied to Mr. Rothschild, and through his instrumentality they obtained a supply of several millions in the course of a very short time. — Report, 1832; W. Ward, Q. 2068. The bank paid about £100,000 more than it would have paid for it at the mint price.— Q. 2071. It is evident that the bank lost £100,000 by that transaction, since they were obliged to give out the gold at the mint price; but the step was a necessary one; the run was caused by a panic; their coffers were nearly empty; time was of the utmost importance; and they could not wait for the effect of a reduction of their issues in procuring for them a supply of gold.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. IV. THE EARL OF RODEN.

On the other page our readers have a striking likeness of this distinguished Peer, and truly noble advocate of Protestantism. We feel a pride in commencing a new year, and a new Volume of our Journal, with the honoured name of Lord Roden. His portrait occupies, indeed, a distinguished place upon the wall of our Gallery—not because of his rank or wealth—but because of his virtues—because, in evil times, he has remained steady to the principles of truth; because he has devoted his rank, his talents, and his influence to the service of the cause which is dear to our hearts, the cause of pure Christianity in these lands.

We feel, we confess, some difficulty in attempting the sketch which must accompany this portrait. Flattery is not our province; and our anxious wish is to avoid even its imputation. We can scarcely divest our minds of sentiments of warm attachment to the subject of our present sketch, so as to describe him with that judicial impartiality to which, upon all occasions, it is our effort to attain. Few men of any rank or any age have so completely gained on the affections of the better portion of Irishmen as Lord Roden; and this he owes, not so much to his fearless and unwavering advocacy of their principles, as to the solid and sterling worth of his private character. No political services, however distinguished—no political partizanship, however complete, can permanently supply the want of private virtue, so as to sustain the individual in the good opinion of the middling classes of society. In times of excitement many things will be overlooked in the advocate of principles on which men feel strongly. A popularity, however, which requires such indulgence will pass away with the excitement that created it; or must, in any case, survive only with the mob. Genuine popularity, to be permanent, must be based on private worth; and Lord Roden has retained his hold upon the affections of his country, just because he is as estimable in private as he is consistent in public life; because even the breath of calumny has never yet dared to insinuate that his private actions are inconsistent with his public declarations of attachment to religion; because we can trace in the gentleman, as well as in the senator, the true elements that should make up the noblest of all characters—that of the Christian patriot.

Robert Jocelyn, Earl of Roden, was born in the year 1788. Like many other of the noble families of these countries, he traces his titles to the profession of the law. The first peer of the family was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in 1743, having been created a baron under the title of Baron Newport of Newport, in the county of Tipperary. To this were subsequently added the higher dignities of Viscount and Earl.

Lord Roden was educated at Harrow, where he was the school-fellow of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron. With the subject of our sketch, Lord Byron himself tells us he had frequent pugilistic encounters, and it is said that he was the only antagonist with whom the future poet got the worst of the encounter.



Norden

Those who have remarked the athletic frame of the noble earl, will have no difficulty in believing this part of the story.

As Viscount Jocelyn, he represented the county of Louth, in the imperial parliament, for upwards of eleven years. As a member of the lower house, he advocated the same political principles by supporting which he has been so distinguished in the upper.

In 1820 he succeeded to the Irish titles of his family. In the following year, at the coronation of George IV. in whose household he held a high office, that monarch revived in his favour the extinct English barony of Clanbrassil, which had belonged to his maternal ancestors.

Lord Roden very early distinguished himself among the nobility by his zeal in the cause of religion. With his brother-in-law, Lord Powerscourt, he may be said to have identified himself with those who were then known by the name of the evangelical party; we dislike those watchwords in the church, but we have no other term to express what we mean. He was an active supporter of the different religious societies, not unfrequently presiding and speaking at their public meetings in the Rotunda. He also became the President of the Sunday School Society for Ireland.

As a politician, his conduct has been perfectly consistent with his religious professions—he has emphatically advocated Protestantism and the Protestant Church—supporting principles and not party. Upon one occasion, indeed, he has been charged by the *enemies of his principles*, with compromising them. During Sir Robert Peel's short administration he had been charged with acquiescing in the support of the Irish system of education—his friends know how earnest were his remonstrances on the subject, and that when the ministry resigned, he was actually preparing to bring the entire question before the House of Lords. At this period he was offered by the ministers the high office of Lord Steward of his Majesty's household, which he declined accepting. The charge of compromise, as regards Lord Roden, was utterly without foundation.

He has several times taken the leading part in animating and exciting the spirit of the Protestants of Ireland—he was the principal mover of the aggregate meetings of August 1834, and January 1837, and, we believe, we may add, of the great Downshire meeting of October 1834—in 1831, he accepted the office of President of the Irish Protestant Conservative Society—in 1834, he enrolled himself with the great mass of the Protestant yeomanry of Ireland in the Orange Association. It is impossible to describe the effect which this bold and manly act produced. From that moment he was regarded with almost affectionate veneration by the Protestant people. It may be added, to the credit of the Noble Lord, that he took no part in the dissolution of that institution in 1886. His Lordship was chairman of the Grand Lodge at which that step was determined on—his influence was not exerted or his opinion expressed either way, and those who were present will not soon or easily forget the emotion with which, on the question being carried in the affirmative, he, for the last time, closed the proceedings of the lodge.

In his place in the House of Peers, Lord Roden has taken every opportunity of bringing the case of his Protestant brethren in Ireland before the notice of that august assembly, and his appeals on their behalf have been always marked by a deep earnestness that could leave on the mind of the audience at least no

doubt of the sincerity of the speaker. Some of his speeches produced a great impression on the house. His greatest service as a senator was, however, the institution, in the last session, of the inquiry into the state of Ireland. For this, the country is indebted solely to the wisdom, courage, and temper of the noble subject of this sketch. Unsupported by the influence of party—discouraged session after session, by those who, on other points, took the same views with himself, it needed the courage which can only arise from strong principle to persevere. It is not to be wondered at that the discouragements which he met with should have induced the noble earl to postpone his promised motion for inquiry. He felt, perhaps, that he stood alone; at length, however, he fully redeemed his pledge, and in spite of every discouragement, made his promised motion early in last session. He introduced it in a very temperate speech, which, fortunately for the country, had the happy effect of gaining for the motion the support of the Duke of Wellington, and, on a division, the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the state of Ireland, was carried by a majority of five.

The results of this inquiry belong not to a sketch like the present. Every member of the committee expressed their high sense of the mild, temperate, and if we may use the word, *un-factionous* course which the noble mover pursued in his prosecution of the inquiry, and several of his political opponents bore a full, and to both parties, an honourable testimony to his conduct in the anxious and exciting investigation in which they had been engaged.

Late in the same session, the noble earl divided the House of Lords against the second reading of the Irish Municipal Reform Bill. Unfortunately, upon this occasion, he was not supported as on the former. Only five peers agreed with him in his opposition to the principle of that fatal measure—a minority, small, indeed, in numbers, but whose names will yet be held in honor by posterity.

Of late years, he has mingled but little in politics out of doors. The dissolution of the Orange lodges unquestionably severed a tie which bound him with many others of high rank, to the wishes, the feelings, and the movements of the Protestant people. With a growing influence in the House of Lords, he feels perhaps, that to take an active part elsewhere, would be to risk the impairing of that influence, by which he can most effectually serve the cause he has at heart. For some time past, it is certain that he has appeared but seldom in public, except in his place in the House of Lords.

As a speaker, he has not much claim to the higher attributes of the orator, unless we are to class among these, clearness and force. His style is clear, simple, and unambitious. He never attempts any deep or philosophic argument; nor are there any of those bursts of passion, or strains of lofty sentiment which move the feelings, and exalt the thoughts of men. But there is a nervous, rapid, and sustained vehemence, and a solemn earnestness of manner which arrests the attention, and engages it. You can never doubt that he is in earnest—that he feels what he says with a depth, if not of passion, yet of sincerity, and there is that indescribable something in the manner which conveys the impression that he is a thoroughly honest man. With these qualities of style and manner, combined with his high station, and higher character, it is not surprising that either in the House of Lords or in the popular assembly, he should be, on the whole, one of the most effective speakers of the day.

We happen to have now before us one of the published speeches of the noble

lord ; a speech delivered in the House of Lords, on the 7th of March, 1836, on the subject of the Orange societies. At this time, the memorable address of the House of Commons had been presented to the late king. His majesty, in his reply, had promised to discourage the Orange Associations. In an incidental debate in the House of Lords, Lord Roden, after stating that a meeting of the Grand Lodge had been summoned for the 14th of April, continued, evidently under the influence of deep emotion—

“It is impossible for you to sympathize with those noble and honourable men, in the sacrifice they have made to their country's cause, by the letter which they have addressed to the Orangemen of Ireland, and by their secession from the ranks of that institution. They were cut to the heart's core in pursuing the course which their sense of duty directed. Your lordships cannot possibly understand the nature of the union which exists between the members of the Orange Society. It is an union of affection and brotherhood which I cannot undertake to describe. That brotherhood may cease, but, I trust, the spirit which influences it will never cease to occupy our breasts ; it springs from the noblest affection of the mind of man ; it has for its object the welfare of all, in the maintenance of the Protestant faith—the only basis upon which the happiness and prosperity of England can stand. It is well for those who can look beyond the politics of time, to see a master hand over all these transactions in troublesome days, causing all things to work for good, according to the counsel of his sovereign will. I trust the Protestants of Ireland will never forget the source of all their former deliverances, or the strength of that gracious Providence who has so often delivered them for the sake of his own righteous cause. Were I in the midst of them on the present occasion, I could not say more than I have said to your lordships. I shall anxiously await the day of meeting them on the 14th of April ; the humblest of their body is not more alive to, or more interested in the subject than I am. I know their affection for me—I owe them a debt of gratitude I can never repay ; but I trust my love and regard for them and their cause will never cease but with life itself.”

We have selected this passage, not because it is superior to many others in the addresses of the noble lord ; but it happened, as we wrote, to recur to our recollection. It is a fair specimen of his style—perhaps, a good illustration of the character which we have attempted to give of his speaking. It is all from the heart ; all simple, earnest, and honest, and flows in a continuous and uninterrupted course, as if the speaker were anxious for nothing but to express his convictions, and give utterance to his feelings.

In private life, Lord Roden is universally esteemed and beloved. Naturally, perhaps, with something of aristocratic pride, this is tempered by the influence of religion, so that its traces are scarcely perceptible, seldom, indeed, when there is not just occasion for its manifestation. As a landlord, he is universally beloved by his tenantry ; and all classes in his neighbourhood, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, look up to him with equal affection and regard. No man was ever held in higher estimation by the aristocracy and gentry around him, and no man, perhaps, ever exercised the same influence over their feelings and opinions. His private worth, his known and deep attachment to religion, and the perfect confidence that all repose in his integrity, give him an influence which nothing else could give.

It is said, and, perhaps with truth, that he has the common fault of generous minds, an absence of suspicion, even where suspicion would be fully justified. Those who are conscious of perfect purity of intention in themselves, find it difficult to conceive opposite motives in others, and it often happens, that not even the experience of years can teach such a mind the lesson which, after all, is an essential one, not to give its confidence lightly to those who have an object in

gaining it. Where a generous disposition is united with a deep sense of religion, we believe this fault to be the most common.

The noble earl is said, by those who know him, to devote much of his time and his talents to the religious instruction of those about him. In his own house he acts each day as chaplain—or, rather, to recur to the patriarchal days—as priest at the altar of his own household, in a little chapel, where every one is permitted to join the household at family prayer. At Sunday-schools, too, and on such occasions, we have heard that he is in the habit of addressing his tenantry and neighbours upon religious subjects.

Of the personal appearance of Lord Roden, the sketch of our artist conveys a very adequate idea. He is considerably above the ordinary size, out-topping even very tall men by several inches, and his whole frame is proportioned to his height. The expression of his countenance is one of mingled dignity and benevolence; the forehead is good; and there is in his fine and large eye, a sober and chastened indication of feeling, which is in exact accordance with his character. Openness and candour are, perhaps, the prevailing character of the features. Good-humour mingled with something of a grave and serious sadness, as if solemn thoughts were now and then passing across his mind, without, however, interrupting the habitual benevolence of his disposition.

We believe the sketch is intended to represent the noble earl in the act of presenting the great Protestant petition in the House of Lords; this immense scroll lies before him. The genius of the artist has placed along with it a book—what it is, we cannot exactly say, unless it be meant to represent the Bible. What brings it there, we cannot tell, unless it is intended expressively to say, that in every act of his life, as the private individual and the peer, in private and in politics, he takes the precepts of the Bible as his guide.

His lordship is now in his 51st year. He is represented in the engraving as wearing the badge of the illustrious order of St. Patrick.

We have inadequately attempted to describe a man whose position and character are alike memorable in the history of our country. We feel fully how imperfect is our account; but, in the brief space assigned to this sketch, we have attempted to throw together hints, which, however poor and inaccurate, have been coloured neither by flattery nor its opposite. If our pencil has failed to delineate the character of the noble lord, it is not that it has been dipped in any false colours. Our estimate has been formed at a distance, and from imperfect observation; it has, however, been unbiassed by prejudice, except, indeed, that prejudice in which it would be no honour not to share—the prejudice of an honest mind for virtue, of a Christian for religion, of a patriot for integrity, of a Protestant for the fearless and consistent advocate of the cause of pure Christianity in these realms.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAPTER XLIX.—MUNICH.

THE rest and quietness of the preceding day had so far recovered me from the effects of my accident, that I resolved, as soon as breakfast was over, to take leave of my kind friends, and set out for Munich.

"We shall meet to-night, Harry," said Waller, as we parted—"we shall meet at the Casino—and don't forget that the Croix Blanche is your hotel; and Schnetz the tailor, in the Grande Place, will provide you with every thing you need in the way of dress."

This latter piece of information was satisfactory, inasmuch as the greater part of my luggage, containing my uniform, &c. had been left in the French diligence; and as the ball was patronised by the court, I was greatly puzzled how to make my appearance.

Bad roads and worse horses made me feel the few leagues I had to go the most tiresome part of my journey. But, of course, in this feeling impatience had its share. A few hours more, and my fate should be decided; and yet I thought the time would never come. If the Callonbys should not arrive—if, again, my evil star be in the ascendant, and any new impediment to our meeting arise—but I cannot, will not think this—Fortune must surely be tired of persecuting me by this time, and, even to sustain her old character for fickleness, must befriend me now. Ah! here we are in Munich—and this is the Croix Blanche—what a dingy old mansion! Beneath a massive porch, supported by heavy stone pillars, stood the stout figure of Andreas Behr, the host. A white napkin, fastened in one button-hole, and hanging gracefully down beside him—a soup ladle held sceptre-wise in his right hand, and the grinding motion of his nether jaw, all showed that he had risen from his table d'hôte to welcome the new arrival; and certainly, if noise and uproar might explain the phenomenon, the clatter of my equipage over the pavement might have raised the dead.

While my postillion was endeavouring, by mighty efforts, with a heavy stone, to turn the handle of the door,

and thus liberate me from my cage, I perceived that the host came forward and said something to him, to which, on replying, he ceased his endeavours to open the door, and looked vacantly about him. Upon this I threw down the sash and called out—

"I say, is not this the Croix Blanche?"

"Ya," said the man mountain with the napkin.

"Well, then, open the door, pray—I'm going to stop here."

"Nein."

"No! What do you mean by that? Has not Lord Callonby engaged rooms here?"

"Ya."

"Well, then, I am a particular friend of his, and will stay here also."

"Nein."

"What the devil are you at with your ya and nein?" said I. "Has your confounded tongue nothing better than a monosyllable to reply with?"

Whether disliking the tone the controversy was assuming, or remembering that his dinner waited, I know not, but at these words my fat friend turned leisurely round, and waddled back into the house; where, in a moment after, I had the pleasure of beholding him at the head of a long table, distributing viands with a very different degree of activity from what he displayed in dialogue.

With one vigorous jerk, I dashed open the door, upsetting, at the same time, the poor postillion, who had recommenced his operations on the lock, and, foaming with passion, strode into the "salle a manger." Nothing is such an immediate damper to any sudden explosion of temper as the placid and unconcerned faces of a number of people, who, ignorant of yourself and your peculiar miseries at the moment, seem only to regard you as a madman. This I felt strongly, as, flushed in face and tingling in my fingers, I entered the room.

"Take my luggage," said I to a gaping waiter, "and place a chair there, do you hear."

There seemed, I suppose, something

in my looks that did not admit of much parley, for the man made room for me at once at the table, and left the room, as if to discharge the other part of my injunction, without saying a word. As I arranged my napkin before me, I was collecting my energies and my German, as well as I was able, for the attack of the host, which, I anticipated from his recent conduct, must now ensue; but, greatly to my surprise, he sent me my soup without a word, and the dinner went on without any interruption. When the dessert had made its appearance, I beckoned the waiter towards me, and asked what the landlord meant by his singular reception of me. The man shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows without speaking, as if to imply "it's his way."

"Well, then, no matter," said I. "Have you sent my luggage up stairs?"

"No, sir, there is no room—the house is full."

"The house full! Confound it—this is too provoking. I have most urgent reasons for wishing to stay here. Cannot you make some arrangement—see about it, waiter." I here slipped a Napoleon into the fellow's hand, and hinted that as much more awaited the finale of the negotiation.

In about a minute after, I perceived him behind the host's chair, pleading my cause with considerable energy; but to my complete chagrin, I heard the other answer all his eloquence by a loud "Nein," that he grunted out in such a manner as closed the conference.

"I cannot succeed, sir," said the man, as he passed behind me, "but don't leave the house till I speak with you again."

What confounded mystery is there in all this, thought I. Is there any thing so suspicious in my look or appearance, that the old bear in the fur cap will not even admit me. What can it all mean? One thing I'm resolved upon—nothing less than force shall remove me.

So saying I lit my cigar, and in order to give the waiter an opportunity of conferring with me unobserved by his master, walked out into the porch and sat down.

In a few minutes he joined me, and

after a stealthy look on each side, said—

"The Herr Andreas is a hard man to deal with, and when he says a thing, never goes back of it. Now he has been expecting the new English Chargé d'Affaires here these last ten days, and has kept the hotel half empty in consequence; and as *mi Lor Cal-lonby* has engaged the other half, why we have nothing to do; so that when he asked the postillion if you were *mi Lor*, and found that you were not, he determined not to admit you."

"But why not have the civility to explain that?"

"He seldom speaks, and when he does only a word or two at a time. He is quite tired with what he has gone through to-day, and will retire very early to bed; and for this reason I have requested you to remain, for as he never ventures up stairs, I will then manage to give you one of the ambassador's rooms, which, even if he come, he'll never miss. So that if you keep quiet, and do not attract any particular attention towards you, all will go well."

This advice seemed so reasonable, that I determined to follow it—any inconvenience being preferable, provided I could be under the same roof with my beloved Jane; and from the waiter's account, there seemed no doubt whatever of their arrival that evening. In order, therefore, to follow his injunctions to the letter, I strolled out toward the Place in search of the tailor, and also to deliver a letter from Waller to the chamberlain, to provide me with a card for the ball. Monsieur Schnetz, who was the very pinnacle of politeness, was nevertheless, in fact, nearly as untractable as my host of the "Cross." All his "sujets" were engaged in preparing a suit for the English Chargé d'Affaires, whose trunks had been sent in a wrong direction, and who had despatched a courier from Frankfort, to order a uniform. This second thwarting, and from the same source, so nettled me, that I greatly fear, all my respect for the foreign office, and those who live thereby, would not have saved them from something most unlike a blessing, had not Monsieur Schnetz saved diplomacy from such desecration, by saying, that if I could content myself with a plain suit, such as civilians wore, he

would do his endeavour to accommodate me.

"Any thing, Monsieur Schnetz—dress me like the Pope's Nuncio, or the Mayor of London, if you like, but only enable me to go."

Although my reply did not seem to convey a very exalted idea of my taste in costume to the worthy artiste, it at least evinced my anxiety for the ball :

and running his measure over me, he assured me that the dress he would provide was both well looking and becoming ; adding, " At nine o'clock, sir, you'll have it—exactly the same size as his Excellency the *Chargé d'Affaires*."

" Confound the *Chargé d'Affaires* !" I added, and left the house.

CHAPTER L.—INN AT MUNICH.

As I had never been in Munich before, I strolled about the town till dusk. At that time the taste of the present king had not enriched the capital with the innumerable objects of art which render it now second to none in Europe. There were, indeed, then but few attractions—narrow streets, tall, unarchitectural-looking houses, and gloomy, unimpressive churches. Tired of this, I turned towards my inn, wondering in my mind if Antoine had succeeded in procuring me the room, or whether yet I should be obliged to seek my lodging elsewhere. Scarcely had I entered the porch when I found him waiting my arrival, candle in hand. He conducted me at once up the wide oaken stair, then along the gallery, into a large wainscotted room, with a most capacious bed. A cheerful wood fire burned and crackled away in the grate—the cloth was already spread for supper—(remember it was in Germany)—the newspapers of the day were placed before me—and, in a word, every attention showed that I had found the true avenue to Antoine's good graces, who now stood bowing before me, in apparent ecstasy at his own cleverness.

"All very well done, Antoine, and now for supper—order it yourself for me—I never can find my way in a German '*carte de diner* ;' and be sure to have a *fiacre* here at nine—nine precisely."

Antoine withdrew, leaving me to my own reflections, which now, if not gloomy, were still of the most anxious kind.

Scarcely was the supper placed upon the table, when a tremendous tramping of horses along the street, and loud cracking of whips, announced a new arrival.

"Here they are," said I, as, spring-

ing up, I upset the soup, and nearly threw the *roti* into Antoine's face, as he was putting it before me.

Down stairs I rushed, through the hall, pushing aside waiters and overturning chambermaids in my course. The carriage was already at the door. Now for a surprise, thought I, as I worked through the crowd in the porch, and reached the door just as the steps were clattered down, and a gentleman began to descend, whom twenty expectant voices, now informed of his identity, welcomed as the new *Chargé d'Affaires*.

"May all the——"

What I wished for his excellency it would not be polite to repeat, nor most discreet even to remember ; but, certes, I mounted the stairs with as little goodwill towards the envoy extraordinary as was consistent with due loyalty.

When once more in my room, I congratulated myself that now at least no more "false starts" could occur—the eternal *Chargé d'Affaires*, of whom I have been hearing since my arrival, cannot come twice—he is here now, and I hope I'm done with him.

The supper—some greasiness apart—was good—the wine excellent. My spirits were gradually rising, and I paced my room in that mingled state of hope and fear, that, amid all its anxieties, has such moments of ecstasy. A new noise without—some rabble in the street—hark, it comes nearer—I hear the sound of wheels ; yes, there go the horses—nearer and nearer. Ah, it is dying away again—stay—yes, yes—here it is—here they are. The noise and tumult without now increased every instant—the heavy trot of six or eight horses shook the very street, and I heard the round, dull, rumbling sound of a heavy carriage, as it drew up at last at the door of the inn. Why it

was I know not, but this time I could not stir—my heart beat almost loud enough for me to hear—my temples throbbed, and then a cold and clammy perspiration came over me, and I sank into a chair. Fearing that I was about to faint, sick as I was, I felt angry at myself and tried to rally, but could not, and only at length was roused by hearing that the steps were let down, and shortly after the tread of feet coming along the gallery towards my room. They are coming—she is coming, thought I. Now, then, for my doom!

There was some noise of voices outside. I listened, for I felt still unable to rise. The talking grew louder—doors were opened and shut—then came a lull—then more slamming of doors, and more talking—then all was still again—and at last I heard the steps of people as if retiring, and in a few minutes after the carriage door was slammed to, and again the heavy tramp of the horses rattled over the pavé. At this instant Antoine entered.

"Well, Antoine," said I, in a voice trembling with weakness and agitation, "not them yet?"

"It was his grace the Grand Mareschal," said Antoine, scarcely heeding my question, in the importance of the illustrious visitor who had arrived.

"Ah, the Grand Mareschal," said I, carelessly; "does he live here?"

"Sappermint nein, Mein Herr; but he has just been to pay his respects to his excellency the new *Chargé d'Affaires*."

In the name of all patience, I ask, who could endure this? From the hour of my arrival I am haunted by this one image—the *Chargé d'Affaires*. For him I have been almost condemned to go houseless and naked; and now the very most sacred feelings of my heart are subject to his influence. I walked up and down in an agony. Another such disappointment, and my brain will turn, thought I, and they may write my epitaph—"Died of love and a *Chargé d'Affaires*."

"It is time to dress," said the waiter.

"I could strangle him with my own

hands," muttered I, worked up into a real heat by the excitement of my passion.

"The Charge——"

"Say that name again, villain, and I'll blow your brains out," cried I, seizing Antoine by the throat, and pinning him against the wall; "only dare to mutter it, and you'll never breathe another syllable."

The poor fellow grew green with terror, and fell upon his knees before me.

"Get my dressing things ready," said I, in a more subdued tone. "I did not mean to terrify you—but beware of what I told you."

While Antoine occupied himself with the preparations for my toilette, I sat broodingly over the wood embers, thinking of my fate.

A knock came to the door. It was the tailor's servant with my clothes. He laid down the parcel and retired, while Antoine proceeded to open it, and exhibit before me a blue uniform with embroidered collar and cuffs—the whole, without being gaudy, being sufficiently handsome, and quite as showy as I could wish.

The poor waiter expressed his unqualified approval of the costume, and talked away about the approaching ball as something pre-eminently magnificent.

"You had better look after the *fiacre*, Antoine," said I; "it is past nine."

He walked towards the door, opened it, and then, turning round, said, in a kind of low, confidential whisper, pointing with the thumb of his left hand, towards the wall of the room as he spoke—

"He won't go—very strange that."

"Who do you mean?" said I, quite unconscious of the allusion.

"The *Chargé d'Aff*——"

I made one spring at him, but he slammed the door to, and before I could reach the lobby, I heard him rolling from top to bottom of the oak staircase, making noise enough in his fall to account for the fracture of every bone in his body.

CHAPTER LI.—THE BALL.

As I was informed that the king would himself be present at the ball, I knew that the German etiquette required that the company should arrive before his majesty; and although now every minute I expected the arrival of the Callonbys, I dared not defer my departure any longer.

"They are certain to be at the ball," said Waller, and that sentence never left my mind.

So saying, I jumped into the fiacre, and in a few minutes found myself in the long line of carriages that led to the "Hof saal." Any one who has been in Munich will testify for me, that the ball-room is one of the most beautiful in Europe; and to me who, for some time, had not been living much in the world, its splendour was positively dazzling. The glare of the chandeliers—the clang of the music—the magnificence of the dresses—the beauty of the Bavarian women, too—all surprised and amazed me. There were several hundred people present, but the king not having yet arrived, dancing had not commenced. Feeling as I then did, it was rather a relief to me than otherwise that I knew no one. There was quite amusement enough in walking through the saloons, observing the strange costumes, and remarking the various groups as they congregated around the trays of ices and the champagne glace. The buzz of talking and the sounds of laughter and merriment prevailed even over the orchestra; and, as the gay crowds paraded the rooms, all seemed pleasure and excitement. Suddenly a tremendous noise was heard without—then came a loud roll of the drums, which lasted for several seconds, and the clank of musketry—then a cheer;—it is the king.

The king! resounded on all sides; and, in another moment, the large folding-doors at the end of the saal were thrown open, and the music struck up the national anthem of Bavaria.

His majesty entered, accompanied by the queen, his brother, two or three archduchesses, and a long suite of officers.

I could not help remarking upon

the singular good taste with which the assembly—all anxious and eager to catch a glimpse of his majesty—behaved on this occasion. There was no pressing forward to the estrade where he stood,—no vulgar curiosity evinced by any one, but the group continued, as before, to gather and scatter; the only difference being, that the velvet chair and cushion, which had attracted some observers before, were now passed with a deep and respectful salutation—that they were tenanted by royalty. How proper this, thought I, and what an inducement for a monarch to come among his people, who never fail to receive him with such true politeness. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I was leaning against a pillar that supported the gallery of the orchestra; a gentleman, whose dress, covered with gold and embroidery, bespoke him as belonging to the court, eyed me, aside, with his lorgnette, and then passed rapidly on. A quadrille was now forming near me, and I was watching, with some interest, the proceeding, when the same figure that I remarked before approached me, bowing deeply at every step, and shaking a very halo of powder from his hair at each reverence.

"May I take the liberty of introducing myself to you?" said he: "Le Comte Benningsen." Here he bowed again, and I returned the obeisance still deeper. "Regretted much that I was not fortunate enough to make your acquaintance this evening, when I called upon you."

"Never heard of that," said I to myself.

"Your excellency arrived this evening?"

"Yes," said I, "only a few hours since."

"How fond these Germans are of titles," thought I. Remembering that in Vienna every one is "His Grace," I thought that it might be Bavarian politeness to call every one "His Excellency."

"You have not been presented, I believe?"

"No," said I; "but I hope to take

an early opportunity of paying 'mes hommages' to his majesty."

"I have just received his orders to present you now," replied he, with another bow.

"The devil you have," thought I; "how very civil that." And, although I had heard innumerable anecdotes of the free-and-easy habits of the Bavarian court, this certainly surprised me so, that I actually, to prevent a blunder, said: "Am I to understand you, monsieur le comte, that his majesty was graciously pleased?"

"If you will follow me," replied the courtier, motioning with his *chapeau*; and, in another moment, I was elbowing my way through the mob of marquises and duchesses, on my way to the raised platform where the king was standing.

"Heaven grant I have not misunderstood all he has been saying," was my last thought as the crowd of courtiers fell back on either side, and I found myself bowing before his majesty. How the *grande mareschal* entitled me I heard not; but when the king addressed me immediately in English, saying:

"I hope your excellency has had a good journey?"

I felt, "Come, there is no mistake here, Harry; and it is only another freak of fortune, who is now in good humour with you."

The king,—who was a fine, tall, well-built man, with a large, bushy moustache,—possessed, though not handsome, a most pleasing expression; his utterance was very rapid, and his English not of the best; so that it was with the greatest difficulty I contrived to follow his questions, which came thick as hail upon me. After some commonplaces about the roads, the weather, and the season, his majesty said:

"My Lord Callonby has been residing some time here. You know him?" And then, not waiting for a reply, added: "pleasant person—well informed—like him much; and his daughters, too, how handsome they are."

Here I blushed, and felt most awkwardly, while the king continued.

"Hope they will remain some time,—quite an ornament to our court.—Monsieur le comte, his excellency will dance."

"I here muttered an apology about

my sprained ankle, and the king turned to converse with some of the ladies of the court. His majesty's notice brought several persons now around me, who introduced themselves; and, in a quarter of an hour, I felt myself surrounded by acquaintances, each vieing with the other in showing me attention.

Worse places than Munich, master Harry, thought I, as I chaperoned a fat duchess, with fourteen quarterings, towards the refreshment-room, and had just accepted invitations enough to occupy me three weeks in advance.

"I have been looking everywhere for your excellency," said the grand mareschal; bustling his way to me, breathless and panting. "His majesty desires that you will make one of his party at whist, so pray come at once."

"Figaro qua, Figaro la," muttered I. "Never was man in such request. God grant the whole royal family of Bavaria be not mad, for this looks very like it. Lady Jane had better look sharp, for I have only to throw my eyes on an archduchess to be king of the Tyrol some fine morning."

"You play whist, of course; every Englishman does," said the king, "You shall be my partner."

Our adversaries were, the Prince Maximilian, brother to his majesty, and the Prussian Ambassador. As I sat down at the table, I could not help saying in my heart:

"Now is your time, Harry: if my Lord Callonby should see you, your fortune is made."

Waller passed at this moment, and as he saluted the king, I saw him actually start with amazement as he beheld me:

"Better fun, this, than figuring in the yellow plush, Master Jack," I muttered, as he passed on, actually thunderstruck with amazement.

But the game was begun, and I was obliged to be attentive. We won the first game, and the king was in immense good humour as he took some franc pieces from the Prussian minister, who, small as the stake was, seemed not to relish losing. His majesty now complimented me upon my play, and was about to add something, when he perceived some one in the crowd and sent an aide-de-camp for him.

"Ah, my lord, we expected you earlier," and then said some words in

too low a tone for me to hear, motioning towards me as he spoke. If Waller was surprised at seeing me where I was, it was nothing to the effect produced upon the present party, whom I now recognised as Lord Callonby. Respect for the presence we were in, restrained any expression on either side, and a more ludicrous tableau than we presented can scarcely be conceived. What I would have given that the whist party was over, I need not say, and certainly his majesty's eulogy upon my play came too soon, for I was now so 'destrait and unhinged,' my eyes wandering from the table to see if Lady Jane was near, that I lost every trick, and finished by revoking. The king rose half pettishly, observing that 'Son excellence a apparemment perdu la tete,' and I rushed forward to shake hands with Lord Callonby, totally forgetting the royal censure in my delight at discovering my friend.

"Lorrequer, I am indeed rejoiced to see you, and when did you arrive."

"This evening."

"This evening! and how the deuce have you contrived already, eh? why you seem quite chez vous here?"

"You shall hear all," said I, hastily; "but is Lady Callonby here?"

"No. Kilkee only is with me, there he is figurant away in a gallop. The ladies were too tired to come, particularly as they dine at court to-morrow, the fatigue would be rather much."

"I have his majesty's order to invite your excellency to dinner to-morrow," said the grand Mareschal, coming up at this instant.

I bowed my acknowledgments, and turned again to Lord Callonby, whose surprise now seemed to have reached the climax.

"Why, Lorrequer, I never heard of this; when did you adopt this new career."

Not understanding the gist of the question, and conceiving that it applied to my success at court, I answered at random, something about "falling upon my legs, good luck, &c.," and once more returned to the charge, enquiring most anxiously for Lady Callonby's health.

"Ah! she is tolerably well. Jane is the only invalid, but then we hope Italy will restore her." Just at this instant, Kilkee caught my eye, and

rushing over from his place 'beside his partner, shook me by both hands, saying,

"Delighted to see you here, Lorrequer; but as I can't stay now, promise to sup with me to-night at the Cross."

I accepted of course, and the next instant, he was whirling along in his waltze, with one of the most lovely German girls I ever saw. Lord Callonby saw my admiration of her, and as it were replying to my gaze, remarked.

"Yes, very handsome indeed; but really, Kilkee is going too far with it. I rely upon you very much to reason him out of his folly, and we have all agreed that you have most influence over him, and are most likely to be listened to patiently.

Here was a new character assigned me, the confidential friend and adviser of the family, trusted with a most delicate and important secret, likely to bring me into most intimate terms of intercourse with them all, for the "we" of Lord Callonby bespoke a family consultation, in which I was deputed as the negociator. I at once promised my assistance, saying, at the same time, that if Kilkee really were strongly attached, and had also reason to suppose that the lady liked him, that it was not exactly fair; that in short, if the matter had gone beyond flirtation, any interference of mine would be imprudent, if not impertinent. Lord Callonby smiled slightly as he replied.

"Quite right, Lorrequer, I am just as much against constraint as yourself, if only no great barriers exist; but here, with a difference of religion, country, language, habits, in fact everything, that can create disparity, the thing is not to be thought of."

I suspected that his lordship read, in my partial defence of Kilkee, a slight attempt to prop up my own case, and felt confused and embarrassed beyond measure at the detection.

"Well, we shall have time enough for all this. Now, let us hear something of my old friend Sir Guy. How is he looking?"

"I am unfortunately unable to give you any account of him. I left Paris

the very day before he was expected to arrive there."

"Oh then, I have all the news myself in that case, for in his letter which I received yesterday, he mentions that we are not to expect him before Tuesday."

"Expect him! Is he coming here then?"

"Yes. Why, I thought you were aware of that, he has been long promising to pay us a visit, and at last, by great persuasion, we have succeeded in getting him across the sea, and, indeed, were it not that he was coming, we should have been in Florence before this."

A gleam of hope shot through my heart as I said to myself, what can this visit mean? and the moment after I felt sick, almost to fainting, as I asked if "my cousin Guy were also expected."

"Oh yes. We shall want him I should think," said Lord Callonby, with a very peculiar smile.

I thought I should have fallen at these few words. Come Harry, thought I, it is better to learn your fate at once. Now or never; death itself were preferable to this continued suspense. If the blow is to fall, it can scarcely sink me more than I now feel; so reasoning, I laid my hand upon Lord Callonby's arm, and with a face pale as death, and a voice all but inarticulate, said,

"My lord, you will pardon—I am sure —"

"My dear Lorrequer," said his lordship, interrupting me, "for heaven's sake, sit down. How ill you are looking—we must nurse you, my poor fellow."

I sank upon a bench—the light danced before my eyes—the clang of the music sounded like the roar of a waterfall, and I felt a cold perspiration burst over my face and forehead; at

the same instant, I recognised Killee's voice, and without well knowing why, or how, discovered myself in the open air.

"Come, you are better now," said Killee, "and will be quite well when you get some supper, and a little of the tokay, his majesty has been good enough to send us."

"His majesty desires to know if his excellency is better," said an aide-de-camp.

I muttered my most grateful acknowledgments.

"One of the Court carriages is in waiting for your excellency," said a venerable old gentleman in a tie-wig, whom I recognised as the minister for foreign affairs, as he added in a lower tone to Lord Callonby, "I fear he has been greatly overworked lately—his exertions on the subject of the Greek Loan are well known to his majesty."

"Indeed," said Lord Callonby, with a start of surprise, "I never heard of that before."

If it had not been for that start of amazement, I should have died of terror. It was the only thing that showed me I was not out of my senses, which I now concluded the old gentleman must be, for I never had heard of the Greek Loan in my life before.

"Farewell, Mon cher Colleague," said the venerable minister, as I got into the carriage, wondering, as well I might, what singular band of brotherhood united one of his majesty's —th with the minister for foreign affairs of the court of Bavaria.

When I arrived at the White-cross, I found my nerves, usually proof to any thing, so shaken and shattered, that fearing, with the difficult game before me, any mistake, however, trivial, might mar all my fortunes for ever, I bade a good night to my friends, and went to bed.

THE OAK'S DEATH SONG.

A ring round the king of the forest glen !
Navies are waiting our work, my men !
Now may the veteran look his last
O'er the sombre width of the forest waste ;
For never more shall he spread the leaf
For Autumn to dye with its hues of grief ;
Never again shall his bare head nod,
As he smiles at old Winter's ruthless rod ;
His grave is made—
Behold the blade !
Strike the first stroke in the name of God !
There he stands, like a bull at bay,
Close to whose haunches the lean dogs lay ;
And here our eager axes grin,
Hungry to plunge their edges in.

Oak ! could we break the spell,
Thy life could preach full well !
Oh, wert thou but vocal, thou forest sage,
To give us the tale of thy greener age,
What chronicles might there be !
But now there's only a sighing wail,
That speechlessly murmurs along the gale—
Spare, spare the old oak tree !
Yes—wrung like the heart of powerless pride,
Each tortured branch from his antique side
The loftiest point would gain,
And lifting its head where its home hath been,
Looks for leagues o'er the ocean of green
For succour—but looks in vain !

Ah me ! how blithe in morning's quivering motion,
Unnumbered dew-drops from his temples hung,
This desert priest, in Nature's rapt devotion,
Has through a thousand throats his anthem sung !

Ah me ! how oft in Autumn's gorgeous glory,
The robe of purple, and the golden crown,
This monarch of the forest, hale though hoary,
Hath worshipped as the sun, his life, went down !

E'en o'er his dream, when night held high dominion,
Oft hath there stolen a spirit, like to prayer,
Which in his depths, perchance, upraised one pinion,
A dove's, like hope, reposing calmly there !

Perchance t'were harm to learn the charm !
Bare the rough chest, the ridgy arm,
Each hindering band undo ;
There like a whirlwind aim the blow,
And full on the twisted stem below,
Let the iron ring sharp and true.

In faith thou'rt tough and strong, old tree—
Loth is thy place to part with thee !

No wonder—here thy life hath sped,—
 Thy rood of ground thou hast sheltered and fed ;
 Fed with leaves in the famine of frost ;
 Sheltered with leaves when the sunbeams crossed ;
 With thy kind alone
 Thou hast spread and grown,
 Sublime, without one mind to know it,
 Not a line of thy face
 Ever limner did trace,
 An epic, unsung by bard or poet !

See ye, where, southward, the mountains lower ?
 On one bleak point is a lonely tower,
 Hapsburg—within it Count Rodolph stood,—
 He weighed in the scales of a doubtful mood
 The tower of his fathers 'gainst Germany's throne—
 That day dropped the acorn—behold what hath grown !

How many a year, with downward tide,
 Hath swept off its dead, and poured in its born,
 Since Rodolph lived, and Rodolph died !
 Yet up to the dawn of this fatal morn,
 None crossed over this rood of ground,
 In that lapse of years, but one straggling hound,
 When the bay of the wolf was on before,
 And far behind him the yagers roar ;
 So far he reached by the fall of day,
 The hum of the hunt passed faint away ;
 Close by the brink of yon stream he fell,
 None but the vultures heard his yell.
 The gathering waters swept him—where ?
 Break up the floor of the deep—he's there.

Now rest, it is noon, and the shadows flee
 Close to the stem of the sheltering tree.
 Long have we quitted the household hearth
 In search of a stem so huge in girth ;
 Deep have we plunged 'midst the palaces green,
 Ere the cords of the Emperor's tent were seen.
 Rest, and relaxed in the sultry hour,
 Think of your homes, where Carlsruhe's tower
 Opens a fold in the Earth's green breast,
 And offers a spot for the sun to rest.

Our homes are there !
 Home—to which wayfarers hearts will strain,
 The homes of our blessed and bright Allemayne—
 The vine-covered porch, and that juice divine,
 And the wives of our bosoms, sweeter than wine !
 Thence are our memories, thither our hopes,
 There are our prayers, as the sunbeam slopes ;
 In the leafy silence we watch for wings,
 Bringing us tidings of household things ;
 A voice from our sister, a kiss from our child,
 A press from the heart of our first-born wild ;
 Or perchance a lock of the silver wire
 That crowns with moonlight our aged sire :—
 Sweet when a moment for thought we gain,
 But oh, 'twould be torture to homeless men !

Brother, brother, tell us a tale !
 Willingly. Far from this quiet vale

Where Heidelberg standeth, tower and town,
One with a smile, and one with a frown,
Dwelt by the Neckar a damsel fair,
Bright was her eye, rich was her hair ;
Small skill have I to recount her charms ;
Poets have raved of her neck and arms ;
But none ever saw such a happy face,
Nor a hand that relieved with so sweet a grace ;
Strangers could boast that their hearts were lost,
But 'twas Thekla's friends that loved her most.

Low was her home on the river's side;
High was the castle aloft in pride,
And as far removed from the gentle rank
Was the maid who dwelt by the river bank.
But the quietest stream will reflect most clear
The tower—or the mountain, that rises near ;
And wherefore not, since the sun lights both ?
True—if it stand as the mountain doth—
It may hold in its bosom the vision vast,
Yet go on its humble pilgrimage past ;
But let it approach, and but kiss its feet,
'Tis sure to bring down on the bright deceit,
In some evil hour, the mass o'erweighed,
And whelm with the substance the fragile side.

Thekla loved. Count Otho's lance
Still in the battle held advance ;
And never appeared in a lady's bower
Knight more gentle in festive hour.
Thekla loved—'twas the guileless passion,
Unsought by arts, unwon by persuasion,—
For Thekla loved, ere the Baron knew
That so lovely a weed 'neath his castle grew.

Otho of Heidelberg made prepare
To hie with his host to the seat of war.
As he rode from the low-browed porch in arms,
He spied her, pale in her peerless charms ;
He turned his head, with his tall plumes flowing,
But down she had sunk, for her life was going.
Fierce was the flame that burned his breast,
As, down from his horse, the damsel he pressed,
And inly swore, by the Kings of Cologne,
The maid that so loved him he'd make his own.

A month, and the pair at an altar stood,
An altar of workmanship quaint and rude,
In a vaulted chamber within that tower
Which frowned, toward the mountain, in marble power ;
A hidden chamber, with double doors,
Stone were its walls, and roof, and floors,
Then rarely entered—in ages gone
'Twas the place of the secret orison ;
There to her peace was the death-blow dealt ;
Though a lady arose where a peasant knelt,
Yet Death looked on by the feeble light
Of the bridal taper that fatal night.

Things grew dark at the seat of war,
Germany wavered, no Otho there—
Sneers on his noble name were heard,
Till at length his slumbering pride was stirred ;

He buckled his steel on his manly chest,
 And rushed to the camp with his lance in rest.
 There did he stay a year and a day,
 While his sorrowing bride she pined away—
 Pined in the gloom of that guarded tower,
 Lonely and low, from hour to hour—
 Oft she gazed down on her former home,
 And wept at the height of her altered doom.
 A knight came near, and a page in his train—
 'Tis Otho, her husband, home again !
 Oh, what a moment, that first embrace !
 But ah, there is care in the altered face.
 Tell me, my Otho, ah, could it be,
 Was absence as bitter to thee as to me ?
 Lay by thy helmet, it presses thy brow,
 Which must only repose on this bosom now.
 Sir Page, cried the knight, there's refreshment near,
 Away ! in the hall they will give thee cheer.
 Thekla ! for that which my counsels must say,
 'Twere better, in sooth, that boy were away.
 Love ! by the hand of my shield we were wed ;
 But free is the right—so hath Germany said ;
 Thine is that hand that is nearest my heart,
 But in honours another is doomed to have part.
 Catherine of Stolzenfels comes to my tower,
 With a signory broad for her marriage dower ;
 Yonder's her page, that chesnut-haired youth,
 Who followed me, maugre my wish, in sooth ;
 She vowed, in a moment of pleasantry,
 That he'd serve her best, when he went with me.
 The name of wife the Countess may hold,
 But thine is my heart as true as gold.
 Here is thy dwelling, murmur who will,
 And Otho will lie in thy bosom still.

Dire was the blow on poor Thekla's heart—
 Not a tear from her eye was seen to start,
 But her face was white with a deadly light,
 As she went from the chamber that fatal night.
 She was met by the page in the dark corridor—
 None of the menials could answer more.
 Morning came, but the lady was gone,
 And far from the castle, as day wore on,
 Scoured the Count and his vassals round,
 In search of the lost that was never found.
 Still the knight rode from town to town,
 Steed after steed he galloped down ;
 But not a hint that of Thekla spoke,
 On his mad pursuit for a moment broke.
 Furious at first, at length the Count
 Went forth to war, or the chace, as wont ;
 But not, though much urged, tradition tells,
 Wed he with Catherine of Stolzenfels.
 He built up the chapel-door, as loth
 To enter the place of the broken troth ;
 And against it his iron couch was placed.
 Here gloomily brought he his days to waste ;
 Pleasure, unwelcomed, turned and fled,
 Silence sat down in the halls instead ;
 He fasted to famine—the tun below
 Ne'er for his fainting lips did flow.

He died by inches—but hear what they tell ;—
 When in later times the castle fell,
 A mine was sprung that bastion under,
 And the blast, as it opened its throat of thunder,
 Rending from battlement down to the rock,
 The tower in twain, like an earthquake's shock,
 Clove through the wall, and behind the bed,
 Where tossed the widower's sleepless head,
 Revealed the chapel, long forgot,
 And within the wall that his mood had wrought,
 The double doors were bolted strong ;
 There stretched at a crucifix, all along,
 A skeleton lay, and some believe
 'Twas Thecla, pursued by the page that eve,
 As she sought the shrine in her first despair,
 And slain on her knees at the altar there.

Peace with thy prattling ! up to your task !
 One more draught from the joyous flask !
 Noon is past—and the shadows now
 Steal to the eastward of branch and bough.
 Ere they mix once more with the neighbouring shade,
 A fall will be heard in the forest glade ;
 Up to the stroke !
 For the stout heart of oak,
 Must feel that this evening his grave is made.

Rough the blows roll round his dusky bole,—
 Enters the iron to his inmost soul.
 Loose by the handle your hatchets seize !
 Straight with your steel,
 Or the edge will feel
 Of what stubborn stuff is the king of trees !

Big drops are standing on brow and chest :
 Each swinking forester plies his best,
 And the startled dove from the neighbouring glade
 Bursts, and wings to remoter shade,
 Scared from his first disturbed repose,
 As the wild and wonderful tumult grows.

Time was when the hoary oak,
 As in Dodona, spoke.
 Strange thing are told of oaks.
 The savage still invokes
 Some mystery lurking in the antique tree.
 Whether by night the screech-owls as they flee
 Noiselessly to its covert, set the heart
 Beating with feelings that in some small part
 Blend fancy with devotion, scarce is clear—
 The soul can quail where reason owns no fear ;—
 Yet lurk there not some traces of the god
 In his deep frown, his high Olympian nod,
 His mighty sigh, his wild contorted rage,
 And the hoar majesty that wraps his age,
 Which might bow Nature's knee ?
 Oh, be it far from thee
 To turn from forest altars ! they may be
 Rude, but like stones where Druid whispers dwell,
 There's grandeur in the fables that they tell !

Down with it, down with it, foresters true !
 Lag not like clowns o'er the work ye should do.
 His shadow is long—let it taste the keen blade,
 And see which is longest, the substance or shade !

Old oak, old oak, thy days are done !
 Thy lofty life at length is run !
 What is thy fate henceforth to be,
 Thou ancient and most mighty tree ?

Beheaded, and stript of this comely dress,
 Rolled through the mire of the wilderness,
 The lordly plant, now a lifeless beam,
 Will swell the tide of some nameless stream,
 And tumble along between broken banks,
 While its vassals for miles in serried ranks
 Bend from their heights as the dead goes by,
 And slowly retire with a hollow sigh.
 Once from the woods, and thy rank is gone—
 A common carcase, thou lumberest on ;
 Thou, and an hundred more beside,
 With rope and with chain ignobly tied,—
 The commonest boor treads thee o'er,
 Trampling thy breast like a vulgar floor.
 Down as thou'rt drifted, the river swells,
 Man on the broadening margin dwells,
 And out from the havens many a launch
 Comes to thy company, branch to branch,
 Till ten thousand corpses, vast as thine,
 Roll on the bosom of father Rhine.
 Such is the fate of the fallen great ;
 Helplessly drives their unwieldy weight
 Past the palace of wealth and the tower of pride,
 While the world stands smiling on either side.

'Tis a heavy fall, when the great go down,—
 And the tottering tree had some renown.
 Just on his hundred and tenth birthday
 A storm o'er the fringe of the forest lay.
 Gray in the morning, at noon 'twas red,
 And black as night ere the sun had sped.
 Wild of the winds was the cry that night,
 As they rushed from their caverns in swift affright ;
 And clashed through the gloom the frequent pine,
 And clung the strained boughs with desperate twine
 Round the nearest thing that was standing yet,
 Till both went together, a mighty net,
 Spread by the air, and swept along,
 The rooted monsters of earth among.
 Full on the oak is the ruin driven—
 Round the oak rage the four winds of heaven ;
 And aloft in the rift of the cloudy gloom
 See the top swing like a warrior's plume,
 And creaks the huge trunk like a straining mast.
 And the roots rock where their teeth are fast—
 Fast in the stone as the deadly throe
 Of the serpent wringing the buffalo.
 Not an arm, not a twig gave that night.
 The winds rolled by, the morning was bright,
 And the birds all around, like houseless folk,
 Sought the thick shade of the trusty oak.

From that same hour to this same day
 Tempests have come and swept away,
 But the sap is good that his old heart warms,
 He was tried and was staunch in the worst of storms.

Is such the fate, then, of this lord of trees ?
 Give ear unto the end—
 True greatness doth extend
 Beyond the limit that mere vision sees.

The foam is white upon the Arctic Ocean—
 Upheave the surges in distorted motion,
 And, as in agony,
 Roll their tempestuous heads beneath the sky.
 Two floating mountains, cold and bright
 As the blue moon of a polar night,
 Are driving wild in the wintry breeze ;—
 Whales are sporting
 And the roar of their snorting
 Joins in the chorus of seething seas.

Through the strait office a ship is driving,
 And the throats of the winds at war,
 In her cordage howl, like hunger striving
 O'er carrion, bony and bare.

Onward the pilotless vessel's driven ;
 Hang the fierce monsters round,—
 Wild is the toss of her head to heaven,
 And the plunge of her bows profound.

Near, in unwieldy sport, the icebergs come,
 And what was now a strait is grown a chasm ;—
 Above they hang all green—a hideous doom ;
 Quivers the bark, with almost vital spasm.

They nod, the mountains, then fall back, and then
 Close their portentous jaws, like sudden thunder,—
 As famished beasts, within some unclean den,
 Yawn ere they cranch their prey—once more asunder,
 Where is she, the crushed wreck ?
 Safe—for athwart her deck
 Ran the old oak's right royal heart.

 Ring round !
 Let the strokes tell with a measured sound !
 Around his waist the gash grows white ;—
 His inmost soul is quaking,
 For every leaf is shaking,
 As the axes go,
 And each deep blow
 Brings year by year of hidden growth to light.
 Yet at each stroke
 Leaps a small acorn to the earth,
 And, nursed within her all-protecting womb,
 Waits for the day when o'er the father's tomb
 The unheeded birth
 Will cast its giant shade—once more a godlike oak.
 Stand away ! stand away !
 Give the staggering monster room to play !

Behold the sun !
 He rests on the hill—
 Before he gives place to the screech-owl shrill
 The work must be done,
 Stand away for many a span !
 His heavy head begins to sway—
 He reels like a drunken man—
 God ! 'tis a mighty tree—
 Stand away !

A pause—we want to breathe more free—
 A pause—we want to pray.

Hear ! from thy temple's awful shade,
 God of the solitude !
 Hear ! where poor mortals, half afraid,
 On Nature's shrine intrude !

Spirit ! that lent a sheltering leaf
 To sin's first conscious blush ;
 That by a branch foretold relief,
 And burned within the bush :—

Spirit ! that through the willows sighed
 By far Euphrates fed,
 When strangers would those tears deride
 An exile's anguish shed :—

God of o'ershadowed Lebanon,
 And Salem's sacred palm :—
 God of the groves where never man
 Broke the primeval calm :—

Power ! by whom every leaf is hung,
 Yet rent the strongest arm
 That ever swung the woods among
 In the tempest's wild alarm :—

Spirit of life, and strength, and growth,
 Death's still triumphant foe,
 We pause, like lingering justice, loth
 To strike the fatal blow.

Turn from us thy upbraiding glance,
 For Murder's step intrudes,
 As wont, with mankind's first advance,
 Among the untrodden woods.

But, oh ! in future danger driven
 Swift succour to invoke,
 Withhold not *then* thy presence, Heaven,
 Regardful of thine oak !

Now to the cable all !
 Down with the roof of the sylvan hall !
 The light of day
 Shall find its way
 Into a chasm unknown before !
 And in the cloud should an eagle soar,

He'll start aloft to a higher cloud,
 As he sees the back of the monster proud
 Plunge like a whale in the branchy sea,
 Showing how fearful its depth may be!
 To it with shoulder, bruderschaft true!
 There's the work of a man yet to do,—
 His towering crest in the dust must rest,
 Ere the force of the forester's arms confest.

Strain, brothers, strain!

Grasp it again!

Give with his sway—

Let the line play—

Hush! a dull throb like the distant thunder!

That was his heart that burst asunder!

Fall back—away!

There's a hush like death—no sound is heard—

The leaves are still—one little bird—

Where could that bird have been concealed till now?—

Hops from within upon the utmost bough,

Twitters a moment, then with easy launch,

Skims off, and perches on a neighbouring branch.

'Twas like a thought, at life's long journey's end

That flutters to a friend.

Now from his lofty top, like night descending,

Bows the broad tree—the forest's ancient lord;

Like bursting thunderclaps each tough string rending,

Leaves the huge spar to tumble by the board.

Down, down to earth, shivering and crashing round,

Falls he, and, falling, shakes the trembling ground;

While the wild echo, like a tempest wave,

Rolls off, and roars through every cloudy cave.

Old oak, old oak, low on the ground

Thy pride is prostrate now,

And a sighing requiem rustles round

From many a branch and bough.

Fallen—but with dignity in death,

As if an emperor bled;—

One mighty arm, with mantle wreath,

Is gathered round thy head.

The work is done—let the blunted hatchet cool;—

But with to-morrow's dawn re-whet the tool!

Lopped be each limb, and for the trunk, when bare,

A chariot rude, the ready truck prepare.

Now some repose must needs re-nerve the arm,

And for fresh toil each fainting bosom warin.

Cast we our wearied limbs along the sward;—

Sleep, oh my friends, is labour's best reward:

A Schwartzwald couch is soft, a leafy bed—

But, ere we rest, be due devotions paid—

The last availing word, a tranquil prayer—

Oh! be the peace of God the slumberer's share!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

NO. V.—MRS. ST. AUBYN.

IF I stood in the fabled palace of Truth, and were there asked the name of the most beautiful woman I ever looked upon, I am sure my reply would be, "Margaret Vernon." It is not that she is associated in my mind with any pleasing incident, or that she ever stood very high in my favour; I knew her but slightly, and all I saw and heard of her tended to produce anything rather than an agreeable impression respecting her. But for mere personal beauty, the beauty of perfect symmetry, with which no single fault could be found, I certainly never saw any one who equalled her. Shall I try to sketch her portrait in words? I never did so on canvass, for she is not my heroine, though deeply involved in the incidents of my story. Let me attempt to pourtray the beautiful Margaret Vernon at the age of twenty-three. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Gilbert Vernon, a man of immense wealth, of which he was far less proud than of his ancient title and unblemished descent. Her mother died when she was seven years of age, leaving Miss Vernon and a sister five years younger to the care of their father, who died just as Margaret attained her nineteenth year. Certain traits in her character, early manifested and carefully cherished, induced Sir Gilbert, on finding himself attacked by an incurable disease, to execute a will, by which he emancipated his elder daughter from all control on her twenty-first birthday; and gave her the sole guardianship of the young Agnes during the remaining five years of her minority.

In person, Miss Vernon was somewhat taller than the ordinary run of women, though not remarkably so, and the dignity of her carriage would scarcely have become a figure less perfect and graceful than hers. Her head was beautifully placed on a neck and shoulders, so fair and spotless, that no ivory could have surpassed them in polish and purity. Her rich dark hair was simply braided from her magnificent forehead, and twisted up behind,

one massive tress being permitted to rest on her neck. Her eyes were of the deepest richest hazel that can be imagined, set off by long lashes of intense blackness. So beautiful a temple should have had a correspondent spirit to inhabit it, and in some points, Margaret Vernon's mind was not unfitted to dwell there. She was warm in her affections, liberal in her charities, honourable in her worldly dealings; but then she was haughty and unbending, proud to an extreme, and somewhat inclined to tyrannise, where she had the power to do so. She loved her sister Agnes, but she loved her in her own way, and did not always take the most pleasing methods of proving her attachment. Her excessive care and watchfulness placed a restraint on Agnes's every action that amounted to a positive thralldom. Much as Agnes loved Margaret, she could not but feel that her eldest sister's absence was like a peep at freedom. She felt continually timid and embarrassed in Margaret's presence, yet she never attempted to break through the invisible bonds that were around her. She felt she was not a free agent, yet it was painful to think that her sister was, in fact, her mistress. What Margaret would think, what Margaret would say, what Margaret would have her do, these were the questions that arose in her mind whenever she was left to act for herself in any instance, no matter how trifling it might be. She had no standard, no will, no principles of her own. Margaret was all these to her, and who may estimate the amount of injury done to a young, sensitive, and affectionate spirit, by training such as this. The influence of this quiet unacknowledged tyranny brought in something of that fear which should be cast out by perfect love, and at the same time, nurtured a helplessness and dependence of mind, which caused Agnes to clasp her chain, and refer every circumstance, however unimportant to the decision of her elder sister. Agnes Vernon was very lovely, but

her beauty might only be compared to Margaret's, as that of the violet to the stately lily. Some family likeness existed between them, but Agnes had a less queenly figure, a less brilliant complexion, and a far less striking expression of countenance. There was a gentle subdued look about her, that might have been mistaken for the effect of secret sorrow, even before her young heart had known its bitter visitings. Was it the foreshadowing of her future destiny that was already casting its darkness on her brow?

There was one circumstance, however, on which Agnes Vernon did not consult her sister. It was a matter vitally connected with her happiness, yet she durst not have spoken of it for the world. She had already given her heart freely, fully, and alas! unsolicited, to Charles Willersley, the eldest son of a neighbouring clergyman.

In ordinary cases, such a family as the Vernons would have had little intercourse with that of a country pastor, poor and undistinguished as the Reverend George Willersley. Their acquaintance would have been confined to "the parson's" being formally asked to dinner three or four times a year, and the parson's wife exchanging stiff morning visits with the ladies of the family. But Mrs. Willersley was a Vernon, a distant relative of the Baronet's, and the very pride that would have kept Sir Gilbert aloof from any other family of merely middling rank, prompted him to show that no one of his name and blood, however humble in circumstances, could be unworthy of notice. The Willersleys, therefore, were frequent visitors at the hall, and Agnes being of the same age as Rosa Willersley, a girlish friendship sprang up between them, which, however, was jealously watched by Margaret, who was very unwilling that Agnes should have any one as counsellor and *confidante* except herself, and was peculiarly averse to her being on terms of close intimacy with one whom she considered their inferior. Permission for Agnes to visit the rectory was therefore always accorded reluctantly. Still Agnes's happy hours there were neither few nor far between; they were the sunbeams of her life—the times from which she dated, and to which she looked forward, and though Rosa Willersley's society was the ostensible pleasure she

sought in them, the image of another arose in her heart, though his name passed not her lips, and the thought of one far dearer than Rosa, or any other on earth, sent the eloquent blood burning to her cheek and brow.

As to the young man himself, he loved Agnes with all the abandonment of a passion, which is so bestowed, that it admits of neither hopes nor fears. To wed Agnes Vernon, was a purpose that never presented itself to his mind in any defined shape, even in his wildest dreams. To love her, was the continual action of his soul. That her affection for him exceeded that of a sister and friend, was an idea which never entered his thoughts. The daughter of Sir Gilbert Vernon, endowed with all the advantages that wealth, and rank, and beauty, can bestow, was a being removed from even the ambition of the poor country curate, he was designed to be. He never sought to win her affections, he never told her he loved her, he was not even jealous of her; but he loved on day after day, year after year, ardently and unchangeably, and she, to whom the knowledge of that love would have been dearer than all the treasures of the earth, whose own timid attachment was nursed in fear and in secret, *she* knew it not!

But it was not always to be thus. There came a glorious summer evening, succeeding to a long happy day, which Agnes had spent at the rectory. Margaret, as usual, had not deigned to accompany her, but had promised to send a carriage for her early in the evening. The appointed hour, however, was long past, and still no carriage made its appearance. Agnes grew nervous and uneasy. She was sure that Margaret was ill, or the ponies had been restive by the way, or something terrible had occurred, and at length her anxiety reached such a height, that she resolved to set forth on foot. She accepted the offer of Charles Willersley's escort gladly, and surely there must have been some tell-tale expression of satisfaction in her countenance as she did so, or the reserved and humble lover would never have ventured to press her delicate arm to his heart as he drew it within his own. Agnes coloured and trembled as she walked, and the words that she forced herself to say on some com-

men place subject were constrained and faltering. Charles seemed to partake of her embarrassment, and after a few minutes, having vainly attempted to support conversation, they walked on in silence.

About half a mile on their road was a gate, which led into a pathway, running across meadows and coppice, and forming a short cut to the hall. Here they stopped. "Shall we go by the footpath, Agnes, or shall we continue on the road, and take the chance of the carriage?" asked Charles. "It is no matter," murmured Agnes, and her cheek burnt with deeper crimson, though there was nothing in that simple question to create agitation. Charles felt the trembling of the small hand that rested on his arm, he saw the blush, suffusing as much of her fair face and neck as her scarf and bonnet left visible, and a thrill of indescribable delight ran through his veins. As if, by mutual consent, they passed through the gate, and took the field path, which, for a short distance, skirted the highway. "You are tired Agnes," said Charles, as the faltering step of his companion attracted his attention, "you had better rest a few minutes before we proceed: See, you can sit quite comfortably on the foot of this tree:" and as he spoke, he put aside the long grass and weeds, and seated Agnes on the spot he recommended. He stood before her for a moment, and her upraised eyes met his. There was a wide revelation in that mutual glance. Not a word was spoken, yet they knew, *each knew*, that to the other there existed nothing else on earth so loved, so near in heart and soul. Then might their love have found a voice, all might have been told, and though trouble and care might have ensued, sorrow, such as they were yet doomed to feel, could hardly have befallen them. But the sound of an approaching carriage was heard, and Agnes sprung to her feet.

"It must be the phaeton," she said in a low voice, as she began hurriedly to retrace her steps towards the gate, and it was a positive relief to her that her conjecture was correct, though five minutes before she would have given all the world to hear Charles Willersley say he loved her. So true is it, that woman shrinks, as from something too intensely agitating, from

the very love tale she most longs to hear. The carriage drove up; a slight accident it appeared had detained it but Agnes did not hear one word of the servant's explanation. She was scarcely conscious of the fervent pressure of Charles Willersley's hand upon her own as he bade her farewell, but afterwards that parting moment came back vividly upon her remembrance, and through long years of separation, was treasured up amidst her dearest memories. Oh, that delicious homeward drive on that sweet summer evening—the ecstasy of the gentle tears that overflowed as soon as she was alone! She was in a very delirium of happiness. She had not yet had time to think or reflect, the proud image of her sister had not yet arisen amidst her blissful visions. She only felt and knew that she was beloved. She was indeed encircled with the charm of "love's young dream"—the freshness of its dawn lay about her heart. The present was enough for her; with the past and the future she had nothing to do. The carriage rolled on through beautiful scenery, rendered still lovelier by the tender mellowing of the evening light. She took no notice of the landscape, she did not think about it, yet its soft loveliness had an influence on her feelings. She felt that the world was a paradise, and she, the happiest of its inhabitants.

And how felt Charles Willersley as he slowly wandered home on that eventful evening? As a child who has unwittingly put in motion some stupendous piece of machinery, while he lacks the power again to stay its action. There was fear amidst the exultation that *would* arise in his heart at the assurance he felt that Agnes loved him; and this, he could not for an instant doubt, for that one glance of mind on mind had written the truth in fiery characters on his soul. The angel of his worship had descended from her own sphere to his, and he was awed, and almost terrified at the responsibility that seemed to have fallen upon him. How could he honourably pursue his advantage? How could he venture openly to woo the high-born maiden who his heart told him was already won? Should he seek to engage her in a clandestine attachment? That was even worse. Who would believe that his love was

disinterested, that no thought of worldly aggrandizement had mingled with his aspirations? Yet, above all, so much having been revealed, how could he again meet her as a mere common acquaintance? Surely it would be an act of injustice to her, who had fondly given him her first affections, to keep her in a state of doubt and suspense, if such she still entertained, as to his real feelings towards her. In spite of the sincere devotion of his heart to Agnes, and the glow of satisfaction which any man would naturally feel in such circumstances as his, Charles Willersley was honestly puzzled what to do with his good fortune. To worship at a distance, to love silently and hopelessly, seemed a few hours ago the only fate he could expect, and now that an unguarded moment had diminished the distance between their hearts, it appeared as if the difficulties of their position were increased tenfold. Very different were the uneasy dreams that disturbed the repose of the rector's son, to the sweet visions that flitted round the pillow of Agnes Vernon.

For two days my heroine was as happy as hope that has known no shadow, and confidence that has never been shaken, can make a young imaginative girl. The fact that she was loved, was the predominant idea of her mind, and she looked forward with delight to her next interview with Charles, for she doubted not that his lips would assure her in words of what she already knew so well. The Willersleys were to dine at the Hall on the third day from that of Agnes' visit to them, and she counted the hours and minutes until she should again be with him who was henceforth to be all her world. The longed-for day came, and brought bitter disappointment. Charles did not accompany his party, he pleaded indisposition and sent an excuse. Agnes wept sadly in her own chamber, and she sent him as kind a message as she dared by Rosa, for she doubted not his grief at missing an interview with her would be equal to her own. She little thought that his absence on that day was only the beginning of a system of self-banishment from her society, which, on deliberation, he had resolved upon as the wisest and most honourable course that was left for

him. At the very time that she was secretly lamenting his absence, Charles was galloping across the country towards the residence of his godfather, Colonel St. Aubyn.

The Colonel was a fine soldierly looking man, of seven or eight-and-forty. He had lately returned from abroad on account of the death of his brother, who had left him a large estate, called Woodfield Park, in addition to his already immense possessions. He was residing there for a short time, previously to again quitting England for a foreign land. He was exceedingly fond of Charles Willersley, and often had expressed a wish that he should embrace the military profession instead of the more peaceful one for which his father intended him.

When Charles reached Woodfield Park he met with a warm and hearty reception, and Colonel St. Aubyn's delight at seeing him was much enhanced, when he found that his young friend had changed his intentions respecting his future life, and now came to inquire if the Colonel would still use his influence to procure him a commission.

"Bravo, bravo, my dear boy," cried the Colonel, "I always thought it would come to this—knew you far better than you did yourself; I always saw you were made to be a soldier. It would have been as unnatural to make a parson of you, as to have apprenticed Napoleon to a tailor. The fire was in you, my boy, and I knew it must come out; but I am sorry to see you look grave."

Charles muttered, that circumstances of late occurrence had induced him to take this step.

"Hum—circumstances? Let me see, your father has had no losses that I know of, and you are on good terms with every body. Ah, so she has been cruel, Charles? That's a very suspicious blush; and who may the obdurate fair one be? Miss Fanny Figgins is a very pretty girl; but she would scarcely refuse you, and Miss Matilda Clarke you would scarcely ask; there's Miss Wentworth, pretty, gentle Annie Wentworth—surely it is not Annie?"

"I can assure you, Colonel —"

"Nay, if you begin *assuring* with such a colour on your brow, I shall

be sure I am right, so we will say no more on the subject. Come, we will talk over this commission business."

Plans for the future were discussed, arrangements, most advantageous to our hero, made, and the patron and his *protegé* parted.

Margaret Vernon sat alone in her boudoir in an attitude of deep and perplexed thought. She was seated in a recess, lighted by an old-fashioned window, through whose small panes a dim, softened light fell upon her;—her feet rested on a silken cushion, her fair fingers were interlaced and rested on her knees. On the window seat, beside her, lay an open letter. Her thoughts were too confused to find vent in words; but their general outline may be given as follows:

"So, my fair sister can be confirmed at once in a station worthy of her—worthy of a daughter of our house, and the same act that sets the seal on her rank in life, will remove her from the reach of him—him whom, alas, I love! That I should live to feel it, and own it, even to myself! That I—a Vernon—the head of my house, the upholder of its honour, should thus love, thus be jealous of my young sister for the sake of one so utterly beneath either of us! I know *he* loves her. I have read the silent language of his countenance as none but one who loves can read it. I have seen how common-place and heartless have been his greetings to myself, while he turned with all his soul in his eyes to gaze on her! What if she should ever know it. If her girlish fancy should be deepened into an enduring passion, under the influence of his acknowledged love! Surely, he would hardly dare to approach her with the language of affection, and yet, if it *should* be so! she might renounce my authority, might sacrifice all her splendid prospects to her silly romance—for Agnes can never know a passion like the fever that consumes a mind like mine; and then they would marry. I could not bear it; I could not survive it. I would not wed him myself; the honour of my house demands that I should not, even had he presumed to love *me*; but I cannot bear a rival in his heart, and that rival, Agnes. She has been as mine own dear child; I have watched her and

cherished her with a mother's care, and not for worlds would I see her in a position where I feel any one must be hateful to me. It is mercy to herself to prevent the indulgence of her childish whim. Years hence, how bitterly she would regret it, when she found herself the inmate of a country parsonage, and surrounded by a tribe of his needy relations. Mrs. St. Aubyn, the wife of Colonel St. Aubyn, with twelve thousand a-year, and the chance of a peerage! It is my bounden duty not to let this opportunity pass. Agnes is a child, she wants strength and decision of character, and my father knew this when he left her to my care. Can I do a wiser or kinder thing than to give her to the protection of such a man as Colonel St. Aubyn?"

Thus meditated Margaret Vernon, and again she took up the Colonel's letter, containing a proposal of marriage for her sister Agnes.

When Agnes had first read it she had been overwhelmed with sorrow and shame. She had vainly endeavoured to conceal her real reason for the refusal which she entreated Margaret to return to the Colonel. At length her agony became so extreme that flinging herself on Margaret's neck she confessed her previous attachment, and prayed her sister's kindness and forgiveness. Her tale was coldly received, and Margaret affected an utter disbelief of Willersley's love for her sister. She exhorted her to conquer her own predilection, as something that amounted to a crime. She accused her of meanness in loving unsought, and of dissimulation in concealing from her the very first emotion of preference she felt; and she positively refused to write such a letter to the Colonel as should at once extinguish hope. Who may tell the progress of the influence she exercised over her sister's mind? The alternations of exceeding kindness and cruel harshness, so skilfully employed as to make Agnes believe that Margaret could have no motive but regard for her happiness, might have overcome the resolution of a firmer nature than hers. Accustomed to yield implicit unquestioning obedience to every wish of Margaret's, whom she looked on as a superior being, a reluctant compliance was slowly extorted from

her. Had Charles Willersley again crossed her path, even her promise, given so unwillingly, would have, perhaps, been little regarded; but he left England to join his regiment abroad, without even venturing on a farewell call, and from that hour Agnes felt as if the chill of death was already in her heart. Strange that Margaret should have experienced actual delight at the departure of one whom her proud heart had stooped to love. But she had her own visions for the future now. Charles Willersley had embarked in a career where he might possibly obtain honours and distinction that might render him worthy even of herself. Before Willersley left home, Agnes clung to a wild scheme which floated through her mind, of seeking him out, or writing to him and telling him all. It was but her heart's momentary refuge from despair; she had not the energy to execute so bold a purpose. Day by day she arose, half resolved to make use of this, her last resource, and night after night saw her seeking her sleepless couch, weeping bitterly over her own irresolution. But the blow fell—the beloved of her heart was gone, and hope seemed dead for ever. Then did Margaret apply herself to reconcile her victim to the fate that awaited her. Her kindness of manner became greater and less mixed with haughtiness than it had ever been before. She drew vivid pictures of the splendid lot that must attend the wife of Colonel St. Aubyn. She represented her influence, her consideration, her elevated position in society, and Agnes, heart-sore and miserable as she felt, at length began to lend a languid ear to the often recited catalogue of her future advantages. Margaret's purpose was accomplished even earlier than she had hoped, and a few months saw her fair and timid sister the wife of Colonel St. Aubyn.

I have after events to relate which I have felt some hesitation in making public. I have well considered ere I venture to write them down; but there is only one now left who can be hurt by their recital, and should this record ever meet her eye, she has earned for herself the pang that will be hers in perusing it. Already has her proud heart been wrung over the sorrow she herself prepared for those

whom she best loved, and she deserves not to be spared even yet. She is the only one who will recognise through the veil of other names, the realities from which I frame this story, for all that the world knew of them is long ago forgotten. To my mind the history I relate appears to bear a deep and impressive lesson. It may be useful to others, and it can injure no one now.

The bridal party arrived in the metropolis a few days after the celebration of the nuptials of Colonel St. Aubyn and Agnes; and it was then, for the first time, that I saw Margaret Vernon and her sister. The St. Aubyns were on the point of quitting England for some time, and it was the Colonel's wish that the portrait of his young bride should, ere their departure, be sent to grace a gallery of paintings which his brother had formed, with much trouble and expense, at Woodfield Park.

I have said that Margaret Vernon was one of the most perfectly beautiful women I ever beheld; but surely her sister might claim to be one of the most interesting. Oh, the sweet, plaintive, expression of those soft grey eyes, with their long dark lashes—the loveliness of the fair cheek, where the colour went and came, with the scarcely perceptible flushings and fadings that are sometimes to be observed in a soft sunset sky! Hers was a face that once inspired interest and affection, from the extreme girlishness and innocence of its expression. The style of her dress which though rich, was extremely simple, and the manner in which she wore her hair, in ringlets all over her head, added to the youthfulness of her appearance. More than all, there was the *charm of mystery* about her—for even in the midst of her honeymoon, overwhelmed as she was with attentions and kindness by a man whom any woman might have “learned to love,” I saw at once that Mrs. St. Aubyn was secretly and seriously unhappy. There was a listlessness and air of weariness about her, which in one so young could scarcely be the result of mere *ennui*, surrounded, too, as she was, by scenes to which she was unaccustomed, and where she met with every thing that is generally attractive to the youthful mind. I could only refer her unhappiness to one cause, and that as it proved the true one.

She had given her hand without her heart, for that heart was not hers to give.

I know not what induced Colonel St. Aubyn to have his lady portrayed as Sappho, for she was guiltless of the slightest tendency to *blueism*, and was, moreover, remarkably deficient in musical taste. She laboured under the misfortune of "having no ear," as it is generally called; and melodious as her own voice was in speaking, she had never been able to frame it into the simplest air. And yet when she was so pictured, with the lyre in her hand, her loose tresses bound with bays, and the absent but impassioned expression of eye, which had become almost habitual to her, every one owned that a more perfect impersonation of the unhappy Lesbian could not be imagined. She was interested and pleased with the picture herself. To me it was mournfully like a shadowing forth of what I suspected to be her history. Soon after the completion of this memorable portrait, the Colonel and his bride left England, and ten years elapsed before I saw them again. They had then taken up their residence at Woodfield Park, and being unblest with children, had adopted as their own, a little boy, the orphan child of a brother officer of the Colonel's. They paid me the compliment not only of remembering me, but of inviting me to stay with them whilst I executed a likeness of this child, on whom they both doted. I was most kindly received by them, especially by the Colonel, who having grown stout and bald, while his fine features had lost nothing of their dignity, appeared, on the whole, as good a specimen of an elderly British officer as one could desire to see. But the contrast between his wife and himself appeared far greater than it had done when I first knew them. Her complexion was perhaps less brilliant than it had been ten years before, her figure was even slighter, and a close observer might have noticed a few lines in her snowy forehead. But her hair still fell in careless ringlets on her neck—her eye had the same subdued, yet earnest expression—her voice the same plaintive cadence; I could not bring myself to believe that she was a day older than when I had last seen her.

When I arrived at Woodfield Park,

I found that another visitor was expected, and on this coming guest's perfections the Colonel did nothing but expatiate from morning to night. He was "a dear fellow," "a brave boy," "the noblest of God's creatures," in short, his dear godson, Major Charles Willersley. "You knew him in his boyhood, I think, Agnes," the Colonel would say, addressing his lady, "but you could not know then—I did not know—what a glorious creature Charles Willersley would prove—so brave and fearless, yet so steady and self-possessed—so unflinching from danger, yet so tenderly alive to the sufferings of others, I never can tell you half his worth. I was grieved that when we met him for those few days in Malta, he could not manage to return with us. Of course, love, I don't expect you to remember much about him, for you know he left England before we were married, but if you could know him as well as I do, I am sure you would esteem him as much. I was absent from this dear girl for some months while we were in India," continued the Colonel, turning to me, "and during a long and severe illness, Charles Willersley was my nurse, doctor, comforter—every thing. He gave up all his leisure time to me, foregoing gaieties of every sort to sit with a peevish sick man. I wonder he has never married, he might pick the country now if he chose, and how pleasant it would be if he would settle near us! But I always suspect poor Charles had some sort of disappointment in his early youth, though I never could get at the truth of the matter. I found it was a sore subject, so I soon ceased teasing him. There's your sister, Agnes, (though to be sure she is rather too old for him now,) but I think even *her* proud hear could not resist him." Thus the Colonel ran on, neither Mrs. St. Aubyn or myself attempting to interrupt him. I guessed at once by her heightened colour, and the compressed expression of her face, that *this* subject was to her one of intense and painful interest. A dark suspicion darted into my mind. Could this fair and guileless looking being be really less innocent than she appeared? Was it possible that the man so applauded and admired by her husband, could have some secret tie to her, some means of correspondence with her, of which that

husband had no knowledge? I confess I trembled at such a supposition, I was ashamed of it, yet I could not shake it off. I longed to see this paragon of excellence, and yet I felt that his arrival was more to be dreaded than wished for.

He came, and I could not for a moment doubt that at least a portion of my surmise was correct. I was sure that in spite of every other consideration, in spite of herself, Mrs. St. Aubyn loved him. It was in vain that she strove for self-command, the very effort for composure increased her confusion in his presence. In one sense, however, my mind was relieved by these symptoms. There could not be actual abandonment to guilt, where so deadly a strife was at work within. The boldness, or the reckless despair that follows the commission of actual crime, would have produced a very different demeanour from that of poor Mrs. St. Aubyn. My apprehensions for the future grew stronger as my fears for the past diminished. I felt that she was yet, at least, comparatively innocent. The behaviour of Willersley was altogether different. That he was not unscathed by the unhappy passion that seemed gnawing at the very core of Mrs. St. Aubyn's heart, I was well convinced. But he was gifted with greater skill in the concealment of his emotions, than poor Agnes, and his conduct towards her, while it was full of deference and respect, never was exchanged for more than distant politeness for a moment. He evidently shrunk from seeing her alone, attaching himself as much as possible to the Colonel, whose taste for farming and gardening kept him a good deal out of doors. It was pitiable to see Mrs. St. Aubyn's dejection during his absence. The colour faded from her cheek, and the light from her eye as the door closed on him. She would drop her work, and unheeding my presence, would sit with her pretty hands resting idly on her knee, in an attitude of the deepest melancholy. If any one entered the room, she would frequently quit it, to weep alone, as the pallid cheek and swollen eyes sadly testified on her return. I wondered that under the circumstances, Major Willersley should have chosen to pay a visit to Woodfield; but I found afterwards, that he had not done so with any good will of his own, but because

he could not well avoid it. He had so frequently evaded the Colonel's pressing invitations, that there was no longer any escape for him, and he witnessed poor Agnes's ill-concealed unhappiness, until his own heart was almost tortured to madness. The enduring truth of her love for him had never forced itself on his convictions until now. He had imagined that his self-love had deceived him, when he deemed himself the object of her affections in long past years, or that at most her liking for him had been childish fancy, easily dissipated by the dazzling prospects which a union with Colonel St. Aubyn afforded. His own constancy had never for a moment been shaken; he had learned to think of her as another's wife with little pain, but he felt that the heart he had early consecrated to her could never be offered to another. They had met but once since her marriage, and then in the bustle of a few days spent at Malta; but now that he met her in the quiet atmosphere of her English home, the truth, that she loved him still, entered his mind, and raised there a host of feelings even bitterer and harder to contend with, than those that had beset him in bygone days, when he became self-exiled for her sake.

The second week of Major Willersley's visit saw the termination of mine, and I quitted Woodfield Park with a mind full of misgivings and *presentiments* of evil, doomed, alas! to be realized, though not in the way I apprehended.

"You cannot leave us this week, Willersley. I am sure your business cannot be so pressing as to take you to town before Monday at soonest. You know I must be at N—— both on Friday and Saturday, about this confounded poaching affair, and who is to take care of my little Agnes whilst I am away." So spake General St. Aubyn, in reply to an allegation of Willersley's "that he must be in London on Friday." But the General's persuasion would have had little weight against his friend's resolution, had not a mightier spell just then been permitted to have power on him. For as he raised his eyes to repeat his refusal, he encountered those of Mrs. St. Aubyn's, full of an expression of such mournful entreaty, that the words died on his lips, and he consented to remain. It

ought to have been otherwise, but woe for the frailty of human resolutions!

It was Saturday evening. Agnes, with the strange perversity of an unhappy mind, though she had longed for nothing so much as the opportunity of *once* seeing Willersley alone, had remained in her chamber the whole of the preceding day, under the plea of a severe headache.

Willersley tried to think he was glad, but his heart rebelled at the thought. He was vexed and disappointed, though he would scarcely allow it, even to himself. One moment he admired the self-denying virtue of Agnes,—the next he was inclined to accuse her of *heartless coquetry*. Was it not *she* who had induced him to *stay*,—whose influence had prevailed over his better judgment,—whose glance had melted his stern resolves, as the lightning fuses the hardest steel in a moment? Then, again, he reproached himself with injustice. Surely, if Agnes loved him, she was acting most wisely both by him and herself. If she were merely conscious of his passion, (but this *could* not be *all*), she was equally right in removing herself from his presence. So he argued with himself, if argument be a fitting name by which to designate the contending thoughts and feelings that agitated him: but, when Mrs. St. Aubyn's absence extended to the second afternoon, he felt annoyed and miserably impatient for her appearance, if it were only for a moment.

There was a small apartment on the ground floor, opening into a conservatory, which was especially dedicated to Mrs. St. Aubyn's use. It was fitted up with extraordinary taste and elegance; and here its fair mistress often retired to muse and mourn, indulging in solitary reveries, even more dangerous to her peace than the actual presence of Willersley. Into these enchanted precincts Charles had seldom sought admission. He felt as if that apartment, so peculiarly Agnes's own, was a charmed circle, where her influence over him was too entirely paramount. His heart had never been so soft, and his resolutions so faint as in that bower of beauty. He had conscientiously shunned it,—particularly for the last few days; but weary of his loneliness, restless and

unhappy, he went forth, intending only, as he persuaded himself, to wander out into the gardens. The path to his intended promenade however, lay past the conservatory,—the door was slightly open, and he paused before it. Betwixt the orange-trees and myrtles, which bordered the approach to the boudoir, he could just perceive the figure of Agnes, seated near a table. Her back was towards him; her cheek rested on her hand, and her attitude was *one expressive of deep dejection*. He hesitated a moment, then entered the conservatory, and, *advancing softly*, murmured:

"Mrs. St. Aubyn!"

She started and turned round,—he caught her hand in his, and clasping it fervently, exclaimed—

"Agnes!"

Another moment, and, in all probability, he would have fallen at her feet, and confessed the burning passion that was fevering his soul, and, even in bidding her an *eternal* farewell, there would have been rapture, whose memory no after sorrow could have obliterated, in that agonized pouring forth of the hoarded feelings of years. But he was preserved in the hour of temptation, and the impulse was checked ere it could be acted upon; for a light, quick step was heard in the conservatory, and the orphan boy, before mentioned, came bounding into the room.

"Come, dear mamma," he cried, "nurse says you are ill, but I am sure this soft sunshine would do you good. See, I have brought your bonnet; come and walk with us on the terrace."

The child's sweet voice and winning smile were irresistible; and the unhappy pair arose, and each taking a hand of the fair boy, they went forth. They spoke not to each other, but each talked to the child; and, when Agnes kissed his brow, Willersley stooped and pressed his lips where hers had been; and Mrs. St. Aubyn trembled at the consciousness of the delight that thrilled her heart as he did so.

It was a glorious sunset. They paused on the raised terrace-walk, which they were pacing, and gazed long upon the scene before them. Immediately beneath them lay an extensive garden, laid out in the Italian style, and ornamented with statues

and temples. Its centre was marked by a magnificent fountain, whose waters rose and fell in large arched columns, their summits now radiant in the last sunlight. Beyond the garden spread a shrubbery, principally of evergreens, which formed a gloomy belt around that gay garden. Farther yet was the park,—a broad space of velvet turf, richly studded with groups of fine old trees, and the far, blue hills, their outlines melting into the soft hues of the evening sky, formed the boundary of the scene.

Here they stood in silence, the child still placed between them, and even his merry prattle was hushed, as he found himself unanswered; and he stole looks of curious wonder alternately at each of their faces. The tears were quietly stealing down Agnes' cheeks, and there was a relief in their indulgence; a calm seemed to have fallen on her grief, and, for a few minutes she felt comparatively happy. But there was a sound to disturb their momentary dreaming. A horseman galloped rapidly towards the house, and, in a few minutes, had dismounted and joined them. He brought them a hasty summons to proceed to N—, where Colonel St. Aubyn had been seized with sudden and dangerous illness.

On leaving home the preceding day the Colonel had complained of lassitude and headache, but he had tried to persuade himself that a gallop in the fresh air would certainly relieve him. Towards night he became much worse, and his symptoms had assumed such an alarming appearance on the following day, that the medical attendant had pronounced his removal, in his present state, impossible; and had deemed it advisable to send for his friends.

Half an hour more, and the pair so lately wrapt in romantic dreaming, were whirling along a dusty road as fast as four post-horses could speed. In Mrs. St. Aubyn the sudden news had produced a strange revulsion of feeling. She seemed like one awakened from a dream. The reverence and gratitude, which, in spite of the absence of warmer feelings, she had always entertained for her husband, seemed to rush on her heart with overwhelming power, and she cried and sobbed hysterically, as, shrinking

from Willersley's touch, she leaned in the corner of the carriage.

It was long before his words of consolation were heard or heeded; and it was as much as he could do, to induce her to be tolerably composed by the time they reached N—.

Who may paint the wretched combination of feelings with which she entered the apartment of the invalid? There was bitter shame and self-reproach at her heart when she remembered the state of her feelings a few hours before. For awhile they seemed to be utterly swept away in the torrent of her anguish and remorse: it was as if a world had been shattered at her feet, or a fearful chasm yawned in her path. The sinfulness of the love she had been indulging had never seemed so vividly placed before her eyes as now.

For a week the Colonel seemed to totter on the very confines of the grave, during which time he was sedulously attended by his wife and Major Willersley. The character of their attachment seemed utterly changed. They seldom spoke together, and when they did, it was merely on some subject connected with the patient's accommodation or comfort, for they durst not trust themselves to *think* of the event that seemed fast approaching. They shrunk from alluding to its possibility; for each had a secret consciousness that their sorrow for such a termination of the colonel's illness would not be so unmingled with consolation as it ought to have been.

At length the physician communicated to Willersley his fears that the crisis, which was approaching would be an unfavourable one; and, shortly after, the Colonel requested that Willersley and his wife might be left alone with him. He addressed them in detached sentences,—his exhausted state scarcely permitting him to speak audibly.

"Agnes,—dear Agnes, you have been a gentle, attentive, obedient wife. The world might think I was too old for you, but you have never given me cause to regret our union. Charles, you have been dearer to me than any one on earth, except Agnes. I know you are brave, and wise, and generous. It grieves me to think of my gentle wife's situation when I am gone. Will

you be her guardian? You are both young;—sometime hence, when you know each other better, perhaps you may be inclined to marry. The thought is not unpleasing to me, but you must, hereafter, judge whether such a course will be for your happiness. At any rate, *be friends*. God bless you both."

He murmured a few more incoherent words, then turned on his pillow, and fell asleep.

That was an awful night for Major Willersley and Mrs. St. Aubyn. They spoke not,—they did not even *look* their feelings; but they sat down one on each side of the sick man's bed, and listened to the breathings of that slumber which they believed was fast merging into the deeper sleep of death.

A load of agony seemed removed from the mind of Agnes. There could scarcely be guilt, she thought, in an attachment thus sanctioned. Visions of happiness, vague and shapeless as the clouds of sunset, floated through her imagination; but all yet seemed unsettled and tottering. The Colonel still lived, but the time that should emancipate his spirit would unfetter their's also, and leave them free to love and be loved. Hour after hour did they keep their silent vigil, every nerve wound up to a pitch of excitement that amounted to torture, while the delicate frame of Agnes seemed almost turned to stone. Morning dawned on these pale watchers, yet still no convulsive sob, no rattle in the throat announced the rapid approach of death. On the contrary, the sufferer's breathing seemed softer and calmer, and, as the daylight gradually filled the chamber, it was evident that, though his lip and cheek were still pallid, they were less livid, and still more natural in their appearance than on the preceding night. The cup of hope was dashed from the lips of Charles and Agnes, and though it might have seemed miraculous under the circumstances, the Colonel recovered.

Suspense, hidden suffering, and bodily fatigue had made deep inroads on the tender constitution of Agnes, and it was now her turn to be confined to a sick bed. She was very ill, and her restoration to health was lingering, and never entire. But alas! her

mind had received a deeper injury than her bodily frame. In spite of her efforts to subdue it, a feeling akin to despair took possession of her mind. Her temper, naturally sweet and gentle, became irritable and impatient, and her interest in the persons and things about her seemed entirely destroyed. She would shut herself up for days, on the plea of indisposition, while, in fact, her seclusion was courted as affording a morbid indulgence of regrets and memories.

The Colonel—(but I forgot,—he was now the General,)—was deeply grieved at the change in her demeanour, especially as it included less kindness of manner towards himself. He laid it all to the account of nerves, and the weakness resulting from illness, and, finally, resolved on a journey to London; trusting that change of scene and society might be beneficial to Mrs. St. Aubyn.

Major Willersley was not in town when the General and his lady first took up their abode there, but he arrived shortly after; and, though seldom a visitor at their house, Mrs. St. Aubyn and he frequently met in general society. Before he came, Agnes had declined almost every invitation, but now she eagerly caught at every one that offered the smallest hope of a meeting with Willersley. It was this sudden change in Agnes's mode of life which first awakened in General St. Aubyn's mind a suspicion of the truth, and far more than the truth. It was a case in which to suspect was to be convinced,—there were so many circumstances, trifling in themselves, which, taken altogether, formed an overwhelming mass of evidence.

The remembrance of the wish he had expressed respecting the future union of his widow with Willersley, when he believed himself dying, now caused him bitter self-upbraiding. He felt as if scales had suddenly fallen from his eyes, and the whole dreadful truth glared upon him at once.

Agnes was certainly *innocent*, in the common acceptation of the term; but can any woman be reckoned *entirely* innocent, who, knowing the weakness of her own heart, does not use every means in her power to avoid the presence of the object whose influence is most to be dreaded? Mrs. St. Aubyn took an entirely false view of her po-

sition. She considered himself as the victim of her elder sister's tyranny and artifice, and conceived that there was a sort of virtue in adhering firmly to her early attachment, through all the suffering it might bring upon her. She did not see that it was her duty to strive for resignation and cheerfulness in the path which Providence had assigned her. She was much, very much to be pitied, but she was not utterly free from blame. The wrongs she had received from her sister were irreparable; and, perhaps, the greatest was in that early training to entire subjection, which had left her so little independence of character, or strength of purpose,—most dangerous circumstances for one placed as she was.

Cloud after cloud gathered over the General's mind; surmises assumed the air of facts; Mrs. St. Aubyn's motions were strictly watched; servants were examined;—and what so likely to inflame the mind of a jealous man as the evidence of servants? When did they ever tell *less* than the truth?

Finally General St. Aubyn commenced proceedings against his once-loved friend, and sued for a divorce from his "beloved" Agnes. He was unsuccessful in both instances. Even the testimony of malicious domestics was unable to establish any charge against poor Mrs. St. Aubyn, but *there were suspicious circumstances* in her conduct, and the world looked on her as a guilty woman. A separation from her husband was, of course, inevitable; and she retired to hide her broken heart in some remote corner of her native land.

Where, during these agonizing events, was Margaret Vernon? Was she playing the part of an affectionate sister,—soothing the grief of Agnes, shielding her from the malice of her enemies, vindicating her at every opportunity? No such thing! She was goaded almost to madness by the stain thus cast upon the family honour, and secretly by her still unextinguished love for Willersley. He was now in a station where no disgrace or degradation could have resulted from a union with him. She had refused offers that would have placed her amidst the noblest of the land, for the sake of him, between whom and herself an impassable gulf was now placed.

She had plotted and schemed to remove Agnes from his reach, to win him for herself, and the end of all this was disappointment and dishonor.

In a lonely village on the southern coast, the unhappy Mrs. St. Aubyn took up her abode. She refused to assume any name but her own, or to maintain any incognito. This was the first manifestation of strength of resolution she had, perhaps, ever displayed in her life. Left to herself, and obliged to exert herself, the hidden energies of her mind, so long subdued, and unsuspected, even by herself, began to bud forth. She felt that she had been more sinned against than sinning; but she allowed that she had acted, at least, unwisely.

She had not long entered on her new residence, when she received a letter which almost overthrew her newly-acquired strength. It was from Willersley,—the pouring forth of a mind full of love and agony. He declared that General St. Aubyn had most unjustly divorced and disowned her; that he had no longer any claim upon her, either by the laws of God or man; and he entreated her, in the most passionate terms, to place herself under his care, and fly with him to some far land, where happiness might yet be their portion.

Shall it be owned that there was a struggle, a deep, agonizing struggle, in the bosom of Mrs. St. Aubyn, ere she could bring herself to answer that letter, as she felt it must be answered?

"Peculiarly placed as we are," it said, "I cannot bear to blame you for making the proposal you do. I know there is much kindness intended to *me* in the step you have taken, but, in your calmer moments you will see the impossibility of my acceding to it, and the sophistry of your own arguments. Since the fatal day on which we, unfortunately, owned our mutual attachment, we have never met, and in this world we must never meet more. If I cannot entirely remove the cloud that has darkened my fair fame, I will never allow an act of mine to add to its blackness."

Years passed by, and Mrs. St. Aubyn was a widow. The news of the General's death caused no throb of gladness, no feeling of release at her heart; for she had grown calm, and even cheerful; and perhaps her

lonely cottage, in the village where she was dearly beloved by all ranks, who knew her sad story, but were firmly convinced of her innocence, was the scene of the most unbroken peace she had ever known.

She was somewhat startled from her usual placid frame of mind, by the sudden appearance of Major, now Major Sir Charles Willersley, in her humble home, but she bade her heart be still, and it obeyed. Her affliction had, indeed, "been good for her;" she had gained self-command, courage, and firmness since her seclusion; and, best of all, they were the fruits of true Christian principle.

Her employment, of late years, had been less self-reproach than self-conquest, and it was this that enabled her, after a few moments, to sit down and converse so calmly with the lover of her youth.

Can any one doubt why Sir Charles Willersley sought the cottage of the recluse? He came to offer her his hand, as a companion to the heart that was her's already.

"It cannot be," said Mrs. St. Aubyn; while the faint flush deepened on her delicate cheek. "I will not say that I have never thought it would come to this,—I have often imagined that it might, and, therefore, I am prepared for it. Charles Willersley, I shall never deny,—for denial would now be useless,—that you were the object of the first, the only love my heart ever knew. But, it is not or-

dained that we should marry. Evil tongues would again be stirred up against us; and even now, I doubt not that many are expecting our union, as the confirmation of all that we have been already accused of. This may not be. A Vernon and the widow of a St. Aubyn must leave no means untried to cleanse her name from the stain that has been so unfortunately attached to it. My decision is made: nothing can ever induce me to alter it."

They parted, never, as it proved, to meet again. Sir Charles went abroad, and, in a few years, fell in a foreign land. Mrs. St. Aubyn survived him about a year, and then died, as it seemed, from a gentle and gradual decline. Margaret Vernon still lives, prouder and sterner than ever; but her life is one of utter loneliness. It is to be hoped that repentance is at work in her heart, and that she mourns over the woful abuse of the power committed to her charge.

Over Mrs. St. Aubyn's grave is placed a tablet, bearing simply her name, and the dates of her birth and death, together with two quotations from Scripture, which may have puzzled many of those, unacquainted with the details of her history. The first is merely a portion of a text,—a few words: "OUT OF MUCH TRIBULATION." The second is the apostle's precept. "ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL."

THUGGEE IN INDIA, AND RIBANDISM IN IRELAND, COMPARED.*

THE work to which we are about to call the attention of our readers, constitutes, certainly, the most appalling page in the history of humanity. It is a saddening and humiliating picture of the moral depravity of unregenerate man; and well calculated to enhance and to magnify, even in the eyes of the most inconsiderate and unreflecting, the life and the immortality which has been brought to light by the gospel.

We who live, habitually, in the sunshine of revelation, little know from what, even here upon earth, it has redeemed us. We can form but a feeble estimate of what mankind would be without it. It requires that a man

should live for sometime in a coal-pit, in order to his appreciating the advantages of the light of the sun; and we must go, with Captain Taylor into the society of that religious sect in India, whose horrid practices have but lately been revealed, in order duly to understand the advantages which we possess in the system of religion under which we have the happiness to live, and by which alone we have been rescued from the most deplorable depravity and degradation. Indeed, if we mistake not, before this paper has been brought to a close, it will very clearly appear, to the impartial reader, that, where the light of the gospel does

* *Confessions of a Thug, by Captain Taylor. In three vols.—Bentley, London, 1839.*

not shine upon our unhappy countrymen, errors and wickedness, altogether as gross, and altogether as abominable, as those which the pages before us detail will be found to prevail, to an alarming extent, amongst our own misguided population.

The system which the pages of Captain Taylor are intended to elucidate, claims an antiquity anterior to the age of Mahomet, although Colonel Sleeman conjectures that it owed its existence "to the vagrant tribes of Mahomedans which continued to plunder the country long after the invasion of India by the Moghuls and Tartars." Its votaries consist, indiscriminately, of Mahomedans and Hindoos; and as both believe in the power of the goddess Bhowanee, from whom it is said to have derived its origin, and observe Hindoo ceremonies, it is much more reasonable to suppose that the former fell in with the ancient superstition of the latter, than that the latter adopted, with religious reverence, a mere modern innovation. Thuggee is, at once, a religion and a profession. Its votaries are conscientious murderers, who are, upon principles of divine benevolence, at war with the whole human race, beyond the circle which circumscribes themselves, and who feel it a sacred duty to put every man they meet to death, when that can be done without compromising their own safety, and consider themselves entitled, by a divine right, to the effects of their victims, as a reward for their fidelity to the goddess to whom they acknowledge a spiritual allegiance. Their motto, literally is, "kill and take possession;" and so effectual were their means of concealment, that although their dreadful practices were carried on, without intermission, for probably not less than a thousand years, and although their numbers, in all probability, were not less than ten thousand, the British Government never became acquainted with the existence of the system until 1810, "when the disappearance of many men of the army, proceeding to and from their homes, induced the commander-in-chief to issue an order warning the soldiers against it."

"In 1812, after the murder by Thugs of Lieut. Monsell, Mr. Halhead, accompanied by a strong detachment, proceeded to the villages where the murderers were known to reside, and was resisted. The Thugs were discovered to be occupying

many villages in the pergunnahs of Sindoué, and to have paid, for generations; large sums annually to Sindia's Government for protection. At this time it was computed that upwards of nine hundred were in those villages alone. The resistance offered by the Thugs to Mr. Halhead's detachment caused their ultimate dispersion, and no doubt they carried the practice of their profession into distant parts of the country, where perhaps it had been unknown before.

"It appears strange, that as early as 1816 no measures for the suppression of Thuggee were adopted; for that the practices of the Thugs were well known, we have the strongest evidence in a paper written by Doctor Sherwood, which appeared in the Literary Journal of Madras, and which is admirably correct in the description of the ceremonies and practice of the Thugs of Southern India. One would suppose that they were then considered too monstrous for belief, and were discredited or unnoticed; but it is certain that from that time up to 1830, in almost every part of India, but particularly in Bundelkhund and Western Malwa, large gangs of Thugs were apprehended by Major Borthwick, and Captains Wardlaw and Henley. Many were tried and executed for the murder of travellers, but without exciting more than a passing share of public attention. No blow was ever aimed at the system, if indeed its complete and extensive organization was ever suspected, or, if suspected, believed.

"In that year, however, and for some years previously, Thuggee seemed to have reached a fearful height of audacity, and the government could no longer remain indifferent to an evil of such enormous and increasing magnitude. The attention of several distinguished civil officers—Messrs. Stockwell, Smith, Wilkinson, Borthwick, and others,—had become attracted with great interest to the subject. Some of the Thugs who had been seized were allowed life on the condition of denouncing their associates, and among others Feringhea, a leader of great notoriety.

"The appalling disclosures of this man, so utterly unexpected by Captain (now Colonel) Sleeman, the political agent in the provinces bordering upon the Nerbudda river were almost discredited by that able officer; but by the exhumation in the very grove where he happened to be encamped of no less than thirteen bodies in various states of decay,—and the offer being made to him of opening other graves in and near the spot,—the approver's tale was too surely confirmed; his information was

acted upon, and large gangs, which had assembled in Rajpootana for the purpose or going out on Thuggee, were apprehended and brought to trial."

Forthwith, the most active measures were taken for the suppression of their dreadful system. Approvers were found, from almost every gang, by whom disclosures were made, which rendered it certain that Thuggee was in active operation over the whole of India; and this information was uniformly corroborated by the disinterment of bodies in places pointed out, where the Thugs had immolated their victims. Our author here observes :—

"Few who were in India at that period (1831–32,) will ever forget the excitement which the discovery occasioned in every part of the country: it was utterly discredited by the magistrates of many districts, who could not be brought to believe that this silently destructive system could have worked without their knowledge. I quote the following passage from Colonel Sleeman's introduction to his own most curious and able work.

"While I was in civil charge of the district of Nursingpoor, in the valley of the Nerbudda, in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, no ordinary robbery or theft could be committed without my becoming acquainted with it, nor was there a robber or thief of the ordinary kind in the district, with whose character I had not become acquainted in the discharge of my duty as a magistrate; and if any man had then told me that a gang of assassins by profession resided in the village of Kundélee, not four hundred yards from my court, and that the extensive groves of the village of Mundésur, only one stage from me on the road to Saugor and Bophal, was one of the greatest bhils, or places of murder, in all India; that large gangs from Hindoostan and the Dukhun used to rendezvous in these groves, remain in them for days together every year, and carry on their dreadful trade all along the lines of road that pass by and branch off from them, with the knowledge and connivance of the two landholders by whose ancestors these groves had been planted, I should have thought him a fool or a madman, and yet nothing could have been more true; the bodies of a hundred travellers lie buried in and among the groves of Mundésur, and a gang of assassins lived in and about the village of Kundélee, while I was magistrate of the

district, and extended their depredations to the cities of Poona and Hyderabad."

"Similar to the preceding, as showing the daring character of the Thuggee operations, was the fact, that at the cantonment of Hingolee, the leader of the Thugs of that district, Hurrée Singh, was a respectable merchant of the place one with whom I myself, in common with many others, have had dealings. On one occasion he applied to the officer in civil charge of the district, Captain Reynolds, for a pass to bring some *cloths* from Bombay, which he knew were on their way accompanied by their owner, a merchant of a town not far from Hingolee: he murdered this person, his attendants, and cattle drivers, brought the merchandise up to Hingolee under the pass he had obtained, and sold it openly in the cantonment; nor would this have ever been discovered, had he not confessed it after his apprehension, and gloried in it as a good joke. By this man too and his gang many persons were murdered in the very bazaar of the cantonment, within one hundred yards of the main guard, and were buried hardly five hundred yards from the line of sentries! I was myself present at the opening of several of these unblessed graves, (each containing several bodies,) which were pointed out by the approvers, one by one, in the coolest manner, to those who were assembled, till we were sickened and gave up further search in disgust. The place was the dry channel of a small water-course, communicating with the river, not broader or deeper than a ditch; it was close to the road to a neighbouring village, one of the main outlets from the cantonment to the country."

Disclosures like these could not be made, without exciting the horror, and arousing the vigilance of the Indian government; and the measures which have been taken for the detection and conviction of the miscreants, have been, as the following statement will evince, to a great extent successful :—

"From 1831 to 1837, inclusive there were

Transported to Penang, &c.....	1059
Hanged	412
Imprisoned for life with hard labour	87
Imprisoned in default of security .	21
Imprisoned for various periods ...	62
Released after trial.....	32
Escaped from jail.....	11
Died in jail	36

Made approvers.....	483
Convicted but not sentenced.....	120
In jail in various parts not yet tried	936

 3266

“ Added to the above, Captain Reynolds mentioned that, at the time he wrote, upwards of 1800 notorious Thugs were at large in various parts of India, whose names were known: how many besides existed, it is impossible to conjecture.”

Well may our author add:—

“ How enormous therefore must have been the destruction of human life and property in India before Thuggee was known to exist or was only partially checked! How many thousands must annually have perished by the hands of these remorseless assassins! Awful indeed is the contemplation; for during the whole of the troublous times of the Mahratta and Pindharee wars their trade flourished; nor was it till 1831 that their wholesale system of murder received any serious check: and after its general discovery, the countless and affecting applications from families to the officers of the department to endeavour to procure them some knowledge of the places where their missing relatives had been destroyed, that they might have the miserable satisfaction of performing the ceremonies for the dead—showed how deeply the evil had affected society.”

The work before us can scarcely be called a work of fiction. It was suggested by the disclosures of an approver, whose details of his own atrocities had excited a horror in India; and almost every incident which is described, will be found verified to the very letter, in the “*Illustrations of the History of the Thugs*,” which was published in London in 1837, and which our readers will remember excited at that time so much attention. The personal appearance of the principal hero in the piece is thus described:—

“ He is what would be called a short man, about five feet seven inches in height; his figure is now slender, which may be the effect of his long imprisonment,—imprisonment it can hardly be called, except that to one of his formerly free and unrestrained habits and pursuits, the smallest restraint must of course be irksome in the highest degree and painful

to bear. His age may be about thirty-five or forty years, but it sits lightly on him for a native of India, and it has not in the least whitened a beard and mustachios on which he evidently expends great care and pains, and which are always trimmed and curled with the greatest neatness. His figure, as I have said, is slight, but it is in the highest degree compact, agile, and muscular, and his arms are remarkable for the latter quality combined with unusual length and sinewiness. His dress is always scrupulously neat and clean and put on with more attention to effect than is usual with his brother approvers, his turban being always tied with a smart cock, and his waist tightly girded with an English shawl or a gaily dyed handkerchief where once a shawl of cashmere or a handkerchief of brocade was better suited to his pretensions. In complexion he is fair for a native; his face is even now strikingly handsome, and leads me to believe that the accounts of his youthful appearance have not been exaggerated. His forehead is high and broad; his eyes large, sparkling, and very expressive, especially when his eloquence kindles and bursts forth in a torrent of figurative language, which it would be impossible to render into English, or, if it were rendered, would appear to the English reader, unused to such forms of speech, highly exaggerated and absurd. His cheeks are somewhat sunken, but his nose is aquiline and elegantly formed, and his mouth small and beautifully chiselled, and his teeth are exquisitely white and even. His upper lip is graced with a pair of small mustachios, which would be the envy of many a gay lieutenant of hussars; while a beard close and wavy, from which a straggling hair is never suffered to escape, descends nearly to his breast, and hides a throat and neck which would be a study for a painter or a sculptor: to complete all, his chest is very broad and prominent, and well contrasts with the effect of his small waist.

“ His manner is graceful, bland, and polite,—it is indeed more than gentlemanlike—it is courtly, and I have not seen it equalled even by the Mahomedan noblemen, with many of whom I have associated. Any of my readers who may have been in India, and become acquainted with its nobles and men of rank, will estimate at once how high is the meed of praise on this score which I give to Ameer Ali. His language is pure and fluent, perhaps a little affected, from his knowledge of Persian, which, though slight, is sufficient to enable him to introduce words and expressions in that language, often when they are not needed, but still it is

pure Oordoo; he prides himself upon it, and holds in supreme contempt those who speak the corrupt patois of the Dukhun, or the still worse one of Hindostan. Altogether Ameer Ali is a character, and a man of immense importance in his own opinion, and that of every one else; and the swagger which he has now adopted in his gait, but which is evidently foreign to him, does not sit amiss on his now reduced condition.

"Reader, if you can embody these descriptions, you have Ameer Ali before you; and while you gaze on the picture in your imagination and look on the mild and expressive face you may have fancied, you, as I was, would be the last person to think that he was a professed murderer, and one who in the course of his life has committed upwards of seven hundred murders. I mean by this, that he has been actively and personally engaged in the destruction of that number of human beings."

The individual thus pourtrayed, is the son of parents who were murdered by the Thugs; he himself having been half-strangled, and only rescued from death by the leader of the band, who adopted him as his son, and treated him from thenceforth with great and undeviating kindness. It was long before he knew more of his reputed father, than that he was a wandering merchant who had realised much wealth, until one evening he overheard a conversation between him and his associates, in which he himself became much interested. The purport of it was, that it was now high time to initiate him into the mysteries of their horrid profession, and even dangerous to defer his initiation much longer.

Accordingly, he passes a sleepless night, revolving in his mind the purport of the strange dialogue which he had heard; and, in about a month after, Ismail, his reputed father, returns from one of his marauding expeditions, and having learned from the boy that he had overheard him and his confederates, when they were consulting on the occasion adverted to above, he makes him fully acquainted with the whole mystery of iniquity, as it was professed by the Thugs, and earnestly exhorts him to become one of their number. As the words in which he offers his counsel to the eager and confiding youth may be said to contain the philosophy of Thugism, it would be unjust to that noble company of martyrs in

the cause of murder, to withhold them from our readers:—

"Thus far, my son, have I related some events of my life for your instruction, and I have little more to add. I need hardly now mention that I am a Thug, a member of that glorious profession which has been transmitted from the remotest periods, to the few selected by Alla for his unerring purposes. In it, the Hindoo and the Moslim both unite as brothers; among them bad faith is never known: a sure proof that our calling is blessed, and sanctioned by the divine authority. For where on this earth, my son, will you find true faith to exist, except among us? I see none in all my dealings with the world: in it, each man is incessantly striving to outwit and deceive his neighbour: and I turn from its heartlessness to our truth, which it is refreshing to my soul to contemplate. From the lowest to the highest among us, all are animated with the same zeal; go where we will we find the same brotherhood; and though differing, perhaps, in many parts, in customs and points of practice, yet their hearts are the same, and all pursue the great aim and end of Thuggee with the same spirit. Go where we will, we find homes open to us, and a welcome greeting among tribes even of whose language we of Hindostan are ignorant: yet their signs of recognition are the same as ours, and you need but to be thrown among them as I have been, to experience the truth of my assertions. Could this be without the aid of God? So clashing are human interests, and so depraved is the social state of our country, that I own no such feeling could exist without the divine will. Some repugnance you will feel at the practice of the profession at first, but it is soon overcome, for the rewards held out are too glorious, to allow us to dwell for a moment on the means we use to attain them. Besides, it is fate,—the decree of the blessed Alla! and who can withstand it? If he leads us into the undertaking, he gives us firm and brave hearts, a determination which no opposition can overcome, and a perseverance which never yet failed to accomplish its object. Such, my son, is what I would make you; you will enter on your calling at once in a high grade, under my auspices, a grade which others spend years of exertion to attain; you will never know want, for all my wealth shall be shared with you. Be firm, be courageous, be subtle, be faithful; more you need not. These are the highest qualifications of a Thug, and

those which ensure honour and respect among our fraternity, and lead to certain success and high rank. As for me, I look but to see you at the head of a band of your own, to retire, and in quiet, pass the remainder of the years allotted to me, content with hearing the praise which will be bestowed upon Ameer Ali, the daring and enterprising son of Ismail ! till then I shall be your guardian and instructor."

The ceremonial of his inauguration is thus described :—

" ' On the day of the Dasera the ceremony of my inauguration as a Thug commenced. I was bathed and dressed in new clothes which had never been bleached, and led by the hand by my father, who officiated as the Gooroo or spiritual director, and to whom seemed to be confided the entire direction of the ceremonies. I was brought into a room, where the leaders of the band I had before seen, were assembled sitting on a clean white cloth, which was spread in the centre of the apartment. My father then advancing towards them, asked them whether they were content to receive me as a Thug and a brother, to which they all answered, ' We are.'

" I was then conducted into the open air, accompanied by the whole number, when my father, raising his hands and eyes to the sky, cried in a loud voice, ' Oh Bhowanee ! mother of the world ! whose votaries we are, receive this thy servant—vouchsafe to him thy protection—to us, an omen which may assure us of thy consent.'

" We waited for some time ; and at last, from a tree over our heads, the loud twittering of the small tree owl was heard.

" ' Jey Bhowanee ! Victory to Bhowanee !' cried the whole of the leaders ; and my father embraced me, saying,

" ' Be of good cheer, my son ; the omen is most favourable. We could hardly have expected such an one ; thy acceptance is complete.'

" I was then re-conducted to the apartment, and a pickaxe, that holy symbol of our profession, was placed in my right hand, upon a white handkerchief. I was desired to raise it as high as my breast ; and an oath, a fearful oath, was then dictated to me, which I repeated, raising my left into the air, and invoking the goddess to whose service I was devoting myself. The same oath was repeated by me on the blessed Koran, after which a small piece of consecrated Goor, or coarse sugar,

was given me to eat, and my inauguration was complete. My father received the congratulations of the assembly on the fortunate issue of the ceremony, and he then addressed me as follows.

" ' My son, thou hast taken upon thee the profession which is of all the most ancient and acceptable to the divinity. Thou hast sworn to be faithful, brave, and secret ; to pursue to destruction every human being whom chance, or thy ingenuity, may throw into thy power, with the exception of those who are forbidden by the laws of our profession, which are now to thee sacred. These are particular sects, over whom our power does not extend, and whose sacrifice is not acceptable to our divine patroness ; they are the Dhobees, Bhats, Sikhs, Nanuck-shahees, Mudaree Fukeers, dancing-men, musicians, Bhungees, Tailles, Lohars, Burraes, and maimed or leprous persons. With these exceptions, the whole human race is open to thy destruction, and thou must omit no possible means, (but at all times dependent upon the omens by which we are guided,) to compass their destruction. I have now finished : you are become a Thug ; and what remains of thy profession, will be shown to thee by our Gooroo, who will, under the necessary ceremonies, instruct thee in its details.'

The party set out upon their murderous expedition, full of religious hope and joy, as the peculiar favourites of heaven ; for two jack asses had brayed, the one on the right hand) and the other on the left ; and that was considered so clear an indication of the will of deity, that none but the most impious could disregard it. The following instructs us as to the manner in which the sachees or inveiglers perform their part :—

" The men who had been sent on this duty were two Hindus, one by name Bhudrinath, whom I have mentioned before, a Brahmin, and the other a man of inferior caste, by name Gopal ; but both were persons of the most bland and persuasive manners, and I was told that they rarely failed in their object. I was, among the rest, highly curious to hear their adventures, in the town, and joined my father on his taking his place in the assembly.

" Bhudrinath told us, that he had gone through the whole of the Bazar without success when he was attracted to a bunnee's shop by a respectable old man, who was in high dispute with the bunnee. He went up to him, and the old gentle-

man, who was in a violent passion at some attempted exaction on the part of the merchant, immediately accosted him, and begged him to be witness to the transaction, expressing at the same time his intention of having the man brought before the Kotwal for his dishonesty.

" 'The bunnea was very insolent and abusive,' Bhudriath went on to say; 'and after some altercation, I contrived to settle the matter by dint of threats and persuasions. The old man seemed highly pleased with me; and it naturally led, after we left the shop together, to a conversation about whither I was going, and who I was. I took advantage of this, to convince him that the town was no safe residence for a traveller, even for a night, and discovered that he was a Persian nootsuddee, or writer in the service of the Rajah of Nagpoor, whither he was travelling with his son.

" 'I of course alarmed him as much as I could with accounts of the thieves and Thugs on the road, and represented ourselves to be a company of travellers proceeding also to Nagpoor, on our way to the Dukhun, and associated together for mutual protection; and that we always rested outside the villages, as being the safest places when our number was so large. He seemed so struck with the proposal I made to him to come out and join us, that I lost no time in pressing him to leave the town, and I have succeeded. I have left Gopal, who joined us, to show him the way out, and assist him in packing up his things, and I have no doubt they will be here before sunset.'

" 'Barik Alla!' exclaimed my father; 'your face is bright in our eyes, Bhudriath; and I have no doubt, lads,' said he to the knot of listeners, 'that the old Khayet has abundance of money and jewels, and his plunder will help to see us on to Nagpoor; so if he does not come to us of his own free will, we must even waylay him, and that too in the next march. A short time will decide this; and if he does not come, some of you Lughaees must be off to prepare the bhil or place of burial.'

" 'But we were saved the trouble; for the Khayet came into our camp, as he had said, by sunset, and was met at the confines of it by my father, and the two other jemadars. The respectability of his appearance struck me forcibly; he was evidently a man of polished manners, and had seen courts and good society. After arranging his travelling cart to sleep in, by placing some tent walls around it for protection to his women, he and his son, an intelligent handsome-looking youth, came to the spot where my father

and the other leaders had spread their carpets; and many of the band being assembled, there ensued a general conversation.

" 'Who could have told, Sahib, the intentions of those by whom he was surrounded! To me it was wonderful. I knew he was to die that night, for that had been determined when he arrived in our camp, and while he was arranging his sleeping-place. I knew too that a spot had been fixed on for his grave, and that of those with him; for I had accompanied my father to it, and saw that it was begun; and yet there sat my father, and Hoosein, and Ghous Khan, and many others. The pipe and the story passed round, and the old man was delighted at the company he had fallen into.

" 'I thank you,' said he to Bhudriath, 'that you brought me out of that unsainted village; truly here is some enjoyment in the society of gentlemen, who have seen the world, there I should have been in perpetual dread of robbers, and should have not slept a wink all night, while here I need not even to be watchful, since I am assured by the Khan Sahib,' pointing to my father, 'that I shall be well taken care of.'

" 'Ay!' growled out in a whisper an old Thug who sat behind me, 'he will be well taken care of, sure enough, I will see to that.'

" 'How,' said I.

" 'He gave the sign, by which I knew him to be one of the Bhuttotes or strangers who had been selected.

" 'I have an old grudge against him,' he continued, 'and the time is come when I can repay it.'

" 'Tell me how it happened,' said I in a low tone, for the man's face wore a savage expression as he said it.

" 'Not now,' said he, 'how can I? I will tell you to-morrow night when we meet in the mujilis: that man is Brij Lall, as great a rascal as ever lived, one who has committed more murders and more villainies in his life than any of us Thugs. But his cup is full, his breath is already in his mouth; one squeeze from me, and it will go forth never to return.'

" 'And the boy,' said I, 'that fair, fine boy,—surely he will be spared.'

" 'To tell all he saw, I suppose,' said the man; 'to deliver us up at the first place we come to! No, no, Mea, we know better, and so will you one of these days.'

" 'And he went round and seated himself just behind the old man, who turned about as though he were intruded upon.

" 'Sit still, sit still,' said my father; 'it is only a companion: in an open camp

like this, every one is privileged to hear the conversation of the evening mujilis, and we usually find some one among us who can enliven the evening with a tale, until it is time to rest for the night.'

"So the old Thug sat still: I could see him playing with his fatal weapon, the handkerchief, now pulling it through one hand and now through the other; and I gazed on the group till my brain reeled again with excitement, with intense agony I might call it with more truth. There sat the old man: beside him his noble looking boy: behind them their destroyers, only awaiting the signal; and the old man looked so unconscious of danger, was so entirely put off his guard, and led into conversation by the mild, bland manners of my father, that what could he have suspected? That he was in the hands of those from whom he was to meet his death? Ah, no! And as I gazed and gazed, how I longed to scream out to him to fly! had I not known that my own death would have followed instantaneously, had I done it. Yet it would have been of no use. I turned away my eyes from them; but they returned to the same place involuntarily. Every movement of the men behind seemed the prelude to the fatal ending. At last I could bear the intensity of my feelings no longer: I got up, and was hurrying away, when my father followed me.

"Where are you going?" said he; 'I insist on your staying here; this is your initiation; you must see it, and go through with the whole.'

"I shall return directly," said I: 'I go but a pace or two; I am sick.'

"Faint hearted!" said he in a low tone: 'see you do not stay long, this farce must soon end.'

"A turn or two apart from the assembly restored me again, and I returned and took up my former place, exactly opposite the old man and his son. Ya Alla! Sahib, even now I think they are *there*, (and the Thug pointed with his finger), father and son; and the son's large eyes are looking into mine, as my gaze is riveted on them.

"Ameer Ali looked indeed as though he saw them, and stared wildly, but passing his hands across his eyes, he resumed.

"Taajob! said he, wonderful! I could have sworn they both looked at me; but I am growing old and foolish. Well, Sahib, I gazed and gazed at them, so that I wonder even now, they saw nothing extraordinary in it, and did not remark it. But no: the old man continued a relation of some treaties the Nagpoor Rajah was forming with the

English, and was blaming him for entering into any league with them against his brethren, when my father called out 'Tumbako lao (bring tobacco)!' It was the signal! quicker than thought the Thug had thrown his handkerchief round the neck of the old man, another one his round that of the son, and in an instant they were on their backs struggling in the agonies of death. Not a sound escaped them but an indistinct gurgling in their throats; and as the Bhuttotes quitted their fatal hold, after a few moments, others who had been waiting for the purpose, took up the bodies and bore them away to the already prepared grava.

"Now for the rest," cried my father in a low tone: 'some of you rush on the servants; see that no noise is made; the bullock-driver and others can be dealt with easily.'

"Some of the men ran to the place the khayet had chosen, and surrounded the unsuspecting cart-driver and the other servants, who were cooking under a tree. I saw and heard a scuffle, but they also were all dead ere they could cry out.

"Come!" said my father and Hoosein taking me by the arms and hurrying me along, 'come and see how they are disposed of.'

"I went, or was rather dragged along to one side of our encampment, where there was a ravine some feet deep, in the bottom of which a hole had been dug, and by the side of which eight bodies were lying. The father and son, his two wives, the bullock driver, two male servants, and an old woman; also a servant, who was in the inclosure with the women. The bodies were nearly naked, and presented a ghastly spectacle, as they lay in a confused heap, but just visible from the brink of the ravine.

"Are they all here?" asked my father.

"Yes, Khodawund," said one of the Lughaees, whom I knew.

"Then in with them!" cried my father; and they were quickly deposited in their last resting-place, the head of one over the feet of another, so that they might lie close.

"We had better open them," said the Lughas, 'for the ground is loose and they will swell.'

"So gashes were made in their abdomens, and the earth quickly filled in on them; it was stamped down, the top smoothed, and in a few moments no one could have discovered that eight human beings had been secreted beneath the spot. We turned away from it, and every one betook himself to repose."

Such were the religious duties which these men performed, and for which they deemed themselves highly meritorious in the eyes of the divinity whom they served. Peaceful were the slumbers of the pious band, and, no doubt, visions of heavenly happiness gladdened them in their dreams, while the old man, and his interesting son, were sweltering in their bloody graves.

When morning came, they arose to their orisons, and no devotees of the Romish communion ever worshipped their patron saint with more devotion, than the Thugs now exhibited towards their goddess Bhowanee.

But practice alone makes perfect; and we proceed to the account which our author gives us of how Ameer Ali killed his first man.

His intended victim was a Sahoukar, or merchant of the city of Nagpoor. Ismail became acquainted with him when he went to dispose of the rich booty of him whose fate has been described; and representing himself as about to proceed with a number of followers, all well armed, to Hyderabad, in quest of military service, the Sahoukar proposed to accompany him, and gave him a good sum for the advantages of his escort and protection. He was to bring with him a considerable amount of treasure, some jewels, and some merchandise, by which he hoped to get a handsome profit in the city which he was destined never to enter.

Behold the party of murderers again upon their route; the Sahoukar rejoicing in the protection which he had obtained, and his worthy attendants in the rich booty which was in prospect. A fitting place for the concluding scene of the tragedy was fixed upon, and Ameer Ali was elected to throw the fatal handkerchief around the neck of the principal victim.

"He was a large, unweildy man, and I began to think whether he would not be a good subject for my first trial. I mentioned my thoughts to my father, and he was much pleased with me.

"I had intended to have appointed you to be his Bhuttote," said he; "he is too fat to make any resistance, and he will be the easier work for you, who have not as yet tried what you can do."

"So from that time I looked upon him as my first victim.

"I daily went to my instructor to gain fresh insight into my profession, and prac-

tised the handling of the cloth in every way he pointed out to me. He one day proposed to inveigle a lonely traveller into our camp, in order that I might try my hand upon him first; but I objected to this, as I felt confident in my own powers, and was determined, as I had selected the Sahoukar, that he should be the first man.

"I now felt that my time had come; that in a very few hours I might take my place with the rest, having established my right to be their equal.

"Perhaps it was weakness, Sahib, but from that time I avoided the sight of the Sahoukar as much as possible. I saw him once or twice on the road; but an involuntary shudder crept through me; and, like a fool, I almost wished I were back again at our village. But it was too late to retract; I had a character to gain, and the esteem of him who best loved me, my father, to secure. To turn back was impossible, and to evince the smallest cowardice was to degrade myself irretrievably. I had therefore no resource but to do my best; and, in truth, when the Sahoukar was not before me, I felt no reluctance to perform my part, but, on the contrary, the same desire I had before experienced to distinguish myself.

"I was roused from my train of thought by my father, as he called out 'Hooshi-aree!' (caution) This was the preparatory signal. He went to the side of the cart, and represented to the Sahoukar that we had reached the stream, and that the bank was so steep, and the bed so stony, that he must get out and walk over to the other side, if no further. This was quite sufficient; the man got out, and, after seeing the cart safely down the steep bank, was preparing to follow himself.

"The whole scene is now before me. The bullocks and the drivers, with the Thugs, were all in a confused group in the bed of the little stream, the men shouting and urging on their beasts; but it was easy to see that every man had a Thug close to him awaiting the signal. They were only a few feet below us, and the stream was so narrow that it was with some difficulty all could stand in its bed, especially when the cart reached the bottom. Above, stood my father, Hoosia, and myself,—the Sahoukar, one of his servants, and several other Thugs.

"I was eagerly waiting the signal. I tightly grasped the fatal handkerchief, and my first victim was within a foot of me! I went behind him as being preferable to one side, and observed one of the other Thugs do the same to a servant. The

Saboukar moved a step or two towards the road—I instinctively followed him—I scarcely felt that I stirred, so intensely was I observing him. ‘Jey Kalee!’ shouted my father: it was the signal, and I obeyed it!

“As quick as thought the cloth was round his neck—I seemed endued with superhuman strength—I wrenched his neck round—he struggled convulsively for an instant, and fell. I did not quit my hold, I knelt down on him, and strained the cloth till my hand ached: but he moved not—he was dead! I quitted my hold, and started to my feet: I was mad with excitement!—my blood boiled, and I felt as though I could have strangled a hundred others, so easy, so simple had the reality been. One turn of my wrist had placed me on an equality with those who had followed the profession for years,—I had taken the first place in the enterprise, for I had killed the principal victim! I should receive the praise of the whole band, many of whom I was confident had looked on me as only a child.”

The tiger had now tasted blood, and his future life did not belie his own prediction. Many and truculent were the evidences which he gave of devotion to his goddess Bhownanee, nor was he ever after known to experience any compunctious visitings at the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes. On the contrary, whenever an occasion presented itself of signaling his skill, he felt all the keenness of a sportsman in the pursuit of game; and enjoyed his unhallowed avocation as an amusement, while he pursued it as a profession, and observed it as a religious duty. The whole account is strikingly illustrative of the manner in which evil may become our good, and the conscience gradually seared as with a red hot iron.

Here is a man, not worse, in all probability, than a majority of his species; dutiful to his reputed father, kind to his subordinates, faithful and affectionate towards his wife and children, yet, ready, at any moment, to murder any unoffending traveller who might be thrown in his way, and even to glory in the deed, as entitling him, in a peculiar manner, to the favour and protection of heaven! And why do we bring so revolting a subject under the notice of our readers? Is it for the purpose of exciting their abhorrence against Ameer Ali, and his unhallowed associates? No, truly; but, for the pur-

pose of drawing their attention to the innate depravity of our common nature; and shewing them, by living examples, the state of brutal degeneracy to which we, any of us, might be reduced, were we deprived of that guidance from above, which we have in the holy Scriptures.

The work before us illustrates, in the most striking manner, a truth which should never be absent from our minds; that a false religion is as powerful for evil, as a true religion is powerful for good; and that the latter does not tend more to raise and to elevate, than the former to degrade and to brutalize a people.

Nor is this a truth predicable only of our eastern fellow-subjects. What is ribandism (according to recent disclosures before a parliamentary committee, and as it is known to many amongst ourselves, by means of private communications, which may yet become public,) but a species of political Thuggee, in which the conspirators are of one religion, and bind themselves, by an oath of blood, to the extermination of all from whom opposition to their evil designs might be apprehended? These conspirators are confederated for purposes which could not be avowed without bringing down upon them the vengeance of the law; and if the Thugs are their superiors in the article of safe and expeditious murder, they are immeasurably beyond the Thugs in the article of skilful perjury, by which they make the very forms of law contribute to defeat the ends of justice.

Is an individual marked out for riband hostility, he is waylaid, and cruelly beaten upon the road, by an armed multitude, against whom he can make no resistance? Does his life fall a sacrifice? Where is the individual daring enough to appear as a prosecutor against the delinquents? Does he survive? He is himself prosecuted as though he were the aggressor in the affray; and the cases are, alas, too numerous, in which the infernal malignity of a band of murderers has thus caused an innocent and an injured individual to undergo the penalties of the law, for a crime of which *they* were the perpetrators, while *he* was the object.

Of the system in India, we have the British residents and officers declaring, that, until the appalling facts were forced upon their notice, they would have laughed to scorn the man who

should attempt to persuade them of its existence? What says Colonel Sleeman? Our readers have already seen his words, in a previous part of this paper; and will not this remind them of similar declarations on the part of some of our Whig functionaries, respecting the existence of ribandism in Ireland? We must express a doubt, however, that they are equally sincere: as we are quite satisfied they are not equally disinterested. The system of Irish Thuggee is *political* as well as *religious*. It is by acting upon the temporal power, that it is enabled to accomplish its ecclesiastical objects. The party in power have sold themselves to work the will of the great agitator, to whom the Irish Thugs look up as their Magnus Apollo; and any severe denunciation of them would be followed by a withdrawal of the support which they have hitherto given the ministerial candidates at the contested elections. It was, therefore, the interest of the Whig functionaries to make light of the rumours respecting the character and the extent of this conspiracy, which was favourable to their own party designs, however formidable it might be to the integrity of the empire. But we see that, even without any such interest, honest and intelligent men are very liable to be deceived, when the subject to which their attention is called is of the revolting and almost incredible character of Thuggee in India, and ribandism in Ireland.

In India we find many of the functionaries of the Indian government in league with the murderers, who pay them a stipulated sum for the connivance which they experience. In Ireland the ribandmen manage better; they contrive, by getting into the police, to be paid a stipulated sum for acting a part in which they are far more useful to their fraternity than they could be in any other capacity; nor will it be denied that the national schools furnish many berths for such of them as love more sedentary employment, and who delight in teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" while their more active and enterprising brethren are meriting the favour of heaven by shooting, themselves, their heretical enemies.

Nothing surprised our friend, Ameer Ali, more, than to find Thugs amongst the Mahometan priesthood, who were admirable in directing their fellow-labourers in that sacred calling to the

richest booty, and who always shared, largely, in their unhallowed gains. To this there is nothing, that we know, corresponding in the riband system; but we are at a loss for any decisive proofs, that it has been discountenanced by the Romish clergy. We know the extent of their influence, and we know also, the extent of the conspiracy: or rather, indeed, we are unaware of the limits by which it is bounded, pushing, as it does, its pernicious offshoots into every part of the island. And it is very hard to reconcile its amazing spread among the Roman Catholic population, with any serious efforts for its suppression on the part of their spiritual advisers.

We tell the House of Lords, and we tell them advisedly, that their committee, during the last session, went but skin deep into that branch of their inquiry. They obtained, however, evidence enough to prove the existence of a most formidable conspiracy, which, as long as it continues unchecked, must render Protestant life and property insecure. We call upon them to go on with the inquiry. We pledge ourselves, that if it be earnestly and assiduously prosecuted, disclosures will be made which will astound the empire. We beseech them not to leave the loyal men of Ireland at the mercy of bands of miscreants, who are brought up with a hatred of Protestant institutions, and who feel that, so far from incurring guilt, they are laying up a store of merit, by persecuting unto death their heretical enemies.

Let noblemen and gentlemen residing in happy England, make the case their own. Let them suppose that a conspiracy has been organised about them, which causes them to be in perpetual alarm for their lives; that they never can go from home without being strongly armed; that they never, even for the shortest time, separate from their families, without leaving them filled with the most agonising apprehensions; that their most undoubted rights, as landlords, they dare not exercise, without provoking a visitation of ruffian violence, which might, at any moment, wrap them and their sleeping households in flames; that a refusal, on their part, to go into court, and testify favourably to the character of any of the miscreants of this conspiracy, who for any cause, has been brought before a legal tribunal, is an offence only to be expiated by death;

that to be concerned in the distribution of religious tracts or the Bible, or to be aiding in the maintenance of scriptural schools, or interested, generally, about the moral habits, or the religious enlightenment of the people, is an offence never to be pardoned, and which, it is gravely believed, will be forgiven neither in this world nor the world to come;—let, we say, the English nobleman or gentleman, who lives in a land where the laws are supreme, and where ruffian violence dare not, as yet, erect itself against the constituted authorities, only realize in thought these appalling circumstances in the condition of the noblemen and gentlemen of this country, and refuse, if he can, to renew the inquiry, by which alone some remedy may be found for such intolerable evils.

There is one feature by which the system of Thuggee in India is discriminated from Thuggee as it is practised in Ireland; and that is, the more speedy and merciful mode in which the victims are put to death. In India, as we have seen, the whole affair of death is transacted in a few minutes. The unsuspecting travellers are now in the enjoyment of health and happiness; and, before a quarter of an hour has elapsed, they are sleeping the eternal sleep, under sods as verdant as if they had never been trod, or sands as unruffled as if the winds of heaven had never disturbed them. But in Ireland it is not so. The ribbonmen are most cruel and butcherly murderers. In the burning of Wild-

Goose Lodge, when the victims endeavoured to escape out of the windows, they were thrust back, with pitchforks, into the flames; men, women, children, babes, born and unborn, were thus pitilessly consigned to destruction; their screams of agony being answered only by the infuriate yells of the exulting demons, who danced in savage triumph around the blazing edifice, until it sunk in a mass of ruins upon the blackened corse of its inmates. The wretch who was the ringleader in this conspiracy was the clerk of a popish chapel in the neighbourhood, and held in no small reverence for his sanctity by his neighbours. On the Sunday following the arson and murders, such was the sanctionious bearing of this ruffian, that he appeared, surpliced, and with a crucifix in his hand, at the head of a procession, in which were many of his accomplices; and they all went on their knees around the chapel, repeating, with great seeming devotion, a litany of curses, in which they consigned to eternal destruction those who had been concerned in the dreadful deed.*

But let us turn to the more endurable atrocities of happier India. Our hero, the approver, is fortunate enough to wile himself into the good graces of a soldier of rank, who is proceeding to the camp of Dost Mohammed. His appearance is described as gallant in the extreme; and to attack him is, obviously, a service of danger. The party arrive at the place fixed upon, and the Nuwab is

* A picture representing the riband lodge, which was held the night before the burning of Wild Goose Lodge, was exhibited in this city a few years since, and certainly appeared to us one of the most promising efforts of a young artist we have ever seen. The scene was a Romish chapel, and a solitary light from the altar illuminated the group, who were assembled to receive their final instructions. Devine appeared on the raised platform, where the altar stood, in the act of administering the oath of blood to a new confederate, his countenance strongly expressive of the malignant bigotry by which he was possessed; and the group by whom he was surrounded, exhibited in their demeanour and visages, every variety of the infernal spirit by which they were actuated, which could be expressed by the art of the painter. It was, indeed, an appalling representation of humanity demonized by a false religion. "The human heart," to use the language of Curran, "charred in the flame of its own vile and paltry passions; black and bloodless; capable only of catching and communicating that destructive flame by which it consumes and is itself consumed." The picture is at present in the possession of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Belfast. We have often wished that it were the property of Lord Stanley, or Sir Robert Peel, and that whenever they looked at it, they would reflect that there was not a face upon the canvass before them which might not be the representation of a national schoolmaster! The name of the young painter is M'Manus; he is, we believe, this moment, trying his fortunes in London. We heartily wish him good success,

enjoying the beverage in which he delighted :—

“ ‘Ho! Meer Sahib,’ cried he; ‘what dost thou think? here have I been endeavouring to persuade this worthy father of thine to take some of my sherbet. By Alla! ’tis a drink worthy of paradise, and yet he swears it is bitter and does not agree with his stomach. Wilt thou take a drink?’ and he tendered me the cup. ‘Drink, man! ’twill do thee good,’ and keep the cold wind out of thee; and as to the preparation, I’ll warrant it good; for there breathes not in the ten kingdoms of Hind a slave so skilled in the art of preparing subjee as Kureena yonder. Is it not so, girl?’

“ ‘My lord’s favour is great toward his slave,’ said the maiden; ‘and if he is pleased ’tis all she cares for.’

“ ‘Then bring another cup,’ cried the Nuwab; ‘for what saith the song?’ and he roared out the burden of one I had heard before—

“ ‘Peyala pea, to myn ne pea phir kisse ko kya!’* ”

‘and what is it to any one? All the world knows that Subjee Khan drinks bhang, and is not the worse soldier for it. Now with a few fair girls to sing a ghuzul or two to us, methinks a heaven might be made out of this wild spot.’

“ ‘It is a good thought, Nuwab,’ cried I, chiming in with his humour; ‘we will get a set of Tuwaifs from the next village we come to; I dare say they will accompany us for a march or two.’

“ ‘You say well, Meer Sahib; yours are good words, very good words; and Inshalla! we will have the women,’ said the Nuwab slowly and indistinctly, for he had now swallowed a large quantity of the infusion, which had affected his head. ‘By Alla! they should dance too—like this—’ continued he with energy, and he got up, and twirled himself round once or twice with his arms extended, throwing leering glances around upon us all.

“ ‘It was irresistibly ludicrous to behold him. His splendid armour and dress but ill assorted with the mincing gait and absurd motions he was going through, and we all laughed heartily.

“ ‘But the farce was proceeding too long, and we had sterner matter in hand than to waste our time and opportunity in such fooleries. So I begged him again to be seated, and motioned to Surfuraz Khan

to be ready the instant he should see me go round to his back.

“ ‘Ho! Kureena,’ cried he, when he had again seated himself, ‘bring more subjee, my girl: by Alla! this thirst is unquenchable, and thou art excelling thyself to-day in preparing it. I must have more, or I shall never get to the end of this vile stage. I feel now as if I could sleep, and some more will revive me.’

“ ‘Fazil Khan, bring my hooka,’ cried I as loud as I could. It was the signal we had agreed on.

“ ‘Ay,’ cried the Nuwab, ‘I will beg a whiff or two, ’twill be agreeable with my sherbet.’

“ ‘I had now moved round behind him; my roomal was in my hand, and I signalled to Surfuraz Khan to seize him.

“ ‘Look, Nuwab!’ cried he; and he laid hold on his right arm with a firm grasp.

“ ‘How dare you touch me, slave?’ ejaculated Subjee Khan. ‘How dare you touch a Nuwab—’

“ ‘He did not finish the sentence. I had thrown the cloth about his neck. Surfuraz Khan still held his hand, and my father pulled at his legs with all his force. The Nuwab snored several times like a man in a deep sleep, but my grip was firm and did not relax; a horse would have died under it. Suddenly, as he writhed under me, every muscle in his body quivered; he snored again still louder, and the now yielding form offered no resistance. I gazed upon his features, and saw that the breath of life had passed from the body it had but now animated. Subjee Khan was dead—I had destroyed the slayer of hundreds!

“ ‘But no one had thought of his poor slave girl, who, at some distance, and with her back turned to us, had been busily engaged in preparing another rich draught for her now unconscious master. She had not heard the noise of our scuffle, nor the deep groans which had escaped from some of the Nuwab’s people, and she approached the spot where Surfuraz Khan was now employed in stripping the armour and dress from the dead body.

“ ‘Ya Alla! Sahib, what a piercing shriek escaped her, when she saw what had been done! I shall never forget it, nor her look of horror and misery as she rushed forward and threw herself on the body. Although master and slave, Sahib, they had loved.

“ ‘Her lips were glued to those of the

* A cup (of wine) is drunk,—than I have drunk it;
What is it to any one?

unconscious corpse, which had so often returned her warm caresses, and she murmured in her agony all the endearing terms by which she had used in their private hours to call him, and implored him to awake.

"He cannot be dead! he cannot be dead!" cried the fair girl,—for she was beautiful to look on, Sahib, as she partly rose and brushed back her dishevelled hair from her eyes; and yet he moves not—he speaks not!—and she gazed on his features for a moment. "Ah!" she screamed, "look at his eyes—look at them—they will fall out of his head! and his countenance, 'tis not my own lord's—those are not the lips which have often spoken kind words to his poor Kureena! Oh, my heart, what a pain is there!"

"This will never do," cried I; "some of you put her out of her misery; for my part, I war not with women."

"The girl is fair," said Surfuraz Khan; "I will give her a last chance for life."

"Hark you!" cried he to her, "this is no time for fooling; and as he rudely shook her by the arm, she looked up in his face with a piteous expression, and pointed to the body by which she was kneeling and mourning as she rocked herself to and fro. 'Hear me,' cried the Khan, 'those who have done that work will end thy miserable life unless thou hearkenest to reason. I have no wife, no child: thou shalt be both to me, if thou wilt rise and follow me. Why waste further thought on the dead? And thou wast his slave too! Rise, I say again, and thy life is spared—thou shalt be free.'

"Who spoke to me?" said she, in tones scarcely audible. "Ah, do not take me from him; my heart is broken! I am dying, and you would not part us?"

"Listen, fool!" exclaimed the Khan; "before this assembly I promise thee life and a happy home, yet thou hearkenest not: tempt not thy fate; a word from me, and thou diest. Wilt thou then follow me? my horse is ready, we will leave the dead, and think no more on the fate of him who lies there."

"Think no more on him! forget him—my own, my noble lover! Oh, no, no, no! Is he not dead? and I too am dying."

"Again I warn thee, miserable girl," cried Surfuraz Khan; "urge me not to use force; I would that you followed me willingly—as yet I have not laid hands on thee."

"A low moan was her only reply, as she turned again to the dead, and caressed the distorted and now stiffening features.

"Away with the body!" cried I to some of the Lughases, who were waiting

to do their office; 'one would think ye were all a parcel of love-sick girls, like that mourning wretch there. Are we to stay loitering here because of her fooling? Away with it!'

"My order was obeyed; four of them seized the body, and bore it off in spite of the now frantic exertions of the slave; they were of no avail; she was held by two men, and her struggles to free herself gradually exhausted her.

"Now is your time," cried I to Surfuraz Khan; 'lay hold of her in the name of the thousand Shitans, since you must have her, and put her on your horse: you can hold her on, and it will be your own fault if you cannot keep her quiet.'

"Surfuraz Khan raised her in his arms as if she had been a child; and though now restored to consciousness, as she by turns reviled us, denounced us as murderers, and implored us to kill her, he bore her off and placed her on his horse. But it was of no use; her screams were terrific, and her struggles to be free almost defied the efforts of Surfuraz Khan on one side, and one of his men on the other, to hold her on."

"We proceeded about half across in this manner, when my father, who had hitherto been a silent spectator, rode up, as I was again vainly endeavouring to persuade the slave to be quiet and to bear with her fate.

"This is worse than folly," cried he, 'it is madness; and you, above all, Surfuraz Khan, to be enamoured of a smooth-faced girl in such a hurry! What could we do were we to meet travellers? She would denounce us to them, and then a fine piece of business we should have made of it. Shame on you! do you not know your duty better?'

"I'll have no more to say to the devil," said the man on the left of the horse doggedly; 'you may even get her on the best way you can; what with her and the horse, a pretty time I am likely to have of it to the end of the journey; and he quitted his hold.

"Ay, said I, 'and think you that tongue of hers will be silent when we reach our stage? what will you do with her then?'

"Devil!" cried the Khan, striking her violently on the face with his sheathed sword, 'will you not sit quiet, and let me lead the horse?'

"The violence with which he had struck caused the sword to cut through its wooden scabbard, and it had inflicted a severe wound on her face.

"There," cried my father, 'you have spoilt her beauty at any rate by your vio-

lence; what do you now want with her?"

"She is quiet at all events," said the Khan, and he led the horse a short distance.

"But the blow had only partly stunned her, and she recovered to a fresh consciousness of her situation; the blood trickled down her face, and she wiped it away with her hand; she looked piteously at it for an instant, and the next dashed herself violently to the earth.

"One of you hold the animal," cried the Khan, "till I put her up again." But she struggled more than ever, and rent the air with her screams: he drew his sword and raised it over her.

"Strike!" she cried, "murderer and villain as you are, strike! and end the wretched life of the poor slave; you have already wounded me, and another blow will free me from my misery; I thought I could have died then, but death will not come to me. Will you not kill me?"—and she spat on him.

"This is not to be borne; fool that I was to take so much trouble to preserve a worthless life," cried the Khan, sheathing his sword; "thou shalt die, and that quickly." He threw his roomal about her neck, and she writhed in her death agonies under his fatal grasp.

"There!" cried he, quitting his hold, "I would it had been otherwise; but it was her fate, and I have accomplished it!" and he left the body and strode on in moody silence."

But we must close this book of horrors. The writer professes, and we believe truly to have derived the substance of his narrative from authentic documents; and we are also prepared to admit fully, that much of the information which he derived from his immediate informant is true. That this individual has overstated his own atrocities, we do not believe; but, that he has availed himself of the credulity of his auditor, to introduce sundry episodes which have but little foundation in matters of fact, in order to gild and adorn his own character by a parade of sundry virtues and accomplishments, appears to us but too probable. Ameer Ali stood before Captain Taylor as a convicted reprobate of the most revolting kind; as one who had forsworn his kindred with humanity; and, whose life was devoted to the destruction of his species, up to the period when it was saved by turning upon his own associates, and betraying them into the hands of justice. He could

not, therefore, but be conscious of the utter loathing and abhorrence with which he must have been regarded by those whose bread he eat, and whose chain he wore; and it was most natural that he should endeavour to lighten the obloquy under which he lived, by sundry touches of the tender and the heroic, which were calculated to invest him with no little interest in the eyes of many a gentle reader. Captain Taylor *may* have been aware of them, but there is no collecting that he was so from any part of the work before us; and we cannot but regard it as a serious defect, not to have endeavoured, at least, to mark the line of distinction between Ameer Ali as a narrator of appalling facts, and Ameer Ali as a mere impostor.

Nor do we think the form of narrative, under which Captain Taylor has conveyed his disclosures, the best calculated for impressing them, as *undoubted realities*, upon the minds of his readers. They come before us with an air of fiction. It requires an habitual reference to other documents, not to believe that the whole is a work of imagination. His spokesman is introduced with such a disposition of stage-lights, scenery, and decorations, as impresses the belief that he is but acting a part throughout; and, that whatever foundation the subject of his communication may be thought to have in reality, great allowance should be made for oriental extravagance and dramatic exaggeration. Captain Taylor directly reverses the principle by which the celebrated De Foë was guided in the production of those inimitable works by which he has achieved a literary immortality. *He* causes his fictions to pass for facts; *the Captain* causes his facts to pass for fictions.

And this does not arise from any want of ability to do his subject every justice; but from the propensity to book-making, now unhappily so prevalent, which prompts an author to consider, *first*, how much he may make of his book, and only secondly, the most fitting form in which his subject should be presented to his readers.

In our judgment, the Captain would have done better, had the communications with which he has favoured the public, appeared in a graver and a more authentic form; nor can we believe that, in such a shape, they would

have had less numerous or less earnest readers. Nor should he have confined himself, professedly, to the disclosures of a single informer. As he has availed himself of the confessions of many of the tribe, so he should have accompanied their statements, wherever it could be done, by such corroborating circumstances as might lend them credit, always holding the principle in view, that the more atrocious the narrative, the more powerful the evidence by which it should be sustained, in order to its being credited by reasonable hearers.

There are in the narrative some little inadvertencies, which, to us, bear the marks of haste. Ameer Ali mentions that, at his initiation into the mysteries of Thuggee, Ismail declared that he was not his father; and this declaration seems to have excited nothing more than a momentary surprise, which leads to no enquiry, and is forgotten almost as soon as it is entertained. At the close of the work, when he and Ismail are detected, the latter, just before he is put to death, repeats the declaration that Ameer Ali is not his son, which our hero *then* appears to have heard for the *first* time; and exhibits all the interesting perplexity and embarrassment respecting the mystery of his origin, which might have been natural enough when he was setting out in life, flushed with the hope of achieving distinction and wealth, but was utterly out of place at a time when the only consideration which could have occupied his mind was, by what degree of baseness he might avoid an ignominious exit.

But we must conclude:—not, however, without again adjuring our legislators to turn a heedful attention to the foul and formidable conspiracy in this country, which, in so many points of view, resembles the system,

which, in the pages before us, is so fully exposed. They may see, that that frightful system for ages eluded the notice of government, and that the instances were rare, indeed, in which its guilty votaries were brought under the animadversion of the law. It is thus possible that a conspiracy, equally formidable against life and property, may exist in this country, although, by the functionaries of government, it may not be, as yet, detected. They may see the very strong terms in which a leading officer in the British service was prepared to deny the possibility of the existence of such a fraternity as the Thugs, until his eyes were, as it were, torn open by the damning facts which came before them. And *he* had no interest in professing this incredulity, by reason of any dependence of the government under which he served, upon any of the leading actors in this mystery of iniquity. We are not, therefore, to receive the professions of the members of the present administration, that *they* are utterly unaware of any thing deeply or extensively dangerous in the riband conspiracy, (of which, at last, they have been constrained to admit the existence,) as any proof that it is not, in reality, as atrocious and as formidable as we and others have maintained. All we require is, searching and dispassionate investigation: and we implore our Conservative friends to be at their posts, and not to suffer many weeks of the approaching session to elapse, before they call for a renewal of that enquiry before the Lords, to which we are already indebted for disclosures of the most important kind, but which, as yet, has only touched upon the surface of by far the greatest of the evils of Ireland,

THE WAY WE DO THINGS.

THIS is the age of exposure. The world is in its autumn ; the foliage is falling from the tree of society ; the internal ramification begins to be seen. Nay, the very fig-leaf threatens to drop, and we shall have with the next age Adam and Eve's Eden negligée in fashion again. Even now, concealment is not *à la mode*—every thing must be known by everybody—so we think it best to forestal our enemies by ourselves disclosing frankly all we have to tell. We will not call it confessing, for the term implies guilt. We “court inquiry,” to use the favorite phrase of the secret societies, and invite the world to inspect our *menage*. Here, on the part of all reviewers and editors, we undertake to shew the beautiful arrangements behind the scenes—aye, and establish our claim to public gratitude besides, for the self-sacrificing exertions which have brought the hidden machinery to such perfection. Don't let our brothers of the craft be a bit alarmed. They have nothing to fear. Fear! Why, they ought to exult rather at the idea of their modest merit being paraded down from the attics, and brought to the level of common eyes. We are too important a faction now-a-days to be a *hidden power*. We come forward, like the Romish chapels in our own blessed metropolis, out of the lanes and alleys into the crowded street, and boldly proclaim ourselves a *class*—aye, and a high and influential class in the community. Why should we not be *represented*?—but, like Sir Malise of Ravenwood, we “bide our time.”

Reviewing is the foundation of all periodical writing. Reviewing is the grand substratum, on which we build our popularity and renown. To review is, in the present day, to sell, to succeed, to be in vogue. Books are seldom read, but books must be known. Madame de Stael said that in France people read books to talk of them. Now, thanks to us, you may talk of them equally well without reading them. The purchase of new publications is hence principally confined to clubs, libraries, and trunk-makers. We take the trouble upon ourselves, and offer the review as all that is fit for

the public to know of what the human mind is about from month to month.

But we have promised to be candid. The most simple idea of a review is, that the reviewer takes up a book when it comes out, and in the silent recesses of his study, or peradventure by the banks of some crystal stream, sadly and seriously cons it over, and then, according to its intrinsic merit, impartially and laboriously commits to writing his opinion of it, to be duly published at the end of the month or quarter, as it may be. My innocent friend, if such be your belief, you are mistaken. Such was, indeed, the primitive practice of our forefathers, ere Keats had died, or Byron drawn his pen ; but now—*nous avons changés tout cela*—we have our object, independent of books altogether, and arrange our matters with as little reference to our nominal subjects, as if we had nothing on our shelf but the cheese and the black bottle. A moderate hand will trump you up an article on any grave work between Sunday and Sunday ; but it requires a good one to clap on half a dozen new books to the head of a critique previously composed, so as to conceal the joining. This is the triumph of the art, and he is most perfect at his *métier*, who can burn a fleet of books, Archimedes like, without ever touching them. In these cases it is plain, the book or books are an uncertain quantity ; but, on the other hand, give us the book, we can with equal facility turn it to suit our own ends, whatever they may be. A friend of ours, who had been engaged at one time in the establishment of one of the most *skilful* of the periodicals, has put into our hands a couple of fragments, which will illustrate what we have been saying. They are the corresponding parts of two critiques written, the one in praise, the other in disparagement of the same poem. The fact is, it was at first supposed the work was written by a half-pay *Irish* officer, and hence the cutting up ; but it having been afterwards discovered that it was the effusion of a sentimental peer, the “flattering unction” was thrown off, in time for

the press of the same month—whether by the same hand, our friend either could not or would not inform us. The lines reviewed are these—

“As from the smoke that o’er yon city spreads,
The Churches only show their holy heads;

REVIEWER A.

“We have selected the above lines,” says reviewer A, “for the purpose of exhibiting in a collected form, all the imperfections and absurdities which we have been tracing in their diluted state, through the insipid length of this poem. We may toil in the mine for a long time, before we are enabled by a lucky hit to break of so small a specimen so rich in the ore—lead—which weighs it down. And there is something grotesquely absurd about it, which by a whimsical use of the same metaphor, may be likened to crystalization, and makes it fit for any museum. There is a Homeric exordium—the note of preparation. ‘As from the smoke’—and at the correct distance down we of course find, ‘so midst the dimness.’ But what is this tetrametral simile? Only fancy a dozen or two of churches gasping for air, and thrusting their ‘holy heads’ up out of the macerilegious coal smoke, and giving ‘tongue,’ as if they were calling on heaven to loosen the black cravat they have got so tight round their throats. We should be glad to ascertain the exact *locale*, and if the *venue* (whereabouts) were Dublin, would fain inquire whether *Nelson* and *Wellington* had on their night-caps on the occasion, and so hid their diminished ‘heads’ in such ‘holy’ company; and if—more strange than all—the dome of law had felt the sensation of shame, and sneaked down into the fog, or escaped notice in a cloud of its own powder, as Paris sheltered himself from the angry horns of the injured Greek. All this were surely worth inquiry. We should like to be informed too, by some competent authority, whether amidst the ‘hum’ that ‘*swells*’ from a metropolis, the ‘bells’ which, although they evidently in the simile are tolling for service, are removed afterwards on the back of a poetic license into the clock, to stand metaphorically for ‘Time,’ are the only perceptible sounds, or whether in this *timid* hum, the *rattling of carriages*, take not rather a prominent part, particularly if a *railway* be near, to say nothing of the piercing screams of little bald boys, who, if within half a mile, contrive to keep their treble pretty distinct in the grand metropolitan anthem. All this were worth clearing up, as well as some other minor particulars, before it might be said to be ‘proved’ to the morality of the cloister, even in such mighty mouthfuls of words as the last line is composed of, that the pious man may ‘move’ from Henrietta-street to Stephen’s-green in the dead of night, without the slightest danger to his purse, person, or personal character.

As from the hum that thence for ever swells,
Alone distinct sound forth their solemn bells,
So midst the dimness and the din of earth,
God, and the flux of time come clearly forth,
As if to monkish moralists to prove,
That safe through crowds the Christian’s course
may move.”

REVIEWER B.

“In the above noble verses,” says reviewer B, “we know not which to admire more, the excellence of the morality conveyed, or the beauty and correctness of the imagery by which it is illustrated. We can fancy the whole scene from Glasnevin, perhaps, or Hampstead, or Pere la Chaise—Sunday morning—below, joy, and the roar of dense population—‘the dimness and the din;’ above, islands of steeples, and the measured toll—God and Time. Every word tells; and then the *point*, for the feeble-hearted philosopher, that the landmarks of religion and truth are never concealed, that ‘safe through crowds the Christian’s course may move;’ all wound up with such convincing strength, that he must be dull indeed who is not instructed as well as delighted by its conclusion.”

This is quite enough to show how superior the Craft rise to all the mere accidents of merit or the contrary in the works before them. It is only by that beautiful process of philosophy, (philosophy, which, in its march, has even entered the study of the critic,) resulting in the application of general rules, that he has been enabled thus to render himself independent of circumstances, and ready for every need.

It is known to most of the attorneys' clerks, and to the more studious of the junior bar, that certain legal writings called declarations are fitted with determinate heads and tails, like the epicene faces and feet over which a child slips painted costumes of Turks, infidels, heretics, and grisettes; and that the body of the instrument may be varied almost infinitely, provided only it fits and dovetails at each extremity into the phrase required by the court and form of action. Now, your reviewer has his precedents as cut and dried as that undemurrable sage, Mr. Chitty, himself; and has only to determine whether he is to consider his author as guilty of poetic assumption, or as a defaulter in his accounts with the public, or, as a plagiarist, perhaps, that he has got hold of the property of another, and converted it to his own use. He then applies himself to making out his "counts," and, clapping on the common forms at either end, produces a finished critique with surprisingly little mental labour. Is he to adopt the plain style, and commend in a business-like way, he may take the simplest form of all, and commence with "This is a good book;"—or, in a more complimentary style, "We thank Mr. So-and-so for his contribution to our stock of literature"—(or, if poetry, classically) "for the additional pearl he has strung on the carcanet of our native muse." The "common form" for concluding such an article would be something like this—"In fine, we congratulate the talented author on the happy issue of his labours, (this last word to be varied in case the book is *poetical*), and safely recommend the work (to be varied as before) to the attention of that class of our readers (and each reader will of course consider himself as belonging to it) which possesses capability to conceive, and heart to

feel true merit in whatever shape it may be put before it."

Or, on the other hand, should his business be to apply the sledge-hammer without prelude, he has only to look in his precedents for the following commencement:—"Extended as our reading has been, and execrable as have been thousands of the works we have been condemned to wade through, we never were so nearly overcome as in the Sisyphean toil of rolling our mind up the mountain of stupidity heaped together in the volumes before us." But should this be considered a little *trop fort*, there are other forms which exhibit equally plainly to a practised eye, though perhaps not so immediately to the generality of readers, the aim and object of the reviewer. The following is frequently met with:—"Among the few maxims which have guided our judicial conduct since we first ascended the throne of criticism, there is not one we have more rigidly adhered to than that which recommends liberality, leniency of construction, and courtesy of style towards the humblest of our subjects." Here the unskilful and innocent might perhaps expect an illustration of the maxim in what they are to meet with as the article proceeds;—but the habitual reader of periodicals knows what all this means, and how the effect of a storm of abuse is heightened by this lull at the beginning. The next sentence in such a critique might be stereotyped—it invariably begins with "*but*." There are some, however, of the "ungentle craft" who are more ambitious, and seek to puzzle the knowing ones themselves. It is an art to put people on a false scent. We have known five or six closely printed pages devoted to mystification, where space was not an object. Indeed, it not unfrequently happens that sensible people are puzzled even at the end to know whether the remarks they have been reading are laudatory or the reverse. Witness, for instance, Pope's sly ridicule of Phillips's pastorals in the *Guardian*—so sly, as to pass with the editor, Steele, himself, for sterling praise. This arises commonly, as we said before, from the ambition of the writer, who will occasionally, for the purpose of displaying his own acumen and judgment, dissect every fault, anatomize morbid feelings,

probe sore points, and cauterize flagrant defects; and then, after he has excited our horror and indignation to the proper pitch, will lay himself down complacently to undo all he has been doing, with the coolness of a Curran. Somewhat of this Phoenix principle is observable in Christopher North's handling of the poems of one Tennyson, in which the unfortunate poetaster, after being hung up on the gibbet of ridicule until he is black in the face, is cut down stone dead, and galvanized, as it were, into a sort of posthumous giggle for the satisfaction of the *theatrum poetarum*.

But it is more usual for reviewers to have for their simple object to throw out (as knowing huntsmen, drawing a cover within reach of the metropolis, endeavour to do the cockneys) the simple ones who read, by either putting them on a false scent, or not permitting any to lie at all. We well remember ourselves (but that was some time ago) being at fault. The critique was on a volume of poetry—by one, alas! now no more. The writer quietly put on his hat, and set out from an hotel in Piccadilly for a walk to the westward. All very well, thought we, but where are the verses? He sauntered along, looking about him, remarking every thing he saw, into Knightsbridge. Still no poetry. He turned to the left, down a long street—Sloane-street, still with the most unpoetical matter-of-fact nonchalance in the world! and at last, passing a door—somewhere about No. 112, we believe—he stopped, as if recollecting himself, and then coolly informed us that *there* lived the fair authoress of the volumes under review—no less than poor L. E. L. herself! This is beginning *à tort et à travers* with a vengeance—carrying a fortress by zig-zags; a sort of Boomerang plan of bringing down the game, peculiar to the sportsmen of the magazines. But it is all in the way of business—it shows invention—and gives pleasant little surprises. Who could condemn such innocent deceptions? they are “most grateful” to the mind, and injure neither reviewer, reviewer, nor reader.

“Common forms,” gentle reader, are not confined to heads and tails—there are a set of energetic and fanciful expressions always lying about the room, which come in well every where, and

give the *coup de maître* to the job. For praise there are such as these—“deep and tender interest”—“well conceived”—“amply developed”—“rich in touching scenes”—“exquisite portrayal of character”—“a work, in short,” &c. &c. Again—“few will lay it down without having become debtors to the author for a large harvest of delight”—“we conscientiously recommend”—“eminently calculated”—“unquestionably,” &c. Some aspiring geniuses, however, aim at being new, and soar out of the common forms. One says—“full of striking portraiture, and foreground episodes of strong and powerful painting.” Another monthly Scaliger assures us that a tale “displays that mysterious structure, the human heart, in its *strangest unfoldings*.” A certain gentleman places a certain novel, with a startling boldness of metaphor, “at the head of the *fleet* of *fiction-weavers*.” We own we do not quite see through this image, as there appears to us about as much connexion between *weavers* and a *fleet*, as between Spitalfields and Spithead. A third talks of a “prodigality of power, poetry and passion.” And here be it observed, alliteration is a great help at a pinch. In hasty remarks the similarity of the initial letters couples together a set of runaway epithets, and makes them draw tolerably decently in double harness. A story may be described as being full of animation and art, brightness, brilliancy and beauty—clearness, closeness, cleverness, and classically—dignity, divinity, depth, devotion, and desperation; and so on, e, f, g, to the end of the alphabet. Nothing easier; yet nothing shows shrewdness, sensibility, and good taste more clearly.

But the plan of writing the whole review *beforehand* is, we make bold to say, the comble of all literary inventions. This, as we said before, requires a skilful workman; but then its uses are proportionably important. The public requires to have a little smattering of a particular subject—it is the reviewer's business to cook him up a bash; so he has only slyly to get hold of some forgotten or little-known treatise upon it, shred it up for his article, altering the words occasionally, for the ease of his conscience; and then make up a formidable list of every other work in the world by any pos-

sibility bearing upon it, and place them at the head of an article which does not condescend to allude to one of them, and is, of course, perfectly original. A commissioner of education, perhaps, wishes to exhibit the arcana of institutional philosophy; he will take for his heading the Universal Spelling Book, Easy Sentences, Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, the Horn Book, First Sums, and the Wonderful Adventures of Puss in Boots, slyly introducing some tract of Victor Cousin's among them, which tract he coolly *translates*, so as to form the half—the *better half*—of his essay.

In this way the odds and ends of yesterday are *rechauffés* with a little additional pepper for the palates of to-day; and old arguments, in the reviewer's case, are as useful as old lace to the ladies, and as loosely tacked on to new articles.

But there are intricacies in every art; and we have only spoken of downright praise and blame, now by no means as much in vogue as they were in days of yore. The fact is, if you merely praise a book, you will be instantly suspected of being the author yourself—for be it known, that modern authors are very commonly their own reviewers; and then they have only to tear off from each puff the most exquisite fragment of eulogy, and hang them to the advertisements, (*which they draw up themselves*), like tails to a kite, to give weight to the announcement. Thus a fashionable three volume novelist of the present day is, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once," author, reviewer, and advertiser.

Direct praise, then, is of little service; and by a parity of reasoning, direct censure is not the way to hurt an author and his book. Opposite poles attract; and Victor Hugo sold better after he was excommunicated by his holiness of the *Quarterly*, than while he sinned in the bosom of Mother Church. Abuse is a bitter that will make things go down in themselves too insipid to be relished. The servant's excuse for being out, was that he went to see "a friend hanged." There are accomplices in literature as well as at thimblery; nor will it ever be discovered, till the secrets of all scribblers are opened, who extols because he admires, and who condemns because he disapproves.

Sometimes these reviewing gentry contrive to cheat even their own employers. But these are unprincipled fellows, and should by no means be countenanced. The worst of it is, it is hard to detect them. The writer and editor may have different objects. The one puts a book—or a shelf of books, on some unknown subject, on the table of the other, to review in a day or two; now the other may have some worthy, but obscure literary friend, who cannot afford a legitimate place in the monthly stage, but would gladly hang on outside, or slip in unawares, though it should be but for a mile or two on the road to notice. Here the "conductor" may be of use to him; but he must display his art in concealing from the driver of the omnibus the presence of the intruder, and the fraud on his pocket. This often succeeds; but must now be done with additional caution, as we are beginning to be up to the thing, and besides there is always some d—d good natured friend to cry "whip behind," as the intellectual machine goes by.

Stipendiary critics of this class are, we repeat it, unprincipled fellows. We scorn the vices of reviewers, as much as Lord Byron does their virtues; and, following Mr. Babbage's plan with the publishers, we, in parliamentary phrase, "withhold nothing" where the interests of truth demand an explanation. Indeed, we editors have a hard case to play, and sometimes our *corps de ballet* are too much for us. But still we have things better arranged than is commonly thought, for for us there are "common forms" as well as for our underlings. Indeed, unless there were a system in these matters, what would become of us? Suppose we have a month approaching and unprovided for—our table, shelves, boxes, pockets, and heads are stuffed with material—but how to introduce order into the mass—how to charm the rude elements into an harmonious combination? that is the question. Behold, then, gentle reader, the general rules. First, there is the Leading Article—this is important, and must be written with a certain air of dogmatical severity. Fancy must be tied rigidly up, and the old steady pointer set beating about the subject, whether it be corn laws or kangaroos, the catholic disabilities, or the Daguerreotype. Next to this, and gaining

effect by its position, a German extravaganza of course must come in—something about Smellmynkern Vankeller*—a scene in which fiends are the most amiable of the *dramatis personæ*, and Orcus itself is painted as an agreeable place lighted with gas. The imagination, heated and wrung by this, is plunged, like a horse shoe, red-hot into a calm, cooling sonnet, where before the fourteen lines are waded through, all glow and excitement must be expected to have evaporated. Here may properly be applied a dry sheet or so on those Irish antiquities which existed previously to the flood, and some hints for the restoration of Tara. After which comes the usual tour, with accounts of all the steam-boats, ruined castles, railways, and romantic adventures met with between Trinity and Michaelmas terms. This is the place to throw in some spirit-stirring "personal narrative," bearing a very lawyer-like distinction from a "real one." Some sweet dreamy lines on an extinct sunbeam may probably follow, or on the shadow of a shade, by the poet laureate in pay for the time being, concocted by him according to order, with a view to acting as a foil or introduction to the overwhelming interest of the next article—some somethings from the journal of some late gentlemen, detailing horrors which no *living* gentleman certainly would have printed, and having all the principal letters of the alphabet thrown through it in the way of initials, so that each reader may interest him or herself with a trembling suspicion that it may be his or her own uncle or grandmother, that figures the anonymous monster of the hideous narrative. This is the proper place for love—"watching madness with unalterable mien," and accordingly the laureate has ready something—a sweet tale, a tale, perhaps, "in six and eight," in which a pair of persons of opposite sexes are cooing sensibilities to each other, like a couple of *mock-turtle* doves. Then comes the Review—the work is of little consequence, but the malicious must be gratified, so a certain number of books are solemnly trapped like pigeons and shot at, that the crowd may indulge in a roar as each string is pulled, and the unfortunate volume brought down with fluttering leaves to

the earth. The Number should close with the crisis, which, if not existing must be "got up" for the occasion, as, nothing sells more copies than the assertion that the present is the great "juncture" on which depends the fate of the country—nay, of the world—for ever and ever.

Thus framed, without by any means overworking the editorial brain, out springs Minerva all-armed, and the periodical goes to press, and is duly laid the first morning of every month by a powdered waiter on the table of every club in the United Kingdom, with its brethren, amidst the well-brushed gentry of the saloons, to be with its brethren removed by the same powdered piece of humanity on the first morning of the next month to certain shelves, where it takes the left of a long line of similar volumes, to await in dusty silence the arrival of its successor in the family vault. Oh, what we owe to system, and economy of labour!

Still there must be a powerful machinery to make all go smooth, and accordingly there are writers of various styles always held ready for a job; booted and spurred like post-boys at an inn door, ready to pop up upon any object, and set off in any direction. As a good ship is furnished with smiths, carpenters, sailmakers, and biscuit makers, so here all sorts are at hand. There is the man who is suited for the heavy works—the historical, theological, critical, topographical, and legal department. This man (who is nine times out of ten a disappointed barrister), is ready with an *os rotundum* for any thing. He cannot approach a subject without dignifying it. His sentences are of a fearful length, and if two words present themselves equally apt for his purpose, but of different lengths, that which is nearest to seven syllables is sure to be chosen. He abhors the terseness of the Teutonic idiom, the nervous brevity of Shakespeare and Byron, and models himself upon the Miltonic style, or rather perhaps the Johnsonian, with an occasional attempt at reviving the mystical classicities of Sir Thomas Brown. In his "well-turned and true-filed lines," it is difficult to detect incorrectness, though perhaps harder to discover liveliness or spirit. He sometimes, indeed

* See Rover's Antijacobin.

condescends to laugh, but it is "awful mirth;" and he grows turgid at times without ever touching on the whiskers of sublimity. Is he required to condemn? he anathematizes. Must he applaud? he adulates. There is no medium; and he sets himself down, and is set so down at the dinners of half the literati of his clique, as the weightiest authority of his own or any other age.

There is, in contrast to this heavy piece of ordnance, the fashionable man—he to whom fiction, *belles lettres*, the *fleuriettes* are for a care. This man deals in small ware; he skims upon the surface, has a magic power of lightening and diluting every thing he touches; transmutes the merest lead into *or-molu*; puts a smile on the face of Niobe herself, and clothes a wilderness in flowers. He avoids going out of his depth as carefully as if he was a lady in a bathing chemise; but delights in paddling, splashing, and dipping in the shall-water of Helicon. He has some pretty turn and neat appropriate sentence ready for every occasion. His approbation is all compliment, his censure never descends into invective. He is a dear lover of sentiment, and professes to grieve with the melancholy. He hints, like Dido, at a community of suffering; and we believe he actually draws tears occasionally from *larmoyantes* spinsters. It is true he avoids, for he does not understand, feeling; and the passions are a dead letter to him. But what business have feeling or the passions on a drawing room table? He very naturally concludes that that is the limit of nature which is in fact the boundary of his own vision. He laughs at what he cannot understand and sees no use for, and is a sceptic an inch before his nose. The sentences of this individual are short and clipping, and his style as copiously larded with all the living languages as the first described gentleman's is darkened with the dead. He has collected in drops the insipid jargon of high life, after it has been strained through the fashionable novels, and filtered through all the periodicals, and perfumes with it his style, as carefully as he does his person with musk and millefleurs.

But there are certain works which require another sort of censor; and, accordingly, the *corps* is provided with your statistical, methodical, mathemati-

cal, logical, matter-of-calculation man. This person is famous at analysis and mental digestion. He won't listen to a word that is not proved, and abhors the very name of fancy and sentiment. He is always ready to make abstracts to give tabular views, to adduce algebraic assimilations, and to make A and B stand for anything. He would divide the most touching tale into carefully numbered heads, and marshal arguments as they do assets in Henrietta street. His head is a case of mathematical instruments, and his very style partakes of its character in the acuteness of his argumentation as well as the rounding of his periods. This is a wonderful political economist, a corn lawyer and criminal codex. He is, however, but sparingly used by his employers, and is consequently rather out at elbows even in his best days, for he is utterly useless for any other purpose in the world. Such men are those who, now reduced to the lowest resources, supply the daily prints with the odds and ends of their multifarious speculations, in "singular coincidences," "extraordinary facts," "unheard-of scenes," all sorts of *Masoretic* information in fact.

For "Germany and the Germans," establishments must now-a-days have a labourer express. The public have become enamoured of them, and their philosophy, novels, religion, feelings, tastes, and actions are so wholly singular and unintelligible to any minds but their own, that they need an interpreter for themselves. This is always an idle college student, who is in a state of feverish indecision whether he shall take to his books or hang himself, and has adopted German as a medium between the two. He smokes inveterately, and occasionally ventures on opium. In obedience to his oracles, he has set about closing his shutters on the natural, blessed, wholesome light of day, and kindles in the chamber of his mind the shadow-glare of a distempered fancy. He is a sceptic to be in fashion, and a sloven on principle. His appointed game, or prey, is anything of a theoretical or speculative cast, any work in which the normal wisdom of the schools is sought to be depreciated, and a license of thought is advocated, particularly when that thought is intermixed with much dreamy sentiment, and occasionally in the midst of its ecstatic refinements,

verges on the confines of obscenity or blasphemy. Here our morbid anatomist is at home, he excuses, explains; excuses without exculpating—explains without enlightening; and leaves his readers (at so much a sheet), in so happy a state of excited confusion, in such blissful horrors, and mystical obnubilation, that to awaken again to common sense is as sickening as if the dreams had been produced by a tenth tumbler over night.

There is another appendage to the concern, and though last, he is by no means least in his own eyes—the reviewer of rhymes. He is always a poet himself, and though his works are limited in their circulation to the presentation copies, yet, as poet, he must be supposed, of course, to be competent duly to butter up or cut up his brother bards. Poets, judging by him, are not only an irritable, but a jealous race; and woe to the poor unpatronized rhymers, who gets into his critical clutches! But while the unfortunate bard, who happens either to be unconnected with him, or who has the still greater ill luck to show genius or originality, comes out of his hands in a sorry plight, he takes care, in condemning others, to show how things ought to be done himself. His prose, indeed, far exceeds all the poetry he reviews, and he cannot utter a sentence but in extremes. Is he to be sublime? He sets out in the clouds from the post, and pursues his course from thence to the end, at a height which would make a Condor giddy. From peak to peak of Parnassus he spurs his Pegasus, and rushes, “the rattling crags among,” taking such frightful bounds, that at times we doubt whether the next may not place him *extra flammantia maria mundi*. The superlative is the only degree of comparison he acknowledges; but when he does compare, his similes are incomparable. The lock of a canal suggests immediately the Falls of Niagara, and he cannot cut his pencil without thinking of the cedars of Libanus; or should the subject require it, he will be as tender, as swimming, as pathetic as you please—nay, far more so. He will “roar you like any sucking dove.” On the *si vis me flere* principle, his own tears flow in floods, till his eyes are closed, his nose purple, and a week’s washing of pocket-handker-

chiefs drenched. Should a comical vein be that demanded, oh, he can be facetious, and fool you to the very top of your bent. Bless your souls! all other drolleries are dull in comparison to his; and the man himself nearly expires in convulsions as he writes. He can shift, too, as fast as a shuttle, and almost as easily as Garrick between the muses, from the extreme of the one to the other. Tears, still flowing, serve for mirth or agony, and he has only to wipe his eyes to raise them in rapt but calm sublimity to the skies. You hear a sigh in the midst of a fit of laughter, and detect at times a “lurking devil in his eye,” when he is talking of “angels and ministers of grace.” Poetic license is his delight; he considers it indeed unbounded, and any thing which professes to keep itself within the limits of dull reason and vulgar intelligibility, and at the same time presumes to arrange itself into ten feet, or tack a jingling syllable at its left flank, he pronounces either to be sliced nonsense, or to belong to that insipid class in which—

“Rhymes stand like watchmen at the close,
To keep the verse from being prose.”

There is not one of our labourers who understands his trade more thoroughly than this man, and be it noted, he is ready to do the most trifling as well as the sublimest jobs. He is not only up to, but down to anything—he can use his talents in Shelley’s emphatic words, “to point a pin, or fabricate a nail,” and thinks no part of composition so minute as to be beneath his notice. He piques himself as much as an organist on his mode of managing his stops; conceals comicalities in commas; and at times so completely plays the game with his pawns, that in the language of the amiable Cowper—

—— “The wit is plainly to be seen,
Not in the words—but in the gap between.”

His ordinary dealings are an invective—but there are a few whom he is bound to praise, either by the terms of his agreement, or—for some private reasons of his own. And truly, his praise is as agonizing as his censure—it makes its favourite writhe, like an over-tickled child; it is a dose of panegyric syrup, *usque ad nauseam*. He finds out beauties where the writer

himself had never detected or designed them, and wrings astounding meanings from the simplest words. He magnifies an idea in proportion as he elevates its application, and makes a flea on the end of his telescope an elephant in the moon. Like another of our effectives, he is fond of metaphor, but exercises a still more daring latitude than the other; starting, with surprising agility, from one figure to another, after the manner of the advocate who exclaimed to a jury, "Gentlemen! I smell a rat—I see it brewing in the storm—but, gentlemen, with your assistance, I will nip it in the bud!"

It were tedious to enumerate all the perfections of our "Poet," not the least of these being the *nonchalance* with which he performs his many-sided task. He will write the death-warrant of a young aspiring versifier with one hand, while with the other he is stirring his tea, and would indite mysteries—

"To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil."

with his jaw bound up for the tooth-ache, and a younger son practising the gamut on the violin at the other side of the table. If, he says, one needs to be excited, or to be disengaged, to be inspired, though one may write verses, one is no poet. And as he preaches, he practises—all his doses, whether bitters or syrups, being *cold-drawn*.

But enough of our secrets. Any respectable person who wishes to hear more shall be fully satisfied on enquiring *within*. Enough, surely, has been let out, to establish our claims on public gratitude as a body. We anticipate their warmest thanks, and should they ever feel inclined to follow the modern fashion of congregations, who, as soon as they hear a sermon they like, immediately vote the minister a piece of plate, we humbly suggest as a device for ours, a fire-engine charged with oil, humanely playing on a roasting author.

REMINISCENCES OF A CONNAUGHT RANGER (NOT OF THE 88TH.)

BY ROBERT N. FYNN, ESQ., M. A.

INTRODUCTION.

[GENTLE reader, we may not introduce to you the following pages without a few words of preface. Their appearance is a memorable incident in the history of our journal.]

We assure you in the first place, that the name prefixed to them is a real one—occasionally it has been said that such names have been assumed as disguises, and put forward with all the appearance of reality, to give a living impersonation to shadowy and unreal existences. All that we can say for ourselves is, that we have never been parties to such audacious humbug on the public. We verily believe in the real existence of every gentleman, who has ever yet written his history in our pages, from Edward Stevenson O'Brien and Edward Lascelles, to Harry Lorrequer and Robert N. Fynn; and if they be unreal beings, we solemnly protest our old age has been imposed on, for we always believed them to be the very persons they represented themselves.

Unquestionably, the words Robert N. Fynn, Esq. represent a real flesh and blood substantial gentleman. Mr. Fynn, the amusing and well written history of whose rangings we are privileged to present to our readers, is well known in Ireland, especially among his brethren at the bar. To some of our English friends, it may perhaps be right to say something of him. He is, as we have hinted, an Irish barrister, a thorough Galway man in every thing, even in his religion, for that western point of the island of saints has been time immemorial, we will not say *refugium peccatorum*, but the chosen retreat of monks and friars, of all orders, grey, white, and black, and other good subjects of Dr. M'Hale.

Mr. Fynn has been among the agitators, and perhaps not the least violent of them. It could scarcely be expected that a Connaughtman would be temperate in anything, unless *perhaps* in whiskey punch. Immediately after the late discussion between Mr. Gregg and Mr. Maguire, he became the champion of the latter; indeed, if we remember right, he was that reverend father's friend in some of the preliminary arrangements; but at all events, he took up his cause in the newspapers—a series of letters passed between him and a gentleman on the Protestant side, from the tone of which, it seemed to be doubtful, whether the matter would end in a theological discussion, a pistol encounter, or both. Mr. Fynn seemed equally ready for either event. Happily, however, the matter ended amicably.

Every true Galway man must, however, fight a duel, and our friend dare not write himself down "a Connaught ranger," unless he had established his claim. Last summer, public attention was a good deal excited by a hostile meeting in which Mr. Fynn was one of the principals, and received a severe wound, not, however, from the pistol of his antagonist, but his own, which accidentally went off while he was in the act of raising it "on horrid deeds intent." Good, however, comes out of evil. It was, probably, while confined to his room, from the effects of his wound, that he noted down these memoranda which now grace our pages. We feel bound to mention this to establish to the satisfaction of all doubters, his perfect right to the title he has assumed.

At all times anxious to do justice to the rising genius of Ireland—ever willing to shew favour to a political opponent, when we can do so without compromising our cause, we cheerfully make room for the communication, and accord to him the immortality of our pages. It is published with his name, so that he, and he alone, is responsible for its contents. We are sure our readers will derive as much entertainment from the perusal of the rangings of our friend as we have. It is only right to add, that as he himself hints, he is a near relation of that most illustrious of Irishmen, Finn M'Coul, who was related by another branch of the family to our former correspondent, Coul Goppagh, the sound of whose sweet, yet solemn and mysterious harpings has not yet passed from the memory of our readers.

We must not here any longer detain our gentle readers from the rich fund of amusement that is before them, nor the light sketching and good humoured jottings of our friend. Perhaps it is libellous to say it, but we cannot help thinking that in some of the passages there is a tone and a feeling that ought not to belong to a Destructive.—A.P.]

REMINISCENCES OF A CONNAUGHT RANGER.

CHAPTER I.

WHOEVER expects to find anything *political* in the following pages will be most agreeably disappointed, as my object in sending them before the public is not alone to *curry* favour with my publishers, but to provoke that *plaisanterie*, which, in times of party excitement like the present, is an act of wisdom for all men to indulge in, as it tends to shake the cobwebs from the brain and the hypochondria from the ribs. Whether these "reminiscences" will produce a "consummation so devoutly to be wished for" I cannot tell, as few men can write so strongly as they feel; but for my own part in looking back upon the incidents which they record, I already begin to feel that sort of interest which clings in general to the past. TIME acts upon past events as upon fine pictures—softening every harshness, mellowing every tint, and blending all into richness and harmony. It is true that sometimes he takes the brighter colours and leaves but the darker shades, and in the end is sure to obliterate all; but even to the last there is a pleasure in tracing the faint remains of things once bright, as we gaze upon the old painting and seek out, amidst the wreck of beauties, those that the waves of time have not yet swept away. It was in the month of September, 183—, being *enuyé* with a *bourgeois* life, and anxious to have "a lark" in the vacation, that I repaired to Babylonian London to make arrangements with a brother *Templar* for a trip to the Continent. On arriving at *Feuillade's* hotel, Opera Collonade, a good house for bachelors, I was handed a *billet* by the obsequious *garçon*, which, on perusal, turned out to be an invitation from my intended *compagnon de voyage* to an early breakfast on the following morning. It was four years since last we had met, and I now looked forward with delighted anticipation to see him crowned with those wreaths with which my fancy had already encircled him, and in the enjoyment of that success,

which the buoyancy of his early efforts fondly foreboded. He was *then* the gayest of the gay—the loudest on the midnight ramble—the petted favourite of noblemen and fellow commoners, who relied upon *his* companionship for popularity, as confidently as upon their silk gowns and silver lace. I had seen him receive the gold medal in the senate house, greeted by the sunshine of a thousand bright eyes, and hailed by "the loud collision of applauding gloves." But *non eadem est atas, non mens*. I reached the Middle Temple as the clock struck eight, and found my friend in small uncomfortable chambers, through which the light of heaven streamed dim and dismal, as if it shrank from the "accumulated wisdom of ages," which was reposeing on the table and bookshelves around me. A few *guinea* briefs were lying *conspicuous* before him, and "Ferne on CONTINGENT REMAINDERS" gaped awfully by their side. Frederick E. himself I should scarcely have recognised, if the name, legibly printed on his outer door, had not made me sure of my man. The fresh hue of his complexion had faded, and was replaced by that sallow, dingy colour, which is the generic distinction of all who feed upon PRECEDENTS, and digest the quibbles of the COURT. The open vivacity of his eye was gone, and his voice, as he welcomed me, sounded husky and monotonous. If this had been the only alteration perceptible, the LONG VACATION would have set all to rights. But the spirit of the mind was gone: he had sunk into the apathy and stagnation, which the coldness of the world's stoicism prepares for the young and the ardent. He had learned that PATRIOTISM is a dream, and integrity a jest,—that principle is well parted with for practice, and that a silk gown is cheaply purchased, if character be its price. He seemed affected when I made any allusion to by-gone times, or early associations, for *me menenuse jувабил*, and he talked of blighted friendship, blasted love, sympathies extin-

guished and brotherhood severed in twain. *Non talis eram*, said he, though you may be *qualis ab incepto* for like poor Byron, I stand alone on the domestic hearth, "with my household gods all shivered around me." Perceiving that he was becoming gloomy and downcast, I changed the subject, spoke of the delights of foreign travel, and of the policy of making the most of our time by starting from London that very day, to which, after some slight hesitation, he cheerfully assented. So we, *apres déjeuner*, walked towards Piccadilly to get ourselves "booked" in the Age coach, which is splendidly appointed, and leaves London daily at two. We were fortunate enough to secure *outside* seats, as it was a lovely day with the sun shining out as if he had all heaven to himself; and on our arrival at the appointed hour at the Regent Circus, we beheld a bevy of cockneys staring at Sir Vincent Cotton turned JEHU. It certainly is a novelty in these days, when the drudgery of labour seems to be confined to the glorious "unwashed"—the hewers of wood and drawers of water—to find one of the aristocracy putting his shoulders to the wheel, and endeavouring by sheer industry and praiseworthy example to earn an honest livelihood for himself in this *thoroughfare* of being. He handled the "ribbons" beautifully: but why should *he not work*? All professions, from that of the peer to the beggar, are overstocked. *To live*, is the most many of us can do, and if we desire *ADVANCEMENT*, let us look to our betters, and like them turn to and *work*. All men worth mentioning in either country belong to the *working* classes. What seated Cottenham, Lyndhurst, and Brougham on the woollack? *WORK*. What raised Plunket, O'Loghlin, Bushe, Woulfe, Doherty, Burton, *cum multis aliis*, to the bench? *WORK*. What made Wellington? Seven years war all over Spain, and finally at Waterloo: *WORK*—bloody and glorious work. What raised Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, from being the son of a foundling, to the throne of Saladin and empire of Syria? *WORK*, rebellious but still successful crowning work. And what may raise Sir Vincent Cotton? *Work—up and down-hill work.*—

These thoughts were soon put to flight by the rapid pace at which the coach was whirled along (certainly at the rate of thirteen English miles an hour) and after a dashing drive through Sussex, one of the loveliest counties of merry England; through her rich vales and fertile plains, her prospects studied with splendid seats and smiling cottages, where from one moderate eminence, we were able to distinguish fifteen or twenty village spires, intermixed with hedge rows, gardens, and intermediate corn fields and pastures, till the whole gorgeous scene lost itself in the undistinguishing haze of blue distance, we arrived at gay, happy Brighton about six o'clock, and having taken up our quarters at the good "Old Ship," proceeded to do ample justice to its *recherché* fare. After we had "discussed" a few bottles of *La Fille's* best, vintage 1826, we took a stroll through town, and I was greatly amused on reading over the door of a public house, (in England denominated a wine-vault) the following inscription:—

"Sold here a new made drink of a peculiar flavour, called '*Justice for Ireland*,' only 3d. per pot," and on the window was pasted a letter from the Liberator with the *same* heading, and to crown all, there was a bell-man at the door roaring out lustily to the passers-by:

"Walk in, gemmen, and you will see
Justice for Ireland as it *ought* to be."

Notwithstanding *Dan's* certificate on the window, and the importunities of the crier, who was really a witty fellow, I preferred to "wait a while," and to "agitate—agitate—agitate," until I could taste of it *nearer* home. However, I promised to recommend this friend to Ireland, this man of the people, (who not alone loved but dispensed *JUSTICE* to all) to the *Connemara* boys at the forthcoming harvest, when, I trusted, he would reap his reward. After taking leave of this spiritual *precursor*, we bent our steps towards the chain pier, one of the most unrivalled works of the age, and the promenade for all the *beau monde* in Brighton, and we there ascertained that the steamer for *Dieppe* would de-

part on the morrow. I will not detain the reader by any cursory sketch of this royal maritime residence, of its gorgeous Oriental Pavilion, and beautiful Kemp town, but whisk him or her at once to "*La Belle France*," where I passed some of the happiest days of my life, and as the Steamer neared her shores, the pleasantest of all the thronging feelings, which the first glance of her white cliffs created or revived within me, were those with which I looked back to the warmth of my old friendships, and forward to the certainty of their renewal. One incident which occurred on our passage to Dieppe, I cannot omit relating here, as it gives a good idea of the excitement of imagination, produced by a small matter in the midst of a lonely sea. While a gentleman on board was arranging his letters, and entertaining the company by reading some odd superscriptions, he came to a seal which bore the word "*Mixpah*," with the chapter and verse in which it is found. It puzzled the whole company to expound it; at last I handed it to my friend Frederick E. as the most likely from his religious habits to do so. He went for his Bible and read the interpretation, which was as follows:—"*The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent from one another.*" "Beautiful!" said one, "beautiful!" responded another; "a gem!" said a third, a GEM all responded, and surely the brightest, most precious gem of all, was to find in such a place and in such a circle these prompt and full-souled expressions of sympathy on the announcement of this sentiment of religion. There were, indeed, powerful tendencies to such sympathy in the circumstances of us all. For who, whether going to or from his home, did not feel himself separated from those he loved, and loved most dear? And who, with the foaming deep tossing its angry billows before and around him, would not feel his *dependance*, and looking backward or forward to home and friends, lift up his aspirations to that HIGH PROVIDENCE who sits enthroned in Heaven and rules the land and sea, and breathe to him the sweet and holy prayer, "*The Lord watch between me and thee, when we*

are absent from one another." We landed at Dieppe at eight the following morning, being ten hours at sea, and after an unprofitable search of our persons and baggage, directed our steps to the *Hotel de Londres*, which is situated on the *Quai*, a hundred yards or so above where the Steamer anchors. This hotel is kept by a Monsieur *Petit*, who, so far from being a little man, *lucus a non lucendo*, resembles more than any other I have ever seen my friend *W—e** of the Connaught circuit, who, on account of his size, goes by the *soubriquet* of the GREAT WESTERN. There are nine hotels in Dieppe; the best of which are the Hotel Royale, near the Baths, and Taylor's in the Piazza. In addition to these are Pratt's and the Hotel de l'Europe, both on the *Quai*; the latter is a very moderate house, and everything served up *à l'Anglaise*. Dieppe is situated at the *embouchure* of the little river Arques, contains a population of 20,000 souls, and is 44 leagues, or 134 English miles from Paris. It is a renowned bathing place—was often honoured by the presence of royalty in the persons of the Duchess de Berri and King William the Fourth, when Duke of Clarence, and *this season*, 1839, has been visited by the King of the French and all his court, by the Duchess de Leuchtenberg, (widow of the celebrated Prince Eugene Beauharnois, formerly viceroy of Italy,) with her lovely daughter, by the Belgian Duke of Beaufort with his beautiful bride, by the Duchess de Cannizaro and Countess de Salis, and though last yet not least, by the famous COUNTESS OF GUICCOLI, so long associated with the name and fortunes of the immortal Byron. There are public balls here twice a week, a theatre and concert room, and in fact every thing *comme il faut* to render it the gayest watering place in France. As you enter the fort you see a rude *chateau* dominating the town, but commanded itself by *falaises*, by which the French mean such steep walls of rock as guard this portion of the coast of France, and in England the seaborders of Kent. On the left lies a perpendicular mound, almost bare of every thing but the fruits of the earth; it is called "*Cæsar's camp*," and yet

* Mr. Fynn is preparing Sketches of the Connaught Bar, which will shortly appear.

totally devoid of interest. To reach it, we were obliged to pass through a *faubourg*, denominated the *POLLET*, which is connected with the town by means of a *pont-levis* thrown across the river *ARQUES*. That popular and highly-gifted writer, Mrs. Gore, has, by the vivid touches of her pen in the last July number of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, (the best literary periodical, next to the University, of the day,) shed such an interest around this *oppidum piscatorum*, as must ever render it dear to the tourist and lover of romance. The article to which I allude is entitled the "Mariners of the Pollet," and it tells the remarkable history of a family, (whose descendants are still living) in a style so *naïve* and captivating, and with a pathos so truly touching, that it will not only repay perusal, but even tempt you to pack up your valise, and *sen aller a Dieppe*, to pay a visit to the grandson of *MAXIME CROSNIER*. There is a great similitude in tastes and habits between these "sea wolves" of Dieppe and the Claddagh fishermen of Galway. I hope that my old and valued friend and truly exemplary clergyman, the Rev. Laurence O'Donnell, Vicar General of Galway, will pardon the allusion to his parishioners *here*, as their introduction is indispensable to illustrate the *mores* of the race I am now about to describe. The fishermen of the Claddagh speak a dialect of the ancient Irish, so do the "Mariners of the Pollet," of the *ancient* French; they retain their pristine dress and customs, and with an old fashioned pride boast of their separate origin and race: *c'est la même avec les Polletois*. Like Horace's description of the ancient Britons, they have an antipathy to strangers, and a repugnance to matrimonial alliance beyond the limits of their own little dynasty. The marriage portion is emblematical—a small fishing boat, or among the poorest, a share in one, is given to the son-law. This is the same with my friends in the *Pollet*, through whose picturesque colony *je me suis souvent promené*, when I was *en pension* at the College of Dieppe, in the year of our Lord 1828, with the celebrated *Abbé Langan* for its Principal. After passing some hours in *reconnoitering* this remarkable suburb, and paying a flying visit to Cæsar's

camp, the heights of which, by the bye, served very much to sharpen our appetites, we resolved not to wait for Monsieur Petit's *table d'hôte* at six, but to seek consolation in a *restaurant's*, where we could enjoy ourselves *à l'anglaise*, and sit *after* dinner as long as we pleased. Fortified with these good intentions, we sallied up *la Grande Rue*, entered the restaurant's of Monsieur Durand, and met with a very good dinner, composed of Heaven knows what. It is of no use to enquire into *these* matters: the best way is *not* to ask about them. After dinner we ordered a bottle of Sauterne, which was marked in the *carte* two *francs*, ten *sous*. It was in a kind of despair we did so, the red wine was so abominable. It came; people may talk of Burgundy, Hocheim, and Hermitage, and all the wines that ever the Rhine or the Rhone produced, but never was there wine like that bottle of *sauterne*. It poured out as clear as the stream of hope, ere it has been muddled by disappointment, and it was soft and generous as early joy, ere youth finds out its fallacy. We drank it slowly and lingered over the last glass, as if we had a *presentiment* that we should never meet with the like again. When it became a *Marine*, that is, had done its duty, we ordered another bottle. But we were obliged to send it away—it was not the same wine; and then we ordered another, *in vain*—and another, there was no more to be had. It was like one of those days of pure unsophisticated happiness which sometimes break in upon life, and leave nothing to be desired: that come unexpectedly, endure their own brief space like things apart, and are remembered for ever. As it was now past seven, we rose and strolled towards the baths, which consist of a gallery 300 feet long, with a pavilion at either end, one appropriated to each of the sexes, which of *course* renders it the fashionable promenade during the bathing season here. You approach it through a pretty *partere de gazon*, and for a trifling gratuity to one of the *baigneurs* can be accommodated with a chair if you wish to inhale the bracing sea-breezes that are here wafted with such irresistible effect, as "to leave every beauty free to sink or swell as *Nature* pleases." To enliven the scene a band plays daily, and you hear the martial notes of the

Parisienne answered by the solemn music of the "blue, the fresh, and ever bounding sea." In one pavilion there is a large billiard-room, (always crowded with *Anglais*) in the other a *salle d'assemblée*, where you will find some of the *belles* of Paris, reclining in graceful attitude upon a rich ottoman or *fauteuil*, with the *Constitutionnel* or *Journal des Débats* in their hands, so fond are they of sipping the cream from the politics of the day. Woe betide France if the *Salic* law is repealed. On my *entrée* into this *salon*, I met with an old acquaintance, MADAME DE LA ROCHE-JAQUELINE, one of the *haute noblesse*, descended from the first family in LA VENDEE, and who was one of the "Ladies of the Bedchamber," to the unfortunate DUCHESSE DE BERRI. She used invariably to accompany her Royal Highness in her annual visits to Dieppe, and it was in the year 1827, when a solemn examination took place at the College, in presence of the Duchess and her household, that I was fortunate enough to obtain at MADAME DE LA ROCHE-JAQUELINE's hands a *PREMIUM* for my proficiency in *French*; but how "the light of other days has faded." It was the history of "HENRI QUATRE," the first of the Bourbons—and it possessed a peculiar value in my eyes on account of its being given to me by one of their most devoted adherents, whose family had crimsoned the soil in their cause. I still keep it as a *souvenir* of by-gone happy days, and occasionally turn to its instructive pages to reflect upon the mutability of all human affairs. I recollect seeing the DUC DE BORDEAUX, (only son of the DUCHESSE DE BERRI) quit his mother's side to join our lads of the College, whenever our course led towards the sea, so *enamouré* was he at that early age of the pleasures of the deep. When he appeared, we threw up our caps, and welcomed the heir to the throne of the Cæsars, with loud shouts of VIVE LE DUC DE BORDEAUX. Little did I then imagine, that in eleven years afterwards I should read in a Dublin Newspaper, of "an extraordinary feat of swimming" performed by the Duc de Bordeaux in the river Danube, and of *Germans* crowding its lovely banks to give a cordial welcome to one who was not alone a stranger, but an EXILE amongst them. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence;

Napoleon died at St. Helena—the present King of the French was a *school-master* in America—and the Duc de Bordeaux born to reign over forty millions of people, is not alone a wanderer but an outcast from the land of his fathers. I have not seen him since 1829. He was then only nine years of age, but early associations, and the impression produced by his frank and affable demeanour—his partiality *pour les Irlandais*, who, his mother told him, were *des bons enfans et des bons Catholiques*, all, all combine to make me take an interest in whatever relates to the unhappy son of the MURDERED DUC DE BERRI. But *révenons à nos moutons*. After a delicious *tête-à-tête* with Madame de la Rochejacqueline, and a promise to pass, "for auld langsyne's sake," a few days at her CHATEAU *en route*, I went in search of my friend Frederick E., and found him in the billiard room in close confab. with a knot of *Anglais*, conspicuous among whom shone forth SCROPE DAVIES—the boon companion and College friend of the illustrious (not by courtesy) Byron. Moore's life of the mighty poet, had just been published, and as I stood by the side of one of the heroes of its brilliant though short-lived drama, I felt myself transported in imagination to those memorable evenings when *he* used by his flashes of wit and fund of merriment, to keep Newstead Abbey in a roar, and make its lord and master forget his cares and troubles, and, like Richard "be himself again." I anticipated an intellectual treat, and as the sequel will show, was not disappointed. Revolving round this refulgent luminary were the following shining stars of lesser magnitude, forming in themselves a bright constellation, sufficient to eclipse a whole zodiac of *sumphs* by the dazzling lustre of their blaze. *Les voici*. William Beaumarais Knipe, now senior Lieutenant of the 5th Dragoon Guards, as true a son of Mars, and votary of Venus as ever mounted guard at Buckingham palace; Christopher Daniel Harrington, now Lieutenant of the Royal Marines, whose father distinguished himself on board the *Victory*, under the immortal NELSON, at TRAGALGAR, and Thomas Buines of Shooter's Hill, near Woolwich. There were "five of us," as *Dan* would say, and a "rummer set" never figured at a *Tournament*, or joined the "Temper-

ance." When English, Irish, or Scotch meet abroad, there is an *esprit de corps* amongst them—a sort of National feel that makes them cling together, and look upon their absence from FATHERLAND as an incentive to tender mutual support. Though we may be denounced as "ALIENS" in the land of our birth, and have unfortunate broils at home, we no sooner cross the English channel and tread on French ground, than all differences vanish, and we forget our feuds to support the BRITISH name. Let no six weeks tourist, man or woman, tell me that the French love an *Irishman* more than they do an *Englishman* or *Scotchman*, because he may happen to be a *Roman Catholic*. Why, they call us all *ANGLAIS*, and you never hear the words *Epoissais* or *Irlandais* mentioned, except by some clergyman from the neighbourhood of *St. Omer*, or some scribbler for the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. The reason is obvious—they hate us all; they know that *Irish* blood commingled with *English* and *Scotch* at *Corunna*, and at *Badajos*; and that it was an *Irish* arm struck down the eagle of *NAPOLEON* at *Waterloo*. Away then with the cant of these glibble travellers, who, because they were *Mi-lorded* by cunning tradesmen, and bowing waiters, fly back to this country with tales of French *politesse*, which was never doubted, and of the *grande amitié* entertained *pour les Anglais* !!! I was brought up, I may say, amongst them, having been educated at two of their best colleges, and therefore able to judge of the truth or falsehood of these flippant assertions, and I must candidly state that I NEVER heard a Frenchman mention the *English* or *Irish*, whenever he thought his person out of danger, but with "curses and jeers." Our party being of a similar opinion adjourned from the billiard room to the *Hotel Royale* to commemorate, in flowing bumpers, our happy *rencontre*, and success to British arms all over the globe. The doings of that glorious and ever-memorable night will always be remembered by me with feelings of pleasure and delight, and as I now pen these lines I feel but one regret, and that is, that they can no more return. Such was the "feast of reason and flow of soul," that we only lacked the presence of Professor Wilson of *Blackwood*, and John Gibson Lockhart of the *Quarterly*, to have the say—

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ings of that *séance* | that COUNCIL OF FIVE recorded, and thereby handed down to posterity, in the next number of the *NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ*. *Rien n'étoit plus touchant que nos tristes adieux*; however, I am happy to add that—

"We all went home in our own clothes,
When the daylight did appear;
Which nobody can deny, 'deny,'
Which nobody can deny."

At eleven the following day, we breakfasted *à la fourchette*, and my friend Frederick E. expressing a wish to take a stroll into the heart of the country to explore its beauties, I at once assented, premising, that as it was Sunday, it would be no harm to pay a visit to the churches *en passant*. So we went up the *Rue Royale*, in which there is nothing remarkable to be seen, except the ornamental works in ivory displayed in the shop windows, and turned down the market-place on the left into the cathedral of *St. Jacques*, which is a sombre, venerable looking building, with nothing that we could see interesting about it. The noise made on the flagged pavement by the *sabots* of the fisherwomen, prevented our hearing a single word from the preacher, so we turned into the church of *St. Remi*, (how the proprietor of the *Evening Mail*, Mr. *Remy Sheehan*, will smile, when he hears that there is a saint of his name in the calendar), and muttered a *Te Deum* on seeing the renowned *Abbe de la Mennais* in the pulpit. His sermon was a model of composition: the style warm, vigorous and pointed, without affectation or attempt at display. His voice is good and well managed, and the general effect of his speaking impressive. You feel that you are listening to a person whose consciousness of self is absorbed in the deep interest with which he enters into his subject, and whose only effort is to communicate as directly and as promptly as he can to the minds of his audience, the thoughts and feelings with which his own is swelling and labouring. So great was the impression produced on my mind by this extraordinary man, that afterwards when his celebrated work entitled "*LES PAROLES D'UN CROYANT*" appeared, I ventured, notwithstanding the thunders of the *Vatican* and the encyclical of our most holy father the

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Pope, to translate it. The sale in Paris and in England was truly astonishing. The singular style in which it is written—the singular character and opinions of the writer, and the circumstance of his publication having subjected him to Pontifical censure, have all had their share in causing the book to be eagerly sought after by all lovers of novelty, and the admirers of rhapsody and mystification. These two words, if I add to them, the wildest *Liberalism* will sufficiently characterise the production. It is impossible to read a paragraph without feeling that it is the work of a profound thinker, and a man of surpassing genius. To the lover of poetry and wild rhapsody it has been a rich treat: by the philosopher, it has been found to convey many sound and wise maxims: the republican and *liberal* have been enthusiastic in its praise. The lover of real religion, however, will lament to see such incongruous effusions mixed up with the mention of the most holy mysteries, and associated with all that is awful and most sacred. The work is divided into forty-two sections, without any order, plan, or connection. Sometimes there is a prayer—sometimes an apostrophe—now an allegory or a parable, and then a vision or a chapter of moral philosophy; but all seasoned with a due hatred of kings—a pervading love of liberty, and, certainly, a constant appeal to religion. It is written in the Apocalypse style, and would seem to have arrived from “OLD JERUSALEM,” and to have been inspired on the banks of the JORDAN. Its author is now doing “penance” in some monastery at Rome, and I hope his “Holiness” will not forget him at the next “gaol delivery.” After leaving the church of *St. Remi*, we passed the *Barriere*, and bent our steps towards the village, and *Chateau* of Arques by a road far from uninteresting. The fields are rich—highly cultivated and decked with a thousand flowers. At some distance before reaching *Arques*, the ruin of the *Chateau* is seen on the height above, standing in the solitary pride of desolation. I am fond of ruins and old buildings in general, not alone for their picturesque beauty, but for the various trains of thought they excite in the mind. Every ruin has its thousand histories, and could the walls but speak, what tales would

not they tell of those antique times to which age has given an airy interest, like the misty softness with which distance robes every far object. A ruin ought always to be *separate* from other buildings, for its beauties are not those which gain by contrast. The proximity of human habitations takes from its grandeur,—it seems as if it leaned on them for support. But when it stands by itself in silence and in solitude, there is dignity in its loneliness, and a majesty in its decay. Passing through Arques, the *chateau* is visible at some distance, on the height which commands the town. The hand of man has injured it more than that of time: many of the peasant's houses are built of the stone, which once formed its walls, and even the *government* has, on more than one occasion, sanctioned this gradual sort of destruction. What remains of it, I believe, has either been sold or granted to some one in the village; however, a gate has been placed, and some other precautions taken to prevent its further dilapidation. A pale interesting boy, with large blue Norman eyes, brought out the keys, and admitted us within “the outer walls”—but a weak *castellan* for those gates, which once resisted armies—for in truth, he could scarcely push them open. A few more years, and the *chateau* of Arques will be nothing. It is, however, an interesting sight, and so many remembrances hang round it, that one is forced to dream: memory is like the ivy, which clothes the old ruin with a verdure not its own. And now for the history of the *Chateau*. The county of *Talon*, of which Arques was the capital, was given by *William the Conqueror*, to his uncle, in order to attach him more sincerely to the crown: but the gift had not that effect. Revolt against his benefactor was the first project that entered his head, and he built the castle of Arques, in order to fortify himself in his new possessions. There for some time he resisted the forces of the king, and yielded not until his troops were little better than skeletons with hunger and fatigue. William the Conqueror revenged himself by *clemency*, and again loaded his ungrateful uncle with favours, wishing, as historians say, rather to attach him by benefits, than to pursue him as a REBEL. It was here also that the faithful *Heke de St.*

Soen resisted the attempts of Henri the FIRST, to carry off the young heir of Normandy, and from hence he fled with his *protegé*, demanding from the neighbouring powers, assistance for the child of his deceased benefactor. During the various wars of England and France, sieges and battles innumerable passed by the *chateau* of Arques, like waves beating against a rock. But the last—most splendid deed it looked on before its ruin, was the defeat of the armies of the league by HENRY THE FOURTH—the first of the Bourbons—and last of the Chevaliers of France. In the life—in the words—in the actions—even in the faults of *Henri Quatre*, there is the grand generosity of a bright and ardent spirit—that mingling of great and amiable qualities, which excites interest as well as true admiration. The LIGUEURS were ten to one, but he cried out, "*J'ai dieu et mon droit*," and he conquered. The same free spirit that carried him through the battle, dictated the manner in which he announced it to his friend. "*Pends toi, brave Crillon*," wrote the king, "*nous avons combattu a Arques, et tu n'y etois pas*." Had he written volumes, he could not have expressed half so much. From the edge of the hill, about a hundred yards from the *chateau*, is seen the whole field of battle. It is a beautiful scene, with the wide plain below, and the river gently meandering through it—the heights of St. Etienne towering in the distance, and the valley narrowing as you look towards Dieppe. On the other hand rises a woody hill, with a road winding down to the village, and the ruins of the castle standing solitary in the midst. It was a beautiful time too when we saw it—one of those bright autumnal days, when the clouds, and the sunshine, and the blue sky seem all interwoven together. My friend, (Frederick E.) was enraptured with the scene, and as he sat with his *crayon* taking a 'sketch!' to present to some *chère amie* on his return, a heavy black storm came sweeping upon the wind, and for a minute or two, involved everything in mist and darkness:—then suddenly passing away, it left behind a rich rainbow, and nature more beautiful for her tears. The sun shone out on the grey ruin, and seemed to smile at the decay of man's fabrics, while the works of heaven remain un-

changed and ever new. At last, *hunter*, that most dominating of all tyrants, took advantage of our ramble to bully us sadly, and though we had not neglected to satisfy his morning demands before we set out from Dieppe, he yet contrived to force us into a dirty little cottage at Arques, which the inhabitants call *l'Auberge*. Cooking, and cackling, and *grunting*, were going on simultaneously when we entered, and some of the joint produce was offered us for dinner, in the form of a dish of eggs and onions, swimming together in lard. The people of the house seemed to consider this mess as the *acmé* of cookery, but *malgré* sundry epithets bestowed upon it, such as *charmant*, *delicieux*, &c. &c. &c., we had bad taste enough to prefer some plain boiled eggs, the friendly shells of which, had kept them free from all *contamination*. I suppose that particular dishes become as it were national property, and that when our palates are seasoned to them in our youth, everything else seems "flat, stale, and unprofitable." They are so intimately combined with all our early recollections, that in after years they form no small link in that bright chain of memory, which binds our affections so strongly to the days of our infancy. Salt, salmon, and peas to a Belgian—*gruyere* to a Swiss—or barley broth and oatmeal porridge to a Scotchman, will do more to call up old and sweet remembrances of home, and happiness, and early days, than the most vivid and elaborate description. But all this is comparatively nothing to the power which a cake called *la Galette*, has morally and physically upon a native of Brittany.—(I have mislaid the *recipe*, but if I find it, will give it to my readers in the next number.) If you ask a labouring man where he is going, he answers, "*Pour manger de la Galette*." The height of sorrow is to want *La Galette*, and the height of hospitality to ask you in *pour manger de la Galette*. I remember a curious exemplification of the above, which occurred to me while I was at the Jesuit's College at St. Acheul near Amiens, whither I went when the Abbe Langan gave up the college at Dieppe, to set up a house for English parlour-boarders, at *Passy*, near Paris. All orders of monks, except that of LA TRAPPE, having been long since abol-

ished in France, it is very rare to meet with any, except when some solitary old *devottee* is seen crossing the country upon a pilgrimage, and then he is always distinguished by the hat and staff, under which insignia he passes unquestioned, being considered "*in bond*," as the gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce would say. However, as I was journeying one day on the road to visit *La Trappe*, for there is a Mount Melleray in miniature, seven miles from Amiens, I was surprised to see a regular *Capuchin* friar walking quietly by, without any symptoms of pilgrimage about him. He was a very reverend looking personage, clad in his long dark robe, with his cowl thrown back upon his shoulders, and his high forehead and bald head meeting the sun unshrinkingly, as an old friend, whom they had been accustomed to encounter every day for many a year. His long beard was as white as snow, and a single lock of hair on his forehead, marking where the *tonsure* had ended, made him look like old Father Time, turned *Capuchin*. With the solitary exception of the snow white beard, he bore a strong resemblance to *Father Jennings* of Galway. It was not long before I found means to introduce myself to him, and I discovered that he was a very amiable and intelligent man. He told me that he was a native of *Brittany*, and had quitted his convent during the revolution 1792, not with any intention of breaking the vow he had taken, but in order to seek an *asylum* in some foreign country for himself and his expelled brethren. This he found in Italy, and now after 36 years absence, he had returned under a regular passport to sojourn for a while in his own land. His motives for doing so puzzled me not a little, for the ties between him and the world were broken, and I thought memory and early affections could have but slender hold of a man, who had renounced the "world and all its pomp and vanities." After some conversation, my curiosity led me to the point, and I said "It is a long way to travel hither, *father*, and on foot too." "I have made longer journeys, and for a less object," replied he. "True," I went on, "this is your native land, and whether will not the love of our country lead us?" The *Capuchin* smiled, "I did not come for *that*," said he.

"Probably you have relations or friends whom you remember with affection," I added, my curiosity more excited than ever. "None that I know of," replied the Monk. "You think me very inquisitive," said I. "Not in the least," he answered, for I am willing to satisfy you." Then let me ask you, I continued, if you came hither for some great religious object? "*Alas, non mon enfant*," replied he, you give me credit for more zeal or more influence than I possess." "Yet surely you have some motive for coming all this way on foot," said I. "Oh certainly," he replied, I have a motive for my journey, and one that is all powerful to a native of *Brittany*: but it is not from any great religious or political motive, nor was it either to see my country—my family—or my friends." "Then for what in the name of heaven did you come I exclaimed." "*Pour manger de la Galette*," replied the Monk. But let us return to the inn at Arques, where as we were washing down the boiled eggs with some *vin ordinaire*, we heard the church bell suddenly chime, and on enquiring the cause, learned that it was summoning the people to evening service. We instantly rose to obey its call, and bid farewell to the *Auberge* for ever. Foreigners with all their tricks and contrivances upon clocks and time pieces, are strangers to the sound of *village* bells, which impart a pensive,—wayward pleasure to the mind—and are a kind of chronology of happy events, *sometimes otherwise*, such as births, deaths, and marriages. Coleridge calls them the "*Poor man's*" only music, and is not a village spire in Ireland, peeping from its cluster of trees, always associated in imagination with this cheerful accompaniment, and may it not be expected to pour its joyous tidings on the gale? In the Apennines and other wild and mountainous districts of Italy, the little chapel bell with its simple tinkling sound, has a romantic and charming effect. The Monks in former times appear to have taken a pride in the construction of bells as well as churches, and some of those of the great cathedrals abroad, as at Cologne and Rouen, may fairly be said to be hoarse with counting the flight of ages. The chimes in Holland are a NUISANCE: they dance in the hours and quarters—leave no respite to the imagination, and before one set

has done ringing in your ears, another begins. You don't know whether the hours move or stand still—go backwards or forward,—so fantastical and perplexing are their accompaniments. Time is a more staid personage, and not so full of gambols. It puts you in mind of a tune with variations. The tolling of the bell for deaths and executions is a fearful summons, though as it announces not the advance of time, but the approach of fate, it happily makes *no part* of my subject. We followed the congregation, who were all dressed in their Sunday clothes, looking as happy and contented as the flowers of May, and chaunting the praises of their *bon curé* as they went along. The church is a simple, Gothic looking building, no pews, no divisions, no aristocratical screenings, but all kneeling *together*, the high and the mighty, and the lowly on the same pavement, all sending up their thanksgiving or their prayer to the same great BEING, in whose eyes all are equal. By the time we entered, *vespers* had commenced, a couple of wax-lights flickered on the altar, and the rays of the setting sun sent their shadows through its dark and gloomy aisles. No sound was heard, save what issued from the inner railing, where sat three ecclesiastics, dressed in snow-white surplices, chaunting the solemn ritual of the Catholic Church. When they came to the *magnificat*, that most beautiful of Canticles, the organ upon a sudden sent forth its thrilling notes to swell the heavenly chorus, and it seemed inflamed, and *possessed* by the glad tidings it was announcing. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by this part of the ceremony—you must make a pilgrimage to a village church to feel and understand it. The *tout ensemble*, forcibly reminded me of Grattan's beautiful language, when speaking of the Catholic Church. He said,—

"I prefer the simple majesty of the Protestant religion, but I own that I am not so wedded to its worship, as not to admire that which *preceded* it. I like the simple pastor,—I like the arched roof—I like the burning incense—I like the pealing anthem—these things give a soul as it were to piety, and sway the senses to the side of *salvation*."

In leaving the church, we turned up

a narrow path way, and fell in love with a large single tree, spreading itself out upon the gay horizon, and shading a wooden cross, that had the moss of many winters upon it. I am fond of these rude memorials, when time has mellowed down their every day features, and given them a touch of rustic dignity. A solitary tree throwing out its bold ramifications on the calm bosom of the heavens, is one of the grandest and most beautiful objects in nature: and when it shades a wooden cross, a holy well, or a rude altar overhung with wild weeds, it is to me like a chapter in the *New Testament*, and I feel that I would not willingly part with one of these simple memorials of pious feeling, even with all that *wise ones* call its sins of superstition upon it for much finer things. I love the way-side shrine; and when I see the tired female lay down her load and kneel before it, with the absorbed expression of one, who seeks a surer friend than the *false* ones of this world, I always feel a touch of kindly sympathy,—piety so becomes a woman—it is her true staff and armour. As we were quitting the church yard, through which we were obliged to pass to get out on the high road, (like the WEST CONVENT in Galway,) we saw a mournful procession advancing:—it was the funeral of an industrious father, on whose labours hung the destiny of a budding family, that by this blow of fate became unprovided for, and sent adrift, before the strength of their days had arrived. Upon hearing his history from one of the crowd, we turned back, and joined the humble honest *paysans* in paying the last tribute of respect to one who had won "golden opinions from all sorts of men," and now travelled to his long home with their prayers and blessings on his head. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave, and the last rites of the church performing, interrupted by the sighs and lamentations of the widow and the orphan, I could not help contrasting the moving spectacle before me, where all was sympathy, sorrow, and affliction, with the *nonchalance*, and even disrespect with which the *emblems* of death are invariably regarded amongst us. The Dublin citizen walks by a shop and hears the busy driving of nails, without inquiring whether the sound proceeds

from the adornment of a coffin, that is to convey a remnant of mortality to the tomb, or of a trunk that is to convey the bridal dress to the expecting, blushing, heart-thrilling virgin; and so, if the crowded noisy streets allow the sound of Church bells to reach the ear of the passer-by, he hardly notices whether they sing a joyous peal of tributary gladness, or sound the solemn knell that announces the sepulture of some departed actor from this scene of life.

Even the *mutes* who were placed on the threshold of death, to give notice of the approaching ceremony, may be seen *whispering* together even to a joke or a smile, and the ponderous coachman who drives the corpse to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," crowns his labour with a swilling libation, and the other attendants, nowise unsociable, join his foaming orgies with *consentaneous* devotion. I was aroused from these grave meditations by a sudden tap on the shoulder, and in turning round to see who my *amicus* might be, imagine my surprise at beholding in the person of the venerable *cure* my old preceptor, PÈRE ANDAS.

"*Et est ce vous, mon enfant,*" said he; "*comme je suis ravi de vous voir après un tel éloignement. Vous êtes revenu donc de visiter pour la dernière fois vot. e ancien maître et véritable ami. Allons, allons chez moi.*"

At this hearty, and to me most welcome recognition, my friend, Frederick E. was amazingly perplexed, and before he could question me as to its solution, I introduced him to the *curé*, who with that hospitality and *politesse* for which his "ORDER" is everywhere proverbial, invited him to accompany me *à la maison*, where he made us an offer of a *petit souper*, which, considering our dinner on boiled eggs, we did not give him the trouble of repeating. On the way "he beguiled us of our tears by telling his whole course of life—of moving accidents by flood and field, and hair breadth-scapes in the imminent deadly breach." He commenced life as a *militaire*—at the Restoration, in 1814, became, a professor of languages, and at the Revolution of 1830, a devout and humble minister of the gospel. I never listened with more *abandon*, more *reverie* to the narration of any event than I

did to the extraordinary and heart-thrilling history of the *curé's* life, pregnant with so many remarkable incidents throughout its various stages, that I may one day sketch them in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. He was a fine venerable old man, over whose head many tempestuous winters had rolled, and he appeared like the very model of the ancient TEIAN with his grey hairs gleaming over his ruddy visage, like snow round the summit of a volcano. He belonged to the "old school" which is now under the ban of the PHILOSOPHES of Paris—the *hérauts* from the *Faubourg St. Antoine*—the heroes of the "three glorious days," who trampled on the clergy and demolished their altars to the tune of the *Marselloise* and realized the doctrines of equality and *liberté* by plundering the Archbishop's palace, and flinging his library into the *Seine*. These moral instructors, who are all decorated with crosses of the *Légion d'Honneur*, and who think it as easy to uproot a rock as to erect a barricade, have been shouting for some years back, "down with the old schools!!! up with the new!!" The old are not yet down, but the new are up, and how dazzling the contrast, even to the purblind; you may hew down trees but not towers, and the old schools will shew their temples to the sun ages after such structures have become hospitals. They enlighten the land, and are beloved by the *gentlemen* of France. A man, these *sans culottes* say, cannot in the old school get an education to fit him for the nineteenth century. *Bah!* Tell that to the *Marines*. On our arrival at the vicarage we were received by Mademoiselle Josephine, the *curé's* niece, and in so good-humoured and *degagé* a manner, that we felt ourselves quite "at home" long before supper was served up, and sufficiently so to induce me *faire l'amiable* forthwith. While I was lavishing *mes petits soins* on Mademoiselle, Frederick E. was in deep converse with her uncle, whose knowledge of the English language was very extensive on account of his long residence in England during NAPOLEON's reign. In person Mademoiselle Josephine was above the middle stature, with fine hazel eyes, glossy raven hair, and a mouth beautifully chiselled, added to teeth of dazzling brightness, which

looked like a row of pearls set in ivory.

Though educated to even more than the usual degree of persons in her sphere of life, she yet retained an innocence and simplicity of nature about her, which showed at once that she possessed a superior mind, and was the pride and comfort of her uncle's hearth. She had that light-heartedness which clothes the countenance with the radiance of perpetual smiles, as if all the thoughts within were pure and happy; and though care seemed never to have thrown its darkening shadow over her, it might be read in her features, that her's was a bosom quick in its sensibilities, and as ready to sympathize with the mourner, as to join chorus with mirth and laughter. She was now in her nineteenth year, and in the zenith of her feminine beauty. The management of the household concerns had been for some years confided to her care, and she did not belie the expectations, which the *curé* entertained of her foresight, prudence, and discretion. The cheerfulness of her natural disposition seemed *contagious*, and communicated itself to all who had the happiness to approach her, so that by assiduously endeavouring by all innocent means to please every one, she became, almost in contradiction to the proverb, a universal favourite. She reminded me of —; but "Oh no, we never mention her." On supper being announced, we entered the *salle à manger* and sat down to as *bon a répat*, as the scanty pittance of our host could furnish. It consisted of a veal pie, cold fowl, some sweetmeats, grapes which Mademoiselle had gathered in the garden, and some holiday wine which had slept long in the cellar. In the course of conversation the *curé* addressing us, said,

"So you were surprised at our church service to-day, and did not expect to witness such a scene in a village; but *mes bons enfans*, the people you saw there, are brought together by no extraneous attraction. It is neither the music of the service, nor the eloquence of the preacher, nor the pomp of the ceremony which brings them to church. Oh, no, *they* come to pray. Would to heaven, that it were the same everywhere."

And we all answered, *plût à Dieu*

que cela fût. His niece told me that the burial ground, where our *rencontre* took place, was his favourite *rendezvous* for reading his Breviary, and that he was often to be seen seated on a tombstone—on the very brink of corruption and eternity, meditating his sermons for the following Sunday. She had sometimes listened to him rehearsing them, and nothing gave the "old man eloquent" greater pleasure than when he found her moved to tears by over-hearing them; but, as she added, "it was only the 'precursor' to the whole village doing the same." Religion was the anchor of the old man's soul, and he became deeply affected, when at the conclusion of grace, he invoked God's blessing upon her who was the prop of his declining years; the only green leaf of his wintry hopes. For a while there was a silence on the leads, and we heard the thrush, near his second or third brood, at his evening song. But household thoughts and old remembrances—a stirring throng—were uppermost in the *curé's* mind, and when he saw *Josephine* turn her head aside to conceal her tears, the parental feeling triumphed over every other, and kneeling down he poured out the tide of his hopes, fears, and wishes before his Creator. As I gazed upon the weeping Euphrosyne, I could not help humming these lines from DEMOUSTIER :

"L'art de pleurer est un talent,
Que la femme la plus novice,
Possède à fond et que souvent
Elle entretient par l'exercice."

The *denouement* baffles description, and my pen would refuse its office, if I attempted to pourtray it. So, to be brief, perceiving that unless I gave a turn to the debate, (to use a parliamentary phrase,) matters would very soon assume a sombre aspect, I commenced rallying the spirits of the party by narrating some queer anecdotes of my *brave compatriotes*; among others I told the following of two reverend friars in the "*far west*," which may be depended on as gospel truth.

"There resides at the *Abbey Convent*, in the town of Galway, a holy friar of "orders grey,"—a *ventri-potential* father, into whose mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing although none come out, and whose shoulders, like some of the

town streets, are widened at the expense of the corporation.

"Of fifty years he seems, and well might last
To fifty more, but that he prays too fast."

He is known by the *soubriquet* of the ARCH-DEACON; sings when a little elevated a Bacchanalian *Russian* song, which would give *Ivanoff* of the Queen's Theatre his *quietus*, and make *Monsieur L'Importe*'s fortune in a brief season indeed. To hear him when he is in tune, and properly *up* as I have, you must manage to get invited to the anniversary dinner, which is given on the 4th of October, by the Franciscans at the abbey, in honour of their founder, St. Francis of Assisi, and you will *there* see him with his face shining out like a full moon, doing the honours of *Vice P.* in a manner that would reflect credit upon the great *Ude* himself. But when the cloth has been removed and grace said by that *beau ideal* of Christian piety and Episcopal dignity, the worthy and excellent Bishop —; when in fine the night has commenced and the *black* bottle gone freely round, and the guests toasted all the "*patriots*" of the day, not forgetting "our noble selves," a low buzz is heard along the table, until acquiring *vires cundo* it bursts forth into a simultaneous shout, and from north to south—and from east to west—from all parts within the room and from the cuisine adjoining it; the cry is, a song! a song! Mr. Vice P. the *Russian* song!!! And when, after sundry *hems* and *haws* and twitches of the black silk cravat, the Arch-deacon prepares to accede to the unanimous call of the audience, you see every pocket-handkerchief immediately in requisition, whether to dry tears which must *then* be shed, or to *étouffer* that laughter which Connaughtmen always indulge in when a *Grimaldi* exhibits on the boards, dependent sayeth not. He usually winds up the *Russian chanson* with the following variation from Moore:—

"As you have the whiskey in play,
To oblige you, I'll now take a smack of it,
Stay with you all night and day
Aye and twenty-four hours to the back of it.

Och, whiskey is a *Papist*, God save it,
The *bonds* are upon it completely,
But I think before ever we leave it,
We'll make it a *heretic* neatly.

Chorus.

"Very good song, very well sung.
HURRA for the Arch-deacon every one.

But to the anecdote. There lived a magistrate in the town of Galway, by name Charles Browne, the rere of whose house communicating with the Abbey Chapel by means of a garden, naturally induced him to make it "his house of prayer," every Sunday. He was a gay old bachelor—a regular *bon vivant*, who was fond of driving "dull care away," when he could get any of the *Alumni* to assist him, which, considering that *tee-totalism* and *Father Mathew* were not then in vogue, we had no scruples in frequently doing. There was one evening in particular, which I can never forget. The sun had set, and the evening star was peeping out like the eye of an angel from the south, while the full round moon bursting from a girdle of clouds sailed majestically into the blue vault of heaven, as Charles Browne, Esq. J. P. presided at his hospitable board, surrounded by as jovial a band as ever rioted at the *saturnalia* of imperial Rome. How forcibly the serene quiet of that memorable evening contrasted with our boisterous mirth within. All around was still: the soft murmur of the garden leaves seemed the echo of repose, and the water sang a low, faint, and gentle tune, as if pleased with the tranquility in which Nature was slumbering. There were "eight of us," seated at his round table, like the Knights of old, to which we were "specially" invited for the purpose of celebrating, by a real GAUDEAMUS, his fifty-sixth anniversary. Bacchus was the reigning divinity at the convivial board, and inspired his worshippers with such *cacoethes loquendi* as will make their orations be remembered when those of Cicero and Demosthenes are forgotten; but not until THEN. But *fecundi calices quem non sectre disertum?* Such havoc did the tutelary deity make in our *corps* by his insidious and insinuating powers, that as midnight approached half were put *hors de combat* and reported "sick" during the remainder of the engagement. At this important stage, when reason was gradually lightening us of its burden, and its expiring efforts kindly suggesting the bed-chamber as an asylum, our bizarre host struck up the following

stave, in a manner that put all our ideas of *Morpheus* to flight, and our "weak imaginations" on the *qui vive*—

"I'll show you good drinking too,
For I know the place where the *whiskey* grew;
A bottle is good, when it's not too new,
I'm fond of one, but I doat on two."

He followed up the spirit of the last line by filling a flowing bumper, and pledging success to our next merry meeting, to which we cordially responded, little dreaming that it was to be *his last*, at least, on this side of the grave. The time strolled smoothly on, and it was only when the *matin* bells were chiming the *third* hour, that we prepared to quit a stage where we had revelled so long, and played such parts as would not alone "make angels weep, but school-boys laugh." On rising to take leave of our venerable host, imagine our surprise at finding him *under* the table, in a state of civilization superior to anything witnessed since the last debauch of SARDANAPALUS. In fact, he was a regular "case," and though a prostrate Justice of the Peace, he was nevertheless a most elevated subject for a *stretcher*. But as such a "patent machine" was unknown in these days, we were obliged to put him to bed, and

"The boys they came crowding in fast,
They drew their stools close round about them,
Six *gins* round his trap-case they placed,
He couldn't be well waked without them."

I axed if he was fit to die
Without having *duly* repented,
Said Charley, that's all in my eye,
And all by the *Clergy* invented,
To make a *fat bit* for themselves."

The carouse of that night had such an effect upon the already debilitated constitution of our worthy host, that he was confined to his room for many weeks, and thereby denied the gratification of hearing the *Bossuet* of the Abbey clear up all doubts, and solve all mysteries concerning that "nice man," *Peter Dens*. Mr. Browne was of course missed by the link-eyed arch-deacon, who from the serious depredations already made in his congregation—some said by the late *Gideon Ouseley* who resided in the neighbourhood from choice, thinking sheep were more likely to stray there than in any other part of

the town, that he became alarmed at the thinning of his fold, and earnestly enquired of Mr. Browne's servant what on earth kept his master from the Abbey for such a length of time, "For," said he, "I have not seen him amongst us for this month of Sundays;" and with a *leer* peculiar only to the arch-deacon, which the reverend Austin Killeen, and the Rev. Thomas Agnew, the humble followers of St. Augustin and St. Dominique, would in vain attempt to imitate; he added, "I hope, Pat, that it is not Protestantism that is the cause of it."

"No," Pat answered, "it is worse than that."

"Worse than Protestantism!" said the arch-deacon, "God forbid it should be *Deism*."

"No," was the reply, "it is worse than that too."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Franciscan, "I trust, then, it is not *Atheism*."

"No," replied Pat coolly, "it is worse than *Atheism*."

"Impossible!" roared out the holy Father, "for nothing can be worse."

"Yes, your reverence, *rheumatism*."

I told the following as a *bonne bouche*, and now give it to the reader dressed *au naturel*. Another friar was stationed some years ago at Clare-Galway convent, which is a branch of the Franciscan establishment, and situate about 5 miles from the town. It so happened that no Roman Catholic *famille d'importance* resided in the vicinage, and it may therefore be well imagined how the presence of a respectable member of the faith within the precincts of the convent walls, would be looked upon as a regular god-send, and duly honoured by the gentlemen of St. Francis. It was on a Sunday the 15th of July, in the year of our Lord 183—, that a party of friends *quorum pars fui*, wishing to enjoy the delights of rural tranquility, escaped from the murky atmosphere of Galway, and plunged into the very bosom of the country. We unanimously resolved to make Clare-Galway our *chemin*, as it was on the previous Sunday *ex cathedra* announced, that the learned Theban was to "hold forth" *c'est à dire* "astonish the natives" upon that auspicious day. Though it was the anniversary of the celebrated St. SWITHIN, he began his

reign with a puzzle for the old women—for he did *not* rain. However, the old argument was at hand, namely that he rained *somewhere*. Upon the principle of this logic, Saint Swithin's dominion is never at an end, and my uncle Pat is no longer so cunning as he took himself to be, when he told a friend "that he would lend him his umbrella during the *whole* of the present reign. The aspect of nature was, indeed, beautiful, and as we passed by *MARVIEW* (the seat of *WALTER JOYCE, Esq.*) we heard the birds singing amid the bushes, and the oxen lowing from afar off. The cows were basking in ease and enjoyment, ruminating their food amid the fresh green grass, while the wild flowers glowed with hues beyond their wont, and almost seemed endowed not only with a consciousness of their existence but of their beauty. As we journeyed on and approached the demesne of *JOHN GALWAY, Esq. SOLICITOR*, all looked bright and cheerful. The golden grain stood in ripeness o'er the fields, which it seemed to encumber with its luxuriance, and far off the green receding hills showed the cottage windows sparkling in the flood of mellow sunshine. At noon we arrived at the portal of a venerable pile, called the church of *Clare-Galway*—gazed for a moment upon its ivy-mantled tower, and crumbling nave, and listened with melancholy sadness to the rippling of a gentle stream flowing hard by. Ireland is covered with many such monuments, such vestiges of other times—such avenues through which the mind is carried back to former ages, and made to hold silent converse with the spirits of old. We saw a mother weeping over the tomb of her departed little ones, yet believing that her treasures had flown to heaven. Oh, yes, for the *Christian* there is a power which upholds and consoles the mind in the midst of sorrow—which renders misfortune easy to bear—robs death of its sting, and the grave of its victory. The mind which is fortified by this power, is beyond the reach of *DESPAIR*. In the midst of the trials and sadness of a mortal career, there is still open *beyond* it a blissful existence—a light shining from Heaven, which sheds its lustre upon this vale of tears, and cheers the heavy laden way-farer to his eternal Home. Mass was concluded before we entered the church, and the

soprano voice of the Franciscan proclaiming the awful truths of Christianity from the altar, apprised us that the "sermon" had already commenced. We tried, but in vain, to learn the "text" from some of the congregation; and, while we were puzzling our brains as to its probable purport, the inspired preacher burst forth into a torrent of eloquence which threatened fire and destruction wherever it went, and put us in mind of the wood-cut representing "*Moses*" in the burning bush. The terrified and "astonished natives" were momentarily expecting the fate of the inhabitants of *Pompeii*, so awful were the bellowings, and so vivid the flashes which issued from the mouth of the *crater* (not *potteen*); but the lava that threatened to consume them was arrested in its course, or providentially turned another way, and we saw restored animation and buoyant hope glisten on every countenance, like a gleam of sunshine upon a cloudy day, as his reverence, putting on a placid smile, like *Servus* when he used to order the people to the flames, wound up his philippic with the following saving clause, (not purgatory), a precious jewel in its way: "Remember," said he, "I beseech you, dearly beloved, never to forget that we are all sailing down the stream of time, and must inevitably *land* at last in the great *Ocean* of eternity." As he finished this elegant *bull*, and looked round with the air of a man who had discovered the North-west passage, the door of the church suddenly flew open, and three beautifully attired females, bearing the marks of respectability about them, slowly walked up the aisle. At this unexpected, but welcome intrusion, none was more surprised, from the reason before-mentioned, than the Franciscan himself, who looking upon it in the light of a *personal* compliment could no longer restrain his feelings within *silent* bounds, but at once called on the "boys" to give three *chairs* to the ladies, which, on account of the *affected* accent, (picked up on a late tour "to raise the wind" in England,) in which it was delivered, the boys mistook for *cheers*, which instead of chairs, were most vociferously and enthusiastically given. Such a scene I never before or since witnessed. Hats and *caubeens* flying in all directions—shawls and ribbons waving on high, and

the sanctity of the place for a moment forgotten. The late denunciations were no longer thought of, and instead of resembling a "temple dedicated to the worship of the Most High," it was like an election booth in the frenzy of excitement, when the freeholder has voted for the poor man's friend. The *Father* alone looked dumb-founded and unhappy, and he seemed doomed to experience the fate of the WIZARD's apprentice in GÖTTE's ballad, who having called up the evil spirits and set them to work, as he thought for his own purposes, found himself totally unable to control the power he had raised, and but for the opportune appearance of his "old master," would certainly have fallen a victim to the "pressure from without." Several times he essayed to explain to the "dearly beloved," their blunder, not his, but like Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the farce, they thought it was a pretty *emete* as it stood, and that explanation would only tend to spoil it, so they kept on cheering and huzzaing until they frightened the ladies out of the church, who dreading a *chairing*, when the cheering was over, fled for safety into that *refugium sanctorum*, his reverence's sacristy. Their discordant cries at length roused the Franciscan from his lethargy, and like a lion refreshed with wine, he shook off the dew-drops from his rubicund visage, upon which they stood big with effervescence and resolved to prevent the Philistines and himself from being buried in one common ruin. The tottering walls were re-echoing again and again, to sounds of a strange and dismal kind, with which they were not familiar, since the happy days of FYNN MACOUL their founder, or Fynn Varrow their guardian angel, and which like those of Alecto's trumpet, were enough to make the dead turn in their graves. At this all important crisis, when the fate of the monastery seemed impending beyond all hope of redemption, the pious Franciscan as a *dernier resort*, finding all other *ruses* of no avail, jumped on the altar, and in a trembling attitude announced to his flock, "that the *Heavens* were in danger, as they were rending the skies." The dearly beloved not relishing this "exclusive intelligence" from on high, ventured to doubt its authenticity, by asking his "reverence" through what

telegraphic dispatch he received it, as though their vision was as good as his, they could see nothing portentous through the roof over them. To which the meek and humble friar replied by maledictory invectives, and bid them remember those remarkable words of Scripture, "Blessed are they who have *not* seen, and yet have believed." By this apposite quotation the "faithful" were completely "floored" and the French never cried out more lustily *sauve qui peut* at Waterloo, than the "astonished natives" of the village of Clare-Galway. And thus, dear reader, was the Convent church, like the Capitol of ancient Rome, saved by the cackling of a —.

As I finished these *jeux d'esprit* of these *Arcades ambo*, who I have no doubt will derive as much amusement from their perusal, as I have in their narration, the midnight bell chimed mournfully upon our ears, warning us to depart. So wishing the *curé bon soir et bon repos*, I walked with his *bien-aimée* to the lodge gate. I held her hand in mind, and saw her eye sparkle, and the colour flash upon her cheek as she muttered "*Adieu jusqu'au revoir*." We returned to Dieppe amidst an awful shower of rain; streams of water running in at our necks and out at our sleeves, just as if we had been fished up out of one of the waterfalls, while to crown all, no person of any age or sex whatever, could look at our *pericrania* without mentally exclaiming, as they say in novels, "what a shocking bad hat," the roof of our tile being entirely off, and the rim shaped like a scoop for running waters. But we got through it all good humouredly, and even merrily, and arrived safe at the *Hotel de Londres*, thanking heaven for our escape from sore-throats and fever, and over a blazing fire of wood cheered by the presence of a flask of genuine *cognac*, aided and abetted by boiling water, tumblers, &c. &c., we succeeded in restoring our *natural* temperature, and drank to our "absent friends," long life to them. After a fruitless discussion upon the respective merits of the English and Irish bar, and to which the palm should be awarded, I amused my opponent by the following *piquant* sketch of a "*perfect lawyer*" taken from an English writer of the 17th century, and

which I now give here for the benefit of the learned Saints of Ireland. "In a word, whilst the lawyer *lives*, he is the delight of the courts—the ornament of the bar—the glory of his profession—the patron of innocence—the upholder of right—the scourge of oppression—the terror of deceit, and the oracle of his country : and when DEATH calls him to the bar of HEAVEN by a *habeas corpus cum causis* he finds his judge his advocate, *non suus* the devil, obtains a *liberate* from all his infirmities, and continues still one of the long robe in glory." As many of my brother barristers are doubtlessly unaware why his *Satanic majesty* takes such an interest in *their* welfare, and condescends to "patronise" them, I think this a fitting opportunity to enlighten them. ST. EVONA, a famous lawyer in his day, was piqued that *his* profession had *no saint* to patronise it. The physicians had ST. LUKE, the seven champions ST. GEORGE :—music and painting had their tutelary saint, but the lawyers had none. Thinking that the POPE could and ought to bestow a saint, he went to Rome and requested his holiness to give the lawyers of Great Britain a patron. The POPE rather puzzled by the application proposed to ST. EVONA that he should go round the church of St. John of Lateran blindfolded, and after he had said a certain number of *paters* and *ave marias*, the first Saint he laid hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer willingly undertook. When he had finished his *penance* he stopped short, and laying his hands on the first image he came to, cried out with joy, "Let this be our saint—let this be our patron." But when the bandage was removed from his eyes, what was his astonishment at finding that though he had stopped at St. Michael's Altar, he all the while laid hold *not* of ST. MICHAEL, but of the figure under ST. MICHAEL's feet, namely the DEVIL!!! This choice of a saint subsequently received a confirmation by the *Volunteers* raised in the inns of court at the time of Buonaparte's threatened invasion. They were called the "DEVIL'S OWN;" and whether their descendants at the present day possess any "peculiar qualifications" to lead the public to suppose that they have any connection with such a "crack regiment," it be-

cometh not a *sub.* like me, so lately gazetted to say. And now, reader, a few parting words about *Dieppe*, where old maids escape ridicule from being numerous, and old bachelors acquire importance from being scarce. It is, indeed, to this latter description of persons that I would especially recommend *Dieppe* as a residence, and as Dr. Johnson said, "that wherever he might dine, he would wish to breakfast in Scotland,"—so wherever I may pass my youth, let my days of old bachelorship, if to such I am doomed, be spent in *Dieppe*. There the genteel *male* population forsake their birth-place at an early age, and since war no longer exists to supply their place with the "irresistible military," the importance of a *single* man, however small his attractions—however advanced his age, is considerable : while a tolerably agreeable bachelor under *sixty* is the object of universal attraction, the cynosure of every lady's eye. What object in nature is more pitiable than a Dublin *old* bachelor of *moderate* fortune and moderate parts, whose conversational powers do *not* secure him invitations to dinners ; when stiffness of limb, and growing formality have obliged him to retreat from quadrilles. The *rich* we know, thrive everywhere and at *all* seasons, free from ridicule, and safe from neglect. But I allude to those less strongly fortified against the effects of *time*—those, who scarcely considered good speculations in their best days, are now utterly insignificant ; jostled by a crowd of younger aspirants, overlooked by *mammas*, except when needed to execute some troublesome commission, and without a chance of receiving a single word or glance from their daughters unmarked by that provoking ease and compassionate familiarity, which tell them, better than words, that *their day of influence has closed for ever*. Let such unhappy men fly from the scenes of former pleasure and power—of former flirtation and gaiety, to the quieter and surer triumphs of *Dieppe*. Here crowds of young women, accustomed from necessity to make *beaux* out of the most unprecedented materials, and concoct flirtations in the most discouraging circumstances, will welcome him with open arms, under-rate his age, over-rate his merits, doubt if his hair is grey, deny that he wears *false* teeth,

accept his proffered arm with an air of triumph, and even hint a wonder that *he* has given up dancing. To their innocent cheeks, his glance will have the long lost power of calling up a blush: eyes, as bright as those which beamed upon his youth, will sparkle at his approach, and tender hearts, excluded by fate from palpitations for a more suitable object, must per force beat quicker at *his* address. Here, in Dieppe, let him revel in the enjoyment of unbounded influence, preserve it by careful management to the latest possible moment, and at length gradually slide from the agreeable old *beau* into the interesting invalid, and secure for his days of gout, infirmity, and sickness, a host of attentive nurses, of that amiable sex which delights and excels in offices of pity and kindness, who

will read him news, recount him gossip, play backgammon, knit him comfortables, make him jellies and repay by affectionate solicitude and unselfish attentions the unmeaning, heartless, worthless admiration, which *he* bestowed upon them in his better days. And now, dear reader, *adieu*, but not without wishing you many a happy New year, and many, very many returns of the season, and if you are a fair one, I would simply add as a *Finale*—

"Je veux au jour avoir une chaumière,
Dont un verger ombrage le contour,
Pour y passer la saison printanière,
Avec ma mie, et ma muse, et l'amour.
Le caveau frais, la cuisine petite,
Salle-à-manger de dix pieds de longueur
Ou les amis qui me rendront visite,
Seront toujours mal traités de bon cœur.

Christmas Eve.

BRITISH AMERICA.—THE EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY.*

THE work of which we are about to give some account to our readers, forms the three latest volumes of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*. Of the entire series of this publication, it is not too much to say, that it has been, from its commencement, one of the best sustained of all the libraries, in point of talent, and one of the most judiciously managed on the part of its conductors. While many rivals that entered the arena with it, and before it, have vanished, it has held on its course, rising gradually in public favour, and taking its place in our literature as a standard work. The plan adopted from the beginning, of not restricting the publication to monthly issues, must have been of material advantage, by allowing the different authors ample time to finish their respective productions with every necessary care and research; while, by employing in the more important subjects a combination of talent, and occasionally devoting to them two or three volumes, means have been

secured for rendering the work complete in every department. It needs but a cursory glance at the volumes already published (twenty-seven in number) to be convinced that although the field of enterprise is wide and diversified, the various subjects have been so methodically treated, and are so closely allied in their nature, that they easily amalgamate into one regular and connected series, so as, when completed, to form a valuable and comprehensive cabinet of useful information. It would carry us far beyond our limits to attempt even a brief analysis of the several works that have already appeared. All that we can pretend to do, is merely to offer a few general remarks on the plan and execution of the series so far as it has gone; addressing our attention more at length to the volumes last published on British America.

History is obviously intended to form the basis of the plan; and assuredly no study can be more important or more instructive than that which

* An Historical and Descriptive Account of British America; comprehending Canada, Upper and Lower, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, the Bermodes, and the Fur Countries, &c. &c. &c. To which is added, a full detail of the Principles and best Modes of Emigration. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E., with Illustrations of the Natural History, by James Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c., R. K. Greville, LL.D., and Professor Trail, with Maps and other Illustrations. In 3 vols., being vols. 25, 26, and 27 of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*. Edinburgh; Oliver & Boyd. Dublin; Curry & Co. 1839.

makes us acquainted with the institutions, manners, resources, productions, &c., of other countries. But the materials and adjuncts of history, viz., voyages, travels, biography, geography, statistics, &c., are also included in the system; as, indeed, they are intimately and essentially connected with it. Natural science, which has of late attracted an unprecedented degree of attention, was too important a branch of knowledge to be omitted; especially in so far as it might be made to explain the animal and vegetable productions of the countries to be described, or illustrate the character and habits of the people. In this respect, the Edinburgh Cabinet Library has introduced what may be termed a new and valuable feature in works belonging to its class, by annexing to the description of each country or kingdom a popular survey of its natural history. This department has been uniformly entrusted to authors of acknowledged professional attainments; amongst whom are numbered some of the most eminent men of science of the day. The names of Sir John Leslie, Professors Jameson, Wallace, and Trail, of the Edinburgh University; of such well-known and accomplished naturalists as James Wilson and William Macgillivray, are sufficient vouchers for the manner in which this department of the work is executed. Instead of discussing their subject in a merely technical style, these writers have treated it in a way that renders it at once intelligible and attractive to the general reader. By this plan, a novel and more interesting aspect has been given to this important branch of science, which has not hitherto been treated in combination with civil history. For this improvement, the Cabinet Library deserves credit, as it has done what no similar publication has hitherto attempted.

Maritime discovery has received a large share of attention; and in the volumes devoted to this subject the public has been favoured with a comprehensive view of the various efforts that have been made to explore the Arctic regions, and trace the extreme limit of the North American continent, partly by land and partly by coast and river navigation, from the times of Cabot and Cortreal, to the expeditions of Parry, Ross, Franklin, Beechy, and

Back. In the narratives given of these successive voyages, the reader will find very full and interesting descriptions of the climate and its phenomena, of the geological structure and other remarkable features peculiar to the sublime scenery of those latitudes. Besides the discoveries in the Polar Seas, an excellent epitome is given in another volume, of the various circumnavigations of the globe, more especially those performed by Columbus, Magellan, Le Maire, Tasman, Dampier, Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Bougainville, and Cook.

In the department of biography, the Library has not yet done much; but the specimens given, in the lives of Humboldt, Raleigh, Henry VIII., Linnæus, Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier, afford a pledge of what may be expected from the execution of this part of the plan. It is to history, as we have said, that the labours of the series have been principally directed; and in this department, a number of valuable and meritorious works have appeared. The African division of the globe has been completed; and in the volumes allotted to Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia, the Barbary States, and the Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the interior, we are furnished, in a narrow compass, with a well-digested sketch of the history, antiquities, geography, statistics, natural features, and productions of that vast continent; including a succinct account of the researches and observations of those travellers who have sought to explore the Niger and the desert, from the time of the Greeks and Romans, to the recent expeditions of Park, Clapperton, and Lander. It is on the Asiatic quarter of the world, however, that the historical strength of the Library has been chiefly expended. Palestine, Arabia, Persia, British India, and China, have each been treated in their order; and when this department of the Library is completed, it will, like the African, form a sort of Oriental Cyclopædia, presenting a connected detail of the social and religious, as well as the political and commercial state of those various and important nations in the East, so many of which are now closely connected, by the ties of reciprocal intercourse, with the British empire. The only volumes that as yet have touched upon Europe,

are the two published last year, containing the history of the Scandinavian kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; a work of great interest, and the first that claims the merit of having embodied, in a uniform and collected shape, the annals of those once celebrated nations.

Having said thus much on the general plan and contents of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, it now only remains for us to notice, somewhat more in detail, the volumes on British America; and of these it will, perhaps, be enough to say, they fully sustain the reputation of the series. Recent events in the Canadas, indeed, have conspired to render this publication well timed, and more than usually interesting. But, independently of this circumstance, the territories of British America have intrinsic claims of their own on the historian of the mother country, and afford abundant materials for the construction of a work, at once amusing from its novelty, and valuable for its information. The natural features of these colonies, rank among the most picturesque and stupendous to be found in any region of the world. The description of the lakes, mountains, forests, rivers, waterfalls, &c., occupies the greater portion of the first volume, and nearly two-thirds of the second; the former giving a detailed account of the extent, boundaries, climate, topography, townships, (which are accurately laid down in small maps), agriculture, fisheries, &c., of the two Canadas; while the latter treats of the history, character, appearance, localities, and principal products of the maritime provinces; which division includes Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and the Bermudas. On this part of the work, Mr. Murray has expended much labour, and really produced a vast amount of intelligence, important not merely to the general reader, but highly valuable to the trader and the emigrant. In these latter respects, the British American colonies have a new claim on the attention of the mother country, since thousands of her subjects (amounting, during the last twenty years, to nearly half a million) have removed to settle in these colonies, from various parts of the United Kingdom. To us who are bound by such intimate ties with the

dwellers in those transatlantic regions, it must be gratifying to receive information as to the capabilities of the country in which their friends are placed, and the hopes that may be entertained regarding their future prospects in that distant land. Mr. Murray's topographical details are succinct and perspicuous. Of the ability with which he has handled this part of his subject, we shall quote, as a specimen, the passage in which he combats the theory that the Fall of Niagara has been gradually receding, from the river wearing down the ledge of rocks over which so immense a body of water is precipitated.

"This great fall has excited an additional interest from the remarkable change supposed to have taken place as to its position. It is believed that the impetuous waters, wearing away the rock over which they descend, are gradually removing the cataract higher up the river. By this process it is said to have receded from a point between Queens-ton and Lewiston, to which, as already observed, the high level of the country continues, and to have excavated the present deep and narrow channel more than seven miles in length. Upon this point geologists and travellers seem generally agreed, the only difference being as to the rate at which the change proceeds. Mr. Gourlay, long a resident, says the oldest inhabitants think that the Great Fall has receded '*several paces*.' Mr. M'Gregor mentions an estimate which fixes this recession at eighteen feet during the thirty years previous to 1810; but he adds another more recent, which raises it to 150 feet in fifty years. Lastly, Captain Hall heard it reckoned, by two persons long resident on the spot, at 150 feet in forty years. This measure, having been adopted by Mr. Lyell in his recent work on geology, may be considered as the established belief on the subject.

"It is not without particular diffidence that we oppose a conclusion thus almost unanimously formed by the most eminent writers. Yet we think we can state facts, of which they were apparently not aware, and which seem completely to refute the supposition that any considerable change has taken place, or is perceptibly in progress, as to the site of this extraordinary object.

"We possess two early descriptions of these falls; one by Father Hennepin in 1679, very nearly 160 years ago, illustrated by a plate; the other by Charlevoix in 1721. Now, on comparing these delineations with the best accounts given by recent travellers, it appears impossible to discover any sensible difference between them. In answer to this it may indeed, be asserted, that the cataract, wearing away its rocky ledges in an equable manner

throughout, may have considerably changed its place, yet retain still nearly the same dimensions and aspect. But this supposition seems precluded by the existence in its centre of one great fixed object---the immense rampart of Goat Island---which, while it divides the two falls, is on a line with both, or, according to Bouchette, forms along with them the chord of an irregular arc. Now, Hennepin's description, and more particularly his plate, represents the island as dividing the falls, and standing every way in the same relative position to them that it now does. But if the cataracts had changed their place in the manner supposed, they must have receded behind the lower extremity of the island, which would thus have been thrown forward, and appeared in front of them in the middle of the stream. If we assume Captain Hall's estimate, there must have been a change, since Hennepin's date, of 600 feet or nearly a furlong, which would have caused a most conspicuous alteration in the relative position of these objects. Some may urge that the lateral action of the falling waters might demolish this projecting front, and thus cause the island boundary to recede along with them. Such an hypothesis seems quite out of the question as applicable to this huge mass, nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth. Even supposing it possible, a rock thus demolished from two opposite sides must have been irregularly acted upon, reduced to a broken and shattered state, and in some degree to a pyramidal form. There appears no agency which could cut it down like slices from a loaf, so as to preserve always the same smooth perpendicular face separating the two falls, which it had in 1679, and continues to have at the present moment. No observer has noticed in this island any symptoms of progressive demolition. Mr. Howison so little suspects such a process, that, following up the common idea, he contemplates the period when it will be left 'isolated in the midst of the river as a colossal pillar.' From what we have stated, however, if any such change were taking place, it must by this time have afforded some manifest proof of its operation.

"It may be urged, that water, acting with such stupendous force, must produce greater changes than we have here supposed. We would, however, refer to a fact which seems too little noticed by geologists, yet which any one who walks along the sea-shore may at once verify. Rocks daily washed by the tide have their surface hardened and polished to such a degree, as in a great measure to protect them against the action of the waves. Even the loosest sand, when within high-water mark, acquires a comparatively firm and smooth surface. The ledge, too, over which the waters of the St. Lawrence rush, being beneath them, and not opposing any resistance to their course, is little liable to be disintegrated by their

action. We are not aware of such an effect being produced on any other cataract, nor does Mr. Lyell refer to any, although several falls are known to have existed from the remotest antiquity. The statements made by the neighbouring inhabitants are so vague, and differ so very widely, that little importance can be attached to them. The only changes which can be considered well authenticated are the occasional breaking down of the rocks in the middle of the great fall. Of this an example occurred on the 28th Dec., 1828, when a huge fragment fell with a crash which shook the glass vessels in the adjoining inn, and was felt at the distance of two miles. It destroyed, in a great measure, the angular or horse-shoe form, and, by rendering the line of the fall more direct, heightened its grandeur. In 1818, there had been a similar dislocation of the Table Rock, other sections of which still wear a threatening aspect. But this change was not produced, as is commonly supposed, by the wearing away of the rocky ledge itself; it was by the undermining of the bed of soft shale on which it rests: and hence the reason why the hollow space already described has been formed beneath it and behind the descending waters. As this softer stratum, however, is acted upon merely by the spray thrown back upon it, the effects appear to be both limited and partial, and the consequent changes to occur only at long intervals.

"Having treated the subject with reference to the term of human life and the common historical eras, we feel little inclined to consider it in its bearing upon geological theories. It is only necessary to observe that, admitting the deep chasm through which the river flows to Queenston to have been excavated by its waters, it does not follow that a similar process must still continue in operation. Upon every mineralogical hypothesis it is admitted that the strata, which form the crust of the earth, were at one time in a state very different from what they are at present; having a soft and yielding texture, produced either by the influence of fire or by recent deposition from water. The action of so mighty a flood might then very easily, and in a comparatively short period, excavate such a channel. But it is unphilosophical to apply reasons, drawn from so remote an era, to a period when the materials of the land have acquired that fixed and consolidated form under which they appear in our days."

The historical portions of these volumes we pass over, merely remarking, that an account of the Canadas under the French, and subsequently under the British, who conquered them in 1759, constitutes two highly interesting chapters. The view of the maritime provinces, from their first conquest and settlement by Europeans, to

the present time, is equally succinct and luminous. On the whole, this division of the work presents an accurate and excellent abridgment of British American colonial history. The narrative given of the character and customs of the native Indians inhabiting Canada and its borders, is a lively picturesque sketch of a state of society and manners totally unlike any thing ever known to exist in the old world. The description of their person, dress, food, houses, avocations, and wars, is singularly amusing. We shall select an extract or two respecting their superstitious notions and religious tenets.

"When the missionaries, on their first arrival, attempted to form an idea of the Indian mythology, it appeared to them extremely complicated, more especially because those who attempted to explain it had no fixed opinions. Each man differed from his neighbour, and at another time from himself, and when the discrepancies were pointed out, no attempt was made to reconcile them. The southern tribes, who had a more settled faith, are described by Adair as intoxicated with spiritual pride and denouncing even their European allies as 'the accursed people.' The native Canadian, on the contrary, is said to have been so little tenacious, that he would at any time renounce all his theological errors for a pipe of tobacco, though, as soon as it was smoked, he immediately relapsed. An idea was found prevalent respecting a certain mystical animal, called Mesou or Messesagen, who, when the earth was buried in water, had drawn it up and restored it. Others spoke of a contest between the hare, the fox, the beaver, and the seal, for the empire of the world. Among the principal nations of Canada the hare is thought to have attained a decided pre-eminence; and hence the Great Spirit and the Great Hare are sometimes used as synonymous terms. What should have raised this creature to such distinction seems rather unaccountable; unless it were that its extreme swiftness might appear something supernatural. Among the Ottawas alone the heavenly bodies become an object of veneration; the sun appears to rank as their supreme deity.

"To dive into the abyss of futurity has always been a favourite object of superstition. It has been attempted by various means; but the Indian seeks it chiefly through his dreams, which always bear with him a sacred character. Before engaging in any high undertaking, especially in hunting or war, the dreams of the principal chiefs are carefully watched and studiously examined; and according to the interpretation their conduct is guided. A whole nation has been set in motion by the sleeping fancies of a single

man. Sometimes a person imagines in his sleep that he has been presented with an article of value by another, who then cannot without impropriety leave the omen unfulfilled. When Sir William Johnson, during the American war, was negotiating an alliance with a friendly tribe, the chief confidentially disclosed, that during his slumbers he had been favoured with a vision of Sir William bestowing upon him the rich laced coat which formed his full dress. The fulfilment of this revelation was very inconvenient; yet on being assured that it positively occurred, the English commander found it advisable to resign his uniform. Soon after, however, he unfolded to the Indian a dream with which he had himself been favoured, and in which the former was seen presenting him with a large tract of fertile land most commodiously situated. The native ruler admitted that since the vision had been vouchsafed it must be realised, yet earnestly proposed to cease this mutual dreaming, which he found had turned much to his own disadvantage.

"The manitou is an object of peculiar veneration; and the fixing upon this guardian power is not only the most important event in the history of a youth, but even constitutes his initiation into active life. As a preliminary, his face is painted black, and he undergoes a severe fast, which is, if possible, prolonged for eight days. This is preparatory to the dream in which he is to behold the idol destined ever after to afford him aid and protection. In this state of excited expectation, and while every nocturnal vision is carefully watched, there seldom fails to occur to his mind something which, as it makes a deep impression, is pronounced his manitou. Most commonly it is a trifling and even fantastic article; the head, beak, or claw of a bird, the hoof of a cow, or even a piece of wood. However, having undergone a thorough perspiration in one of their vapour-baths, he is laid on his back, and a picture of it is drawn upon his breast by needles of fish-bone dyed in vermillion. A good specimen of the original being procured, it is carefully treasured up; and to it he applies in every emergency, hoping that it will inspire his dreams and secure to him every kind of good fortune. When, however, notwithstanding every means of propitiating its favour, misfortunes befall him, the manitou is considered as having exposed itself to just and serious reproach. He begins with remonstrances, representing all that has been done for it, the disgrace it incurs by not protecting its votary, and, finally, the danger that, in case of repeated neglect, it may be discarded for another. Nor is this considered merely as an empty threat; for if the manitou is judged incorrigible it is thrown away; and by means of a fresh course of fasting, dreaming, sweating, and painting, another is installed, from whom better success may be hoped."

These indigenous tribes, once powerful nations, have now almost entirely disappeared. In both the Canadas their number is reckoned little more than 15,000. In requital for their services in the wars against the French and Americans, and in compensation for the encroachments made on their ancient dominions by European settlers, each individual of these tribes, receives still from the British government a certain quantity of goods as an annual present. The principal articles distributed as recompense in 1832, are given in the following extract:—

"The Indians, as already observed, have certain fixed stations to which they resort for the purpose of receiving their annual presents. These are, in Lower Canada, Quebec, to which, in 1827, there came 652: St. Francis, 541; Caughnawaga, 967; Lake of Two Mountains, 887; and St. Regis, 348. In Upper Canada, they are, Kingston, 859; York, 781; Fort-George (Niagara), 1857; Amherstburg, 5906; and Drummond Island, 3516. The expense became very large during the war, when their services were so valuable. Between 1813 and 1816 it averaged £150,000 a-year. Since that time it has been reduced to about £16,000; which, with £4400 for management, raises the Indian department to £20,400 a-year. This, in Upper Canada, is estimated at 18s. 9d. to each individual, for which slender remuneration some travel 500 miles. References have been made from the Colonial Office, to ascertain whether this sum might not be still further reduced, and paid in money, by which the estimates could be formed with greater precision. To the first point, it has been replied by the governors, that the donation is one to which we are bound by the faith of treaties, made in return for important services; and its discontinuance would excite the deepest indignation, and provoke an hostility which might be attended with disastrous consequences. Probably, like all rude nations, the Indians, instead of viewing these gifts as in any degree humiliating, pride themselves upon them as testimonies of respect, perhaps even as a species of tribute. As to the payment in money, it was deprecated in the strongest terms by almost all the chiefs and those interested in their welfare; because the immediate consequence would be its conversion into spirits, thereby causing a serious injury instead of a benefit. The principal articles presented to them in 1832, were, 35,700 yards of different kinds of cloth, the prime cost varying from 1s. 1d. to 3s. 4d.; 4200 yards of linen; 33,800 yards of cotton and calico, 7d. to 1s. 7d.; 84,500 yards gartering, of scarlet, green, and fancy colours, 2d. per yard; 20,000 yards blanketing, 1s. 11d. to 5s. 9d.; 9260 pairs of combs;

6700 shoemakers' awls; 8470 butcher's knives; 870 kettles; 18,160 sewing needles; 240 guns, 12s. 9d. to 30s.; 16,200 lbs. of lead ball; 46,300 lbs. shot; 20,000 flints; 3450 lbs. carrot tobacco, £17 10s. per cwt.

"Since the diffusion of civilisation, many of the Indians have consented, and even desired, to exchange these presents for houses, implements of agriculture, and other useful objects. A considerable number have even begun to wish for money, which happily they no longer abuse as formerly, but rather find the most convenient instrument in procuring whatever they may happen to want. Asance, a chief, said, that at York 'he found it convenient when hungry to be able to put his hand into his pocket, and find something jingling there for which he could get bread.' It may be observed that the Indians in Upper Canada are entitled to the annual pay of £5107 cur. (£4426 sterling), for the lands ceded by them to government, who give the value in goods. As the crown obtained in exchange nearly 5,000,000 of acres of fertile land, we do think that this slender annuity ought not to exhaust the kindness of the British ministry towards this unfortunate race. They receive also £1267 sterling for property sold to private individuals, the greater part of which is lodged in the funds. This sum is paid in money to the chiefs."

Of the commerce of Canada—the exports and imports—the products and manufactures, we have left ourselves no room to speak. These subjects, we are told, have been treated by "a well-informed gentleman, who long carried on mercantile transactions, and still maintains an extensive correspondence in Canada." The commercial details in respect to the maritime provinces, have been furnished by contributors in a similar way; and several of these communications we consider to be of great importance.

A subject of more interest to the general reader, is the political state of Canada, and the causes that gradually led to the recent attempt of the disaffected party to throw off their allegiance to the British crown. Mr. Murray's narrative of these events is succinct and perspicuous, and on the whole, impartial. The circumstances that led to the origin of the rebellion may be detailed within a small compass, and shown to have sprung from an injudicious infusion of democracy into the constitution, and from making concession after concession to the clamours of a faction, whose object was to engross the whole powers of the state, both legislative and executive.

While the French were masters of Canada, during the seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth century, the constitution of the colony underwent various changes. At first the sovereign assumed a jurisdiction almost quite absolute, not being checked, as at home, by the influence of the nobility or the parliament. The necessity of delegation, however, and fear lest the governors should aim at independence, induced the French cabinet to divide the administration among several heads; and this system laid the foundation of weakness rather than freedom, by creating jealousies and collisions among the leading members. The clergy, especially the monastic and missionary orders, who had taken a large share in the first settlement, and were richly endowed, enjoyed great influence both in the colony and with the court.

In 1759, Canada was conquered by the arms of Britain, and permanently annexed to her empire. It is generally admitted that no people, completely subdued, were ever more liberally treated than the French colonists in that country. Not only was their property preserved inviolate, but they were also invested with all the rights of citizens, and rendered admissible to every office on the same footing as British subjects. The Catholic religion did not merely enjoy full toleration—the large property with which it was endowed, was preserved to it entire. As a farther boon, the law of England, civil and criminal, including trial by jury, was introduced. Still more to conciliate the Canadians, in the event of a contest with the United States, a statute (14th Geo. III. cap. 83) was passed, called the Quebec Act, by which the French system was revived in the province, with the exception of the criminal branch, which continued similar to that of England. Under this act the administration, civil and military, was exercised by one individual, uniting the functions of governor and commander-in-chief; and though the act provided that there should be a legislative council of at least twenty-three members, the nomination of these rested entirely with the sovereign. With this arrangement the natives, for some time, felt no dissatisfaction, and expressed no wish to be admitted to any share of political privilege. But more liberal ideas began to prevail.

Encouraged by what was taking place in England and the United States; and in 1784, when America had achieved her independence, a petition was presented for a representative constitution. This was not granted till 1791, when Mr. Pitt, as is well known, proposed and carried in parliament a scheme of government, resembling that of the mother country. By this act the upper province was separated from the lower, and a distinct constitution appointed for each. The members of the representative body hold their seats during four years; and there must be an annual session, which usually continues through the months of January, February, and March. The legislative body exercises the attributes of the House of Peers in this country, having power to alter and reject bills sent up from the lower house.

However well such a constitution may work in a settled country like Britain, it was soon found not adapted to Canada. So early as 1807, discussions began to arise respecting the appropriation of land, the limits and exercise of jurisdiction in the constituted bodies, and other topics of agitation which have since convulsed the colony. The measures of government were attacked through the press, and this led to severe reprisals, which threw oil on the flame. During the war commenced by the United States against Britain in 1812, the Canadians forgot their complaints, and displayed a loyalty as ardent as if they had never been dissatisfied; but no sooner was peace re-established, than discontents began to make their appearance. These referred chiefly to the conduct of the judges, whom the Assembly viewed with such jealousy, that they had impeached at one time the heads of the court, both at Quebec and Montreal. In 1818 the governor, Sir John Sherbrooke, was instructed by Earl Bathurst to accept the offer formerly made, to pay the whole civil list out of the funds of the province; and he applied not for a permanent settlement, but merely for the sum necessary to meet the current expenses. This was readily granted, and in order to raise it, new taxes were imposed; of which, however, they especially reserved to themselves the appropriation. An innovation was introduced by the

succeeding governor, the Duke of Richmond, which led to a long and serious conflict between the crown and the Assembly. Instead of submitting, like his predecessor, a detailed estimate of every object of expenditure, he divided the whole into chapters, each comprehending a head or branch, the entire amount of which was alone specified. The Assembly refused to sanction such a change, and passed a vote according to the estimate of the former governor, stating each payment in detail. With this vote the Duke was displeased, and had recourse to the irregular measure of drawing upon the receiver general for the sum he had demanded. Under Lord Dalhousie's government, the Assembly was equally obstinate, and refused to pass more than an annual bill of supply, in which they specified every item. His Excellency was then obliged to draw upon the treasurer for even a larger amount than had been asked from the Assembly. In 1823 and 1825 the representatives assumed a higher tone, and when the governor presented his estimates, they disputed the right of the crown to select the objects on which to employ its revenue, condemning the unlawful appropriation of the public money, and materially reducing the amount of the sum demanded. They even claimed the right to appropriate all that was raised within the province, denying the privilege hitherto exercised by government, of the uncontrolled disposal of certain branches, such as the duties on imports, and small sums arising from the sale of land, timber, and other casual sources.

Lord Goderich, who was Colonial Secretary in 1827, though he maintained the right of government to dispose of the disputed revenue, yet directed that an offer should be made resigning it to the Assembly, on their granting an annual civil list of £36,000. On the meeting of that body, however, M. Papineau was elected speaker; an appointment which the Governor refused to sanction, on account of Papineau's violent opposition to the measures of administration. The consequence was, that no session of either house was held in the winter of 1827 and 1828. The popular discontent increased to an alarming degree; and a petition was forwarded to the king,

signed by 87,000 inhabitants, complaining of the conduct of the successive governors, and urging compliance with the demands of the Assembly. A committee of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Huskisson, then colonial minister, was appointed to investigate the matter; and being chiefly composed of members of liberal principles, they so far conceded to the popular clamour, as strongly to condemn the practice of appropriating large sums taken from the public revenue, without the sanction of the representative Assembly. They recommended that a more liberal character should be conferred on the legislative and executive councils, and that the public lands should be assigned in a more beneficial manner. The committee's report was hailed with satisfaction in the colony; and Sir James Kempt, who was sent out in 1828, was instructed to carry the recommendations of the committee into effect, and generally to follow a conciliatory system. New members were added both to the legislative and executive councils; and in the latter, seats were even offered to Neilson and Papineau, the leaders of the opposition.

But these concessions had not the desired pacific effect. The Assembly in voting the supplies of 1829, proceeded on the supposition that the whole of the disputed revenue (including the duties of 1774, which his majesty's law officers had declared to be vested in the crown) was at their disposal; and, accordingly, they cut off several thousand pounds from the governor's estimates. To this step Sir James Kempt yielded his assent, as the vote did not appear to involve any absolute recognition of their claim. A new claim to the gratitude of the discontented party was laid by this concession; and the new governor, Lord Aylmer, found matters to go on more smoothly in the Assembly. Lord Goderich, the colonial secretary, directed that the items which had been again rejected in 1830, and amounted to £7,500, should not be longer pressed, but that a compensation be requested for several individuals who had been thereby deprived of their income. About the same time, he intimated his intention to bring in a bill, which should place the proceeds of the duties in question at the dis-

posal of the Assembly. In return, that body was expected to make permanent provision for the judges, as well as for the principal officers of government. The demand was fixed, according to a very moderate estimate, at £19,100, which would be reduced to £14,100, by a grant of £5000 made in 1795, for the support of the civil government. As for the casual and territorial revenues, arising from the sale of land, cutting of timber, and other sources, there were still to be considered as belonging to the king, and were to be employed chiefly in paying the stipends of the clergy of the Established Church, hitherto drawn out of the army extraordinaries.

These views and proposals of the government, were frankly laid before the Assembly by Lord Aylmer; when that body, after inquiring into the mode of collection and amount of these revenues, passed a resolution—"that under no circumstances, and upon no consideration whatever, would they abandon or compromise their claim to control over the whole public revenue." Meantime they determined not to grant any permanent supply; and on the 8th of March, 1831, they drew up, on the motion of Mr. Neilson, a pretty long list of grievances, which was presented to the governor. Among these grievances, particular objection was made to the support of exclusive religious establishments, on the ground that the church to be endowed was different from that of the ruling party. It being understood that the statement given in, comprised all their grievances, the Assembly passed a bill of annual supply, and showed, on the whole, a more favourable tone and temper. On this being laid before the home government, Lord Goderich declared that there was scarcely a point which ministers were not ready to concede, and expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of terminating this long and harassing contest. But this glimpse of sunshine was short-lived. An act for transferring the funds in dispute did pass the houses of parliament, and received the royal assent; but whether from extreme liberality or total inadvertence, it was so worded as to preclude the imperial treasury from ever exercising any control over them, leaving thus no room for negotiation with the Assembly. Lord Aylmer was

instructed, however, to demand in return, a grant of permanent salaries to the judges, who were also to be made independent of the crown; and a similar provision was asked for the governor and a few of the executive officers. This gave rise to new disputes. The Assembly had no objection that permanent salaries be provided for the judges; but at the same time, a motion of Mr. Neilson was carried by a large majority, that these should be drawn in the first instance from the casual and territorial revenues, which Lord Goderich had expressly reserved to the crown. As for the demand for a permanent provision for the governor and a certain number of executive officers, this, after a long debate, was negatived; and thus the Assembly was placed completely at issue with the crown.

Next year, 1833, the breach became wider and wider. Lord Stanley, then at the head of the colonial office, considering the conduct of the Canadians as manifesting a resolution to engross the whole power of the state, directed the funds not yet made over by parliament, to be employed in the partial payment of the civil officers; and he is said to have determined to bring in a bill for repealing the act by which the concession had been made. The Assembly, in the meantime, taking courage from the victories they had already won over the home government, had raised and placed in the front of their demands, a new article, which almost precluded any hope of accommodation, viz.—the abolition of the present legislative council, and the substitution of one elected, like themselves, by the body of the people. Such an arrangement was without example in any British colony; and the existing state of political feeling in the mother country, would have rendered it scarcely possible for ministers to propose it in parliament. Lord Stanley objected to this proposal, and his opposition only exasperated the bad feeling in the colony. The Assembly were in the utmost indignation, and next year (1834) they declined to pass any bill of supply whatever; and employed the session in preparing another long list of grievances. On Lord Stanley's removal, his successor, Mr. Spring Rice, professed a more conciliatory policy; but before

he had matured his plans, he was superseded by the accession of Sir Robert Peel to office.

Sir Robert directed his earliest attention to the disturbed state of Canada, and had determined to send out a commissioner with power to examine on the spot, and redress without delay, every real grievance which should be found to exist. His tenure of office, however, was too short to carry these judicious projects into effect. Lord Melbourne succeeded; concession followed concession; the entire revenue was surrendered for the sake of peace; the Earl of Gosford, the new governor, professed the most conciliatory views, particularly towards the French or popular party. He intimated his readiness to place the whole revenue at the disposal of the Assembly, on condition that an independent provision should be granted for the judges, and salaries for the civil officers. His lordship, moreover, admitted the leaders of the popular party to his table and his intimacy, and treated them, on every occasion, with the utmost courtesy. All these flattering attentions and liberal professions were of no avail. The sequel we shall let Mr. Murray state in his own words:—

“This good understanding was suddenly interrupted. The governor's language above cited in regard to the elective council, had been very different from that of his instructions, not pledging him indeed to the measure, yet such as, combined with his other conduct, conveyed to both parties the idea that it was determined upon. This course is defended as the only one by which the supplies so urgently wanted could be obtained, and it was hoped, that by a continued conciliatory course, the Assembly might, when the real intention of the cabinet could no longer be concealed, be induced to waive their demand. Any degree of duplicity in a government, however, must, when discovered, lower its dignity, irritate the deceived parties, and, at the same time, give them an impression of their strength, which had driven those in authority to such an expedient. Unhappily all those effects followed, before any of the expected fruits had been reaped. Sir Francis Bond Head had at the same time been sent out to Upper Canada, and being a very straightforward person, and seemingly unapprized of Lord Gosford's intentions, had made public a part of the instructions, including that momentous passage already quoted, relative to the legislative council. It was such as, though not wholly precluding

discussion on the object, left to the popular leaders scarcely a hope of its attainment. Their rage knew no bounds; they complained not only of disappointment in their favourite object, but of a deception by which they had been nearly misled. It was now determined not to grant the three years' arrears, but merely a supply for the current half-year, allowing only that short period to comply with their demands. This slender boon, too, was clogged with conditions which, as had been foreseen, induced the upper house to reject it, so that the session, in all respects very stormy, passed over without any provision whatever being made for the public service. The legislative council felt naturally indignant at the violent attempts meditated for its overthrow, and instead of studying to show these to be unmerited, the members vented their resentment by rejecting almost every bill sent up from the Assembly. Among these was the vote continuing the funds for national education, which were thus entirely withdrawn. All the political elements were disturbed, and in violent collision with each other.

“The commissioners, in March, 1836, viewing this state of things, and seeing no prospect of obtaining money to carry on the government, without immediately yielding to every demand of the lower house, considered it indispensable to obtain it without their consent. This, they thought, would be best accomplished by parliament repealing the act passed on the motion of Lord Gode-rich, by which funds to the amount of £38,000 had been made over to the Assembly. This would indeed excite bitter resentment; but with the other reserved revenues, it would at least enable the government to proceed without any grants from that body. Lord Glenelg was not forward to act on this recommendation. He wrote to the Earl of Gosford, expressing a hope, on grounds which do not very distinctly appear, that the violent resolution complained of had been induced by the partial and imperfect knowledge of the instructions, and that a communication of the whole might lead to more favourable views. He expressed a wish, therefore, that the provincial parliament should be again called, and an opportunity afforded for retracting, before recourse was had to extreme measures. The meeting was accordingly held on the 22d of Sept., 1836; but the majority soon presented an address to the governor, denying that, according to the apprehension expressed in his speech they laboured under any kind of misconception; they saw nothing to make them change their views, or prevent them from insisting on the same demands, particularly that of the elective council. They adverted in an indignant manner to certain pretended authorities, as they termed the commission, and maintained that they themselves were the legitimate and authorised organ of all classes of inhabitants; that they

had used their power in such a manner as ought to have secured confidence; and to them, not to a few strangers, ought to have been committed the fate of the country. They declared it their imperative duty to adhere to the contents of their last address; 'and to them do we adhere.' They finally expressed a resolution not only to do nothing more in regard to supply, but to adjourn their deliberations altogether, unless government should commence the great work of justice and reform, particularly in regard to the second branch of the legislature.

"Matters had now reached an extremity which seemed to render it no longer possible to delay an interposition. The stoppage of the supplies, like the granting of them, was no doubt a right inherent in a representative assembly. Yet it is one, the exercise of which is attended with such formidable evils, that the Commons of England, during more than a century, had merely kept it in the background as a last resort, and never brought it into actual operation. The constitutional character of the measure became still more questionable, when employed, not to controul the abuses of the executive, but to overthrow a separate and co-ordinate branch of the legislature, deriving its existence from the same source with the Assembly itself. This was a mighty change, amounting to a kind of revolution, and to be effected only with the utmost deliberation. The stopping the whole machine of government, and not allowing even an interval of time to effect it, was a measure of extreme violence. Had the popular leaders listened to the dictates of prudence and moderation, they might, availing themselves of the conciliatory disposition shown by the new governor, have obtained all their substantial objects. They would have gained the chief controul in the executive, after which the legislative council, whom they continually reproached with subserviency to the latter branch, were not likely to persevere in unavailing opposition.

"Ministers now determined no longer to delay measures for counteracting the proceedings of the violent party, and placing the executive government in a state of regular action. Parliament having assembled, and the reports of the commissioners being laid on the table, Lord John Russell, on the 6th March, 1837, moved a series of resolutions on which acts were to be founded. After a statement of the actual posture of affairs, it was proposed that the sum of £142,000 should be taken out of the provincial funds locked up by the Assembly, and applied to the payment of the judges and other civil officers, down to the 10th April. It was afterwards agreed, not as the commissioners had recommended, to resume any part of the ceded monies, but by a strict economy to carry on the government from that date with the casual and territorial revenues, which circumstances had now raised to about

£28,000. The elective legislative council, and the direct responsibility of the executive one to the Assembly, were both declared inexpedient; though it was stated as desirable that considerable improvements should be made in the composition of both. These suggestions gave occasion to very warm debates. The Tories, while they supported the proposals of government, accused them of an imprudent indulgence and want of energy, which had emboldened the factious party to proceed to extremities. On the other hand, a small but active section of the popular leaders, justified all the claims and proceedings of the Canadian Assembly, denounced the resolutions as unconstitutional and tyrannical, and predicted as their result civil war and the loss of the colonies. The motion of Mr. Leader, however, in favour of an elective council, was negatived by 618 to 56, and the cabinet measures were carried by overwhelming majorities; but the death of William IV. intervened before they could be embodied in acts of parliament. The necessity of a dissolution, and the unwillingness to begin the government of a young and popular queen by a scheme of coercion, induced ministers to substitute the expedient of advancing the amount by way of loan from the British revenue, in the prospect of being ultimately reimbursed from the provincial funds.

"As an interval was to elapse between the passing of the resolutions and their being acted on, Lord Gosford was instructed to make a last trial of the Assembly, in hopes that, seeing such a vast majority in parliament against them, they might be induced of themselves to vote the money, and thus save the necessity of any unwonted interference. Already, however, several violent demonstrations had taken place. Meetings were held in the counties of Montreal and Richelieu, in which it was affirmed, that the votes of the commons had put an end to all hopes of justice; and that no further attempts should be made to obtain redress from the imperial parliament. They considered the government as now only one of force, to be submitted to from necessity during their present weakness; and in order to reduce as far as possible its power, they declared that all consumption of British manufactures and of articles paying taxes, ought to be discontinued; and finally, that a general convention should be held, to consider what farther measures were advisable.

"Lord Glenelg, in consequence of this state of things in Canada, had resolved to send out two additional regiments; but afterwards, finding this to be inconvenient, he gave authority to apply to Sir Colin Campbell for such force as could be spared from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. On the 6th of May the governor replied, that he had not the least expectation of any thing serious, though in case of a dissolution he

admitted that 'there might be some broken heads.' On the 10th June, however, upon learning that a system of organization was carrying on under the influence of Papineau, he applied to Sir Colin for a regiment, which arrived early in July. He had already issued a proclamation, warning the people against all attempts to seduce them from their allegiance. Meetings, numerous attended, were held in Montreal and Quebec, condemning the violent conduct of the House of Assembly, declaring attachment to British connexion, and deprecating any breach of the public peace.

"On the 18th August Lord Gosford again called the provincial parliament. The resolutions were laid before the Assembly, with the expression of a hope that its proceedings would supersede the necessity of their being acted on. The changes in the constitution of the councils had been unfortunately delayed by difficulties as to certain appointments; but these improvements were solemnly promised. Warm debates ensued. Mr. Andrew Stuart, one of the members for Quebec, proposed a compliance with the request of government, which was negatived by 63 to 13. An address was then moved by M. Taschereau, a representative of the county of Beauce, expressing a willingness to give a trial to the means proposed for amending the legislative council, but declining any grant till they were brought into operation. Another address, breathing the most determined hostility was then moved, and carried by 46 to 31. It denounced the step now taken as an absolute destruction of the representative government in the province—a total refusal of all the reforms and improvements demanded. If these resolutions were carried into effect, the colony, it was said, would no longer be attached to the mother country by feelings of duty, of affection, and mutual interest, but solely by physical force. In this conjuncture they could see no motive for the slightest departure from their intention to withhold the supplies; and they adhered, in every respect, to their resolutions of 30th Sept., 1836. Lord Gosford, in reply, gave utterance to his deep regret at measures which he considered a virtual annihilation of the constitution, and immediately prorogued the Assembly."

It was at this stage of their resistance, that the leaders of the disaffected party formed the resolution of having recourse to arms. So far had the people been deluded by the idea that it only wanted a simultaneous effort "to throw off the baneful domination of the mother country," and by the example of the United States who had established their independence, that they made regular preparation for a hostile display. Meetings

were held, associations formed, proclamations issued, and arms provided. Papineau and his blustering compeers girded on their bucklers—the standard of rebellion was unfurled—with what success the reader is too well informed to need from us any recapitulation of these events.

The malcontent party, it is scarcely necessary for us to remark, consisted chiefly, almost solely, of the *habitans*, or original French colonists, who at the time of the conquest, formed nearly the whole of the European population. They had occupied the best lands along the banks of the river St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal, a considerable extent of the borders of the Richelieu, and a small space on the Chaudiere, the Yamaska, the St. Maurice and other tributaries of the great river, as well as a detached settlement on the fertile shores of the Detroit. These tracts had been granted at first to persons of distinction, who held them under the title of seigneurs; but subsequently they were made over, in small lots, to labouring men, as fiefs, with a trifling annual quit-rent. The occupants of these fiefs or farms having thus a permanent interest in the soil, were willing to undergo the toil of clearing them, and cultivating them with their own hands, aided by their families. In their domestic manners, the French Canadians are described as an industrious race of people, tilling their lands with great diligence, but without much skill, having scarcely adopted any of the modern improvements. Their chief care is the produce from the farm of every thing they need; not only the whole of their food, but their clothing, and such household necessities as soap, candles, and even sugar. From Mr. Murray's sketch of their habits and character, we should be led to think them, could we extinguish the remembrance of their disloyalty, a happy, virtuous, and amiable class of peasantry.

"Their houses, though generally built of wood, and only one story high, are white-washed, and tolerably commodious. A partition in the middle separates the kitchen from the principal apartment, at one end of which are the bedrooms. There is a garden which, though in a somewhat rude and straggling state, and cultivated by the females

only, yields a comfortable supply of the more common fruits and vegetables.

"The personal appearance of the *habitans* is peculiar. They are tall, thin, and, from exposure to the climate, almost as dark as the Indians. They have thin lips and often aquiline noses, with small, dark, and lively eyes. Many of the girls are pretty oval-faced brunettes, with fine eyes, good teeth, and glossy locks. The dress is nearly after the old fashion of the French peasantry. The men wear the *capot*, a large gray coat or sortout, covering nearly the whole body, and tied with a girdle of brilliant colours. On the legs they have moccasins, and on the head a straw hat in summer, and a red bonnet in winter. The hair is still tied in a long queue behind. The women wear short jackets or bedgowns (*mantelets*), with petticoats distinct, and sometimes of a different colour, and caps instead of bonnets; a mode of dress formerly common in Scotland, and not yet wholly disused. They have long waists, and sometimes the hair tied behind in a large club. At church, or other occasions of full dress, they adopt the English fashion, but display a much greater variety of showy colours. Hair-powder is sometimes worn, and beet-root employed as rouge; but both in their dress and houses they are perfectly clean.

"The *habitans* are frugal and moderate in their ordinary diet, which mostly consists of different kinds of soup. They have, however, their *jours gras*, or great feast-days, particularly before and after Lent, when large companies assemble, and the board is spread with every delicacy which their larder can afford. The table groans beneath immense turkeys, huge joints of beef, mutton, and pork, followed by a profusion of fruit-puddings. Extraordinary justice is said to be done to these viands, as well as to the rum which follows; but the younger members of the company are soon roused by the sound of the violin; and the dancing, of which they are passionately fond, engages them till a late hour. Weddings, above all, are celebrated by a mighty concourse of friends and acquaintances. Twenty or thirty of the country carriages bring in parties to witness the ceremony, which is followed by feasts and dances, not unfrequently prolonged for several days. The young people however, have a somewhat rude method of expressing their opinion of an unequal union, especially if arising from the relative age of the parties. They assemble at night in large bodies, sounding various discordant instruments, horns, drums, bells, kettles, accompanied by loud shouts; and a contribution to the church or some charitable purpose is indispensable to obtain a respite from this jocular persecution. The short summer is necessarily spent in almost unremitting labour; but when ice and snow have covered the ground, the gay season begins, and in

their carioles or little chaises on steel runners, which pass swiftly over the frozen surface, they visit their neighbours, and spend much time in social intercourse.

"The Canadian French, like their forefathers, profess the Roman Catholic religion with much zeal, and in a manner which occasionally approaches superstition. The roads are marked by crosses erected at the side; their houses are filled with little pictures of the Madonna and child, waxen images of saints, and of the crucifixion; and there is a profuse expenditure of holy water and candles. They reluctantly establish their dwelling beyond hearing of the church bells, and on Sundays the attendance is crowded. They have, however, those inadequate notions as to the sanctity of that day, which are general in Catholic countries. When worship is over, the remainder is devoted, without reserve, to amusement. 'Sunday,' it is said, 'is to them their day of gaiety; there is then an assemblage of friends and relations; the parish-church collects together all whom they know, with whom they have relations of business or pleasure. Their range of information has hitherto been very limited; and their priests, it has been alleged, by no means favour the diffusion among them even of the first elements of education; so that the majority of the adults cannot even read or write. But the legislature have lately made great exertions to improve them in this respect, and it is hoped that the rising generation will be more enlightened.'

It is a pity that a race of settlers with the plodding and peaceable disposition of the *habitans*, should have been stirred up to rebellion by such brawling patriots as Papineau, Neilson, and McKenzie. Had they been allowed to follow their rural occupations, they might have become the ornament and protection instead of the pest of the colony. For a long time they were well satisfied with the constitution given them. Content with security of property, and freedom from arbitrary taxation, they made no efforts to enlarge their power, or control the executive. It was not until they were taught the lessons of liberalism from England, and made familiar with political agitation, that they learned to become discontented, and sought by violent means to sever their connexion with Britain.

There is one subject connected with the political state of Canada, which it would be an unpardonable omission to overlook—we allude to the brief dictatorship of Lord Durham, and the plans of the noble earl for the future

government of the colony. Mr. Murray, as already mentioned, has given a very impartial detail of the administration of Canadian affairs, from the time when Pitt granted the colonists a constitution on a basis resembling that of the mother country, down to the abrupt return of the late lord high commissioner. The popular concessions made by Lords Aylmer, Goderich, and Gosford, to the French malcontents, (more especially under the present ministry,) and the effects of these concessions in fostering sedition, until it broke out at last into open rebellion, he has depicted in a clear and candid manner. The only fault we have to find is, that the infatuation of this course of policy has not been more pointedly and strongly condemned. Of Lord Durham's government, Mr. Murray (though somewhat liberal in his views) is by no means an indiscriminate eulogist. Neither does he altogether approve of the policy of Sir Francis Head, whom he blames as having been too arbitrary and uncompromising in his measures. "In denouncing (says Mr. M.) the *fatal* system of conciliation; and declaring that cool, stern, *unconciliatory* measures are the most popular in Canada, Sir Francis goes farther, we suppose, than any statesman will be inclined to follow." All this may be true, but we believe Sir Francis Head's errors were in language merely, not in measures or actions. In fact, Mr. Murray has a theory of his own, which, he says, "does not coincide exactly with those of any of the leading statesman, having been studiously formed on the exclusive grounds of public principle and constitutional law." On this point, it is but fair to allow Mr. M. to confront his views with those of the ex-dictator.

"It may be desirable, before entering upon the main questions connected with this subject, to clear the way by the consideration of an important preliminary. Lord Durham has stated, in very strong terms, his conviction that enmity arising from difference of race, is the most deep-seated source of the evils in the lower province. His lordship here coincides with a numerous party in this country, who represent the French Canadian as a determined rebel, whose complaints of grievances were only a pretence to justify his rising in arms, and attempting to shake off the British connexion. He considers this hostility so rooted, that a whole

generation must pass away before there can be even a chance of its removal; and under this view the situation of Lower Canada is exhibited as quite hopeless. The evils arising from this cause are, in fact, represented as so enormous that one year must not be allowed to pass without a remedy, and yet the only one proposed, being the union of the two provinces, though probably an ultimate good, will most certainly in the first instance embitter the enmity. The habitants will unquestionably consider it to be, what it really is, a plan to deprive them of their representative majority, and place them under British control.

"We are inclined, however, to believe, that this antipathy is by no means of such a deep and irreconcilable nature as Lord Durham and others suppose. Let it be remembered, that for nearly sixty years this people remained perfectly happy and contented under British sway. During two great wars, when the most favourable opportunities for emancipating themselves were afforded, they not only rejected all the invitations of the enemy, but took an active part in repelling his inroads. Before the hostilities of 1813, the majority of the assembly had already commenced their contest with the executive; why, then, if their object was to separate from Britain, did they throw away so good a chance, when her arms were so completely occupied in Europe, that a general rising would have been almost certainly successful? Indeed we greatly doubt if mere difference of race ever produces a lasting enmity, unless when inflamed by political feelings. For instance, the highland and lowland Scotch, as is well known, are completely dissimilar in origin, language, manners, and character. From the days of Montrose down to the rebellion of 1745, hostility reigned between them, because in the great struggle between popular rights and prerogative they embraced with arduous opposite sides. But when that contest closed, and Pitt, in the war of 1756, enlisted the highlanders in the royal army, they became the most gallant defenders of the British crown. All jealousy has entirely ceased between them and their neighbours in the plains, who even take pleasure in recording the exploits performed against themselves by those hardy mountaineers. We are not aware of any hostile sentiments existing between the Welsh and the English, or the Bretons and the other French. The Cossacks, though in many respects alien to the Russians, and retaining all their native peculiarities, are amongst the bravest troops of the Czar. In India there appears no existing enmity between the Mohammedans and Hindoos, now that both are under a common yoke. Even that detached portion of the Canadian French settled on the river Detroit, though they might have alleged the same grounds of discontent with the others, showed themselves, during the late commotions, perfectly loyal. We

have, then, no hesitation in asserting, that feelings connected with the difference of race have assumed their present exasperated tone solely in consequence of having been combined with a political conflict, the nature of which we shall presently endeavour to point out.

"Lord Durham has stated as his fixed opinion, that as the first object should be to make the lower province entirely English, this alteration ought to be immediately commenced, and firmly, though cautiously, followed up. Unluckily, his lordship gives scarcely a single hint as to the precise measures to be adopted for accomplishing this purpose. To make a Frenchman an Englishman by act of parliament, will, we fear, be a most arduous attempt. We regret this language the more, as well as its reported repetition by the British minister, since, contrary we believe to the intentions of both, it may seem to sanction the demand made by a powerful party, that the French Canadians should henceforth be treated as a vassal race, excluded from all political influence and privilege. Besides, it seems difficult to imagine how any direct measures could be adopted for the proposed end, which would not partake, if not of persecution, at least of exclusion and privation, imposed upon them merely because their origin was not the same as ours. Independently of all other objections, there seems room to fear that such treatment would only make them cling with a more dogged and gloomy obstinacy to their national feelings, which would then be necessarily combined with enmity to the ruling power. The only mode, we apprehend, in which a government can harmonize two different races, is to treat both with perfect impartiality, and to recognise no distinction whatever between them. It is thus, by his lordship's own statement, that the Americans have acted in Louisiana; it is thus, in fact, that people of the most different origin, creed, and character, migrating into the United States, are made to live together on good terms. It is, no doubt, difficult, without minute local inquiry, to decide on the very best mode for regaining the affections of the habitants. At present they seem reduced by the injudicious subdivision of property to a state of indigence, out of which they have scarcely the means of emerging, and therefore it might be desirable to aid them in any attempt to better their circumstances. With this view, prizes and other modes of introducing improved agricultural processes—small grants of land in convenient situations, with the means of transporting thither their social arrangements and religious institutions—and, finally, some preference as to employment in any public works which may be carried on throughout their territory, are means which at least merit consideration."

After examining the different bran-

ches of the colonial government, the defective working of which led to the late convulsions, Mr. Murray proceeds to develop his "theory" more fully :

"The next object to be attended to, is the constitution of the representative assembly; for their own acts, coupled with the statements of Lord Durham, make it manifest that improvement is much wanted. The reckless violence of faction, as well as their local jobbing and petty manœuvring, mark a decidedly low tone of political feeling. It seems almost indispensable that their character and views should be somewhat refined, before they be elevated to the prominent place proposed to be given to them, or the executive government be committed to the hands of their leaders; the greater part of whom, though they would doubtless have been very different persons if possessed of power, are certainly not such as we should wish to see at the head of a British settlement. The only remedy suggested by Lord Durham, that, namely, of preventing them from passing money-votes independently of the executive, and from vesting the funds in commissioners of their own appointment, is certainly very inadequate. It might prevent some of the evils that now occur, but would have no tendency to change the composition and character of the assembly. The only fundamental remedy, though it might not accord with the views of that nobleman and of other eminent statesmen, would, it is presumed, be found in giving a certain influence to property in the elections. The qualification in the rural districts, which comprehend almost all Canada, has already been stated as the old English one of 40s. in land; which, in the mother-country, was, at the time of the reform bill, raised to £10. Even the former amount in Britain, from the difficulty of procuring land at all, restricts the franchise within comparatively narrow bounds. But in Canada, where this species of possession is, to a certain extent, in the hands of almost every individual, the result is nearly equivalent to universal suffrage.

"The species of qualification now proposed would be attended with two important advantages. It would secure, generally speaking, a higher degree of intelligence, and at the same time an aversion to disturbance and revolutionary excitement. Both these objects are peculiarly important in the colonies, where a ruder spirit of independence prevails, and the standard of education is still much inferior. In Lower Canada, an overwhelming majority of the electors are unable to read or write; while the means they possess of enlarging their ideas by observation or intercourse with the world are extremely limited. This is a constituency which even an intelligent radical could scarcely view with complacency. Their favour will naturally be gained by leaders daring and violent, recklessly urging extreme measures; whose

away in the assembly, whether in or out of office, could not be very consistent with public tranquillity. It will, no doubt, be urged, that means ought to be employed to remove this ignorance,—a suggestion in the propriety of which we readily concur; yet it would be chimerical to imagine, that the mere setting up a number of schools would instantly and successfully accomplish the desired object. Such institutions would act only upon the young, who, in growing up, might still imbibe largely the ideas and habits of their seniors; so that more than a generation must pass before any very decided change could be produced.

“The example of the United States will probably be adduced by those who are adverse to such a limitation. It is not necessary to enter into any lengthened comparison, or to inquire, whether among the acknowledged merits of their political system the evils of its almost universal suffrage are not perceptible. It may be enough now to observe, that throughout a large portion of the Union, there has for ages been a very wide diffusion of intelligence; that through another section equally extensive, the prevalence of slavery forms a severe property qualification; and finally, that this constitution being in its basis purely democratical, affords no ground for reasoning in relation to a colony which, as long as it is attached to Britain, must share the mixed government of the mother-country.

“Another obvious advantage of giving some weight to property is, that without any national proscription, it would materially diminish the influence of the French population, and proportionally raise that of the British. How important this object is, even on the supposition of a union between the two provinces, will presently appear. With regard to the amount of qualification, there cannot certainly be any good ground for making it less than our own rate of £10. On the contrary, considering that the diffusion of property is much wider, and that of intelligence more limited, double that amount would not probably be too high. It would in fact be less exclusive than the lower rate in this country, since there is scarcely an individual in the Canadas who, with ordinary intelligence and vigorous exertion, might not elevate himself to the possession of it.

“The Legislative Council is another important institution which has not worked very satisfactorily, and yet there appears great difficulty in devising any improvement upon it. Its members, appointed by the crown for life, have been accused of being too subservient, while its collisions with the Assembly have been extremely violent. Lord Durham, who allows that, on repeated occasions, it has acted as a salutary check on the irregular proceedings of the latter body, nevertheless considers its constitution as inconsistent with sound principles, and requiring revision. He

does not, however, make any suggestions on the subject, and ministers, it appears, do not intend to propose any change, except as to the selection of its members, either from the representative body or from the holders of important offices, and as to the duration of their functions, to be limited to eight years. If the Assembly shall have its character raised, and at the same time obtain an executive acting in harmony with it, there will probably cease to be the same wide disjunction between the two legislative bodies.

“It would be improper to conclude without noticing the plan of a union between the two Canadas, so strongly recommended by Lord Durham, and which the British cabinet have announced their intention to propose. The reasons in its favour, indeed, appear to be very strong. Although we hope to see the enmity of the French inhabitants overcome much sooner than his lordship anticipates, yet, considering its present intensity, some years must previously elapse; and during that interval it would be manifestly inexpedient to assemble a legislature in Lower Canada. The chief sway in the government could not, it is obvious, be given to a party who have been endeavouring to subvert it; while the superiority of their opponents could only be secured by imposing certain humiliating disqualifications. If, therefore, this province were to stand alone, it might be necessary to permit a temporary exercise of absolute power until the ferment now existing should in some degree subside. The arguments, however, urged by the noble lord against such a measure, appear very conclusive. With the experience of a free government, and the example of the United States in their neighbourhood, it could scarcely fail to aggravate the spirit of discontent; and a delegated authority would not probably command sufficient respect. It is, therefore, only by the proposed union, that, without proscription or disfranchisement, the French party can be prevented from regaining their majority in the representation. The measure, moreover, seems urgently called for by the relative position of the two provinces, which renders their continued separation extremely inconvenient, especially to the upper, which is thus excluded from all direct communication with the sea. Accordingly, though such unions are usually at first unpopular, Upper Canada has shown a disposition decidedly favourable to it. The House of Assembly, who have declared this union indispensable, must better express the sentiments of the people than the Legislative Council, who, by a small majority, have withheld their assent. Even they, however, express a willingness to consider any plan which the British Government may propose. We really see no ground for that precipitate haste demanded by Lord Durham and his friends, in a measure which, as already observed, can have no immediate effect in removing the main evil, consisting in French

discontent. The delay till 1842 proposed by ministers, seems on the whole eligible, as enabling the measure to be maturely considered and giving time for the violent and agitated feelings kindled during the recent contest to assume gradually a calmer tone.

"There is here, however a serious danger, to which Lord Durham has not sufficiently adverted. He calculates that out of a million in both provinces there are 450,000 French. If, therefore, the system of election continue unaltered, they will return nine against eleven of the members of the united House of Assembly; and such a minority, seeking not only to oppose, but to overthrow a government, would, it is manifest, prove exceedingly embarrassing. Nor is this by any means the whole evil; for there is in Upper Canada a party of some strength decidedly republican, who having acted along with the French, would probably act so again; and these reinforced by others who, from various causes, might happen to be discontented, could scarcely fail to secure a majority. This is not a merely speculative conclusion; for in the last meeting of the Assembly in the lower province, a healing measure proposed by Mr. A. Stuart, a moderate oppositionist, was negatived by sixty-two to fifteen. The loyalists in the Assembly called by Sir Francis Head, in the upper province, were reckoned at forty-two to nineteen. Thus we have—

	Government.	Opposition.
Lower Canada	- 15	62
Upper Canada	- 42	19
Both together	- 57	81
Majority against Government	24	

"Lord Durham, in alluding to the chance of such a result, argues that the immigration of a single year would restore the equilibrium. Such an assembly, however, would exert every effort to prevent this influx, and the very condition into which the colony would be thereby thrown, would greatly tend to deter British settlers from proceeding thither. Besides, it has neither been customary, nor would it be at all convenient, to re-arrange the electoral districts annually according to changes of population. The distribution once made, must subsist for a considerable interval, during which the malecontent party would remain masters of the representative body.

"It seems evident, therefore, that the proposed union can take place with no safety unless in connexion with some arrangement ensuring an immediate and decided majority to the British party in the Assembly. A rise in the property qualification, which has been shown on other grounds to be highly expedient, would in this respect have a considerable influence. The proposed new distribution of districts, in which respect is to be paid, not to population only, but to extent, and the prospect of their being filled up by

successive bodies of emigrants, will produce a similar effect, and does not seem liable to serious objection.

"We shall conclude with a subordinate, but still very important object, to which Lord Durham has devoted a laudable degree of attention. One of the greatest evils under which he considers the country to labour, is the absence of any institution such as would give to the people a control over their local affairs. Among the French inhabitants, it appears there never was any institution by which they were brought together for an administrative purpose, nor had they in their character, like the Anglo-Saxon race, any principle of energy or self-government to supply what was wanting. The southern districts were first peopled by settlers from the United States, who formed them into townships, after the model of those in the country they had left; but this course was checked by the British authorities.

"Under the new plan of government preparing for Canada, it is proposed to remedy this defect. Yet it seems to deserve consideration, whether, until the present excitement of factions is somewhat abated, such assemblies could take place without a perilous collision, and even some degree of oppression on the part of the majority. An arrangement of districts, making each to contain exclusively either French or English inhabitants, would in a great measure avert this danger. Yet it would tend to prolong the separation and retard that union of feeling between the two races which is so desirable. It seems, therefore, a measure not to be engaged in hastily, nor without the most minute attention to its arrangements and details."

Again, in his general summary, Mr. Murray adverts to Lord Durham's proposal for a legislative union of the British American colonies, and advocates the principle of giving them direct representation in the British parliament:—

"There would, no doubt," says he, "be difficulties in the measure, and the union could not at first, perhaps, be made complete. The colonists, at present, would scarcely consent to intrust their local concerns, or yield the power of taxing them, to an assembly so remote, and in which their members would form so small a minority. For these purposes local parliaments might still seem to be necessary. But the arrangement, could it be effected, would prove an unalloyed privilege, and the objections both of feeling and interest, which have sometimes rendered such schemes unpopular, would be gradually obviated. At the commencement there would not be any occasion on their part to demand a very large number of representatives, which indeed would be in many respects inconvenient. Fifteen or six-

teen might be deemed quite enough, and would not, in fact, when compared with the population, be much inferior to the proportion sent by Ireland. Nor would such an increase make any material addition to the members who already crowd the house of commons. Owing to the paucity of independent fortunes in the colonies it would probably be necessary to pay the deputies; and should there be any difficulty in finding a sufficient number of natives to undertake the office, there would be no want of British statesmen ready to become candidates for the honour of supplying their place."

Turning from political affairs, we should have been well pleased to have given a few extracts from the chapter on emigration, which is elaborately drawn up, containing details of every thing connected with outfit, expense, choice of locality, value of produce, and chance of profits; but we must be content to refer such of our readers as take an interest in these matters to the work itself. We shall now close our notice of these volumes, and of the general series to which they belong, by giving two short extracts—one as to the number of emigrants that have left their country for British America since 1821; and the other, on the superficial extent of the colonies.

"The following is a statement of the number of emigrants from 1821, when the great tide began to flow into Canada. The list, down to 1828 inclusive, professes to include the whole number who went to British America, of whom, however, the Canadian provinces attracted by far the greatest proportion. We suspect, too, that this part of the table is by no means so complete as the rest.—

1821	.	.	.	12,470
1822	.	.	.	11,282
1823	.	.	.	8,133
1824	.	.	.	7,311
1825	.	.	.	8,741
1826	.	.	.	12,818
1827	.	.	.	12,648
1828	.	.	.	12,084
1829	.	.	.	15,945
1830	.	.	.	28,000
1831	.	.	.	50,254
1832	.	.	.	51,746
1833	.	.	.	21,752
1834	.	.	.	30,935
1835	.	.	.	12,527
1836	.	.	.	27,722
1837	.	.	.	21,901

Total number 346,269

"The following is a comparative statement of the quarters whence these emigrants came during the last nine years:—

	1829.	1830.	1831.	1832.	1833.	1834.	1835.	1836.	1837.
England and Wales	3,565	6,799	10,343	17,481	5,198	6,799	3,047	12,186	5,580
Ireland	9,614	18,300	34,133	28,204	12,013	19,206	7,108	12,990	14,538
Scotland	2,643	2,460	5,354	5,500	4,196	4,561	2,127	2,224	1,509
Hamburgh and Gibraltar	—	—	—	15	—	—	—	—	—
Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, West Indies, &c.	123	451	424	546	345	339	225	235	274
Hayre de Grace	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	485	—
Total	15,945	28,000	50,254	51,746	21,752	30,935	12,507	27,722	21,901

"It will thus appear that considerable fluctuations have taken place in the tide of emigration. In 1831 and 1832 it was at its height; but the ravages of the cholera in the latter year, the influx of a number somewhat too great to be immediately disposed of, and the contradiction of the flattering reports previously circulated, caused a signal re-action. In 1834 these impressions subsided, and an increase took place, though not to the former extent. In 1835 there was another fall, partly perhaps from the same causes as before, and probably also from the flourishing state of trade at home. In 1836 the numbers were again augmented, and chiefly consisted, so far as England was concerned, of settlers from the agricultural counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Hampshire. In 1837 the amount was somewhat diminished, though still nearly double that of 1835. The reduction from England was 6608, from Scotland 715, but these were partly compensated by an increase of 1948 from Ireland. They

were generally in excellent health; none had perished by shipwreck, for in the only two vessels that were wrecked the passengers were all saved. A large proportion, too, were in good circumstances, and carried out considerable property. A great rise has also taken place in the number of emigrants to New York, a considerable portion of whom doubtless remain in the States; but many also choose this as the most speedy and commodious route to Upper Canada. The arrivals there were, in

1829	11,501
1830	21,433
1831	22,607
1832	28,288
1833	16,100
1834	26,540
1835	16,749
1836	59,075
1837	34,000

"In 1833, when 16,100 landed at New

York, Mr. Hawke calculated that at least 6,000 came thence to Upper Canada. If the same proportion were preserved in 1836, the number would exceed 22,000, and in 1837, 12,000.

"Mr. Buchanan, in his official report, published at the beginning of 1838, anticipates that the unhappy insurrection, having been speedily and completely crushed, would be no bar to the emigration of that year. He has been mistaken; for the vague idea of Canada being in rebellion has almost completely deterred settlers, the number of whom did not quite amount to 5,000; though, according to the most exact statements, the alarm seems to have had little foundation.

"From different quarters we can collect the distribution of the new settlers who arrived at Quebec in the years 1832, 1834, 1836, and 1837, throughout the various parts of the province.

LOWER CANADA.				1832.	1834.	1836.	1837.
Quebec, - - - -	-	-	-	4500	1500	1000	400
Three Rivers, - - -	-	-	-	450	350	200	300
Eastern Townships, -	-	-	-	750	640	6000	1500
Montreal, - - - -	-	-	-	4000	1200	1500	1000
Ottawa, - - - -	-	-	-	500	400	900	800

UPPER CANADA.				1832.	1834.	1836.	1837.
Eastern Districts, - - -	-	-	-	4000	1000	3600	3000
Midland and Newcastle, -	-	-	-	6000	2650	1500	1800
Home, - - - -	-	-	-	7500	8000	3000	2000
Hamilton, Guelph, and Huron Tract, -	-	-	-	6000	2660	1400	2500
Niagara, - - - -	-	-	-	3000	3300	1500	2000
London and Western, - -	-	-	-	8500	4600	2000	5000
United States, - - -	-	-	-	3346	3485	4973	1509
Died (mostly of cholera), -	-	-	-	2350	800	88	92
Returned, - - - -	-	-	-	850	350	67	—

"The emigrants of 1837 consisted of 11,740 men, 6079 women, and 4082 children. There came out on their own resources 20,330, and by means of parochial aid 1571.

"The ports in England whence the settlers of 1837 chiefly sailed were, in the order of importance, Liverpool, Lynn, London, Yarmouth, Plymouth, Hull, Portsmouth, and Bristol; in Ireland, Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Sligo, Londonderry, Limerick, and Waterford; in Scotland, Greenock, Leith, Aberdeen, Cromarty, Glasgow, and Dundee."

"It appears desirable, in the first place, to form an estimate of the entire surface; but as we shall not include mere rocks, and wastes never likely to be turned to any useful account, we necessarily leave out Newfoundland and the Hudson's Bay Territory, although considerable portions of the latter, at some future period, may become valuable. The Bermudas, on the other hand, are too small and detached to be taken into the survey.

"We begin with Lower Canada, which, as

formerly observed, is estimated by M. Bouchette at 205,863 square miles; but as part of it reaches beyond the fiftieth parallel, which may be taken as the limit of American cultivation, while much of the remainder is unproductive, 90,000 of these may be deducted. The whole, however, of Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, may fairly be included, since, though there are certain waste tracts in them, they possess, upon the whole, rather more than average fertility. We shall then have—

	Square miles.
Lower Canada - - -	115,100
Upper Canada - - -	141,000
Nova Scotia - - -	15,000
New Brunswick - - -	25,900
Prince Edward Island - -	2,100
	<hr/>
	299,600

"The area of Great Britain and Ireland is only 121,853 square miles, not much above

a third of that now stated, so that the transatlantic portion of the empire, at present considered only as an appendage, may one day be much the more important of the two.

"If from the vast surface of these provinces we turn our attention to the proportion actually cultivated, a striking proof will be afforded of their infant state. The following may be given as the most recent account:—

Acres.

Lower Canada in 1831, 2,065,000,
say now - - - - 2,200,000

Upper Canada in 1835	-	-	1,308,000
Novia Scotia	-	-	400,000
New Brunswick	-	-	250,000
Prince Edward Island	-	-	100,000
			4,258,000

making only 6650 square miles, or little more than $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the whole. It is obvious, therefore, what vast scope is still afforded for industry and an increasing population."

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

We should, long since, have given the valuable portion of this work the credit it deserves, in a formal review, but for the peculiar difficulty we foresaw in any attempt to deal with a production so exceedingly unequal. If we praised the learning, taste, and genius apparent in its earlier volumes, we could not but advert, in equally strong terms, to the absence of these characteristics from the later ones: and to do this we were unwilling, as well from an apprehension of damping future enterprises of a similar kind, as from a wish to abstain from anything calculated to detract from the credit due to Mr. Philip Dixon Hardy, whose mercantile enterprise in carrying the Journal to a fourth volume, so long gave employment to native industry, and—though in a deteriorating way—to native ability also. Still, if we alluded to the book at all, we were bound to draw the line of distinction between the good and the bad; inasmuch as Mr. Hardy, since the work came into his possession, has, in reprinting the numbers which compose the most creditable portion of it, and in the editing or authorship of which he had no share whatever, thought proper to erase the name of the former printer and publisher, and to substitute his own name, not only as printer and publisher, but, as "Conductor" also. In alluding, therefore, to Mr. Petrie's connection with the Journal, in our last Number, an occasion on which we could not avoid noticing it, while we gave Mr. Hardy every credit for his exertions, we took occasion to mark the period at which the Journal first came into his hands, and to intimate the fact of its altered character from that time forward. To account for our not having drawn the same distinction, when alluding to the Journal in our memoir of the Rev. Mr. Otway, it will be sufficient to state that we were not then acquainted with this fact respecting the ostensible editorship of the work.

Our sense of the immediate value of Mr. Hardy's services to trade—though, ultimately, whatever is dis-servicable to literature will re-act injuriously on the printing-press—induced us to suppress all notice of the ostensible editorship of the Journal; for we were unwilling to mar the benefit to which we thought Mr. Hardy was, in some measure, entitled, of an introduction of his name in company with those of eminent men, by any more particular statement respecting his management of the work, than was absolutely necessary to prevent the public being misled into attributing to him the authorship or editorship of that portion of it which really does honour to names that do honour to Irish literature.

Our tenderness has been badly requited. We studied how we could discharge our duty to the public, and yet not only spare, but even compliment Mr. Hardy. In return he has accused us, publicly, (see his letter of December 3, in *Saunders' Newsletter*) of studying how to injure him in his character as a literary man, and in his trade as a bookseller; and this in the most offensive manner, and without any intimation to us of the supposed grievance.

In reply to his intemperate accusations we have intimated to the public, through the same channel that conveyed them, that we should review the book itself, as the most satisfactory mode of justifying our observations, that the course adopted by Mr. Hardy had left open to us; and we proceed to fulfil our undertaking with the greater alacrity, for several reasons. We are glad that we have, at length, an opportunity of doing justice to the creditable portion of the

work, without being conscious of having voluntarily engaged in an invidious task. We are rejoiced to have an opportunity of speaking again of native literature,—a subject which we would willingly bring oftener before our readers; and we are quite ready and willing to avail ourselves of the opportunity of at once giving Mr. Hardy's work credit for all the circulation that it enjoyed to the end. For, when we stated that the style and matter of the Journal fell so palpably short of their former character, that it gradually declined, and finally expired in 1837, we did so in ignorance of the fact,—we now speak on Mr. Hardy's authority—that it was not from want of circulation that it was ultimately given up, but on account of Mr. Hardy's own ill health. Our impression, from observing the gradual deterioration in the literary character of the Journal was, that it had died of mere inanition. The fact being otherwise, we may regret the event, as far as Mr. Hardy's mercantile interests are concerned, but cannot think that under any circumstances, it has occurred an hour too soon for the literary interests of the country.

We are no longer disposed to treat Mr. Hardy with that delicacy which we observed towards him a month ago. Persons of honourable sentiments, who have read the letter in *Saunders'* will readily understand our reasons. Yet, so far as the work itself is concerned, we should be sorry to think so badly of ourselves as to believe that indignation at the conduct of the editor could alter or influence the opinion we have always entertained of the publication—though it has compelled us to give it utterance where silence would have been more grateful.

The journal appears to have been commenced in the summer of 1832, and to have stepped forth on the public stage without any further intimation of its origin or authorship,* than that conveyed by the name of its respectable printer and publisher, Mr. J. S. Folds. But the very first page—it commences with the annals of Dublin—betrays the easy graphic hand of an historian and a scholar; and the fourth, in a visit to the Zoological Gardens, introduces us to the companionship of one who is manifestly not only a well-informed naturalist, but a man of lively wit and keen observation. In him we believe we make our acquaintance with Mr. Francis Ross, a gentleman who now conducts a flourishing London periodical with infinite credit, and who at the commencement of the journal was engaged in Mr. Folds's establishment. From a number of anecdotes told by this agreeable *cicerone*, while conducting his readers through the Zoological Gardens, we extract the following *LOBBEQUER*.

"GEORGE ROBERT FITZGERALD AND THE BEAR.

"My uncle, who was by profession an attorney, a wit, and a specious plausible fellow, could sing a good song, and drink a deep cup, but, who, at the same time, was a very nervous little body, became acquainted with that strange bad man, whose life and death had been so singular. If there was ever a tiger in human shape it was he! His elegance of exterior accom-

plishments, and gentlemanlike address, his soft, effeminate manners, and insinuating polished blandishments, were combined with a ferocity of disposition which makes one almost shrink with horror from his very name. Here the courtier, and there the bravo; now the gay drawing-room aspirant for noble ladies' smiles, and anon, the dark assassin, without pity, love, or fear! And he had whimsical fancies, too; I cannot believe but that Byron stole from him. So my uncle took a fancy to George Robert, and George Robert took a fancy to my uncle, and offered to make him his law agent. My uncle was to go down with the great man to his estates in the county Mayo, and the time fixed for departure was several hours before daylight. A carriage and four drove up, uncle stepped in, the morning was dark as pitch, and the misty rain beat fitfully against the carriage-windows. By the dim light of the lamps, uncle discerned two individuals, one of whom he took to be George Robert, who, according to his mood, was asleep; the other, who appeared dressed in a shaggy great coat, he supposed to be a *friend*, perhaps a Russian nobleman on a visit. But the Russian nobleman rolled about in rather a curious manner, and an occasional strange noise made uncle think that these outlandish people had rather an un-Irish mode of showing good nature. And then could his smell be Christian? His pomatum was surely rancid bear's grease! As the carriage drew near the town of Kilcock, and the morning began to send its feeble light through the moist windows, uncle was astonished by the Russian's tremen-

* There was a prospectus, but this we have never seen.

dous nose; as day dawned, the nose became a snout, and as he eyed it steadily and then sternly, he burst out. "By the big hill o' Howth, it's not a Russian boyar but a bear!" "What's the matter, Harry," said George Robert, pretending to awake, "has Bruin been troublesome? He is in general the best of travelling companions; snug and warm, though sometimes cross, and apt to snap when you close on him too much. But here is what I always use," handing a short thick wand or rather cudgel, "just my good Harry, *welt* him a little, keep him quiet till we reach Kinnegad, where we breakfast." "*Me welt a bear*," exclaimed my uncle, "Mr. Fitzgerald, you may manage your bear in your own way, but excuse me, Sir, I—I—" "Oh, you mean to say you feel *bashful* in such company, Harry?" "Jeer away, Mr. Fitzgerald, but here we are in Kilcock, and one foot more I will not budge with this monster!" "Oh, then the bear for my money," said George Robert, "a pleasant journey back to Dublin—good morning Sir!" And so my uncle lost his agency, but perhaps saved himself: at least he was out of the way of being tempted to join in those practices which brought Fitzgerald and his miscreant associates to the gallows."

Towards the conclusion of the number, which contains several other articles, besides these alluded to, there is an extract from Lover's "Legends and Stories," occupying a page and a half of the little miscellany, with the rollicks of St. Kevin and King Toole.

The second number opens with the first of that brilliant and now well known series of communications from Terence O'Toole, which has recently been embodied among the acknowledged works of the learned and lively Caesar Otway. Terence is supported by the annalist: he again by John Brown, who gives us some good hints on agriculture: then follows a notice of Robin Hood's "Little John," who, it appears, once honoured Dublin with a visit, and the number, like its predecessor, concludes with a couple of pages of extract; the non-original matter in this instance, being a portion of Carleton's story of Landlord and Tenant, since better known by the appellation of Tubber Derg, taken from the then late National Magazine.

We have been thus minute in particularizing the extent of quotation so far had recourse to by the conductors

of the journal, as from a note in the next number of their little work, it would appear that its course was very near being cut short in consequence. The partial republication of Carleton's imperfect story—for "Landlord and Tenant" had not yet assumed that full dress of beauty in which Tubber Derg has since been arrayed—appears to have violently excited the displeasure of Mr. Philip Dixon Hardy, who had been editor and still was proprietor of the defunct periodical from which the extract had been taken; while an equal jealousy of the journal seems in like manner to have seized on the owners of Lover's Legends; and legal proceedings were accordingly threatened against Mr. Folds at once from both sides of the channel. The note above referred to is our authority for the statement, and gives the first intimation of these formidable operations.

"The first part of this interesting story we *abridged* and *altered* from the "National Magazine," a periodical which was carried on in this city for a few months, with more spirit than success by P. D. Hardy, Esq. M. R. I. A. We never imagined for a moment that the talented *ci-devant* editor would take umbrage at a thing which is done daily on the other side of the water, more especially as he, in a note of one of his many publications, reprobates the idea of preventing any one from making an extract, and as we intended to mention our source, and pay a compliment to that gentleman himself."

By the end of the next week, the little Hercules is fairly grappled with its two antagonists, neither of whom appears to have taken more by his proceeding than Juno's messenger did of old on a similar occasion.

"In our first number we took the liberty of giving a story from Lover's Legends, with a notice of the book, which, to our certain knowledge, induced more than one individual to inquire after it; in our second and third numbers we have presented an abridgment of the 'Landlord and Tenant'; and for both of these high and mighty offences we have been persecuted by a species of petty annoyance, and 'the Law is hung over us, like the sword of Damocles, threatening to nip asunder the slender thread of our Penny existence. 'One man may steal a horse, when another dare not look over the hedge;' so saith the

proverb, and so we have reason to believe. It has been too much the case in this country, that when a spirited literary speculation was set a-going, jealousy has closed upon it, and endeavoured to 'trip it up.' Yet all the while, they 'manage these things better' in England—*whole* stories from the same book of Legends are extracted by 'Story-tellers with Embossed Heads,' and our very diligent and very active friend, Mr. Chambers, does not scruple to help himself to a slice of the same pudding; and when the 'National Magazine' was in existence, the only regret of those who wished it success was, *that so few extracts were taken.* The secret lies in this—*our Journal is successful.*"

In fact, Hardy's attack, in which we regret to say Carleton himself was the leader of the forlorn hope, would appear to have brought about a result the direct contrary of what might have been expected, and of what in all probability was in the contemplation of that wakeful guardian of the dead when he first determined on it. Instead of injuring, much less stifling, the journal, it actually enlisted public sympathy in its favour. The evidences of this feeling are displayed very strongly in the fact, that the circulation of the journal appears shortly after to have risen to twenty thousand a week, while the Messrs. Curry, the proprietors of Carleton's Tales and Stories, lost not a moment in placing the whole of that work, as then published, at the disposal of Mr. Folds and his editor, to extract *ad libitum*. It need scarcely be said that the generosity of Messrs. Curry was not abused, the conductors appearing to have made but one extract, and that evidently more for the purpose of exhibiting the contrast between the liberality of the one party and the churlishness of the other, than from any necessity for quotation arising out of dearth of original matter; for, from this point onward, the miscellany, week by week, becomes more full of information, of humour and of usefulness, until on reaching the seventh number, the following announcement sets at rest all anxiety that any one unreasonable enough to be dissatisfied with the exertions of Cæsar Otway alone, could ever have felt for its successful prosecution.

"It is with no little pleasure and pride we inform our readers that George Petrie,

Esq. R. H. A. will regularly supply us with drawings and descriptions, and that thus we expect our future numbers to be enriched with much that is interesting and singular in Irish antiquities and scenery."

Up to this point, the Journal had been distinguished for lively and agreeable writing—being evidently the work of shrewd and observant, as well as of learned and witty men, and, as such, was unquestionably the pleasantest miscellany of its kind then in circulation.

It was now, in addition to this, to become also the most valuable and efficient agent that this country has possessed, since the days of Ware, for reviving and stimulating the study of our native history and antiquities—a study always popular, and now, thanks to the influence of such works as the 1st volume of the Dublin Penny Journal, fashionable and legitimate. In reviewing the whole progress and prospects of Irish literature, there is no event to which we would be disposed to attach so much importance, as an effectual revival of that taste for *facts* which prevailed in the times of Ware, of Davis, and of Usher. It is a most prejudicial error to suppose that matter of fact, however the term may have been abused, is necessarily dry or uninteresting; on the contrary, there can be no true romance, no real poetry, nothing, in a word, that will effectually touch either the heart or the imagination, that has not its foundation in experience of existing facts or in knowledge of facts that have existed in times past. All the phenomena of our moral nature are facts—all the habits and modes of thought, all the manners and customs, interests, prejudices, and passions of mankind at large, are as much facts as the very events in which we find the evidences of their respective workings. In proportion as we have those evidences more fully before us, so can we best realize former times, and make additional ages our own. The span of life is short, just as the sphere of unassisted vision is contracted; but, as by the aid of the telescope we can enlarge our minute view of the material world on the one hand, until we may almost be said to embrace a prospect of the universe, so by the help of history—by the knowledge of the acts, opinions, and condition of our ancestors—we can extend the poor three score and ten years, which is our immediate

portion in time, back and back as far as facts exist, for the support of speculation. It is this enlarging of our portion of space, of time, of feeling, that is the true source of all intellectual pleasure. In poetry we extend the bounds of our feelings and imagination; the minor drama widens the circle, by embracing new varieties of individual character; the historical drama and the epos, in addition to this, make other centuries and distant generations our own—science, to crown all, charters us the denizens of other worlds—and all this doubling, and trebling, and infinite multiplying of the shares of time, and space, and feeling, originally placed at our disposal, is the result of the observation and recording of facts. All must be set down at first in strict (not dry) detail. When arranged in series they will suggest their own results of speculation. The facts of scientific observation will either class themselves under known theories, or develop, ultimately, new and more comprehensive laws—the facts of history will either tend to illustrate the workings of human nature for the moralist, or to mature the experience of the politician, or to add new years, perhaps new centuries, retrospectively, to the life of the antiquary and man of imagination. With the results of scientific observation we have here nothing further to do. The observation and the recording of passing events are in like manner, beside our immediate purpose, for they are provided for, and future ages will have no cause to complain of imperfect means of making themselves acquainted with the nineteenth century. What we have to do with, and that to which these observations properly point, is the recovery of the mislaid, but not lost, records of the acts, and opinions, and condition of our ancestors—the disinterring and bringing back to the light of intellectual day, the already recorded *facts*, by which the people of Ireland will be able to *live back*, in the land they live *in*, with as ample and as interesting a field of retrospective enjoyment as any of the nations around us. The facts have been recorded—in many instances they have recorded themselves in the monuments existing over the face of the country—they can be got at—they have to some extent *been* got at—the Republic of Letters is now panting to get at them all—and all that has been

done, and all that learned men are now eager to do, has been the result of that taste for facts which was so universal in the days of the men we have mentioned, and which now, fortunately, is reviving through the instrumentality, in a very great measure, of this unpretending, but most useful volume. When the reader who has not seen the first volume of the Dublin Penny Journal, or who, having seen it several years since, has now forgotten it, is informed or reminded of the character of the papers that began to distinguish the work immediately after the accession of Petrie and O'Donovan—when he is told of essays on the progress of the arts, from the time of the earliest colonisation of the island, illustrations of charters of independent Irish kings, extracts from abstruse manuscripts in the oldest dialect of the language, Brehon laws, proverbs, ancient topography, genealogies of the native families, identifications of the residences, burial places, seals and signets of distinguished communities and personages—he may, probably he will, be disposed to expect that a diminished circulation should have attended the introduction of matter so apparently *caveare* to the vulgar. Far from it: the Irish are, in this respect, vastly more inquisitive than the people of the sister island. They love antiquity, and they can appreciate to a surprising extent the nicety of historical evidence. The Journal, which had been flourishing before, now actually shot up in circulation with the velocity of a sky-rocket. In July the circulation had been at the rate of eighteen thousand a week; soon after it is over twenty thousand, then over thirty thousand, and in the November number of the same year, the publisher has the gratifying statement that he hopes shortly to be able to announce a circulation of forty thousand numbers weekly, a success wholly unprecedented in the history of any publication in Ireland, and which with some fluctuation, continued to attend the Journal, notwithstanding an ineffectual attempt of Mr. Fisher to put it down by expensive law proceedings, until an advanced period in the spring of the ensuing year.

But it must not be supposed that we attribute this success to any supplanting of the lighter matter which set the journal at first afloat, by these graver essays. On the contrary, not only do Terence O'Toole, and many other en-

tertaining and humorous writers continue to supply their usual *quota* of intelligence and sprightliness, but a new accession of regular poetical contributors appears to have followed close on the arrival of the antiquaries. Of these there are three of whom we desire here to express our admiration—any less strong expression would not convey our meaning. We allude to Sir Aubrey de Vere, the Rev. James Wills, and Mr. Mangan, the two latter of whom have often enriched our own pages with similar contributions; but we think our readers will agree with us, that neither in this, nor in any other periodical of the day, are there more delightful pieces to be found than those which we are about to disinter from the unpretending pages before us:—

SONNET.—ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Some laws there are too sacred for the hand
Of man to approach; recorded in the blood
Of patriots; before which, as the rood
Of faith, devotional, we take our stand:
Time-hallow'd laws, magnificently plann'd
When freedom was the nurse of public good,
And power paternal; laws that have with-
stood
All storms, like faithful bulwarks of the land;
Unshackled will, frank utterance of the mind,
Without which freedom dies, and laws are
vain,
On such we found our rights, to such we
cling;
In these should power his surest safeguard
find.
Tread them not down in passion or disdain—
Make man a reptile, he will turn and sting!

A. DE V—.

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time misspent,
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment—
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Oh! hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less.
Because I know this span of life was lent—
For lofty duties, not for selfishness;
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems—
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind
To walk adorning earth, deserving heaven

A. DE V—.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers,
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days;
When the sun's parting glance through
slanting showers,

Sheds o'er thy rock-throned pediments and
towers,
Such awful gleams as brighten on Decay's
Prophetic cheek.—At such a time methinks,
There breathes from thy lone courts and
voiceless aisles

A melancholy moral: such as sinks
On the worn traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert's sand.

A. DE V—.

With Mr. Wills's powers as a lyrical writer, all those who have read our own pages two or three years back, must be well acquainted. We are not aware that he has done any thing, even for us, more graceful and characteristic than these:—

STANZAS,

For the Dublin Penny Journal.

O sweet wild Breeze—O fairy Breeze,
I've watched thee on thy way,
O'er gay green lawns and blossomed trees,
At prime of merry May.
Beneath thy kiss, where primrose banks
Their breathing fragrance shed,
And lilies bowed their virgin ranks
To greet thy playful tread:
Where harebell blue, and clustering star
Of cowslip, paly bright,
And yellow kingcup, danced afar
Their morris of delight.
I've watched thy rustling wing across
The glen's green thicket sweep,
Where mountain oaks exulting toss
Their rude arms on the steep.
I've watched for thee, the twilight still
Of tall aerial trees,
And hearing, felt thy whisper thrill,
O low mysterious Breeze!
And as thy light breath, fitfully, and
Disturbed my clustering hair.
With startled eye I've looked for thee,
Wild spirit of the air!
I've walked with thee, wild Breeze, along
The winding path of hills,
And heard thee in the low sweet song
Of birds and rushy rills.
With light gold mist, I've seen thee glow
The dark blue fields of sky,
Where but the blithest lark and thou
Could meet in Heaven so high.
I've watched thee on the ocean floor,
The sunned and shadowy sea—
And wished for wings to leave the shore
All fetterless like thee.
It was for this, O fleet of wing,
My heart to thee was given,
Because thou art the wildest thing
And freest under heaven.

J. U. U.

Mangan is now well-known as being, perhaps next to Anster, the most happy lyrical translator from the German, of our day. It was here he tried his

"prentice hand," both in translation, and original verses ; but the hand it will be seen, from an extract in each style, even then was that of a master :—

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.

In the lone stillness of the New-year's-night,
An old man at his window stood, and turned
His dull eyes to the firmament, where, bright
And pure, a million rolling planets burned ;
Then cast them on the earth, so cold and white ;
And felt, that moment, that of all who
mourned

And groaned upon its bosom, none there were
With his deep wretchedness and great despair.

For near him lay his grave!—hidden from view,
Not by the flowers of Youth, but by the snows
Of age alone. In torturing thought he flew
ver the past, and on his memory rose
That picture of his life which conscience drew,
g. With all its fruits—diseases, sins, and woes—
A worn out frame—a blighted soul—dark years
Of agony, remorse, and withering fears!

Like spectral things, his bright young days
came back,

And that cross road of life, where, when a boy
His father placed him first : its right hand track
Leads to a land of glory, peace, and joy ;
Its left to wilderness waste and black,

Where snakes and plagues and poisonous
blasts destroy.

Which had been his ? Alas the serpents hung
Coiled round his heart—their venom on his
tongue!

Sunk in unutterable grief, he cried—

'Come back, my vanished youth! Oh, God!
restore

My morn of life ! Oh, Father ! be my guide,
And let me only choose my path once more !"
But on the wide waste air his ravings died
Away, and all was silent as before.

His youth had glided by, swift as the wave ;
His father came not—he was in his grave.

* * *

Amid these overboiling bursts of feeling,
Rich music, heralding the young year's birth,
Rolled from a distant steeple like the pealing
Of some celestial organ o'er the earth.

Softer emotions o'er him now came stealing ; —
He felt the soul's unpurchasable worth.

'Return !' he cried again, imploringly,
'Oh ! my lost youth—return, return to me!'

]

AND YOUTH RETURNED, and age withdrew its
terrors ;

Still was he young, for he had dreamed the
whole ;

But faithful is the image conscience mirrors,
When whirlwind passions darken not the soul.
Alas ! too real were his sins and errors.

Too truly had he made this earth his goal :
He wept, and thanked his God that, with the
will,

He had the power to choose the right path still.

* * *

CLARENCE.

ENTHUSIASM.

(For the Dublin Penny Journal).

Not yet trodden under wholly,
Nor yet darkened,
Oh ! my spirit's flickering lamp art thou !
Still, alas ! thou waneest—though but slowly ;
And I feel as though my heart had hearkened
To the whispers of Despondence now.

Yet the world shall not enthrall me—
Never ! never —
On my briary pathway to the grave
Shapes of pain and peril may appal me,
Agony and ruin may beset me ;
— Darkness and dismay may hover over ;
But, cold world ! I will not die thy slave !

Underneath my feet I trample
You, ye juggles—
Pleasure, passion, thirst of power, and gold !
Shall I, dare I, shame the bright example
Beaming, burning in the deeds and struggles
Of the consecrated few of old ?

Sacred flame—which art eternal !
O, bright Essence !
Thou, Enthusiasm !—forsake me not.
Oh ! though life be left of all her vernal
Beauty, ever let thy magic presence
Shed its glory round my clouded lot.

CLARENCE.

There is one other sweet thing—by
whom we know not, but worthy of
Leigh Hunt—that we cannot refrain
from joining with so worthy compa-
nions :—

THE POET'S ACCOMPANIMENT.

(For the Dublin Penny Journal).

For my music I demand
Finger raised of moving hand,
Bowing head, and lips compressed
That murmur not, though scarce at rest.
And, with every varied rhyme,
Mark the thought, and mete the time.
Forehead, which the tender vein
Which a violent streak doth stain,
Shaded by the brown lock's mase,—
For my spell forbids to raise
The white hand, that would repress
And reprove each truant tress,
Lest it break the deep suspense
Of delighted thought intense.
O'er that snowy forehead fit
Gleams that do illumine it,
Swift they come, and swift they flee,
Felt by her, and felt by me,
Fain, methinks, would they repose
On that bed of placid snows,
But must fly, like glancing thought,
For repose is suffered not.

I too challenge from thine eyes
Sympathy and sweet surprise ;
Eyes that smile—because they must :
Yet the smile speaks half distrust ;
Pleased—yet scarce easy in such pleasure.
With a too forward poet's measure. A.

To give an adequate idea of the merit of the prose writing of this volume, would require more space than we can devote to the entire work. The extract we shall make is a good example of that happy comminglement of the grave and gay, which often in the strictest historical papers gave the journal a hold on the imaginations of its multitudinous readers:—

ANCIENT MONUMENT

In the Hospital Fields, Dublin.

Our metropolitan readers need hardly be informed that the burial ground adjoining the Royal Hospital, vulgarly known by the name of "Bully's Acre," is probably the most extensive cemetery in the British empire. It has been for some ages the last home of the poor inhabitants of Dublin, and will be long remembered in our future annals in connection with the frightful pestilence, which we humbly trust is now about to cease its devastations.

It may not be, however, so generally known that this cemetery, though now exclusively allotted to those whose fate in life has been unhappy, as if even in death the rich disdained to commingle, was once the chief burial place of the proudest class of men that perhaps ever figured in the great drama of human existence—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Their establishment or hospital at Kilmainham, which was their chief seat in Ireland, was considered to be the noblest pile of architecture in the kingdom, and their possessions were as vast as their ambition was boundless. Of the former there are no remains; in an age but little remarkable for good taste, it was destroyed to erect on its site that less beautiful but perhaps more useful structure, the Royal Hospital for invalids! and of the latter the citizens of Dublin are allowed to enjoy a considerable portion—the Phoenix park—as a place of pleasant and healthful recreation—and a nobler and more beautiful spot for this purpose is not possessed by any city in Europe. It is our intention in future numbers to make both of those places the subject of descriptive sketches, but our present object lies with the ancient cemetery. Before even the establishment of the Knights at Kilmainham, this burial place belonged to a monastery founded in the sixth or seventh century by St. Magnen, from whom it received its name. In a place so ancient therefore, and so appropriated to the noble dead, we might naturally expect to find many interesting ancient monumental remains, but in this we are disappointed—

one tomb alone, has survived the destroying hand of time, preserved as it would appear, by some traditional veneration that was attached to it. In fact it has been, and is still popularly supposed to be the tomb of the great and favourite hero of our early history—that warrior Prince who died for his country in the arms of victory at the great battle of Clontarf. Tradition has however in this partly erred, for according to all our ancient historic authorities, the body of Brian was conveyed with great honour and ceremony to the Cathedral Church of Armagh, and there interred. But it appears from the same sources that others of the Irish princes slain in that great battle were really buried at Kilmainham, and that this monument was erected to mark the place of their interment. The chief of these was the prince Murrough, the son of Brian, who, according to the Munster book of battles, by Mac Liag, was buried at the west end of the chapel, with a long stone standing on one end of his tomb, on which his name was written. Of this inscription there are now no legible traces; the stone being a coarse grained granite, and unfavourable to its preservation; and even the true lover's knot, is only to be traced when thrown into a favourable light by the noonday sun; at other times, it would not attract attention. This knot was in those times, a symbol of eternity, and it does not occur, at least in this form, at an earlier age than the eleventh century, nor does the style of its sculpture indicate a later one. There can be little doubt therefore that this cross, for such it was in its perfect state, was either the monument of Murrough, or of his son Turlough, who was slain in the same battle; and other circumstances corroborate this conclusion. About forty years ago, having fallen from its pedestal, it was again set up, on which occasion a number of coins of the Danish kings—the only minted money then generally in use—were found at its base; and with them a fine sword of the same period, which perhaps we are justified in calling the sword of Murrough O'Brian; it belonged, at all events, to one of his compatriots. This sword was deposited with the then commander of the forces, who had it placed in the hall belonging to his apartments, where it still remains, a highly interesting though hitherto unnoticed memorial.

The monument at Kilmainham has, at least with the multitude, acquired an additional interest and celebrity, as the sepulchral monument of another hero, who equally fought for the honour and renown of his country, and who perhaps deserved

his glory as well as any of his more illustrious predecessors, for man is the same at all times, and a hero is but a hero still.

After a lapse of more than eight hundred years, the tomb of Murrough received the mortal remains of Dan Dannelly! and the victor of Clontarf and the victor of Kildare: the pride of the Aristocracy and the Idol of the People sleep in the same grave. We shall not easily forget the enthusiastic admiration which we saw expressed for Sir Daniel by his numerous admirers on the occasion of his victories—those who love popularity might well envy it. We remember well his triumphal entry into Dublin, after his great battle on the Curragh. That indeed was an ovation. He was borne on the shoulders of the people, his mother, like a Roman matron, leading the van in the procession, and with all the pride of a second Agrippina, she frequently slapped her naked bosom, exposed for the occasion, and exultingly exclaimed, 'there's the breast that *sucked* him—there's the breast that *sucked* him!' Was the pride of a mother ever more admirably expressed?

Nor shall we soon forget the simple and pathetic lament of his friend Dr. Brennan on his death—or its superiority in terseness and effect to that amplification of the same sentiment by our own poet Moore on the death of Pitt and Fox.—

"We are fallen on gloomy days—
Star after star decays," &c.

The words of Brennan, uttered with a sigh, were:—

"Oh blood and — what has the world come to; Napoleon is dead—and they have buried Dan Dannelly!"

P.

Such papers as this, associating familiar scenes with famous persons and great events, relieved on the one hand, by the graces of romance and poetry, and on the other by the practical truths of natural history, of husbandry, and of domestic economy, could not fail to take the tastes of a people who, above all others in Europe, delight in the memory of other days, while they are by no means deficient—although certainly not so far advanced as the inhabitants of Great Britain—in appreciation of the elegancies of modern literature, and of the advantages of scientific and economical investigation. There is also, to our taste, an amply sufficient proportion of fiction and legend. The conductors seem to have been fully aware of the golden opportunity opened by them for the foundation of

right tastes among the people, and to have yielded, with extreme reluctance, to the insertion of papers not directly conducive to that object. The Irish peasantry are unquestionably a whimsical, extravagant people; but whim may be caricatured, and extravagance itself has its bounds, beyond which the whimsical merges in the puerile, and the ludicrous in the absurd. We would strongly urge these views on our Irish story writers of the present day; we cannot do so more strongly or happily than we find here done to our hand:—

"We all along felt it as a defect in the literary taste of our countrymen that they are excessively fond of works of imagination. To such a degree is this carried, that any thing of a calm and purely intellectual nature is passed over, too often, with indifference; it wants the excitement which a story presents; it does not enlist the passions; it addresses itself to the understanding, instead of appealing to the imagination; and our countrymen are proverbial as having hearts too warm for their heads.

"These observations apply with peculiar force to that species of caricature called 'Irish Legends.' There is no man, however phlegmatic, but would enjoy a laugh over many of those 'right merry conceits,' which pass current, and which are enjoyed with such a peculiar relish by the lovers of fun and rigmarole; yet at the hazard of provoking a wide difference of opinion, we must censure the indulgence of that vitiated taste which delights in broad grins and caricatured exhibitions of national character and manners; a taste at variance with every just and proper feeling, and which sacrifices to laughter and often unmeaning merriment, both truth and reality. We have no objection whatever to legends and stories told in that pleasant and amiable spirit which, without distorting the entire features, playfully exhibits national habits and provincial peculiarities in a grotesque and amusingly whimsical manner; but we do enter our protest against those libels on Irishmen and Irish character, which are such favourites with a great mass of the people.

"It would be well if some Irish writers would take a lesson from the late Sir Walter Scott. Where, in all the creations of his prolific imagination, do we find him holding up his countrymen to scorn and contempt, as blundering good-humoured idiots, or barefaced audacious witty knaves? No; if he paints

a character whom we detest, he so isolates him, that our contempt falls on the individual, not on the nation; while his ludicrous characters are good-natured exaggerations, not offensive caricatures. And all that is lovely in the social and domestic virtues he has incorporated with the nation at large: Jeanie Deans is not a solitary being, but the representative of her class. We call upon Irishmen to imitate his example, to repudiate the literature which vitiates their taste, and degrades the national character, which associates falsehood and absurdity with wit, and would identify *stupid* cunning as a prominent feature in the character of the nation."

So conducted and so supported, the Journal gave promise of a long and prosperous career—but

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour;

And the black and sour curse of Ireland was now to fall upon and blight it. Throughout the entire miscellany, the Roman party had been treated with a tenderness—a sensitive shrinking from every irritating topic—an anxious toleration of their prejudices, such as few Protestant writers could have brought themselves to exhibit. For example in the life of John Scot (Erigena), that illustrious Irishman who assisted king Alfred in the foundation of the university of Oxford, and king Charles the Bald, in the revival of the strict sciences in Paris—the first originator too, as it would appear, of the modern inductions of Phrenology—the biographer carefully abstains from mentioning the fact—a fact of which every Irish Protestant ought to be informed, and ought to be proud—that

this very John the Irishman was the foremost to oppose the Romish novelty of transubstantiation, when first formally broached to the western churches by Paschasius Radbert.* Nay more, so strongly does the spirit of conciliation appear to have controlled the composition of the miscellany, that, not thinking it sufficient to abstain from all that might wound superstitious sensitiveness, the conductors have, in several instances, positively, and in our minds, culpably ministered to the pride and self-exaltation of the Roman party, by eulogies on the zeal and intrepidity of those bishops and others of their church, who have, from time to time, obtained their unenviable martyrdoms in our civil wars—fanatics and traitors as they were, fighting for the establishment of a foreign supremacy, that Patrick would have repudiated, and that the disciples of Columba spurned. But all this was insufficient to satisfy the inexorable spirit of that party. They saw the affections of the people turning to legitimate objects; they saw them acquiring an uncoloured knowledge of themselves, and of their country; a knowledge which, we admit, they were right, as partisans, to put a stop to if they could. They accordingly took the alarm, and an opportunity was not long wanting to enable them to raise the necessary cry of, "danger to the church." In an article breathing the most benevolent and tolerant spirit, one of the writers of the Journal speaks with natural regret of the "bloody reign of Mary,"—not, the reader will remark, "the reign of bloody Mary," though a most bloody persecutrix, she was of all that every freeman should hold dear,† and this expression, proper, and discreet, and

* John's book, written on that occasion, had the honour of being condemned by a Popish council of the eleventh century.—*Lanfranc de Eucharist. contr. Berengar.*

† There is a very prevalent misrepresentation abroad as to the conduct of the corporation of Dublin, during the persecution of the Protestants in Mary's reign—namely, that the Roman Catholic authorities here opened houses for the reception and protection of the Protestant fugitives. This is not only not the fact, but the fact itself is the reverse. Ware's annals are conclusive on the point; and we can only wonder at the want of information which has allowed so bold a perversion of Ware's testimony to pass uncontradicted in public. "This year, several of the Protestants of England fled over to Ireland, by reason Queen Mary begun to persecute them for their religion, viz. John Harvey, Abel Ellis, John Edmunds, and Henry Haugh, all Cheshire men, who bringing over their goods and chattels lived in Dublin, and became citizens of this city; it not being known wherefore they came thither till Queen Mary's death. These families, having one Thomas Jones, a Welshman, a Protestant priest, privately among them, who read service and the Scriptures to them upon Sundays, and other days secretly; all this not being discovered until Queen Mary's death. Then the Lord Fitzwalter, Earl of Sussex, took him, the said Thomas Jones, for one of his chaplains, to read to his servants." (Ware's Annals, Reign of Mary, vol. i. p. 135.)

considerate as it was, furnished the occasion sought for. We may judge how keen for a brawl the attacking party must have been, when they laid hold of so unexceptionable a phrase for their "quarrelling word." However, it answered the purpose to perfection. Out comes a letter in the public papers denouncing the bigotry of the editors! The faithful are admonished to look to their own resources—a penny competitor, understood to be "*published cum privilegio*," has made its appearance, and off go, in one week, better than six thousand of the supporters of the Journal. Alas, poor bigots, how little do you suspect in the simplicity of your hearts, the amount of Irishism that you must daily sacrifice before a foreign altar!

Such was the cause of the decline, and we might almost say, the fall of the Dublin Penny Journal; for, when in consequence of this blow, followed up as it was from week to week, the work had become no longer a profitable concern to Mr. Folds, and when a new proprietor, in the hope of restoring it to its former circulation, had formed the resolution of conducting it on altogether different principles, going to the exclusion of all that had hitherto rendered it most valuable, we must look upon it as a fallen publication; even though it were flourishing under that new management to the present day. The new proprietor appears to have come into possession in August, 1833, soon after the commencement of the second year of the Journal's existence. The change of proprietorship and editorship is thus announced:

"From the concluding paragraph of the last number of this little publication, its readers will be aware that it is now in the hands of a new editor and proprietor; and they will naturally expect that in the present number something should be said relative to its future management. '*Deeds not Words*,' has ever been the motto of its conductor; and he will therefore merely say that it is his intention to give his readers good value for their money—that the Dublin Penny Journal shall not be a mere '*catchpenny*,' depending upon the number and excellence of its wood-cuts for extensive circulation; but containing, as he considers a publication of the kind should do, such a variety of interesting and useful matter as shall render it really valuable. Having fallen into his hands rather unexpectedly, it will be readily seen

that it would have been impossible for him all at once to carry his intentions into effect; but he trusts the readers of the journal will be able to perceive, by a gradual improvement in each succeeding number, that he is making every exertion to render it worthy of that patronage which, it is only fair to expect, should be bestowed upon a useful national undertaking."

The reader will, no doubt, be anxious to know who this new editor is, who promises, with relation to the *future* management of the Journal, that it shall not be "a mere catchpenny." Certainly, a man conscious of the ability to conduct a work of this description in such a way as to make the labours of Otway, of Petrie, of Ross, of O'Donovan, of Wills, of Mangan, appear a mere catchpenny in comparison, ought to be rather a lion. But for what has been already stated relative to Mr. Philip Dixon Hardy's connection with the work, we dare say the reader would be a long time in guessing that he, and no other, is the man. *Quid rides?* We are perfectly serious, and so is the new editor. He is resolved to show the public what a Penny Journal ought to be, and he only asks a little time to get his variety of interesting and useful matter into shape, and the public shall see what they shall see. Only, he informs them, they shall see fewer antiquities, and more articles of a general character; such as will instruct, while they amuse and gratify. We think it but fair, therefore, to give the Journal, under its new management, a month's law, and open a number for October, in search of the interesting and useful. One may always judge of the general character of a miscellany, by that of the poetry admitted into it. Many men of learning and ability cannot write good verses; but no work ably or learnedly conducted will tolerate bad ones. With an eye to the broken lines, therefore, opening the volume at the number for the 12th of October, 1833—Ha! what in the name of Helicon have we here?

"Black Tom took the fiddle, and played toodle diddle,
And long-fingered Callaghan handled his pipes;
Cal. humoured his bellows, while Tom grew so jealous,
That leaving off catgut, he touched on some tripes!"

Is it an allegory? Who is meant by Black Tom—can it be Cæsar Otway?—or is Black Tom an impersonation of the Journal itself—and are the catgut and other dainties typical of the change in its contents? We see the piece is headed “An Irish Wedding,” and now, looking at it a second time, it is plainly not typical, as we had at first supposed, but is really a burlesque enough piece of doggerel, that would *not* disgrace Paddy Kelly. But we question very much if Paddy would have admitted the next effusion that catches our eye :

“ PHELM O’NEILL.

“In th’historic pages of Erin’s green isle,
How bright shines the name of old Phelim the brave,
Who lived where the groves of Shane’s Castle
now smile,
And Neagh’s crystal waters the green meadows lave.

“His vassals a province—obey’d at command—
In peace he was gentle—terrible in war ;
As a crest on his standard displayed the Red Hand,
[An ensign of glory! Insult it who dare ? ”

* * * * *

“The sons of Clanboy often hasted along—
The mighty O’Caghan ne’er failed at the call ;
How great, how terrific appeared the throng
Which oft issued forth from Shane’s Castle’s
long hall!

The chase being o’er, on the green spreading plain,
The hearty repast still profusely was laid ;
Whilst oft on the flowery banks of the Main,
The loudly-toned bag-pipe enchantingly played.”

* * * * *

“Now dreary and dark is the lone habitation,
Where moulder the bones of old Ulster’s great King ;
Each heart feels a throbbing—a pensive sensation,
As his praises sound forth from the harp’s
loud toned string.

“Long, long shall his name be recorded in story—
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war !
And O’Neill still displays, as an emblem of glory,
The Red Hand of Erin! Insult it who dare ? ”

Leaving “Phelim the lambkin,” frisking on the banks of the Main, we pursue our search, and having ever been the advocates of home production, must be allowed to take such an interest in the piece which next arrests

our attention as will justify our extracting it, even though we should, by the contrast, ruin poor Wills as a poet, for ever :

“TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY IN THE NATIVE LOVELINESS OF IRISH MANUFACTURE.

“I had well nigh adored Evelina,
So late from the Continent come,
But I thought upon faithful Malvina,
As fair, but a ‘keeper at home.’

“Again, from this bright Evelina,
Adorned in a gay Tuscan hat,
I was rescued in time by Malvina,
In a bonnet of Irish straw plat.

“In a rich Cashmere shawl, Evelina
Aimed a wound at my wavering heart ;
But an Irish silk scarf my Malvina
Waved between, and averted the dart.”

(Not so bad !)

—“A glove of Fripon’s, Evelina
Drew gracefully over her arm ;
But the Limerick one of Malvina
Had a native and conquering charm ! ”

One other PADDY and we have done. It is really capital, and would have immortalized the Budget, and we are only sorry that we cannot extract it all :

“THE DUBLIN STEAM-BOAT.

“I once came from Dublin, aboard a steam packet,
That swam in the Liffey, alongside the quay ;
And sure such a sight, such a powerful racket
Never before left Dublin bay :
Such hauling and driving,
And shoving and striving,
With some making money, some making away
Going and coming, embarking and landing,
Dozens of four-leggers driven aboard ;
Fruit-women moving about, notwithstanding,
And steam in a boiler, good jewel, how it roared !

“Soon on the height of the deep we were gathered,” &c. &c.

* * * * *

“Many a hand held a sprig of shillela,
And many another held nothing at all,
While some sat on hampers and boxes, quite gaily,
Some lay at full length, and looked so tall :
More bundled together,
To keep out the weather,
Like turf in a kitchen or gentleman’s hall :
Thus did we sail towards rocky Dunleary,
And, turning, at last, round the black head of Howth ;

I sat down beside my old friend, Farmer Carey,
And seated the child between us both.

"We sat with our backs to the captain's big
smoker,

Posted on deck like a soldier on guard,
While at its side stood another small joker,
That roared like a bull, and kept spitting so
hard.

'Mushn, won't you be easy?'

Says old Mrs. Casey,

'And let us alone you young saucy blackguard!

'But is it any advantage, my darlings,
Upon the bleak ocean to fret or to frown?

Here, sing up together, like so many starlings,
And then with a drop wash all grief down.'

"Every boy gave a whack with his wattle,
And quickly the joke and the ballad went
round;

With shake of the hand and a shake of the
bottle,

Kindly the lazy night was crowned.

Thus children of Erin

To Britain's isle steer in,

As light and as noisy as cocks in a pound.

Och! doesn't it do any heart good to see them,

Carrying sweetly wherever they go,

Drop, and a twig, and a bit of fun with them,

To cheer any friend, or thwart a foe."

After these samples of the sort of stuff that supplanted the lyrics of such men as Wills and Mangan, under the new management, the reader will be prepared to regard the high pretensions of the reformed miscellany with rather a jealous eye. Up to the time of the change of editorship there had not—as we have already observed—been any intimation of editorship or authorship put forward on the face of the numbers. Mr. Folds' name, as printer and publisher, was, with the exception of the paragraph respecting Mr. Petrie's contributions, the only indication from which a guess as to the general management could be derived. But no sooner does Mr. Hardy take it in hand than each succeeding number (as indeed the numbers, both before and after, now do) announces the fact, that it is "Conducted by Philip Dixon Hardy, M.R.I.A." This connection of its conductor with a learned body being the most prominent feature that strikes the eye, on opening each number of the Journal, from this time forward, naturally raises the expectation that we shall find such subjects as are properly in the province of the Academy, handled better than any others. The Royal Irish Academy is instituted for the promotion of science, polite literature, and antiquities. Let

us look now to the character of the Journal under its new management, with reference to these three classes of topics. We see here numerous papers on scientific subjects—chiefly on natural history;—but nine out of every ten appear to be no more than extracts from the cyclopædias and popular textbooks of the day. The remainder consists, almost wholly, of communications from friends of the old establishment, and we really find considerable difficulty in getting at anything from which we can form an opinion of the amount of original ability engaged in the conduct of the work. However, ignorance at second-hand is no very favourable indication of knowledge at head-quarters, and of such there is no scarcity.

For example, vol. iv. page 335-6:—

"A specimen of a natural production was shown us a few evenings since, that is neither fish nor flesh, beast nor fowl, animal, vegetable, nor mineral! (It is quite true—there is such a creature:) The thing, for it is without a name, is both entomological and vegetable. When its entomological nature commences, and when its vegetable character has arrived at maturity, its entomological character develops itself, and its vegetable existence disappears. In other words, it is alternately a *bird* and an insect!"

Well might the writer proceed to say:—

"It is certainly a wonderful curiosity, and we believe that it is not only entirely unknown to naturalists, but has never before been publicly described."

This confusion of the meaning of "entomology," with that of "ornithology," gives but poor promise of any great acquaintance with the dead languages, without which we fear the pretensions of a work, claiming kindred with the Academy, would find but little favour at the hands of the council of polite literature. Serious doubts on the subject had, we confess, already taken possession of our mind, when turning over the second volume, page 240, where, in correcting some very bad misprints of the Latin names of certain birds, described by a correspondent, the editor says:

"We should feel much obliged if our correspondents, who favour us with articles on scientific subjects, would take the trouble of writing in a legible hand, all classical or merely technical terms;

as it can scarcely be expected that the reader in the best-established printing-office will be as well-informed on such subjects as the writer; and it would be impossible that the editor could attend to the minutia of correcting the articles of his various correspondents."

And these suspicions are by no means diminished on looking through the editor's own contributions. Here, (volume 4, page 200,) he speaks of "*terra incognita*"—here, (volume 3, page 154,) of an "*ignus fatuus*"—here, (volume 2, page 195,) of the Scythians, who are called "*Scotos*"—here, (vol. 4, page 156,) of the "*Acta Sanctorum Hibernia*"—at the same time making Senanus refuse "*ulhum aliam*," admittance into his "*Ensulam*"—here again, (volume 2, page 53,) he expatiates on the "*Aurora Australes*"—and here, (volume 4, page 261,) he announces, with all the gravity of Paddy Byrne informing his college of the meaning of Con-stan-ti-no-ple—viz. that it signifies "The Grand Turk"—that "The word 'Armiger' may be construed 'gentleman' as well as a soldier—that is, armed man."

Still we would not desire to play the part of Gillo son of Shane,

Who questions took in accident
Would puzzle men of better sense,
And, if you could not tell him what
Was Latin for a civet-cat,
A spigot, dunghill, or a fan,
A ladle, or a dripping-pail,
Would hold you no ingenious man.

And therefore, if we found reasonably just and practical opinions in criticism throughout the work, we would not be disposed to quarrel with the writings of a plain but sensible man, on account of these niceties of case and gender. But, alack! the distinctions between sentiment and sentimentality, between playfulness and puerility, between self-reliance and egotism, are quite as far lost sight of in the new-management essays on the *belles lettres*, as the distinctions between the singular and the plural, the masculine and the feminine, the nominative and the accusative, are in those hapless efforts at an application of the classics, which we have just commented on. In criticism, nevertheless, as in science, it is no easy matter to get at the editorial opinions otherwise than at second hand. However, here, after considerable search,

we have the proper "we," in a paper entitled "The March of Intellect," in the number for February 27, 1836.

In the outset, after deploring the decay of *poetry* as one of the "fine arts," the writer refers to various literary exploits, in which he has already wielded the pen of a reviewer, pointing back with peculiar complacency to a grand effort in criticism, made by him in some unnamed periodical fifteen years before, in which, he says, "we prognosticated (even while a Scott, a Byron, and a Wordsworth, were pouring forth their varied strains, to the delight and satisfaction of numerous readers) what would be the consequence of the loose and sippant style which they were the means of introducing." He then proceeds to tell us how he dressed Lord Edward Thurlow's poem called "The Doge's Daughter," on that occasion;—fighting his battle with this noble victim over again, even to the extracts. Then we are informed that, ten or twelve years after that, he reviewed another sinner, called the "Markinch Minstrel," and gave it him well, as he shews by a careful recapitulation of the heads of the critique, thus:—

"We observed at the time, that the opening of the 'Markinch Minstrelsy,' was splendid in the extreme, having in it much of the graphic particularity of Wordsworth, with all the simplicity of the author's countryman, Burns. In that work we were informed, that in the year 1811,

" 'The oatmeal it was hot,
And the barley it was raw,
And for the wheat, it was sae sprung,
It would not bake at a'."

" 'The potatoes were a very bad crop,
And they turn'd very dear;
But yet they are the only crop,
Poor people useth here.'"

"We at the time remarked, that besides the beauty of the poetry, an important point had been elucidated, about which so many essayists on the evils of Ireland had been bothering their brains since the land first obtained the generous patronage of political economists; as it was quite evident, from the latter stanza, that the potato was just as much used in Scotland as in this our own sweet country; and thus we saw how unfounded was the assumption of the then modern philosophical theorists, who pronounced that to be the

root of all the evils of this pauperised portion of the British empire," &c. &c.

Having thus, a second time slain the resuscitated Scotchman, the writer arrives at his last and greatest feat in the critical line, namely, his great review of the "Squib Annual," in No. 186, of the Dublin Penny Journal, which being a recent effort, he leaves it and the extracts from the important work with which it deals, to speak for themselves, while he sums up with the following appropriate observations on poetry considered as one of the "fine arts."

"We confess we do love to see the genius of our country, like the mountain torrent, rushing fearlessly along; or, like the more furious wave on its own sea-girt shore, when under the lashing fury of the storm, breaking down all the common mounds which common drivellers and worthless translators, such as Pope and Dryden, would impose—and dashing forwards in its unrestrained career, disdainful of those little fastidious niceties, so much thought of by puny individuals, such as Gray, and Goldsmith, and Collins, and Campbell, and Moore—all of whom, it is well known, have sacrificed as much of their precious time in polishing and fashioning their scraps of poetry into what the ignorant and vulgar would call grace and symmetry, as is spent by others in the writing, printing, and publishing of compositions of equal length, variety, and humour."

[A delicate allusion, it would seem, to the editor's own productions.]

"The *labor limæ*, so strongly recommended by antiquity, we, as enlightened critics, utterly condemn; we detest equally the smell of the lamp and the sight of the pruning-knife (except when this latter is to be consigned to our own masterly hands); it is the luxuriant imagination we admire, not the paltry art which would cramp and clip a poem into fantastic shapes, according to what are vulgarly called 'classic rules,' and despoil it of all its luxuriance and vigour. It was under such circumstances as these, we have no doubt—(however some wicked wags may, from the expression, have represented the Scotch rhymers as an ouran outang)—that Sir Walter, in the opening of one of his silly poems exclaims—

"Flow free, flow unconfined my tale,"

which idea, we suppose, must have been

suggested in the course of the writer's highly useful researches on demonology, and his consequent acquaintance with the 'old gentleman,' of whom we are told, that

" 'Over his arm he swithces his tail,
As a gentleman carries his cane.' "

"There was also another position which we undertook to establish—that common sense is by no means a necessary ingredient in poetic composition. This we clearly proved by a parity of reasoning; love and poetry, it has been long admitted, are peculiarly similar in all their bearings and tendencies—from like passions they spring—a like ethereal nature characterizes them. *Genuine poetry* is nothing more than the simple language of nature—the pure breathings of an unsophisticated spirit; and *true love* could not be better defined than by the very same expressions. Now, who ever heard of a man in love speaking anything like common sense to the object of his affection? If he attempted it she would not listen to him, for it would not appear like love; and just the same with poetry—it is decidedly no more necessary in the one case than the other."

But even this uneasy egotism and awkward jocularly might be excused, if they exhibited themselves in connection with useful information. Vanity and ignorance, however, generally go hand in hand, and we usually find that the more morbid the one is the more stolid is the other. Who could conceive, for example, anything more profound than this?

"It is said of the immortal Milton, that he never sat down to compose any portion of his 'Paradise Lost,' without having previously refreshed his spirit by drinking deeply from that holy fount of inspiration, the volume of Divine truth—either by *reading for himself*, or having various portions of it read to him by others."

That a person not aware of Milton's blindness, should be on such terms of intimacy with the English classics, as to be able to recognise them on casual encounter, was hardly to be expected; we therefore feel no surprise on observing "Content," the well known pastoral, beginning

"O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam; "—

Printed in the no-longer "Catch-penny" miscellany, (vol. 3, p. 13,) as an original contribution of M. H., who, a few numbers farther on, (p. 62,) repeats the imposition, with equal impudence and similar success, in "The Happy Shepherd," beginning—

"Yes, Phillis, we'll trip o'er the meads, &c."

By and by, (p. 91,) one H. N., observing how cheaply M. H. had made his character, tries the same method with the "Fisherman," so long a favourite subject for recitation at schools,—we all recollect it : —

"She listens—'tis the wind, she cries ;
The moon that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast—she looks, she sighs—
She fears 'twill be a stormy night."

And no gudgeon ever swallowed the fisherman's own hook with more unconscious gravity than that with which the Penny Journal bolts the plunder as an original contribution.

Polite literature being thus out of the question, it only remains to enquire whether the journal under its new management exhibits any learning in antiquities, sufficient to account for the editor's ostentatious display of his connection with the academy, or to justify the terms in which he speaks of two of its most distinguished members. Mr. Hardy's efforts in this direction, though few in number, and sadly meagre in matter, still furnish evidence enough to show that his pretensions in archæology are in no way more legitimate than in science or the *belles lettres*. Take a few specimens.

AN IRISH PEDIGREE.

"Rory Oge M^cQuillan, of Dunluce Castle, could trace his family from their departure from Babylon, three thousand years ago, whence they came to Scotland, and being called *Chaldeans*, gave origin to the corruption of the word *Caledonians*: the M^cQuillans afterwards removed to Ireland."

PTOLEMAIC GEOGRAPHY.

"Rheban, (in Kildare,) was in the second century, one of the inland towns of Ireland."

THE ENGLISH PALE TOPSY TURVY.

"Lea Castle (Queen's County) was built about the year 1260, by the Anglo-Norman family de Vesey, in the usual style of the military architecture of the day, and was intended to protect the Pale on the north and north-west !"

But stay, Mr. Hardy is at least a topographer, and has written guide books. A work conducted by him, will surely be accurate enough to guide his readers through a Sunday tour in the county Wicklow. Alas! no. Read this, oh ye compilers of topographical dictionaries, and bless your stars, that there are others who can turn the course of a river as effectually as either you or Hercules.

"About two miles from the princely residence of the (Wingfield) family, is the celebrated waterfall of Powerscourt. In this place, the river ANNA LIFFEY, (!) which rises in Glensoulan, and afterwards reaches the Jouss Mountain, is precipitated down a steep precipice of *feringinous (!) basalt (!)* about a hundred and fifty feet in height." (Vol. 2. p. 235.)

Under the new management, then, the journal, strange as it may seem, appears to have recovered its circulation, or at least by dint of good mercantile management, and a better system of publication, to have acquired a new circulation out of Ireland, among those whose tastes lay in a coarser article, to such an extent, (having actually put down the rival penny periodical above alluded to,) as to make it worth the proprietor's while to carry it on to a fourth volume, when, we learn, from Mr. Hardy, what we were ignorant of, when we noticed it in our last number—that it was given up, not in consequence of any falling off in its lately acquired circulation, but on account of Mr. Hardy's own ill health, which, unfortunately for him in a business point of view, but fortunately for the character of Irish literature, rendered him unable longer to continue the multifarious exertions necessary for its editing, printing, and publishing.

The mode in which the tastes of the new constituency appear to have been catered for, was anything but what might have been expected from so jealous a guardian of copyright as Mr. Hardy. He, who had himself been the first to raise the cry of piracy when three and three quarter pages of matter from the defunct National were appropriated with complimentary acknowledgment by the infant journal, now, not only manufactured number after number, out of the live plunder of Carleton, Lover, Inglis, Mrs. Hall, the Cyclopædias, Ourselves, the Annuals, the Comic Annual, Hood's Annual, even—childish

wood-cuts and all—not only did this, and in many cases without acknowledgment, but actually reprinted old articles from the first volume as original communications and new extracts, Tara Hall, for example, (vol. 1, p. 36 ; and vol. 4, p. 108) ; and the Story of O'Sullivan Beare, (vol. 1, p. 77 ; and vol. 2, p. 295.)

From the commencement to the end of the new management, the staple of the work is Irish legend, often of the very lowest kind—coarse, dull, disgraceful to the tastes of the age. Some series there are which we are bound to except from the general condemnation. The stories by J. L. L. and E. W., correspondents of the old "catchpenny," who continued to support the concern as long as it lasted, are always respectable, and the "Rides in the county of Cork," by whom we know not, are very good. Sir William Betham also, the able and eminent herald and historian, Mr. Getty, an intelligent naturalist of Ballymena, and Mr. Mac-Skimmin, the respectable annalist of Carrickfergus, were useful contributors during both dynasties. The majority of the illustrations of the volumes conducted by Mr. Hardy are of the same character as those in the earlier and better part of the work ; but there is a large minority of wood-cuts which are execrable. In one instance, the illustrations of this work devoted to interesting and useful subjects, consist of a collection of the vignettes and tail pieces from children's story-books—in several others, of copies of Hood's pictorial puns, such as "eyes right ! " "I caun't, sir," "country quarters," "that's the co-

met," &c. &c. and in a great variety of cases, of figures of men, of animals, and buildings, that without exaggeration, do really require the help of the letter-press for their identification.

As to new information, fresh facts, or original views—if we except, indeed, Mr. Hardy's own views in criticism, we look for them in vain. Here, relating to the Battle of Clontarf, is one extract from the Clarendon MSS. highly curious and interesting ; but so far as we have observed, it is the solitary exception which proves the rule. That a work which went so far to elevate the literary character of the country, should also have gone such a length to degrade it, is sad enough to contemplate. Still, the good that has been done, lives after it, and had it not been for Mr. Hardy's challenge, the evil might have remained "interred with its bones"—though, indeed, a metaphor drawn from the grave, is by no means applicable, for we are glad to understand that the book as a whole, is still alive and selling. It ought to be a selling book, for all tastes may be gratified in it. Those who think with us, should buy it for the sake of the first half ; those who deem us too nice in so "cheap and nasty" a business as a penny journal, should buy it for the sake of the second. Among hands, we really trust it will sell, and that the attention we have drawn to the great merits of a part will prove beneficial to the entire work. On the whole, we part with the Dublin Penny Journal in good humour, for surely the words of Horace are applicable here, if they ever were so.

*Turpiter atrum
Desinit in placem, mulier formosa superbe—
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici ?*

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DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S DUBLIN 1745

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XV.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.

NO. XI.—SWIFT.—PART I.

It has been the lot of great politicians, and must ever be, so long as party divides the community in which their power is, or has been felt, to be assailed alike by contemporary and posthumous slander. It is impossible to assert and establish what is right without attacking or destroying what is wrong, or to win power and security for the true friends of certain principles, without seeking to disarm and to subdue their enemies; and so long as human nature is what it ever has been, defeat must engender in the hearts of the conquered bitterness and intenseness of hatred towards the conqueror, proportioned in duration to the effects and completeness of his victories.—Now, if we had no other criterion whereby to test the political ability and success of the immortal author, of whose life we are about to give an imperfect sketch, than that afforded by the fact, that though more than a hundred years have gone by since his latest effort, and nearly a century has passed over his grave, no length of time, or change of political relations, or countless succession and variety of men and measures have availed to blot out or to mitigate the black, remorseless malignity of hatred with which the state party to whom he was opposed have persecuted his memory; we might at once pronounce the man whose name is thus still the object of invective and slander to have inflicted on that party, wounds the most truly aimed, the most deeply urged, and the

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hardest to be cured. Against the memory, at least, the *immediate* memory of such a man as Swift, a two-fold battle is arrayed; envy co-operates with party—for littleness and dulness are not only the opposites, but the sure antagonists of greatness and intellect, and it is their vocation to underrate all merit, and to war against all fame. The vulgar, the envious, and the vile seek to disfigure and deface in detail whatever the fury of faction has omitted to destroy, and it seems to furnish to certain puny and paltry spirits, the pigmies of humanity, a perverse and malignant pleasure, while wandering, as it were, among the tombs where the renowned in the world's history lie buried, to cast defilement upon the great statues which they have not strength to break down, or even to mutilate; but the vicissitudes of time, the rains of a few winters will wash away, for ever, those stains and soils, but storms and ages will leave the image itself unshaken.

The annexed sketch is necessarily brief and imperfect; for, adequately to write a life of Swift, were a task involving the political, literary, and social history of the age in which he lived. We shall, however, if we may trust ourselves, secure at least one advantage; we shall deal impartially with our subject; we shall present our reader with no one-sided portrait, but fairly exhibit him of whom we write as he was, neither above nor below the standard of humanity, neither all good

nor all evil, but, like other men, a mixture of conflicting ingredients—strength and weakness, greatness and littleness, sin and virtue.

The subject of this memoir was descended from the younger branch of the family of Swift, one of considerable antiquity, and long established in Yorkshire; his grandfather was the Rev. Thomas Swift, a royalist, who suffered grievously in the troublous time of the wars between Charles the First and his parliament, by the fatal termination of which his ruin was completed. Upon the restoration, however, his son Godwin, the eldest of many brothers, was appointed attorney-general of the palatinate of Tipperary, under the Duke of Ormond. This Godwin embarrassed and injured himself by incautious speculation, but his *professional* success induced three of his brethren to settle in Ireland. These were William, Adam, and Jonathan, namesake and father of the great Swift. This Jonathan Swift, who thus arrived in Ireland a needy stranger, was sixth or seventh son of his father, altogether without provision, and burthened with a wife, having taken as an helpmate a lady named Abigail Erricke, of an ancient Leicestershire family. He succeeded in procuring some agencies in this country, which, in conjunction with the salary of the stewardship of the King's Inns, (Dublin,) which appointment he obtained in January, 1665, formed his only means of subsistence. He did not enjoy this office long, for, in the year 1667, he died, leaving an infant daughter, and his widow, then pregnant, in a state of destitution so extreme that she had it not in her power to defray the funeral expenses of her deceased husband, until, after much delay and difficulty, she succeeded in collecting, with the assistance of William Swift, her brother-in-law, a small debt of about one hundred pounds due to the deceased by the society of the King's Inns, the residue of which appears to have been her only provision. Thus reduced to a state of complete dependance, she naturally looked to Godwin Swift—who was believed to be

in affluent circumstances, though, in reality, much embarrassed—for assistance and support. This aid was effectually, though grudgingly afforded, and, upon the 30th of November, 1667, and seven months after the death of her husband, in a small house in Hoey's Court,* in the city of Dublin, Abigail Swift gave birth to a son, which child of sorrow and dependance, born an orphan and a pauper, in an obscure corner of a strange city, kept alive by the niggard charity of cold relations, was yet to be the friend and equal companion of the high and mighty of the land, the counsellor of the wisest, the commander of the proudest, and the saviour of his native land. Even the infancy of Swift was not without adventure: his nurse, a native of Whitehaven, having been suddenly recalled to that town, actually stole away the child, and carried him with her. There, owing to the delicacy of his health, which could ill brook the fatigues of a second voyage, it was thought expedient to suffer him to reside for a time. His absence from his mother's care did not, however, retard his education; for, on his return to Dublin, after the lapse of three years, he was found to have been carefully instructed in spelling, and, at the age of five, he was able to read any chapter in the Bible.

At the age of six years, he was sent to the school of Kilkenny, endowed and maintained by the Ormond family, where, says Scott, his name, cut in schoolboy fashion upon his desk or form, is still shewn to strangers. Here he was first made acquainted with those punning jingles upon Latin words of which so many occur among the whimsicalities of his latter years.

The smallness of the stipend allowed by his uncle Godwin, for his and his mother's support, and the tardy reluctance with which even this was afforded, caused him early to regard that relative with feelings of disgust and bitterness, which years did not assuage. Nevertheless, poverty and dependance did not produce upon the young mind of Swift their usual effects; they neither softened, nor humbled, nor

* "This house," says Scott, "now called No. 7, is still pointed out by the inhabitants of that quarter. The antiquity of its appearance seems to vindicate the truth of the tradition." It has, however, recently been pulled down, and not a vestige of the birth-place of Swift now remains.

broke his spirit ; the haughty boy had, no doubt, to submit to many indignities, but his mind never acquiesced in the insults which he was forced to bear. The mortifications which were meant to kill his pride, stung it not to death, but to madness ; and thus, from his earliest days, his spirit was at war with the world. Had nature framed him less proud and stubborn, he would have sunk under his degradation and afflictions ; but, as it was, this harsh and early discipline, while it tainted his very boyhood with the bitterness and suspicion of a premature, but fixed and stern contempt of his species, which no after triumphs or homage could obliterate, was not bestowed in vain, for it also evoked, it may be *created*, that energetic pride, that rugged and indomitable resolution, that lofty and intrepid scorn of danger and of opposition, without which, he might have lived in vain, for mere intellect never has sufficed to make a man great and powerful, unless stimulated and supported by the strong qualities of a daring and decisive character. In very childhood, the natural season of careless, light-hearted gaiety, he was a mournful and moody being ; and it was his habit, from his early days, to observe the returning anniversary of his birth as a period not of joy, but of sorrowing ; and upon such occasions, it was his wont to read from the Bible the passage in which Job curses his day :—" Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, there is a man child conceived. Lo let that night be solitary ; let no joyful voice come therein." So keenly and deeply did he feel the humiliating fate which he was born to share with the mother, whom alone, of all his kindred, he seems truly to have loved.

At the age of fourteen, Swift was removed from Kilkenny, and received into Trinity College, Dublin, as a pensioner, under the tuition of one St. George Ashe, on 24th April, 1682. At the same time, his cousin, Theophilus Swift was also admitted. The

subjects of the academic examinations, among which, voluminous logical treatises took a prominent position, were ill suited to the truth-seeking and manly mind of the future satirist ; they were accordingly neglected in favour of history, politics, and miscellaneous literature, in which studies he made rapid progress. If we except the moments when his hard lot was forgotten in the pleasures of solitary communion with books, his residence in the University of Dublin was, undoubtedly, the *most* wretched season of his existence. His poverty and pride, no doubt excluded him from the convivial society of his fellow-students, among whom he would never have been content to mix, but upon terms of perfect equality, while his secluded habits could not avail to protect him from those petty slights, and insults and airs of superiority to which the relations subsisting between pupil and pedagogue too frequently prompt the latter.* Under these galling circumstances, it is not wonderful that his natural propensity to satire was strengthened and indulged. The formal orations delivered by the "*terre filius*" were, with ready ingenuity, converted by him into the vehicles of satirical comments upon his academic superiors. Such exertions as these did not tend to propitiate the *magnates* of the university ; and when Swift was admitted (February, 13th, 1685-6,) to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, it was "*speciali gratiâ*," (or, in the corrected phrase of Dr. Barrett, "*per specialem gratiam*,") intimating that he was permitted to graduate by the *merciful indulgence of the Board*. "An ingenious correspondent" of Sir Walter Scott has taken advantage of the confusion arising from the recurrence of the names of the two cousins in the College register, without the distinction of the Christian appellation with a view to acquit the University of undue severity towards its illustrious alumnus, and with a minute and laborious zeal, he confers all fines, penalties, admonitions and disgraces bestowed with sig-

* An injudicious, and by no means an amiable weakness, in which the heads of our University then indulged to such an excess as to disgust and exasperate each one of her *alumni*, who either in point of spirit or ability was worth a groat. Forgetting that the *jibs*, whom they insulted, were afterwards to grow into the influential men, the orators and statesmen, upon whose support the safety of the university reposes. But the Protestant tone of the politics of that time saved our Protestant college, in spite of its official guardians.

nal liberality upon one or both of the Swifts, exclusively upon *Theophilus*; while every distinction, honour, and indulgence, he thinks there is reason to suppose, were intended for Jonathan. He even goes so far as to assert, that the terms "*speciali gratia*," which qualified the mode in which his degree was conferred, conveyed not a censure, but a compliment, signifying that he was permitted to graduate at an unusually early period, in consideration of extraordinary merit. It is hard to read this highly original construction of the case without a smile, particularly when it appears that its "ingenious" author contradicts not only Dr. Barrett's expressed opinion, but the distinct and repeated assertions of Swift himself. The University of Dublin does not, for its defence, stand in need of any such sophistical pleading. It is quite enough for its justification, that Swift did not fulfil the conditions which it prescribed. He had not read and committed to memory the massive and luminous logical compilations of the learned Kekermannus and Burgersdicius; and although it is possible that his mind was better employed, such a supposition neither acquits him nor condemns the college. Swift may have admitted the necessity, so often urged, that the mind should early be stored with some solid and weighty acquisition, as it were, to secure its equilibrium, and to steady its motions; but if he held this theory, he nevertheless preferred to employ as ballast, such substances as might prove useful to himself and to others in after commerce, rather than mere masses of dirt and rubbish, always unprofitable, often a nuisance. And thus we find that while he reasonably turned with loathing from the course of reading enjoined by the Board, he did not waste the term of his residence in College, in illiterate idleness, but acquired by strong but irregular efforts, a mass of varied and useful information which might have shamed even his contemptuous academic superiors.

During his residence in College, after the period of his admission to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he incurred so many penalties for his formal omissions, that it is wonderful how his wretched poverty supplied the amount of his fines. Some would solve this difficulty by supposing Swift to have

obtained a scholarship, to which office a small annuity is annexed; but Dr. Barrett (an excellent authority upon subjects of college chronology) rejects the supposition as wholly unfounded; and, indeed, however the truth may be, it is clear that the punishment answered its double purpose, for Swift, no doubt, found it very severe, and the board must have allowed it very economical. The irritable temper of Swift, exasperated by these vexatious and to him almost ruinous exactions, vented itself in unwarrantable language, addressed to the inflicter of the fines, the junior dean, Owen Lloyd; and on the 20th November, 1688, the audacious student was sentenced by the provost and senior fellows, publicly, and upon his knees, to beg the pardon of this immortal gentleman, (for immortal the lampoons of Swift have made him.) To this extremity of public and abject degradation, it is not likely that he submitted; for in the same year (1688) he departed from the University of Dublin, and, it may easily be conceived, with no friendly feelings.

The authorities of the college are not to be hastily blamed for their conduct towards Swift, for as regards academic discipline and studies he had been both rebellious and idle. They could not tell that in casting from them with contempt, the friendless, proud, satiric youth, who dared to despise their logics, and even to laugh at a junior dean, they were rejecting a genius whose power was to be felt for half a century through the islands of Britain, in efforts rapid, forceful, and tremendous as the repeated shocks of an earthquake.

The scene and habits of Swift's existence were now to undergo a complete and sudden change. He directed his course to England, where having arrived, he proceeded on foot to Leicestershire, where his mother then resided, in order to consult with her upon the prudence of such plans of action as might have suggested themselves. She recommended a scheme better suited to the poverty than to the pride of Swift; one, however, upon which he wisely resolved to act—this was to present himself to Sir William Temple, who then resided in honoured retirement at Moor-park, and resting his hopes upon the ground of kindred,

for Lady Temple was related to the family of Erricke, of which it may be remembered Swift's mother was a member, and also upon the fact that his cousin, Thomas Swift, had been appointed resident chaplain in Sir William's family, to solicit some domestic appointment. The application succeeded, and Swift was received into the house of this great and good man; he had few superficial recommendations or attractions to offer; his figure was lank and ungainly—his countenance wore a gloomy and somewhat forbidding character—and his manners were, even at this early period, stern and abrupt; it is not, therefore, wonderful that he failed at first to make a favourable impression upon his patron. A mind like Swift's, however, could not long remain a buried treasure, and Sir William Temple soon learned to appreciate the richness of the gift which a chance storm had thrown at his door. From the time of his reception among the family of his patron

Swift applied himself, with persevering energy, to the pursuit of the more useful studies which had engaged his attention in Ireland, devoting no less a time than eight hours every day to laborious reading. With a mind capable of arranging, fashioning, and using the materials which it acquired, it is not wonderful that Swift gradually but irresistibly gained upon the esteem and confidence of the literary statesman, until the society of the young scholar became the mainstay and comfort of his declining years. The studies of Swift were now for a time interrupted by ill health; he had contracted by a surfeit of stone fruit, a coldness of the stomach, accompanied by deafness and vertigo; a disease which throughout his life returned again and again, with increasing severity and frequency, until at length it ended, as he had always foretold, in the complete and awful destruction of all his noble faculties.* In the hopes that his native air might remove his disor-

* We here insert Sir Walter Scott's observations upon a controversy which has arisen, as to the origin of the diseases of Swift, with this one remark, that it should be remembered, that although there never existed a public man who was more constantly before the public eye, and more perseveringly and unscrupulously assailed by slander during his life-time, yet none, not even the most virulent and inquisitorial of his contemporary accusers ever ventured to direct against him the charge upon which that controversy is based—it was then reserved for an age, unhappily too prone to that species of calumny which represents disease as the sure indication of impurity, and seeks to convert the sorest and most awful dispensations which the hand of God awards alike to the evil and to the good, into the materials of the grossest and most disgraceful libel, to assail the memory of Swift with accusations, from which others shrunk as too improbable, too monstrous, and too filthy to be credited for a moment.

"It here becomes the indispensable duty of an editor briefly to notice the opinion expressed by the learned Dr. Beddoes, who, in the ninth essay of his work, entitled *Hygeia*, has directly ascribed the vertigo of Swift, with all its distressing consequences, to habits of early and profligate indulgence. And he has argued upon our author's conduct towards *Stella* and *Vanessa*, as indicating the inflamed imagination, and the exhausted frame of a premature voluptuary, who still courted pleasures he was unable to enjoy. The same conclusion, Dr. Beddoes is disposed to derive, from the tone of gross indelicacy, of which Swift's writings afford too many proofs. To the hypothesis of this ingenious writer, we may oppose, first, the express declaration of Swift himself, that this distressing malady originated in the surfeit mentioned in the text, a cause which medical professors have esteemed in every respect adequate to produce such consequences. Secondly, his whole intercourse with *Stella* and *Vanessa* indicates the very reverse of an ardent or licentious imagination; and proves his coldness to have been constitutionally inherent, both in mind and person, and utterly distinct from that of one who retains wishes which he has lost the power to gratify. Those who choose to investigate this matter further, may compare Swift's *Journal* to *Stella*, with Pope's *Letters to the Miss Blounts*, in which there really exists evidence of that mixture of friendship, passion, and licentious gallantry, which the learned author of *Hygeia* has less justly ascribed to the correspondence between Swift and *Stella*. Lastly, without raking deeper into such a subject, it may be briefly noticed, that the coarse images and descriptions with which Swift has dishonoured his pages, are of a nature directly opposite to the loose impurities by which the exhausted voluptuary feeds his imagination. The latter courts the seductive images of licentious pleasure; but Swift has indulged in pictures of a very different class, and has dwelt on physical impurities, calculated to disgust and not to excite the fancy. We may, therefore, safely take Swift's word for the origin of his malady, as well as for his constitutional temperance. And until medical authors can clearly account for, and radically cure, the diseases of their contemporary patients, they may readily be excused from assigning dishonourable causes for the disorders of the illustrious dead."

der, he visited Ireland, but soon returned to Moor-park, without having derived any advantage from the sojourn. He was now received into the closest intimacy by Sir William Temple, and was permitted to be present upon those occasions whereon King William, in matters of high concernment, applied for advice to the sagacity and experience of the virtuous old statesman: and when, as was frequently the case, sickness confined his patron to his chamber, Swift was by him deputed to attend the king during his visits at Moor-park, a privilege which he appears to have exercised to the royal satisfaction, for he received from William, among other attentions, an offer of a troop of horse, which, however, was declined; for even at this time Swift had resolved upon devoting himself to the church.

In 1692 he visited Oxford, for the purpose of taking his master's degree, and was received at the university with almost prophetic respect, a circumstance which, long after honour, and triumph, and homage, had become so familiar as to be almost indifferent to him, was remembered with pride and gratitude.

He had now resided for nearly four years in Sir William Temple's family, and he naturally looked to his patron for the realization of the hopes which had been held out to him of an independent provision in the church. Sir William, however, met his wishes coldly, and Swift half suspected that his manifest reluctance to procure for him even the promise of a small preferment, resulted from an ungenerous desire to prolong the term of his dependence, and thus to secure to himself the services of one who was eminently calculated alike to assist him in his literary pursuits, and to beguile the hours of sickness. At length, however, a definite offer was made—an office connected with the Roll's Court in Ireland, worth about £100 yearly, became vacant, and this Sir William presented to Swift. It was declined with the spirited and characteristic assertion that "now that he had an offer of an independence elsewhere he would no longer hesitate to take holy orders, since nobody could say that he had been *driven* to the church for a provision. Thus they parted with feelings of mutual displeasure.

On his arrival in Ireland, Swift found that the bishops to whom he applied for ordination required a certificate of good conduct during his residence at Moor-park, signed by Sir William Temple, as an indispensable preliminary to receiving him into the church. To seek such an office at the hands of his alienated patron ill accorded with the independent spirit which had animated his last decisive movement, and although the required testimonial might have been sought rather as a right than as a favour, he could not bring himself to make the necessary application until after the lapse of many months. It was made, however, and the requisite document was immediately dispatched by Sir William, together, it is conjectured, with a letter of recommendation to Lord Capel, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Upon the 13th of January, 1694, Swift received priest's orders, and almost immediately obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, yielding a yearly income of about one hundred pounds. Thither he retired, dreaming, no doubt, like other restless and wounded spirits, that he desired no other sphere of action, and sought no other enjoyments and distinctions than those which his sequestered and humble lot might supply; knowing not that the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and that among all his imagined humbleness and elevation, and philosophy, there lived and burned within him the fervent energies, and the vast and dauntless ambition which were to make him obeyed and dreaded, and beloved, while life and reason remained, and great for ever. Seclusion, which at a distance he had wooed so fondly, became loathed and intolerable when possessed: the stimulus of offended pride which had urged him to it was now removed, all feelings of anger and suspicion had subsided, and a few months of calm reflection convinced him that he had too hastily condemned a man who, whatever his failings might be, was certainly attached to him, and whose friendship and confidence he felt to be a most honorable possession; he saw, too, that his thus deserting his patron, at a time when the increasing infirmities of age and ill health rendered support and attention absolutely necessary, and when, too, as death approached, his interests with courts

and great men might be supposed to be on the decline, would savour of sordid ingratitude; and though from the earliest time he evinced a high and practical disdain of "what men report," it is probable that he could not brook the thought that he should appear, to his venerable friend and companion, in a light so unfavourable though so untrue. The indecision to which these circumstances and reflections gave rise, was at length determined in a manner which brings strikingly before us one of the predominant and most beautiful qualities of the character of Swift. We give this narrative in the words of Sheridan:—

"As there were some singular circumstances attending this resignation, I shall relate them exactly as I received them from a gentleman of veracity, who declared he had the account from Swift himself. He said, that soon after he had come to this determination, he was taking his customary walk, and met an elderly clergyman riding along the road. After the usual salutation, he fell into discourse with him: and was so pleased with what passed between them, that he invited him to dinner, and easily prevailed on him to be his guest for a day or two. During this time Swift found that he was a man of great simplicity of manners, good sense, some learning, and unaffected piety. And upon inquiring into his circumstances, learned that he had only a curacy of forty pounds a year, for the maintenance of a wife and eight children. Swift lamented his situation, and told him that he had some interest which he would exert in his behalf, and endavour to procure him a living, if he would only lend him his black mare to carry him to Dublin; for Swift was not at that time possessed of a horse. The clergyman readily consented,

and went home on foot; promising to meet him at any time he should appoint on his return. Swift went to town, and represented the poor curate's case to his patron in such strong terms, as soon prevailed on him to consent that Swift's living should, upon his resignation, which was proposed at the same time, be made over to him. Nor was this a difficult point to accomplish, as besides motives of humanity, it was for the interest of the patron to accept of an old incumbent of near sixty years of age, in the room of a young one of twenty-seven. Swift having dispatched this business, returned as soon as possible to the country, and gave notice to the old clergyman to meet him. He found him at his door on his arrival, and immediately upon their going into the parlour put the presentation into his hand, desiring him to read it. Swift said, that while he was doing so, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, in which the joy of finding that it was a presentation to a living, was visibly expressed; but when he came to that part of the writing which mentioned the name of the living, and found that it was Swift's own which he had resigned in his favour, he looked at him for some time in silence, with such a mixed emotion of astonishment and gratitude in his countenance, as presented to Swift one of the most striking pictures of the mind expressed in the face, he had ever seen; and he said that he never before had felt such exquisite pleasure of mind as he did in that hour."

It might reasonably be supposed that where honour and praise were due, calumny at least might have been silent—but not so—even the occurrence which we have just recorded has been converted by the ingenuity of the enemies of Swift into matter of scandal; a notice of the lie, with its refutation, we extract from Scott's memoirs, at the foot of this page.* Swift

* In an edition of the Tatler, in six volumes, 1786, executed with uncommon accuracy and care, there occurs a note upon No. 188, which, among other strictures on Swift's history, mentions the following alleged fact:—"Lord Wharton's remarkable words allude, not only to the odium Swift had contracted as the known or supposed author of the Tale of a Tub, &c. but they seem to point more particularly to a flagrant part of his criminality at Kilroot, not so generally known. A general account of this offence is all that is requisite here, and all that decency permits. In consequence of an attempt to ravish one of his parishioners, a farmer's daughter, Swift was carried before a magistrate of the name of Dobbs (in whose family the examinations taken on the occasion are said to be still extant to this day,) and to avoid the very serious consequences of this rash action, immediately resigned the prebend, and quitted the kingdom. This intelligence was communicated and vouched as a fact well known in the parish even now, by one of Swift's successors in the living, and is rested on the authority of the present prebendary of Kilroot, February 6, 1785."

It was not to be supposed that a charge so inconsistent with Swift's general character for virtue, religion, and temperance, should remain unanswered. Accordingly a reply was addressed to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, by Theophilus Swift, Esq. who was justly zealous for the honour of his great relative, but it was refused admission on account of its length. An answer is also to be found in Mr. Monk Berkeley's Reliques; and, in both cases, the advocates of Swift, or rather his vindicators, urge the utter improbability of the charge.

now returned to Moor-park, upon the footing which he had so much wished to occupy; he was not in his own phrase "driven thither for a maintenance;" he had possessed a competent income, an independent station, and a prospect of honourable promotion, all which he voluntarily surrendered in order that his friendly offices and society might sustain and solace the last sad days of sickness and decrepitude. Such were the terms upon which Swift made his second visit to Moor-park, an event which may justly be considered as the most important of his existence, for during this residence was formed that attachment which was to be the sad mystery of his life, and the stain of his memory, the inexplicable connexion which has associated for ever the name of Swift with that of Stella. On his arrival he found Sir William Temple deeply involved in the idle but angry controversy upon the superiority of the ancient or of the modern writers—a debate which, turning altogether on matter of taste can never be determined, and which, from the multipli-

city of the subjects of comparison or contrast can never be argued closely. Swift, however, undeterred by these difficulties, eagerly supported his patron, who, in conjunction with the university of Oxford, to which gratitude had warmly attached the young Irishman, had espoused the cause of the ancients. The result of his advocacy was the "Battle of the Books," suggested by Courtray's "*Histoire poetique de la guerre nouvellement declaree entre les anciens et les modernes*," a satiric poem of considerable merit. Swift was accused of having filched largely from the ingenious Frenchman, a charge which he indignantly combats; and even Johnston is forced to give his reluctant testimony in favour of the originality of our author, an act of justice which he would certainly have avoided, if the allegations of such a slander possessed plausibility enough to mislead even the blindest prejudice. Though no writer ever possessed so little of the proverbial vanity of an author, as did Swift, few men could so ill brook a charge of

considering the circumstances of the case. It was shown by Mr. Berkeley, that had such a criminal stigma ever stained the character of Swift, some allusions to it must have been found amid the profusion of personal slander with which, at one time, he was assailed, both in Britain and Ireland. It was further remarked, that had Swift been conscious of meriting such an imputation, his satire upon Dean Sawbridge, for a similar crime, argues little less than insanity in the author. To which it might have been added, that the same reproach is thrown by Swift on Sir John Browne, in one of the *Drapiers*. Above all, the proofs of this strange allegation were loudly demanded at the hand of those who had made public a calumny unknown to the eagle-eyed slander of the age in which Swift lived. To these defiance, no formal answer was returned, but the story was suffered to remain upon record. That this most atrocious charge may no longer continue without an explicit contradiction, I here insert the origin of the calumny, upon the authority of the Rev. Dr. Hutcheson, of Donaghadee:—

"The Rev. Mr. P——r, a successor of Dean Swift in the prebend of Kilroot, was the first circulator of this extraordinary story. He told the tale, among other public occasions, at the late excellent Bishop of Dromore's, who committed it to writing. His authority he alleged to be a Dean Dobbs, who, he stated, had informed him that informations were actually lodged before magistrates in the diocese of Down and Connor, for the alleged attempt at violation. But when the late ingenious Mr. Malone, and many other literary gentlemen, began to press a closer examination of the alleged fact, the unfortunate narrator denied obstinately his having ever promulgated such a charge. And whether the whole story was the creation of incipient insanity, or whether he had felt the discredit attached to the tergiversation so acutely as to derange his understanding, it is certain the unfortunate Mr. P——r, died raving mad, a patient in that very hospital for lunatics, established by Swift, against whom he had propagated this cruel calumny. Yet, although P——r thus fell a victim to his own rash assertions, or credulity, it has been supposed that this inexplicable figment did really originate with Dean Dobbs, and that he had been led into a mistake, by the initial letters, J. S. upon the alleged papers, which might apply to Jonathan Smedley, (to whom, indeed, the tale has been supposed properly to belong,) or to John Smith, as well as to Jonathan Swift. It is sufficient for Swift's vindication to observe, that he returned to Kilroot, after his resignation, and inducted his successor in face of the church and of the public; that he returned to Sir William Temple with as fair a character as when he had left him; that during all his public life, in England and Ireland, where he was the butt of a whole faction, this charge was never heard of; that when adduced so many years after his death, it was unsupported by aught but sturdy and general averment; and that the chief propagator of the calumny first retracted his assertions, and finally died insane."

plagiarism ; to praise and censure, and even to false appropriation of his works he was comparatively indifferent, but against the imputation of having received direction or even assistance from the thoughts of others, his pride rebelled. Although this tract was much admired by the numerous literary men to whom it was shown, and though its publication might reasonably have been expected to sustain, with no ordinary effect, the cause which Sir William Temple had espoused, yet Swift did not give it to the world until after the death of that statesman, either being indifferent to mere literary success, or perhaps underrating the value of his work. Nearly at the same time he finished, although he did not publish until long afterwards, "A Tale of a Tub," a work which exhibits a mass of information, not then to be skimmed from the superficial pages of *Reviews*, but to be found only in those recesses and depths which are searched exclusively by the student, and a minute and wonderful completeness of allegory, which no ingenuity either before or since has ever equalled, along with an energy of thought, a quickness and brilliancy of wit, a keenness and justness of satire, a purity of language, and an almost vivid distinctness of expression, which in one grand and matchless combination, exhibit all the peculiar excellencies of the genius and the style of Swift.

Although minute criticism upon the works of Swift, is scarcely consistent with a mere biographical *sketch*, we cannot forbear, while upon this subject, to mention a coincidence of thought in another author, which may have suggested a portion of the allegory, particularly as the parallel has never before, to our knowledge, been observed upon. The passage to which allusion is made occurs in "Selden's Table Talk," and is as follows:—"Religion is like the fashion; one man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain: but every man has a doublet, so every man has his religion. We differ about trimming." The reader will easily see in this passage the germ which, casually, and, perhaps, almost unconsciously received into the mind of the young satirist in hours of lighter study, gradually expanded into the mature and perfectly organized alle-

gory, which after all is the least of the beauties of this marvel of the English language. While Swift was thus actively busied in the labours of literature, Romance, which sometimes chooses her subjects oddly, was silently weaving around him a web so thin and fine that no mortal eye could see it, but still so tough and strong that the struggles of a Titan could not burst it asunder.

Although he describes himself as a cold fastidious being, who affected gallantry, merely that he might find amusement for a listless hour, while in reality he secretly laughed at the weakness which he assumed, it appears that he was not by any means incapable of the passion which he pretended to despise. On the contrary we find him paying his devotions to a Miss Jane Waring, the sister of an old college friend, with the most passionate and pressing fervour. The honour and sincerity of his intentions are testified by a letter addressed to that lady, dated the 29th April, 1696, in which he conjures her to accept a proposal of marriage, made with the warmest urgency. The lady was, however, *cruel*, indeed too cruel, for without intending to do so, by a sublime severity of nearly four years' standing, she effectually wearied and disgusted her lover; and finding that Swift had for some time raised the siege, she suddenly and without summons surrendered at discretion; the healing balm, however, was poured out too late, the wounds which it was meant to soothe had already disappeared: and although when thus indelicately called upon to renew his proposals, he did not seek to escape by evasion, yet he allowed her clearly to perceive that his repeating the offer of his hand was prompted solely by a sense of duty. The lady had spirit enough to choose the more worthy alternative, and Swift and Verina, for so he had poetically called his mistress, corresponded no more. This was the only serious attachment which up to that time he appears to have formed, and indeed his own account of the nature and motives of his attentions to other ladies may be admitted to be generally accurate. With the single exception of the preceding case Swift appears to have consistently adhered to the stern rule which he early laid down, that no man ought to seek to marry until he possessed an

affluent provision ; a maxim, to a mistaken and proud observance of which the griefs of his manhood, and the desolateness of his age are mainly due ; for it is vain to try by a system of cold prudential rules to imprison or to kill the warm and generous passions which are born with our birth, and which, for aught that we can tell, are as noble a part of our constitution as the reason that guides them ; for either the power of nature will bear down and overwhelm the artificial barriers that were meant to constrain it, or else reason and pride will effect the unnatural victory, and then farewell to peace ; for all the motives and impulses which urged to ceaseless action and ever pointed to good, all the passions that filled the vacancies of existence with infinite hopes and fears, are gone, and the very affections which were meant to be the dearest blessings and joys of our fallen condition, live only like evil spirits, to torment us.

It is not improbable that Swift's objection to early and improvident marriages originated in the consciousness that his dependant and miserable childhood was the fruit of such an alliance ; his habits of strict economy too may have contributed to strengthen his resolution.

It is recorded of him that in after life he once inculcated this precept in a manner worthy of remark. We transcribe the anecdote as we find it. "A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the knowledge of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The dean being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story : ' When I was a school-boy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my school-fellows, and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired and laid down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a

foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily at the loss of my cash ; but the horse dying soon after upon the spot, gave me some relief.' To this the young clergyman answered, ' Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case ; I own I deserve such a rebuke ;' and then burst into a flood of tears. The dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living, then vacant, for his immediate support ; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him."

This anecdote is strongly characteristic of the *external* harshness and *real* benevolence of Swift. One of the many paradoxical coexistences which distinguished him, and tempted his biographers to partial representations of his character ; for to a casual observer it would appear that its ingredients were so contradictory as to be totally irreconcilable ; that the same man should be the most parsimonious and yet the most liberal, the sternest and most sarcastic, and yet the most benevolent, the most ambitious and yet the most disinterested ; full of levity and indecorum, and yet the most strictly and fervently pious of his kind, are incongruities so monstrous as to stagger belief, and to afford to the prejudiced biographer colouring wherewith to paint his original, either as an angel of light, or as a demon of iniquity. And yet all these startling discrepancies may be clearly accounted for, if we read his character with the true key furnished by the observation of Lord Bolingbroke, who knew him of whom he spoke, "intus et in cute," that "*Swift was a hypocrite reversed.*"

The severe losses which his family had sustained by the triumph of the puritan party, under Cromwell, to which he attributed, in some degree, the destitute poverty which had clouded his early existence, had implanted in his mind a bitter and immitigable hatred and scorn of cant and hypocrisy in all its forms, which he carried to such excess, as to disguise his virtues under the appearance of their opposite vices. Many anecdotes are told in illustration of this habit, among which it will be sufficient to notice the fact that, during his residence in London, and when he was a person of very great notoriety, and

anxious to obtain church preferment, he never attended noonday service, an omission which gave rise, and not unnaturally, to much scandal. During all this time, however, he had, with the strictest regularity, though unseen by the public, attended the morning worship. His early poverty seems to have been the root from which many of his most bitter prejudices sprung; that which we have just mentioned, as also his exaggerated dread and detestation of improvident marriages, and even his denunciations against all speculations and speculators are to be referred to this source.*

We must now bring before our readers a person who holds but too prominent a position in the record which we have to make. Esther Johnson was the daughter of a London merchant of good family, who died soon after her birth, leaving her to the care of her surviving parent, a woman of strong and elevated mind, and the favourite friend and companion of Lady Gifford, Sir William Temple's sister. This confidential intimacy led to the residence of Mrs. Johnson, and of her daughter, as part of the family, at Moorpark; where much interest was felt in the improvement and education of the orphan girl. Among her instructors Swift soon took his place, and it is scarcely wonderful, when his qualifications for the task are considered, that the young pupil was surrendered almost exclusively and absolutely to his care. The quickness of apprehension, and other powers evinced by the child (for as yet she was scarcely more) excited in the breast of her instructor a lively interest in her favour, which secured upon his part an attentive and persevering discharge of the duty which he had thus undertaken. His lessons descended so low as to the merely elementary parts of education; he even taught her to write, and the character of the manuscript of the two is said to bear in many respects, a strong resemblance. A curious volume is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as being in his possession, it is a copy of "Milton's Paradise Lost," with explanatory notes, in the hand writing of Swift, and presented by him to Mrs. Dingley, but no

doubt intended for the use and improvement of the younger lady. Scott argues justly from the nature of the annotations, intended, as they are, to expound, not unfrequently, the most obvious allusions to historic and geographical facts, that the education of the young lady must have been at that time unusually imperfect.

The happy intercourse which had for nearly four years subsisted between Swift and his interesting pupil, was at length mournfully interrupted by the death of Sir William Temple; in his will he acknowledged his obligations to Swift by a legacy of five hundred pounds, and more flatteringly by conferring upon him the honourable privilege of editing his posthumous works; thus furnishing his faithful friend and companion with an opportunity of appearing before the public in a literary capacity, calculated at once to excite interest, and to command respect. Swift accordingly having collected and arranged the works of his illustrious patron, ushered them into the world with a dedication to William the Third, who had early known and appreciated the great qualities of the departed statesman, one of the few honest diplomatists whom the world has produced. The monarch, however, though attached to the person and venerating the wisdom and experience of Temple, to which he had, in doubt and emergency, frequently and successfully applied, was nevertheless by no means likely to interest himself in the publication of works which it is probable he had not time or inclination to read, or, perhaps, refinement enough to appreciate. Swift accompanied this dedication with a more direct appeal to the favour, or rather to the *memory* of the king; for William had intimated to Temple an intention of providing for his protégé in the church. This appeal was made in the form of a memorial, which he placed in the hands of the Earl of Romney, a nobleman who professed himself warmly interested in his behalf, and who had with alacrity offered to present it in person to his majesty. Swift suspected, nevertheless, that his courtly friend suppressed the document which he thus took in charge; and certain it

* The failure of some wild project had so seriously embarrassed his Uncle Godwin, that even if he had desired to do so, he was unable to afford an adequate maintenance for his widowed sister-in-law and her children. Swift seems to have made little allowance for difficulties under which his uncle laboured.

is, that the king never in any way distinguished Swift after the death of Temple, a neglect which was not forgiven by the haughty memorialist. He now received from Lord Berkley, one of the lords justices of Ireland, an invitation to accompany him to that country in the two-fold capacity of chaplain and private secretary, the latter of which appointments was, after his acceptance, recalled, at the suggestion of a Mr. Bushe, who thought himself better qualified to fill it. This however, was done by the noble lord with such a good grace, upon the ground of the inconsistency of the office with his clerical functions, that Swift did not conceive himself aggrieved by a measure which, considered by itself, was highly offensive.

In order completely to reconcile the disappointed ex-secretary, he gave him a promise of preferment in the church upon the first favourable opportunity. One was speedily furnished by the vacancy of the deanery of Derry, for which Swift immediately applied. Bushe, his successor, as private secretary, had, however, suggested to his noble master, the prudence of attaching to the appointment, as a private condition, the payment of a thousand pounds; at this price he was commissioned to offer the preferment to Swift, whose laconic answer was—"God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels"—a denunciation which he accompanied by an immediate departure from his lodgings in the castle, and which was speedily followed by several pungent satirical attacks. Lord Berkley, in some alarm hastened to conciliate his former adherent—an opportunity of providing for him occurred, and, with alacrity proportioned to his fears, he presented him with the union of Laracor, Agher, and Rathbeggan, a preferment producing an annual income of about £230; which afterwards, upon the addition of the prebend of Dunlaven, amounted to nearly £400 yearly.

However Lord Berkley may have suffered in Swift's opinion, Lady Berkley always continued to hold a high place in his esteem, and even at the time when he had indignantly separated himself from the court of that nobleman, he did not cease to enjoy the confidence and friendship of his family. It was upon Lady Berkley that Swift practised his memorable

literary jest, the inserting and reading aloud among "Boyle's Reflections," the famous "Meditation on a broomstick." Many others of his *jeux d'esprit* owe their existence to his pleasant intercourse with this family—and afterwards when the official connexion which had domesticated him with it had been long dissolved, he paid a high and merited tribute to the eminent virtues and piety of Lady Berkley, by dedicating to her his "project for the advancement of religion." Swift was now provided for; he had a moderate but by no means a scanty income, equivalent to more than £600 yearly of our present currency. The long-coveted independence was at length his own, he was now fairly afloat; but still before him lay the vast ocean, with all its currents, winds, and rocks, to divide him from the shore he so much longed to tread; but his heart was unshaken, and he had faith to walk the waters.

Swift was now to become, for the second time, tenant of an Irish country parsonage, remotely situated, and wholly without society; he did not, however, defer the moment of departure, but regardless of the allurements of the capital, at once set forth to take possession of his living; his favourite exercise was walking, and he is said to have performed the journey from Dublin on foot. On his arrival at Laracor, his manner of introducing himself to his curate, was at once alarming and characteristic. The worthy man and his family were one day surprised by the arrival of a stalwart pedestrian of lofty carriage, commanding countenance, and stern and authoritative mien, who having called for the owner of the house, announced himself abruptly as his master, and appeared to the dismay of the quiet family determined to make himself instantly dreaded and obeyed. Before five minutes had elapsed, the whole household were flying in different directions to execute the numberless and capricious orders which the stranger issued with the rude decision and command of an absolute despot, pleased with nothing, loudly finding fault with every thing, and as it seemed resolved to give as much trouble as possible. This continued for some time, until at length Swift dispelled the alarm which he had excited by suddenly resuming that affable and graceful manner, which no

one, when it pleased him, could more happily command.

This is not a solitary instance—Swift's mode of introducing himself was often startling and whimsical; having one day made a visit to an acquaintance (a Mr. Hoey) a dispute upon some literary topic ensued, when that gentleman left the room in order to procure a book which had been referred to—the visitor was thus left in the presence of a very young lady, who, wholly unconscious of the celebrity of the tall churchman, had not been attending to what was going forward; the stranger stole softly behind her chair, and suddenly gave her a smart slap on the cheek, observing to the astounded girl, "You will now remember Dean Swift as long as you live"—in which, remarks Scott, he prophesied very truly.

Another anecdote told by Sheridan is worth relating; we give it in his words:—"Captain Hamilton of Castle Hamilton, a plain country gentleman, but of excellent natural sense, came upon a visit at Market-hill, while the dean was staying there. 'Sir Arthur, upon hearing of his friend's arrival, ran out to receive him at the door, followed by Swift. The captain, who did not see the dean, as it was in the dusk of the evening, in his blunt way, upon entering the house, exclaimed, 'that he was very sorry he was so unfortunate to choose that time for his visit.' Why so? 'Because I hear Dean Swift is with you. He is a great scholar, a wit; a plain country squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be laughed at.' Swift then stepped to the captain, from behind Sir Arthur where he had stood, and said to him, 'Pray, Captain Hamilton, do you know how to say *yes* and *no* properly?'"

"Yes, I think I have understanding enough for that."

"Then give me your hand; depend upon it, you and I will agree very well."

The captain told me he never passed two months so pleasantly in his life, nor had ever met with so agreeable a companion as Swift proved to be during the whole time."

As soon as he was completely settled at his glebe, Swift began to feel in the pains of separation, how necessary to him the society of his fair pupil had become; he did not, however, ac-

knowledge even to himself the tenderness and depth of the interest which she had inspired; indeed in the intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between them, there was every thing that tended to conceal from him the treacherous advances of that fatal passion, for besides the nature of the situation which he occupied in relation to her, one by no means favourable to the growth of a romantic affection, the disparity of their years was considerable, Stella's age not exceeding seventeen, while his amounted to thirty-four years; he was moreover a man of the world, had seen and conversed with all orders of female society, and was in general a despiser of "the sex;" his contempt of forms and ceremony, his habits of domination, and above all the satirical moroseness which seasoned even his compliments, were, one would have thought, peculiarities, however tolerable in a *friend*, wholly irreconcilable with the character of a lover. Swift, therefore, suspecting neither the feelings of Stella nor his own, urged her to remove to Ireland, where, besides the society of an old and steady friend, she might, as her property consisted of ready money, secure the advantages of an increase of income, the rate of interest in Ireland then exceeding that in England. To this proposal she readily acceded, and accompanied by Mrs. Dingley, an elderly lady, also possessing a small independence, she arrived at Laracor. Stella was endowed as eminently with personal as with mental perfections; her beauty was of the first order; rather above than below the middle stature, her form was one of perfect symmetry and of perfect grace; her hair was as black as the raven; her features exquisitely regular and delicate but rather pale; her eyes dark, large, and full of fire, lending additional enchantment to a countenance which gave lively expression to every rapid and changeful succession and variety of emotion, the lightest as well as the most serious which chequered her mind. She was gifted also with delightful powers of playful conversation; and what is more uncommon with an enlarged and masculine understanding, thus uniting qualities of mind which entitled her to be the favourite companion and confidant of the greatest wit and the greatest politician of the age in which

he lived. Her temper was cheerful, her disposition gentle and docile, but relieved by a high and noble spirit; in a word, she presented a combination of attributes which happily for the peace of mankind has seldom existed.

The biographer of Swift has a melancholy task to perform; the moral of the tale which he tells is a humiliating and a mournful one, for as he ushers in, one by one, the foremost actors in the eventful drama, and tells of all the gifts, and graces, and high endowments and perfections, which, among them, were so richly and wonderfully congregated, it is but to convey the lesson, that there is no triumph which human energy can achieve, no attribute which nature can bestow, however great and beautiful, capable of removing or even of softening a single pang to which humanity is heir; nor in all the graces and attractions with which mortal dust can be clothed, nor in all the warmth and quickness of the noblest sympathies and affections, nor in all the pride and power of intellectual glory, an efficacy to save the brain from idiocy or the heart from breaking. Whatever suspicions or surmises the arrival of Stella may have excited in the neighbourhood of Laracor, the marked and industrious caution of Swift soon put an end to them; he never conversed with her except in the presence of a third person, and then there was nothing in his language to betray other feelings than those of unalloyed friendship. This scrupulous delicacy had the desired effect, the whispers of gossip soon died into silence, and Swift was regarded in no other light than as the friend and guardian of the beautiful young Englishwoman. It is not to be supposed that so accomplished and lovely a damsel as Stella, even in the seclusion of Laracor, could long remain without admirers, and accordingly a suitor soon presented himself, in the person of Doctor William Tisdal, a clergyman and a man of considerable abilities.

Swift probably now for the first time became aware of his true position. The danger of losing the object of his affection, and the sudden appearance of a rival by no means devoid of powers of pleasing, and har-

bouring no prudential scruples to defer the honourable completion of his wishes, were circumstances calculated at once to undeceive and to dismay the mind of Swift. To him, in accordance with the spirit of the times, as to her guardian, Tisdal first addressed himself, fairly stating his present provision and his future prospects. With this statement, however, Swift pretended to be, or really was, dissatisfied, on the score of insufficiency, and compelled the lover to postpone his suit until he possessed what the self-appointed guardian should consider an income adequate to the maintenance of a family. The objections of Swift upon this account were afterwards completely removed by the improvement of Tisdal's affairs; and upon that gentleman's renewing his addresses as before, Swift declared himself fully satisfied, and allowed that every reasonable objection to the accomplishment of his desires was at an end. There is too much reason to believe however that Swift exercised a sinister influence upon the mind of Stella to the prejudice of her admirer; and it is justly observed by Scott, that wherever, in "the Journal to Stella," allusion is made to Tisdal, it is always with a slight or a sneer.* Whether the issue of this gentleman's courtship was owing to the ill offices of his secret antagonist, or to the pre-occupation of Stella's heart, can never now be known; but it is certain that his proposals were finally met by a decisive refusal from the young lady herself. The intimacy which had subsisted between the two rivals did not, as might have been expected, terminate with this event; a friendship, though it is probable not a very warm one, lingered between them, down to the period at which the mind of Swift totally declined; previously to which, in the year 1740, the name of Tisdal witnessed the Dean's last will. From the time of the final rejection of this suit, Stella would listen to no other; she considered herself the destined bride of Swift. She hoped on against hope, until at length, grief and disappointment wrought their slow work, and she sank, untimely, with health decayed and a broken heart, willingly into the grave.

* A reference to the document alluded to, will at once prove the truth of this remark.

AN ADVENTURE OF HARDRESS FITZGERALD, A ROYALIST CAPTAIN ;

BEING AN ELEVENTH EXTRACT FROM THE LEGACY OF THE LATE FRANCIS PURCELL, P.P. OF DRUMCOOLAGH.

THE following brief narrative contains a faithful account of one of the many strange incidents which chequered the life of Hardress Fitzgerald—one of the now-forgotten heroes who flourished during the most stirring, and, though the most disastrous, by no means the least glorious period of our eventful history. He was a captain of horse in the army of James, and shared the fortunes of his master, enduring privations, encountering dangers, and submitting to vicissitudes the most galling and ruinous, with a fortitude and a heroism which would, if coupled with his other virtues, have rendered the unhappy monarch whom he served, the most illustrious among unfortunate princes. I have always preferred, where I could do so with any approach to accuracy, to give such relations as the one which I am about to submit to you, in the *first person*, and in the words of the original narrator, believing that such a form of recitation not only gives freshness to the tale, but, in this particular instance, by bringing before me and steadily fixing in my mind's eye the veteran royalist who himself related the occurrence which I am about to record, furnishes an additional stimulant to my memory, and a proportional check upon my imagination. As nearly as I can recollect then, his statement was as follows :—

AFTER the fatal battle of the Boyne, I came up in disguise to Dublin, as did many in a like situation, regarding the capital as furnishing at once a good central position of observation, and as secure a lurking place as I cared to find. I would not suffer myself to believe that the cause of my royal master was so desperate as it really was, and while I lay in my lodgings, which were posited in the garret of a small dark house, standing in the lane which runs close by Audoen's Arch, I busied myself with continual projects for the raising of the country, and the re-collecting of the fragments of the defeated army—plans, you will allow, sufficiently magnificent for a poor devil who dared scarce show his face abroad in the daylight. I believe, however, that I had not much reason to fear for my personal safety, for men's minds in the city were greatly occupied with public events, and private amusements and debaucheries, which were, about that time, carried to an excess which our country never knew before, by reason of the raking together from all quarters of the empire, and indeed from most parts of Holland, the most dissolute and desperate adventurers who cared to play at hazard for their lives ; and thus there seemed to be but little scrutiny into the characters of those who sought concealment.

I heard much at different times of the intentions of King James and his party, but nothing with certainty.

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Some said that the king still lay in Ireland ; others, that he had crossed over to Scotland, to encourage the Highlanders, who, with Dundee at their head, had been stirring in his behalf ; others, again, said that he had taken ship for France, leaving his followers to shift for themselves, and regarding his kingdom as wholly lost, which last was the true version, as I afterwards learned. Although I had been very active in the wars in Ireland, and had done many deeds of necessary, but dire severity, which have often since troubled me much to think upon, yet, I doubted not but that I might easily obtain protection for my person and property from the Prince of Orange, if I sought it by the ordinary submissions ; but besides that my conscience and my affections resisted such time-serving concessions, I was resolved in my own mind that the cause of the royalist party was by no means desperate, and I looked to keep myself unimpeded by any pledge or promise given to the usurping Dutchman, that I might freely and honourably take a share in any struggle which might yet remain to be made for the right. I therefore lay quiet, going forth from my lodgings but little, and that chiefly under cover of the dusk, and conversing hardly at all, except with those whom I well knew. I had like once to have paid dearly for relaxing this caution ; for going into a tavern one evening near the Tholsel, I had the confidence to throw off my hat, and

sit there with my face quite exposed, when a fellow coming in with some troopers, they fell a-boozing, and being somewhat warmed, they began to drink "confusion to popery," and the like, and to compel the peaceable persons who happened to sit there, to join them in so doing. Though I was rather hot-blooded, I was resolved to say nothing to attract notice; but, at the same time, if urged to pledge the toasts which they were compelling others to drink, to resist doing so. With the intent to withdraw myself quietly from the place, I paid my reckoning, and putting on my hat, was going into the street, when the countryman who had come in with the soldiers, called out, "stop that popish tom-cat," and running across the room, he got to the door before me, and, shutting it, placed his back against it, to prevent my going out. Though, with much difficulty, I kept an appearance of quietness, and turning to the fellow, who, from his accent, I judged to be a northern, and whose face I knew, though, to this day, I cannot say where I had seen him before, I observed very calmly—

"Sir, I came in here with no other design than to refresh myself, without offending any man. I have paid my reckoning, and now desire to go forth. If there is anything within reason that I can do to satisfy you, and to prevent trouble and delay to myself, name your terms, and if they be but fair, I will frankly comply with them."

He quickly replied:—

"You are Hardress Fitzgerald, the bloody popish captain, that hanged the twelve men at Derry."

I felt that I was in some danger, but being a strong man, and used to perils of all kinds, it was not easy to disconcert me. I looked then steadily at the fellow, and, in a voice of much confidence, I said,

"I am neither a papist, a royalist, nor a Fitzgerald, but an honest protestant, mayhap, than many who make louder professions."

"Then, drink the honest man's toast," said he, "damnation to the pope, and confusion to skulking Jemmy and his run-away crew."

"Yourself shall hear me," said I, taking the largest pewter pot that lay within my reach. "Tapster, fill this with ale; I grieve to say, I can afford nothing better."

I took the vessel of liquor in my

hand, and walking up to him, I first made a bow to the troopers who sat laughing at the sprightliness of their facetious friend, and then another to himself, when saying, "G—— damn yourself and your cause," I flung the ale straight into his face, and before he had time to recover himself, I struck him with my whole force and weight with the pewter pot upon the head, so strong a blow, that he fell, for aught I know, dead upon the floor, and nothing but the handle of the vessel remained in my hand. I opened the door, but one of the dragoons drew his sabre, and ran at me to avenge his companion. With my hand I put aside the blade of the sword, narrowly escaping what he had intended for me, the point actually tearing open my vest; without allowing him time to repeat his thrust, I struck him in the face with my clenched fist so sound a blow that he rolled back into the room with the force of a tennis ball. It was well for me that the rest were half drunk, and the evening dark, for otherwise, my folly would infallibly have cost me my life. As it was, I reached my garret in safety, with a resolution to frequent taverns no more until better times.

My little patience and money were well nigh exhausted, when, after much doubt and uncertainty, and many conflicting reports, I was assured that the flower of the royalist army, under the Duke of Berwick and General Boisleau, occupied the city of Limerick, with a determination to hold that fortress against the Prince's forces, and that a French fleet of great power, and well freighted with arms, ammunition, and men was riding in the Shannon, under the walls of the town; but this last report was, like many others then circulated, untrue, there being, indeed, a promise and expectation of such assistance, but no arrival of it till too late. The army of the Prince of Orange was said to be rapidly approaching the town, in order to commence the siege. On hearing this, and being made as certain as the vagueness and unsatisfactory nature of my information, which came not from any authentic source, would permit; at least being sure of the main point, which all allowed, namely, that Limerick was held for the king, and being also naturally fond of enterprize, and impatient of idleness, I took the resolution to travel thither, and, if possible, to throw myself into the city, in

order to lend what assistance I might to my former companions in arms, well knowing that any man of strong constitution and of some experience, might easily make himself useful to a garrison in their straitened situation. When I had taken this resolution, I was not long in putting it into execution, and as the first step in the matter, I turned half of the money which remained with me, in all about seventeen pounds, into small wares and merchandize, such as travelling traders use to deal in, and the rest, excepting some shillings which I carried home for my immediate expenses, I sewed carefully in the lining of my breeches waistband, hoping that the sale of my commodities might easily supply me with subsistence upon the road. I left Dublin upon a Friday morning in the month of September, with a tolerably heavy pack upon my back. I was a strong man and a good walker, and one day with another travelled easily at the rate of twenty miles in each day, much time being lost in the towns of any note on the way, where, to avoid suspicion, I was obliged to make some stay, as if to sell my wares. I did not travel directly to Limerick, but turned far into Tipperary, going near to the borders of Cork. Upon the sixth day after my departure from Dublin, I learned, *certainly*, from some fellows who were returning from trafficking with the soldiers, that the army of the Prince was actually encamped before Limerick, upon the south side of the Shannon; in order, then, to enter the city without interruption, I must needs cross the river, and I was much in doubt whether to do so by boat from Kerry, which I might have easily done, into the Earl of Clare's land, and thus into the beleagured city, or to take what seemed the easier way, one, however, about which I had certain misgivings, which, by the way, afterwards turned out to be just enough; this way was to cross the Shannon at O'Brien's Bridge, or at Killaloe into the county of Clare. I feared, however, that both these passes were guarded by the Prince's forces, and resolved, if such were the case, not to essay to cross, for I was not fitted to sustain a scrutiny, having about me, though pretty safely secured, my commission from King James, which, though a dangerous companion, I would not have parted from but with my life. I settled then, in my own mind, that if the bridges were

guarded, I would walk as far as Portumna, where I might cross, though at a considerable sacrifice of time; and having determined upon this course, I turned directly towards Killaloe. I reached the foot of the mountain, or rather high hill, called Keeper—which had been pointed out to me as a landmark, lying directly between me and Killaloe, in the evening, and having ascended some way, the darkness and fog overtook me. The evening was very chilly and myself weary, hungry, and much in need of sleep, so that I preferred seeking to cross the hill, though at some risk, to remaining upon it throughout the night; stumbling over rocks and sinking into bog mire, as the nature of the ground varied, I slowly and laboriously plodded on, making very little way in proportion to the toil it cost me. After half an hour's slow walking, or rather rambling, for owing to the dark, I very soon lost my direction, I at last heard the sound of running water, and with some little trouble reached the edge of a brook, which ran in the bottom of a deep gully; this I knew would furnish a sure guide to the low grounds, where I might promise myself that I should speedily meet with some house or cabin where I might find shelter for the night. The stream which I followed flowed at the bottom of a rough and swampy glen, very steep and making many abrupt turns, and so dark, owing more to the fog than to the want of the moon, (for though not high, I believe it had risen at the time,) that I continually fell over fragments of rock, and stumbled up to my middle into the rivulet, which I sought to follow. In this way, drenched, weary, and with my patience almost exhausted, I was toiling onward, when turning a sharp angle in the winding glen, I found myself within some twenty yards of a group of wild-looking men, gathered in various attitudes round a glowing turf fire. I was so surprised at this rencontre, that I stopped short, and for a time was in doubt whether to turn back or to accost them. A minute's thought satisfied me that I ought to make up to the fellows, and trust to their good faith for whatever assistance they could give me. I determined then to do this, having great faith in the impulses of my mind, which, whenever I have been in jeopardy, as in my life I often have, always prompted me aright. The strong red light of the fire showed me plainly

enough that the group consisted not of soldiers, but of Irish kerns, or countrymen, most of them wrapped in heavy mantles, and with no other covering for their heads than that afforded by their long, rough hair. There was nothing about them which I could see, to intimate whether their object were peaceful or warlike, but I afterwards found that they had weapons enough, though of their own rude fashion. There were in all about twenty persons assembled around the fire, some sitting upon such blocks of stone as happened to lie in the way, others stretched at their length on the ground. "God save you, boys," said I, advancing towards the party. The men who had been talking and laughing together, instantly paused, and two of them—tall and powerful fellows—snatched up each a weapon, something like a short halberd with a massive iron head, an instrument which they called among themselves a *rapp*, and with two or three long strides they came up with me, and laying hold upon my arms drew me, not, you may easily believe, making much resistance, towards the fire. When I reached the place where the figures were seated, the two men still held me firmly, and some others threw some handfuls of dry fuel upon the red embers, which blazing up, cast a strong light upon me. When they had satisfied themselves as to my appearance, they began to question me very closely as to my purpose in being upon the hill at such an unreasonable hour, asking me, what was my occupation, where I had been, and whither I was going? These questions were put to me in English by an old half-military looking man, who translated into that language the suggestions which his companions for the most part threw out in Irish. I did not choose to commit myself to these fellows, by telling them my real character and purpose, and therefore I represented myself as a poor travelling chapman, who had been at Cork, and was seeking his way to Killaloe, in order to cross over into Clare and thence to the city of Galway. My account did not seem fully to satisfy the men. I heard one fellow say in Irish, which language I understood, "may be he is a spy;" they then whispered together for a time, and the little man, who was their spokesman, came over to me and said, "do you know what we do with spies—we knock their brains out, my friend." He

then turned back to them with whom he had been whispering, and talked in a low tone again with them for a considerable time. I now felt very uncomfortable, not knowing what these savages, for they appeared nothing better, might design against me. Twice or thrice I had serious thoughts of breaking from them, but the two guards who were placed upon me, held me fast by the arms, and even had I succeeded in shaking them off, I should soon have been overtaken, encumbered as I was with a heavy pack, and wholly ignorant of the lye of the ground, or else, if I were so exceedingly lucky as to escape out of their hands, I still had the chance of falling into those of some other party of the same kind. I therefore patiently awaited the issue of their deliberations, which, I made no doubt, affected me nearly. I turned to the men who held me, and one after the other asked them, in their own language, "why they held me?" adding, "I am but a poor pedlar, as you see. I have neither money nor money's worth, for the sake of which you should do me hurt; you may have my pack, and all that it contains, if you desire it—but do not injure me." To all this they gave no answer, but savagely desired me to hold my tongue. I accordingly remained silent, determined if the worst came, to declare to the whole party, who, I doubted not, were friendly, as were all the Irish peasantry in the south, to the Royal cause, my real character and design; and if this avowal failed me, I was resolved to make a desperate effort to escape, or at least to give my life at the dearest price I could. I was not kept long in suspense, for the little veteran who had spoken to me at first, came over, and desiring the two men to bring me after him, led the way along a broken path, which wound by the side of the steep glen. I was obliged willy nilly to go with them, and half-dragging, and half-carrying me, they brought me by the path, which now became very steep, for some hundred yards without stopping, when, suddenly coming to a stand, I found myself close before the door of some house or hut, I could not see which, through the planks of which a strong light was streaming. At this door my conductor stopped, and tapping gently at it, it was opened by a stout fellow, with buffcoat and jack-boots, and pistols stuck in his belt, as also a long cavalry sword by his side.

He spoke with my guide, and to my no small satisfaction, in *French*, which convinced me that he was one of the soldiers whom Louis had sent to support our king, and who were said to have arrived in Limerick, though, as I observed above, not with truth. I was much assured by this circumstance, and made no doubt but that I had fallen in with one of those marauding parties of native Irish, who, placing themselves under the guidance of men of courage and experience, had done much brave and essential service to the cause of the king. The soldier entered an inner-door in the apartment, which opening disclosed a rude, dreary, and dilapidated room, with a low plank ceiling, much discoloured by the smoke which hung suspended in heavy masses, descending within a few feet of the ground, and completely obscuring the upper regions of the chamber. A large fire of turf and heath was burning under a kind of rude chimney, shaped like a large funnel, but by no means discharging the functions for which it was intended. Into this inauspicious apartment was I conducted by my strange companions. In the next room I heard voices employed, as it seemed, in brief questioning and answer, and in a minute the soldier re-entered the room, and having said, "*votre prisonnier—le General veut le voir,*" he led the way into the inner room, which in point of comfort and cleanliness was not a whit better than the first. Seated at a clumsy plank table placed about the middle of the floor, was a powerfully built man, of almost colossal stature—his military accoutrements, cuirass and rich regimental clothes, soiled, deranged, and spattered with recent hard travel, the flowing wig, surmounted by the cocked hat and plume, still rested upon his head—on the table lay his sword belt with its appendage, and a pair of long holster pistols, some papers, and pen and ink, also, a stone jug, and the fragments of a hasty meal; his attitude betokened the languor of fatigue; his left hand was buried beyond the lace ruffle in the breast of his cassock, and the elbow of his right rested upon the table, so as to support his head; from his mouth protruded a tobacco pipe, which as I entered he slowly withdrew. A single glance at the honest, good-humoured, comely face of the soldier, satisfied me of his identity, and removing my hat from my head I said, "God save

General Sarsefield;" the General nodded. "I am a prisoner here under strange circumstances," I continued. "I appear before you in a strange disguise; you do not recognise Captain Hardress Fitz-Gerald." "Eh, how's this," said he, approaching me with the light. "I am that Hardress Fitz-Gerald," I repeated, "who served under you at the Boyne, and upon the day of the action had the honour to protect *your* person at the expense of his own;" at the same time I turned aside the hair which covered the scar, which you well know upon my forehead, then much more remarkable than it is now. The General on seeing this, at once recognised me, and embracing me cordially, made me sit down, and while I unstrapped my pack, a tedious job, my fingers being nearly numbed with cold, sent the men forth to procure me some provision. The General's horse was stabled in a corner of the chamber where we sat, and his war-saddle lay upon the floor; at the far end of the room was a second door, which lay half open—a bogwood fire burned on a hearth somewhat less rude than the one which I had first seen, but still very little better appointed with a chimney, for thick wreaths of smoke were eddying with every fitful gust, about the room. Close by the fire was strewed a bed of heath, intended I supposed, for the stalwart limbs of the General. "Hardress Fitzgerald," said he, fixing his eyes gravely upon me, while he slowly removed the tobacco pipe from his mouth, "I remember you, strong, bold and cunning in your warlike trade, the more desperate an enterprise, the more ready for it, you—I would gladly engage *you*, for I know you trustworthy, to perform a piece of duty, requiring it may be, no extraordinary quality to fulfil, and yet perhaps, as accidents may happen, demanding every attribute of daring and dexterity which belongs to you." Here he paused for some moments. I own I felt somewhat flattered by the terms in which he spoke of me, knowing him to be but little given to compliments, and not having any plan in my head, farther than the rendering what service I might to the cause of the King, caring very little as to the road in which my duty might lie, I frankly replied, "Sir, I hope if opportunity offers, I shall appear to deserve the honourable terms in which you are pleased to speak of me. In a righteous cause I fear not

wounds or death ; and in discharging my duty to my God and my king, I am ready for any hazard or any fate—name the service you require, and if it lies within the compass of my wit or power, I will fully and faithfully perform it—have I said enough?" "That is well, *very* well, my friend—you speak well, and manfully," replied the General, "I want you to convey to the hands of General Boisleau, now in the city of Limerick, a small written packet ; there is some danger, mark me, of your falling in with some outpost or straggling party of the Prince's army. If you are taken unawares by any of the enemy you must dispose of the packet inside your person, rather than let it fall into their hands, that is, you must *eat* it ; and if they go to question you with thumb screws, or the like, answer nothing ; let them knock your brains out first," in illustration, I suppose of the latter alternative, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe upon the table as he uttered it. "The packet," he continued, "you shall have to-morrow morning ; mean time comfort yourself with food and afterwards with sleep ; you will want, mayhap, all your strength and wits on the morrow ;" I applied myself, forthwith, to the homely fare which they had provided, and I confess that I never made a meal so heartily to my satisfaction.

It was a beautiful, clear, autumn morning, and the level beams of the early sun were slanting over the brown heath, which clothed the sides of the mountain, and glittering in the thousand bright drops which the melting hoarfrost had left behind it, and the white mists were lying like broad lakes in the valleys, when, with my pedlar's pack upon my back, and General Sarsefield's precious despatch in my bosom, I set forth, refreshed and courageous.

As I descended the hill, my heart expanded and my spirits rose under the influences which surrounded me—the keen, clear, bracing air of the morning, the bright, sloping sunshipe, the merry songs of the small birds, and the distant sounds of awakening labour that floated up from the plains—all conspired to stir my heart within me—and more like a mad-cap boy, broken loose from school, than a man of sober years upon a mission of doubt and danger, I trod lightly on, whistling and singing alternately for very joy. As I approached the object of my early march,

I fell in with a countryman, eager, as are most of his kind, for news. I gave him what little I had collected, and professing great zeal for the king, which indeed, I always cherished, I won upon his confidence so far, that he became much more communicative than the peasantry in those quarters are generally wont to be to strangers. From him I learned that there was a company of dragoons in William's service, quartered at Killaloe ; but he could not tell whether the passage of the bridge was stopped by them or not ; with a resolution, at all events, to make the attempt to cross, I approached the town—when I came within sight of the river I quickly perceived that it was so swollen with the recent rains, as, indeed, the countryman had told me, that the fords were wholly unpassable. I stopped then, upon a slight eminence overlooking the village, with a view to reconnoitre and to arrange my plans in case of interruption ; while thus engaged, the wind blowing gently from the west, in which quarter Limerick lay, I distinctly heard the explosion of the cannon which played from and against the city, though at a distance of eleven miles at the least. I never yet heard the music that had for me half the attractions of that sullen sound, and as I noted again and again the distant thunder that proclaimed the perils, and the valour, and the faithfulness of my brethren, my heart swelled with pride and the tears rose to my eyes, and lifting up my hands to heaven, I prayed to God that I might be spared to take a part in the righteous quarrel that was there so bravely maintained. I felt, indeed, at this moment a longing, more intense than I have the power to describe, to be at once with my brave companions in arms, and so inwardly excited and stirred up, as if I had been actually within five minutes' march of the field of battle. It was now almost noon, and I had walked hard from the morning, across a difficult and broken country, so that I was a little fatigued, and in no small degree hungry. As I approached the hamlet I was glad to see in the window of a poor hovel, several large cakes of meal displayed, as if to induce purchasers to enter. I was right in regarding this exhibition as an intimation that entertainment might be procured within, for, upon entering and inquiring, I was speedily invited by the poor woman, who, it appeared

kept this humble house of refreshment, to lay down my pack and seat myself by a ponderous table, upon which she promised to serve me with a dinner fit for a king—and, indeed, to my mind, she amply fulfilled her engagement, by supplying me abundantly with eggs, bacon, and wheaten cakes, which I discussed with a zeal which almost surprised myself. Having disposed of the solid part of my entertainment, I was proceeding to regale myself with a brimming measure of strong waters, when my attention was arrested by the sound of horses' hoofs in brisk motion upon the broken road, and evidently approaching the hovel in which I was at that moment seated. The ominous clank of sword scabbards and the jingle of brass accoutrements, announced, unequivocally, that the horsemen were of the military profession.

"The red coats will stop here undoubtedly," said the old woman, observing, I suppose, the anxiety of my countenance, "they never pass it without coming in for half an hour to drink or smoke; if you desire to avoid them, I can hide you safely, but don't lose a moment, they will be here before you can count a hundred."

I thanked the good woman for her hospitable zeal; but I felt a repugnance to concealing myself as she suggested, which was enhanced by the consciousness that if by any accident I were detected while lurking in the room, my situation would of itself inevitably lead to suspicions and probably to discovery. I, therefore, declined her offer, and awaited in suspense the entrance of the soldiers. I had time before they made their appearance to move my seat hurriedly from the table to the hearth, where, under the shade of the large chimney I might observe the coming visitors, with less chance of being myself remarked upon. As my hostess had anticipated, the horsemen drew up at the door of the hut, and five dragoons entered the dark chamber where I awaited them. Leaving their horses at the entrance, with much noise and chatter they proceeded to seat themselves and call for liquor. Three of these fellows were Dutchmen, and indeed all belonged, as I afterwards found, to a Dutch regiment, which had been recruited with Irish and English, as also partly officered from the same nations. Being supplied with pipes and drink they soon became merry,

and not suffering their smoking to interfere with their conversation, they talked loud and quickly, for the most part in a sort of barbarous language, neither Dutch nor English, but compounded of both. They were so occupied with their own jocularities that I had very great hopes of escaping observation altogether, and remained quietly seated in a corner of the chimney, leaning back upon my seat as if asleep. My taciturnity and quiescence however, did not avail me, for one of these fellows coming over to the hearth to light his pipe, perceived me, and looking me very hard in the face, he said,

"What countryman are you brother, that you sit with a covered head in the room with the Prince's soldiers?" At the same time he tossed my hat off my head into the fire; I was not fool enough, though somewhat hot-blooded, to suffer the insolence of this fellow to involve me in a broil so dangerous to my person and ruinous to my schemes, as a riot with these soldiers must prove. I, therefore, quietly taking up my hat and shaking the ashes out of it observed,

"Sir, I crave your pardon if I have offended you; I am a stranger in these quarters, and a poor, ignorant, humble man, desiring only to drive my little trade in peace, so far as that may be done in these troublous times."

"And what may your trade be?" said the same fellow.

"I am a travelling merchant," I replied, "and sell my wares as cheap as any trader in the country."

"Let us see them forthwith," said he, "mayhap I or my comrades may want something which you can supply, where is thy chest friend? thou shalt have ready money," (winking at his companions) "ready money, and good weight, and sound metal, none of your rascally pinchbeck. Eh, my lads? Bring forth the goods and let us see."

Thus urged, I should have betrayed myself had I hesitated to do as required, and anxious, upon any terms, to quiet these turbulent men of war, I unbuckled my pack and exhibited its contents upon the table before them.

"A pair of lace ruffles, by the Lord," said one, unceremoniously seizing upon the articles he named.

"A phial of perfume," continued another, tumbling over the *sarrago*

which I 'had submitted to them ; " washballs, combs, stationery, slippers, small knives, tobacco, by — ; this merchant is a prize, mark me, honest fellow, the man who wrongs thee shall suffer, for Gad he shall, thou shalt be fairly dealt with," (this he said while in the act of pocketing a small silver tobacco-box, the most valuable article in the lot,) "you shall come with me to head quarters, the captain will deal with you, and never haggle about the price, I promise thee his good will, and thou wilt consider me accordingly—you'll find him a profitable customer, he has money without end, and throws it about like a gentleman—if so be as I tell thee I shall expect, and my comrades here, a piece or two in the way of a compliment—but of this anon—come then with us, buckle on thy pack, quickly friend."

There was no use in my declaring my willingness to deal with themselves in preference, to their master, it was clear that they had resolved that I should, in the most expeditious and advantageous way, turn my goods into money, that they might excise upon me to the amount of their wishes. The worthy who had taken a lead in these arrangements, and who, by his stripes, I perceived to be a corporal, having insisted on my taking a dram with him to cement our newly formed friendship, for which, however, he requested me to pay, made me mount behind one of his comrades, and the party, of which I thus formed an unwilling member, moved at a slow trot towards the quarters of the troop. They reined up their horses at the head of the long bridge, which at this village spans the broad waters of the Shannon, connecting the opposite counties of Tipperary and Clare. A small tower built originally, no doubt, to protect and to defend this pass, occupied the near extremity of the bridge, and in its rear, but connected with it, stood several straggling buildings rather dilapidated. A dismounted trooper kept guard at the door, and my conductor having dismounted, as also the corporal, the latter inquired,

"Is the captain in his quarters?"

"He is," replied the sentinel.

And without more ado my companion shoved me into the entrance of the small dark tower, and opening a door at the extremity of the narrow chamber into which we had passed

from the street, we entered a second room in which were seated some half dozen officers of various ranks and ages engaged in drinking, and smoking, and play ; I glanced rapidly from man to man, and was nearly satisfied by my inspection, when one of the gentlemen whose back had been turned towards the place where I stood, suddenly changed his position and looked towards me ; as soon as I saw his face, my heart sunk within me, and I knew that my life or death was balanced, as it were, upon a razor's edge—the name of this man whose unexpected appearance thus affected me was Hugh Oliver, and good and strong reason had I to dread him ; for so bitterly did he hate me, that to this moment, I do verily believe he would have compassed my death if it lay in his power to do so, even at the hazard of his own life and soul ; for I had been, though God knows, with many sore strugglings and at the stern call of public duty, the judge and condemnor of his brother, and though the military law, which I was called upon to administer, would permit no other course or sentence than the bloody one which I was compelled to pursue, yet even to this hour the recollection of that deed is heavy at my breast. As soon as I saw this man I felt that my safety depended upon the accident of his not recognising me through the disguise which I had assumed, an accident against which were many chances, for he well knew my person and appearance.

It was too late, now, to destroy General Sarsefield's instructions, any attempt to do so would ensure detection ; all then depended upon a cast of the die. When the first moment of dismay and heart-sickening agitation had passed, it seemed to me as if my mind acquired a collectedness and clearness more complete and intense than I had ever experienced before. I instantly perceived that he did not know me, for turning from me to the soldier with an air of indifference, he said—

"Is this a prisoner or a deserter ? What have you brought him here for, sirra ?"

"Your wisdom will regard him as you see fit, may it please you," said the corporal. "The man is a travelling merchant, and, overtaking him upon the road, close by old Dame Mac-Donagh's cot, I thought I might as well make a sort of prisoner of him,

that your honour might use him as might appear most convenient ; he has many commodities which are not unworthy of price in this wilderness, and some which you may condescend to make use of yourself. May he exhibit the goods he has for sale, a'n't please you?"

"Ay, let us see them," said he.

"Unbuckle your pack," exclaimed the corporal, with the same tone of command with which, at the head of his guard, he would have said "recover your arms"—"unbuckle your pack, fellow, and show your goods to the captain—here where you are."

The conclusion of his directions was suggested by my endeavouring to move round in order to get my back towards the windows, hoping by keeping my face in the shade, to escape detection. In this manœuvre, however, I was foiled by the imperiousness of the soldier, and inwardly cursing his ill-timed interference, I proceeded to present my merchandise to the loving contemplation of the officers, who thronged around me, with a strong light from an opposite window full upon my face.

As I continued to traffic with these gentlemen, I observed with no small anxiety the eyes of Captain Oliver frequently fixed upon me with a kind of dubious inquiring gaze.

"I think my honest fellow," he said at last, "that I have seen you somewhere before this. Have you often dealt with the military?"

"I have traded, sir," said I, "with the soldiery many a time, and always been honourably treated. Will your worship please to buy a pair of lace ruffles?—very cheap, your worship."

"Why do you wear your hair so much over your face, sir?" said Oliver, without noticing my suggestion. "I promise you, I think no good of thee; throw back your hair, and let me see thee plainly. Hold up your face, and look straight at me; throw back your hair, sir."

I felt that all chance of escape was at an end; and stepping forward as near as the table would allow me to him, I raised my head, threw back my hair, and fixed my eyes sternly and boldly upon his face. I saw that he knew me instantly, for his countenance turned as pale as ashes with surprise and hatred; he started up, placing his hand instinctively upon his sword hilt,

and glaring at me with a look so deadly, that I thought every moment he would strike his sword into my heart. He said in a kind of whisper, "Hardress Fitzgerald?"

"Yes," said I boldly, for the excitement of the scene had effectually stirred my blood, "Hardress Fitzgerald is before you. I know you well, Captain Oliver. I know how you hate me. I know how you thirst for my blood; but in a good cause, and in the hands of God, I defy you."

"You are a desperate villain, sir," said Captain Oliver; "a rebel and a murderer. Hollo, there, guard, seize him."

As the soldiers entered I threw my eyes hastily round the room, and observing a glowing fire upon the hearth, I suddenly drew General Sarsfield's packet from my bosom, and casting it upon the embers, planted my foot upon it.

"Secure the papers," shouted the Captain, and almost instantly I was laid prostrate and senseless upon the floor, by a blow from the butt of a carbine.

I cannot say how long I continued in a state of torpor; but at length, having slowly recovered my senses, I found myself lying firmly handcuffed upon the floor of a small chamber, through a narrow loop-hole in one of whose walls the evening sun was shining. I was chilled with cold and damp, and drenched in blood, which had flowed in large quantities from the wound on my head. By a strong effort I shook off the sick drowsiness which still hung upon me, and weak and giddy I rose with pain and difficulty to my feet. The chamber or rather cell in which I stood, was about eight feet square, and of a height very disproportioned to its other dimensions—its altitude from the floor to the ceiling being not less than twelve or fourteen feet. A narrow slit placed high in the wall admitted a scanty light, but sufficient to assure me that my prison contained nothing to render the sojourn of its tenant a whit less comfortable than my worst enemy could have wished. My first impulse was naturally to examine the security of the door—the loophole which I have mentioned being too high and too narrow to afford a chance of escape. I listened attentively to ascertain if possible, whether or not a guard had

been placed upon the outside. Not a sound was to be heard. I now placed my shoulder to the door, and sought with all my combined strength and weight to force it open; it, however, resisted all my efforts, and thus baffled in my appeal to mere animal power, exhausted and disheartened, I threw myself on the ground. It was not in my nature, however, long to submit to the apathy of despair, and in a few minutes I was on my feet again. With patient scrutiny I endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the fastenings which secured the door. The plan, fortunately having been nailed together fresh, had shrunk considerably, so as to leave wide chinks between each and its neighbour. By means of these apertures, I saw that my dungeon was secured, not by a lock, as I had feared, but by a strong wooden bar, running horizontally across the door, about midway upon the outside.

"Now," thought I, "if I can but slip my fingers through the opening of the planks, I can easily remove the bar, and then——"

My attempts, however, were all frustrated by the manner in which my hands were fastened together, each embarrassing the other, and rendering my efforts so hopelessly clumsy, that I was obliged to give them over in despair. I turned with a sigh from my last hope, and began to pace my narrow prison floor, when my eye suddenly encountered an old rusty nail or hold-fast sticking in the wall. All the gold of Plutus would not have been so welcome as that rusty piece of iron. I instantly wrung it from the wall, and inserting the point between the planks of the door into the bolt, and working it backwards and forwards, I had at length the unspeakable satisfaction to perceive that the beam was actually yielding to my efforts, and gradually sliding into its berth in the wall. I have often been engaged in struggles where great bodily strength was required and every thw and sinew in the system taxed to the uttermost, but, strange as it may appear, I never was so completely exhausted and overcome by any labour as by this comparatively trifling task. Again and again was I obliged to desist, until my cramped finger joints recovered their power; but, at length my perseverance was rewarded, for, little by little, I succeeded in removing the bolt, so far as to allow the

door to open sufficiently to permit me to pass. With some squeezing I succeeded in forcing my way into a small passage, upon which my prison door opened. This led into a chamber, somewhat more spacious than my cell, but still containing no furniture, and affording no means of escape to one so crippled with bonds as I was. At the far extremity of this room was a door which stood ajar, and, stealthily passing through it, I found myself in a room, containing nothing but a few raw hides, which rendered the atmosphere nearly intolerable. Here I checked myself, for I heard voices in busy conversation in the next room. I stole softly to the door which separated the chamber in which I stood from that from which the voices proceeded. A moment served to convince me that any attempt upon it would be worse than fruitless, for it was secured upon the outside by a strong lock, besides two bars, all which I was enabled to ascertain by means of the same defect in the joining of the planks, which I have mentioned as belonging to the inner door. I had approached this door very softly, so that my proximity being wholly unsuspected by the speakers within, the conversation continued without interruption. Planting myself close to the door, I applied my eye to one of the chinks which separated the boards, and thus obtained a full view of the chamber and its occupants. It was the very apartment into which I had been first conducted; the outer door which faced the one at which I stood, was closed, and at a small table were seated the only tenants of the room,—two officers, one of whom was Captain Oliver; the latter was reading a paper which, I made no doubt, was the document with which I had been entrusted.

"The fellow deserves it, no doubt," said the junior officer. "But, methinks, considering our orders from head-quarters, you deal somewhat too hastily."

"Nephew, nephew," said Captain Oliver, "you mistake the tenor of our orders. We were directed to conciliate the peasantry by fair and gentle treatment, but not to suffer spies and traitors to escape. This packet is of some value, though not, in all its parts, intelligible to me. The bearer has made his way hither under a disguise,

which, along with the other circumstances of his appearance here, is sufficient to convict him as a spy."

There was a pause here, and after a few minutes the younger officer said :

"Spy is a hard term, no doubt, unclear ; but it is possible, nay, likely, that this poor devil sought merely to carry the parcel, with which he was charged, in safety to its destination. Pshaw ! he is sufficiently punished if you duck him, for ten minutes or so, between the bridge and the mill-dam."

"Young man," said Oliver, somewhat sternly, "do not obtrude your advice where it is not called for,—this man, for whom you plead, murdered your own father."

I could not see how this announcement affected the person to whom it was addressed, for his back was towards me ; but I conjectured, easily, that my last poor chance was gone, for a long silence ensued. Captain Oliver at length resumed :

"I know the villain well ; I know him capable of any crime ; but, by — his last card is played, and the game is up :—he shall not see the moon rise to-night."

There was here another pause ;—Oliver rose, and, going to the outer door, called :

"Hewson ! Hewson !"

A grim-looking corporal entered.

"Hewson, have your guard ready at eight o'clock, with their carbines clean, and a round of ball-cartridge each. Keep them sober ; and, further, plant two upright posts at the near end of the bridge, with a cross one at top, in the manner of a gibbet. See to these matters, Hewson : I shall be with you speedily."

The corporal made his salutations and retired. Oliver deliberately folded up the papers which I had been commissioned with, and placing them in the pocket of his vest, he said :

"Cunning, cunning Master Hardress Fitzgerald hath made a false step ; the old fox is in the toils. Hardress Fitzgerald, Hardress Fitzgerald, I will blot you out."

He repeated these words several times, at the same time rubbing his finger strongly upon the table, as if he sought to erase a stain :

"*I will blot you out !*"

There was a kind of glee in his manner and expression which chilled my very heart.

"You shall be first shot like a dog, and then hanged like a dog :—shot to-night, and hung to-morrow ; hung at the bridge-head ; hung, until your bones drop asunder !"

It is impossible to describe the exultation with which he seemed to dwell upon, and to particularize, the fate which he intended for me. I observed, however, that his face was deadly pale, and felt assured that his conscience, and inward convictions, were struggling against his cruel resolve. Without further comment the two officers left the room—I suppose to oversee the preparations which were being made for the deed of which I was to be the victim. A chill, sick horror crept over me as they retired, and I felt, for the moment, upon the brink of swooning. This feeling, however, speedily gave place to a sensation still more terrible—a state of excitement so intense and tremendous as to border upon literal madness, supervened ; my brain reeled and throbbed as if it would burst ; thoughts the wildest and the most hideous flashed through my mind with a spontaneous rapidity that scared my very soul ; while, all the time, I felt a strange and frightful impulse to burst into uncontrolled laughter. Gradually this fearful paroxysm passed away. I kneeled and prayed fervently, and felt comforted and assured ; but still I could not view the slow approaches of certain death without an agitation little short of agony.

I have stood in battle many a time, when the chances of escape were fearfully small. I have confronted foemen in the deadly breach. I have marched, with a constant heart, against the cannon's mouth. Again and again has the beast which I bestrode been shot under me ; again and again have I seen the comrades who walked beside me in an instant laid for ever in the dust. Again and again have I been in the thick of battle, and of its mortal dangers, and never felt my heart to shake, or a single nerve to tremble ; but now, helpless, manacled, imprisoned, doomed, forced to watch the approaches of an inevitable fate ; to wait, silent and moveless, while death as it were *crept* towards me, human nature was taxed to the utmost to bear the horrible situation.

I returned again to the closet in which I had found myself upon recovering from the swoon.

The evening sunshine and twilight was fast melting into darkness, when I heard the outer door, that which communicated with the guard-room in which the officers had been amusing themselves, opened and locked again upon the inside. A measured step then approached, and the door of the wretched cell in which I lay being rudely pushed open, a soldier entered, who carried something in his hand, but, owing to the obscurity of the place, I could not see what.

"Art thou awake, fellow?" said he, in a gruff voice. "Stir thyself; get upon thy legs."

His orders were enforced by no very gentle application of his military boot.

"Friend," said I, rising with difficulty, "you need not insult a dying man. You have been sent hither to conduct me to death. Lead on! My trust is in God, that he will forgive me my sins, and receive my soul, redeemed by the blood of his Son."

There here intervened a pause of some length, at the end of which the soldier said, in the same gruff voice, but in a lower key:

"Look ye, comrade, it will be your own fault if you die this night. On one condition I promise to get you out of this hobble with a whole skin; but, if you go to any of your d——d gammon, by G—, before two hours are passed, you will have as many holes in your carcase as a target."

"Name your conditions," said I; "and if they consist with honor, I will never baulk at the offer."

"Here they are: you are to be shot to-night, by Captain Oliver's orders; the carbines are cleaned for the job, and the cartridges served out to the men. By G— I tell you the truth."

Of this I needed not much persuasion, and intimated to the man my conviction that he spoke truth.

"Well, then," he continued, "now for the means of avoiding this ugly business. Captain Oliver rides this night to head-quarters, with the papers which you carried. Before he starts he will pay you a visit, to fish what he can out of you, with all the fine promises he can make. Humour him a little, and, when you find an opportunity, stab him in the throat above the cuirass."

"A feasible plan, surely," said I, raising my shackled hands, "for a man

thus completely crippled and without a weapon."

"I will manage all that presently for you," said the soldier; "when you have thus dealt with him, take his cloak and hat, and so forth, and put them on; the papers you will find in the pocket of his vest, in a red leather case; walk boldly out—I am appointed to ride with Captain Oliver, and you will find me holding his horse and my own by the door; mount quickly, and I will do the same, and then we will ride for our lives across the bridge. You will find the holster pistols loaded in case of pursuit, and with the devil's help, we shall reach Limerick without a hair hurt—my only condition is, that when you strike Oliver, you strike home, and again and again, until he is *finished*—and I trust to your honour to remember me when we reach the town."

I cannot say whether I resolved right or wrong, but I thought my situation, and the conduct of Captain Oliver, warranted me in acceding to the conditions propounded by my visitant, and with alacrity I told him so, and desired him to give me the power, as he had promised to do, of executing them. With speed and promptitude he drew a small key from his pocket, and in an instant the manacles were removed from my hands. How my heart bounded within me as my wrists were released from the iron gripe of the shackles—the first step towards freedom was made—my self-reliance returned, and I felt assured of success.

"Now for the weapon," said I.

"I fear me you will find it rather clumsy," said he, "but if well handled it will do as well as the best Toledo; it is the only thing I could get, but I sharpened it myself; it has an edge like a skean."

He placed in my hand the steel head of a halberd. Grasping it firmly, I found that it made, by no means a bad weapon in point of convenience, for it felt in the hand like a heavy dagger, the portion which formed the blade or point being crossed nearly at the lower extremity by a small bar of metal, at one side shaped into the form of an axe, and at the other into that of a hook—these two transverse appendages being muffled by the folds of my cravat, which I removed for the purpose, formed a perfect guard or hilt, and the lower extremity formed like a tube in which the pike handle had been insert-

ed, afforded ample space for the grasp of my hand—the point had been made as sharp as a needle, and the metal he assured me was good. Thus equipped he left me, having observed, “the Captain sent me to bring you to your senses, and give you some water, that he might find you proper for his visit; here is the pitcher, I think I have revived you sufficiently for the Captain’s purpose.” With a low savage laugh he left me to my reflections. Having examined and arranged the weapon, I carefully bound the ends of the cravat with which I had secured the cross part of the spear head, firmly round my wrist, so that in case of a struggle it might not easily be forced from my hand, and having made these precautionary dispositions, I sat down upon the ground with my back against the wall, and my hands together under my coat, awaiting my visitor. The time wore slowly on; the dusk became dimmer and dimmer, until it nearly bordered on total darkness. “How’s this,” said I inwardly, “Captain Oliver you said I should not see the moon rise to-night; methinks you are somewhat tardy in fulfilling your prophecy.” As I made this reflection, a noise at the outer door announced the entrance of a visitant. I knew that the decisive moment was come, and letting my head sink upon my breast, and assuring myself that my hands were concealed, I awaited, in the attitude of deep dejection, the approach of my foe and betrayer. As I had expected, Captain Oliver entered the room where I lay; he was equipped for instant duty, as far as the imperfect twilight would allow me to see; the long sword clanked upon the floor, as he made his way through the lobbies, which led to my place of confinement; his ample military cloak hung upon his arm—his cocked hat was upon his head, and in all points he was prepared for the road. This tallied exactly with what my strange informant had told me. I felt my heart swell and my breath come thick, as the awful moment which was to witness the death-struggle of one or other of us approached. Captain Oliver stood within a yard or two of the place where I sat, or rather lay, and folding his arms he remained silent for a minute or two, as if arranging in his mind how he should address me.

“Hardress Fitzgerald,” he began at length, “are you awake? stand up if you desire to hear of matters nearly

touching your life or death; get up, I say.”

I arose, doggedly, and affecting the awkward movements of one whose hands were bound,

“Well,” said I, “what would you of me?—is it not enough that I am thus imprisoned, without a cause, and about, as I suspect, to suffer a most unjust and violent sentence, but must I also be disturbed during the few moments left me for reflection and repentance, by the presence of my persecutor. What do you want of me?”

“As to your punishment, sir,” said he, “your own deserts have, no doubt, suggested the likelihood of it to your mind; but I now am with you to let you know, that whatever mitigation of your sentence you may look for, must be earned by your compliance with my orders. You must frankly and fully explain the contents of the packet which you endeavoured this day to destroy, and farther, you must tell all that you know of the designs of the popish rebels.”

“And if I do this I am to expect a mitigation of my punishment—is it not so?”

Oliver bowed.

“And what is this mitigation to be? On the honour of a soldier, what is it to be?” inquired I.

“When you have made the disclosure required,” he replied, “you shall hear; ’tis then time to talk of indulgences.”

“Methinks it would then be too late,” answered I, “but a chance is a chance, and a drowning man will catch at a straw. You are an honourable man Captain Oliver; I must depend, I suppose on your good faith. Well, sir, before I make the desired communication, I have one question more to put. What is to befall me, in case that I, remembering the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, reject your infamous terms, scorn your mitigations, and defy your utmost power.”

“In that case,” replied he coolly, “before half an hour you shall be a corpse.”

“Then, God have mercy on your soul,” said I, and springing forward I dashed the weapon, which I held, at his throat. I missed my aim, but struck him full in the mouth with such force that most of his front teeth were dislodged, and the point of the spear-head passed out under his jaw, at the ear. My onset was so sudden and unexpected.

ed that he reeled back to the wall, and did not recover his equilibrium in time to prevent my dealing a second blow, which I did with my whole force ; the point unfortunately struck the cuirass, near the neck, and glancing aside it inflicted but a flesh wound, tearing the skin and tendons along the throat. He now grappled with me, strange to say, without uttering any cry of alarm ; being a very powerful man, and if anything, rather heavier and more strongly built than I, he succeeded in drawing me with him to the ground. We fell together, with a heavy crash, tugging and straining in what we were both conscious was a mortal struggle ; at length I succeeded in getting over him, and struck him twice more in the face ; still he struggled with an energy which nothing but the tremendous stake at issue could have sustained. I succeeded again in inflicting several more wounds upon him, any one of which might have been mortal. While thus contending he clutched his hands about my throat, so firmly that I felt the blood swelling the veins of my temples and face almost to bursting. Again and again I struck the weapon deep into his face and throat, but life seemed to adhere in him with an almost insect tenacity. My sight now nearly failed, my senses almost forsook me, I felt upon the point of suffocation when, with one desperate effort, I struck him another and a last blow in the face. The weapon which I wielded had lighted upon the eye, and the point penetrated the brain ; the body quivered under me, the deadly grasp relaxed, and Oliver lay upon the ground a corpse ! As I arose and shook the weapon and the bloody cloth from my hand, the moon, which he had foretold I should never see rise, shone bright and broad into the room and disclosed, with ghastly distinctness : the mangled features of the dead soldier, the mouth full of clotting blood and broken teeth lay open—the eye, close by whose lid the fatal wound had been inflicted, was not, as might have been expected, bathed in blood, but had started forth nearly from the socket, and gave to the face, by its fearful unlikeliness to the other glaring orb, a leer more hideous and unearthly than fancy ever saw ; the wig, with all its rich curls, had fallen with the hat to the floor, leaving the shorn head exposed, and in many places marked by the recent struggle—the

rich lace cravat was drenched in blood, and the gay uniform in many places soiled with the same. It is hard to say with what feelings I looked upon the unsightly and revolting mass which had so lately been a living and a comely man. I had not any time, however, to spare for reflection ; the deed was done—the responsibility was upon me, and all was registered in the book of that God who judges rightly.

With eager haste I removed from the body such of the military accoutrements as were necessary for the purpose of my disguise. I buckled on the sword, drew off the military boots, and donned them myself, placed the brigadier wig and cocked hat upon my head, threw on the cloak, drew it up about my face, and proceeded with the papers, which I found as the soldier had foretold me, and the key of the outer lobby, to the door of the guard room ; this I opened, and with a firm and rapid tread walked through the officers, who rose as I entered, and passed without question or interruption to the street door. Here I was met by the grim-looking corporal, Hewson, who, saluting me, said, "how soon, Captain, shall the file be drawn out and the prisoner despatched?"

"In half an hour," I replied, without raising my voice.

The man again saluted, and in two steps I reached the soldier who held the two horses, as he had intimated.

"Is all right?" said he eagerly.

"Ay," said I, "which horse am I to mount?"

He satisfied me upon this point, and I threw myself into the saddle ; the soldier mounted his horse, and dashing the spurs into the flanks of the animal which I bestrode, we thundered along the narrow bridge. At the far extremity a sentinel, as we approached, called out, "who goes there? stand and give the word." Heedless of the interruption, with my heart bounding with excitement, I dashed on, as did also the soldier who accompanied me.

"Stand, or I fire, give the word," cried the sentry.

"God save the king, and to hell with the Prince," shouted I, flinging the cocked hat in his face as I galloped by.

The response was the sharp report of a carbine, accompanied by the whiz of a bullet, which passed directly be-

tween me and my comrade, now riding beside me.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, "try it again my boy," and away we went at a gallop which bid fair to distance everything like pursuit. Never was spur more needed, however, for soon the clatter of horses' hoofs, in full speed, crossing the bridge, came sharp and clear through the stillness of the night. Away we went, with our pursuers close behind; one mile was passed, another nearly completed; the moon now shone forth, and turning in the saddle I looked back upon the road we had passed. One trooper had headed the rest, and was within a hundred yards of us. I saw the fellow throw himself from his horse upon the ground. I knew his object, and said to my comrade, "lower your body—lie flat over the saddle, the fellow is going to fire." I had hardly spoken when the report of a carbine startled the echoes, and the ball striking the hind leg of my companion's horse, the poor animal fell headlong upon the road, throwing his rider head-foremost over the saddle. My first impulse was to stop and share whatever fate might await my comrade; but my second and wiser one was to spur on, and save myself and my despatch. I rode on at a gallop, turning to observe my comrade's

fate, I saw his pursuer, having remounted, ride rapidly up to him, and on reaching the spot where the man and horse lay, rein in and dismount. He was hardly upon the ground, when my companion shot him dead with one of the holster pistols which he had drawn from the pipe, and leaping nimbly over a ditch at the side of the road, he was soon lost among the ditches and thorn bushes which covered that part of the country. Another mile being passed I had the satisfaction to perceive that the pursuit was given over, and in an hour more I crossed Thomond bridge, and slept that night in the fortress of Limerick, having delivered the packet, the result of whose safe arrival was the destruction of William's great train of artillery, then upon its way to the besiegers.

Years after this adventure, I met in France a young officer, who I found had served in Captain Oliver's regiment, and he explained what I had never before understood—the motives of the man who had wrought my deliverance. Strange to say, he was the foster brother of Oliver, whom he thus devoted to death, but in revenge for the most grievous wrong which one man can inflict upon another!

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAPTER LII.—A DISCOVERY.

"A note for Monsieur," said the waiter, awaking me at the same time from the soundest sleep and most delightful dream. The billet was thus:

"If your excellency does not intend to slumber during the next twenty-four hours, it might be as well to remember that we are waiting breakfast. Ever yours,
KILKEE."

It is true, then, said I—following up the delusion of my dream. It is true, I am really domesticated once more with the Callonbys. My suit is prospering, and at length the long-sought, long-hoped for moment is come —

"Well, Harry," said Kilkee, as he dashed open the door. "Well, Harry, how are you, better than last night, I hope?"

"Oh yes, considerably. In fact, I

can't think what could have been the matter with me; but I felt confoundedly uncomfortable."

"You did! Why, man, what can you mean; was it not a joke?"

"A joke," said I, with a start.

"Yes, to be sure. I thought it was only the sequel of the other humbug."

"The sequel of the other humbug!" Gracious mercy! thought I, getting pale with horror, is it thus he ventures to designate my attachment to his sister?

"Come, come, it's all over now. What the devil could have persuaded you to push the thing so far?"

"Really, I am so completely in the dark as to your meaning that I only get deeper in mystery by my chance replies. What do you mean?"

"What do I mean! Why, the af-

fair of last night of course. All Munich is full of it, and most fortunately for you, the king has taken it all in the most good-humoured way, and laughs more than any one else about it."

"Oh, then, thought I, I must have done or said something last night, during my illness, that I can't remember now. "Come, Kilkec, out with it. What happened last night, that has served to amuse the good people of Munich? For as I am a true man, I forget all you are alluding to."

"And don't remember the Greek Loan--eh?"

"The Greek Loan!"

"And your excellency's marked reception by his Majesty? By Jove, though, it was the rarest piece of impudence I ever heard of; hoaxing a crowned head, quizzing one of the Lord's anointed is *une peu trop fort*."

"If you really do not wish to render me insane at once, for the love of mercy say, in plain terms, what all this means?"

"Come, come, I see you are incorrigible; but as breakfast is waiting all this time, we shall have all your explanations below stairs."

Before I had time for another question, Kilkec passed his arm within mine, and led me along the corridor, pouring out, the entire time, a whole rhapsody about the practical joke of my late illness, which he was pleased to say, would ring from one end of Europe to the other.

Lord Callonby was alone in the breakfast-room when we entered, and the moment he perceived me called out,

"Eh, Lorrequer, you here still? Why, man, I thought you'd have been over the Frontier early this morning?"

"Indeed, my lord, I am not exactly aware of any urgent reason for so rapid a flight."

"You are not! The devil, you are not. Why, you must surely have known his majesty to be the best tempered man in his dominions, then, or you would never have played off such a ruse, though, I must say, there never was anything better done. Old Heldersteen, the minister for foreign affairs, is nearly deranged this morning about it—it seems that he was the

first that fell into the trap; but seriously speaking, I think it would be better if you got away from this; the king, it is true, has behaved with the best possible good feeling; but ——"

"My lord, I have a favour to ask, perhaps, indeed, in all likelihood the last I shall ever ask of your lordship, it is this—what are you alluding to all this while, and for what especial reason do you suggest my immediate departure from Munich?"

"Bless my heart and soul—you surely cannot mean to carry the thing on any further—you never can intend to assume your ministerial functions by daylight?"

"My what!—my ministerial functions."

"Oh no, that were too much—even though his majesty did say—that you were the most agreeable diplomat he had met for a long time."

"I, a diplomat."

"You, certainly. Surely you cannot be acting now; why, gracious mercy, Lorrequer! can it be possible that you were not doing it by design, do you really not know in what character you appeared last night?"

"If in any other than that of Harry Lorrequer, my lord, I pledge my honour, I am ignorant."

"Nor the uniform you wore, don't you know what it meant?"

"The tailor sent it to my room."

"Why, man, by Jove, this will kill me," said Lord Callonby, bursting into a fit of laughter, in which Kilkec, a hitherto silent spectator of our colloquy, joined to such an extent, that I thought he should burst a blood-vessel. "Why, man, you went as the *Chargé d'Affaires*."

"I, the *Chargé d'Affaires*!"

"That you did, and a most successful *debut* you made of it."

While shame and confusion covered me from head to foot at the absurd and ludicrous blunder I had been guilty of, the sense of the ridiculous was so strong in me, that I fell upon a sofa and laughed on with the others for full ten minutes.

"Your excellency is, I am rejoiced to find, in good spirits," said Lady Callonby, entering and presenting her hand.

"He is so glad to have finished the Greek Loan," said Lady Catherine,

smiling with a half malicious twinkle of the eye.

Just at this instant another door opened, and Lady Jane appeared. Luckily for me, the increased mirth of the party, as Lord Callonby informed them of *my* blunder, prevented their paying any attention to me, for as I half sprung forward toward her, my agitation would have revealed to any observer, the whole state of my feelings. I took her hand which she extended to me, without speaking, and bowing deeply over it, raised my head, and looked into her eyes, as if to read at one glance my fate and when I let fall her hand, I would not have exchanged my fortune for a kingdom.

"You have heard, Jane, how our friend opened his campaign in Munich last night."

"Oh, I hope, Mr. Lorrequer, they are only quizzing. You surely could not —"

"Could not. What he could not — what he would not do, is beyond my calculation to make out," said Kilkee, laughing, "anything in life, from breaking an axletree to hoaxing a king."

I turned, as may be imagined, a deaf ear to this allusion, which really frightened me, not knowing how far Kilkee's information might lead, nor how he might feel disposed to use it. Lady Jane turned a half reproachful glance at me, as if rebuking my folly; but the interest she thus took in me, I should not have bartered for the smile of the proudest queen in Christendom.

Breakfast over, Lord Callonby undertook to explain to the Court the blunder, by which I had unwittingly been betrayed into personating the newly arrived minister, and as the mistake was more of their causing than my own, my excuses were accepted, and when his lordship returned to the hotel, he brought with him an invitation for me to dine at Court in my own unaccredited character. By this time I had been carrying on the siege as briskly as circumstances permitted; Lady Callonby being deeply interested in her newly arrived purchases, and Lady Catherine being good-natured enough to pretend to be so also, left me, at intervals, many opportunities of speaking to Lady Jane.

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As I feared that such occasions would not often present themselves, I determined on making the best use of my time, and at once led the conversation towards the goal I aimed at, by asking, "if Lady Jane had completely forgotten the wild cliffs and rocky coast of Clare, amid the tall mountains and glaciated peaks of the Tyrol?"

"Far from it," she replied. "I have a most clear remembrance of bold Mogher and the rolling swell of the blue Atlantic, and long to feel its spray once more upon my cheek; but then, I knew it in childhood—your acquaintance with it was of a later date, and connected with fewer happy associations."

"Fewer happy associations—how can you say so? Was it not there the brightest hours of my whole life were passed—was it not there I first met —"

"Kilkee tells me," said Lady Jane, interrupting me shortly, "that Miss Bingham is extremely pretty."

This was turning my flank with a vengeance; so I muttered something about difference of tastes, &c. and continued, "I understand my worthy cousin Guy, had the good fortune to make your acquaintance in Paris."

It was now her turn to blush, which she did deeply, and said nothing.

"He is expected, I believe, in a few days at Munich," said I, fixing my eyes upon her, and endeavouring to read her thoughts. She blushed more deeply, and the blood at my own heart ran cold, as I thought over all I had heard, and I muttered to myself "she loves him."

"Mr. Lorrequer, the carriage is waiting and as we are going to the gallery this morning, and have much to see, pray let us have your escort."

"Oh, I am sure," said Catherine, "his assistance will be considerable—particularly as his knowledge of art only equals his tact in botany. Don't you think so, Jane."—But Jane was gone.

They left the room to dress, and I was alone—alone with my anxious, now half despairing thoughts, crowding and rushing upon my beating brain. She loves him, and I have only come to witness her becoming the wife of another. I see it all too plainly—my uncle's arrival—Lord Callonby's familiar manner—Jane's own confession;

all, all convince me, that my fate is decided. Now, then, for one last brief explanation, and I leave Munich never to see her more. Just as I had so spoken, she entered—her gloves had been forgotten in the room, and she came in not knowing that I was there. What would I not have given at that moment, for the ready-witted assurance, the easy self-possession, with which I should have made my advances had my heart not been as deeply engaged as I now felt it. Alas! My courage was gone; there was too much at stake, and I preferred, now that the time was come, any suspense, any vacillation, to the dreadful certainty of refusal.

These were my first thoughts as she entered; how they were followed I cannot say. The same evident confusion of my brain, which I once felt when mounting the breach in a storm-party, now completely beset me; and as then, when death and destruction raged on every side, I held on my way regardless of every obstacle, and forgetting all save the goal before me; so did I now, in the intensity of my excitement, disregard every thing, save the story of my love, which I poured forth with that fervour which truth only can give. But she spoke not—her averted head—her cold and tremulous hand, and half-drawn sigh were all that replied to me, as I waited for that one word upon which hung all my fortune. At length her hand, which I scarcely held within my own, was gently withdrawn. She lifted it to her eyes, but still was silent.

"Enough," said I, "I seek not to pain you more. The daring ambition that prompted me to love you, has met its heaviest retribution. Farewell. You, Lady Jane, have nothing to reproach yourself with—you never encouraged, you never deceived me. I and I alone have been to blame, and mine must be the suffering. Adieu, then, once more, and now for ever."

She turned slowly round, and as the handkerchief fell from her hand—her features were pale as marble—I saw that she was endeavouring to speak, but could not; and at length as the colour came slowly back to her cheek, her lips moved, and just as I leaned forward, with a beating heart to hear, her sister came running forward, and

suddenly checked herself in her career, as she said, laughingly—

"Mille pardons, Jane, but his Excellency must take another occasion to explain the quadruple alliance, for mamma has been waiting in the carriage these ten minutes."

I followed them to the door, placed them in the carriage, and was turning again towards the house, when Lady Callonby said—

"Oh, Mr. Lorrequer, we count upon you—you must not desert us."

I muttered something about not feeling well.

"And, then, perhaps, the Greek loan is engaging your attention," said Catherine; "or, mayhap, some reciprocity treaty is not prospering."

The malice of this last sally told, for Jane blushed deeply, and I felt overwhelmed with confusion.

"But pray come—the drive will do you good."

"Your ladyship will, I am certain, excuse"—

Just as I had got so far, I caught Lady Jane's eye, for the first time since we had left the drawing-room. What I read there, I could not, for the life of me, say; but, instead of finishing my sentence, I got into the carriage, and drove off, very much to the surprise of Lady Callonby, who, never having studied magnetism, knew very little the cause of my sudden recovery.

The thrill of hope that shot through my heart succeeding so rapidly the dark gloom of my despairing thoughts, buoyed me up, and while I whispered to myself, "all may not yet be lost," I summoned my best energies to my aid. Luckily for me, I was better qualified to act as a cicerone in a gallery, than as a guide in a green-house; and with the confidence that knowledge of a subject ever inspires, I rattled away about arts and artists, greatly to the edification of Lady Callonby—much to the surprise of Lady Catherine—and, better than all, evidently to the satisfaction of her, to win whose praise I would gladly have risked my life.

"There," said I, as I placed my fair friend before a delicious little madonna of Carl Dolci—"there is, perhaps, the triumph of colouring—for the downy softness of that cheek—the luscious depth of that blue eye—the waving richness of those sunny locks, all in

perfect; fortunately so beautiful a head is not a monopoly, for he painted many copies of this picture."

"Quite true," said a voice behind, "and mine at Elton is, I think, if anything, better than this."

I turned, and beheld my good old uncle, Sir Guy, who was standing beside Lady Callonby. While I welcomed my worthy relative, I could not help casting a glance around to see if Guy were also there, and not perceiving him, my heart beat freely again.

My uncle, it appeared, had just arrived, and lost no time in joining us at the gallery. His manner to me was cordial to a degree; and I perceived that, immediately upon being introduced to Lady Jane, he took considerable pains to observe her, and paid her the most marked attention.

The first moment I could steal unnoticed, I took the opportunity of asking if Guy were come. That one fact were to me all, and upon the answer to my question, I hung with deep anxiety.

"Guy, here!—no not yet. The fact is, Harry, my boy, Guy has not got on here as well as I could have wished. Every thing had been arranged among us—Callonby behaved most handsomely—and, as far as regarded myself, I threw no impediment in the way. But still I don't know how it was, but Guy did not advance and the matter now——"

"Pray, how does it stand? Have you any hopes to put all to rights again?"

"Yes, Harry, I think with your assistance much may be done."

"Oh, count upon me by all means," said I with a sneering bitterness, that my uncle could not have escaped remarking, had his attention not been drawn off by Lady Callonby.

What have I done—what sin did I meditate before I was born, that I should come into the world branded with failure in all I attempt? Is it not enough that my cousin, my elder by some months, should be rich while I am poor—honoured and titled, while I am unknown and unnoticed?—but is he also to be preferred to me in every station in life? Is there no feeling of the heart so sacred that it must not succumb to primogeniture?

"What a dear old man Sir Guy is,"

said Catherine, interrupting my sad reflections, "and how gallant, he is absolutely flirting with Lady Jane."

And quite true it was. The old gentleman was paying his devoirs with a studied anxiety to please, that went to my very heart as I witnessed it. The remainder of that day to me was a painful and a suffering one. My intention of suddenly leaving Munich had been abandoned, why, I knew not. I felt that I was hoping against hope, and that my stay was only to confirm by the most "damning proof," how surely I was fated to disappointment. My reasonings all ended in one point. If she really love Guy, then my present attentions can only be a source of unhappiness to her; if she do not, is there any prospect that from the bare fact of my attachment, so proud a family as the Callonbys will suffer their daughter to make a mere marriage d'inclination?"

There was but one answer to this question, and I had at last the courage to make it; and yet the Callonbys had marked me out for their attentions, and had gone unusually out of their way to inflict injury upon me, if all were meant to end in nothing—if I only could bring myself to think that this was a systematic game adopted by them, to lead to the subsequent arrangement with my cousin!—if I could but satisfy my doubts on this head——.

What threats of vengeance I muttered, I cannot remember, for I was summoned at that critical moment to attend the party to the palace.

The state of excitement I was in, was an ill preparative for the rigid etiquette of a court dinner. All passed off, however, happily; and the king, by a most good-natured allusion to the blunder of the night before, set me perfectly at ease on that head.

I was placed next to Lady Jane at dinner; and half from wounded pride, half from the momentarily increasing conviction that all was lost, chatted away gaily, without any evidence of a stronger feeling than the mere vicinity of a pretty person is sure to inspire. What success this game was attended with I know not; but the suffering it cost me, I shall never cease to remember. One satisfaction I certainly did experience—she was manifestly piqued, and several times turned towards the person on the other side of her, to

avoid the tone of indifference in which I discussed matters that were actually wringing my own heart at the moment. Yet such was the bitterness of my spirit, that I set down this conduct on her part as coquetry; and quite convinced myself that any slight encouragement she might ever have given my attentions, was only meant to indulge a spirit of vanity, by adding another to the list of her conquests.

As the feeling grew upon me, I suppose my manner to her became more palpably cutting, for it ended at last in our discontinuing to speak, and when we retired from the palace, I accompanied her to the carriage in silence, and wished her a cold and distant good night, without any advance to touch her hand at parting—and yet that parting I had destined for our last.

The greater part of that night I spent in writing letters. One was to Jane herself, owning my affection, confessing that even the “rudeesse” of my late conduct was the fruit of it, and finally assuring her that, failing to win for her any return of my passion, I had resolved never to meet her more—I also wrote a short note to my uncle, thanking him for all he had formerly done in my behalf, but coldly declining for the future any assistance upon his part, resolving that upon my own efforts alone should I now rest my fortunes. To Lord Callonby I wrote at greater length, recapitulating the history of our early intimacy, and accusing him of encouraging me in expectations, which, as he never intended to confirm them, were fated to prove my ruin. More—much more I said, which to avow, I should gladly shrink from, were it not that I have pledged myself to honesty in these “Confessions,” and as they depict the bitterness and misery of my spirit, I must plead guilty to them here. In a word, I felt myself injured. I saw no outlet for redress, and the only consolation open to my wounded pride and crushed affection, was to show, that if I felt myself a victim, at least I was not a dupe. I set about packing up for the journey, whither, I knew not. My leave was nearly expired, yet I could not bear the thought of rejoining the regiment. My only desire was to leave Munich, and that speedily. When all my arrangements were completed, I went down noiselessly to the inn yard

to order post-horses by day-break. There, to my surprise, I found all activity and bustle. Though so late at night, a courier had arrived from England for Lord Callonby, with some important despatches from the government. This would, at any other time, have interested me deeply; now I heard the news without a particle of feeling, and I made all the necessary dispositions for my journey, without paying the slightest attention to what was going on about me. I had just finished, when Lord Callonby's valet came to say, that his lordship wished to see me immediately in his dressing-room. Though I would gladly have declined any further interview, I saw no means of escape, and followed the servant to his lordship's room.

There I found Lord Callonby in his dressing gown and night cap, surrounded by papers, letters, despatch boxes, and red tape-tied parcels, that all bespoke business.

“Lorrequer, sit down, my boy, I have much to say to you, and as we have no time to lose you must forego a little sleep. Is the door closed? I have just received most important news from England, and to begin”—here his lordship opened a letter and read as follows:—

“MY LORD—They are out at last—the majority on Friday increased to forty yesterday evening, when they resigned; the Duke has, meanwhile, assumed the reins till further arrangements can be perfected, and despatches are now preparing to bring all our friends about us. The only rumours as yet are, L—— for the Colonies, H—— to the Foreign Office, W—— President of the Council, and we anxiously hope yourself Viceroy to Ireland. In any case lose no time in coming back to England. The struggle will be a sharp one, as the outs are distracted, and we shall want you much. Ever your's, my dear lord,

“HENRY ———.”

“This is much sooner than I looked for, Lorrequer, perhaps almost than I wished; but as it has taken place, we must not decline the battle. Now what I wanted with you is this—if I go to Ireland, I should like your acceptance of the Private Secretary's Office. Come, come, no objections; you know that you need not leave the army; you can become unattached, I'll arrange

all that; apropos, this concerns you; it is from the Horse Guards; you need not read it now, though; it is merely your gazette to the company; your promotion, however, shall not stop there; however, the important thing I want with you is this—I wish you to start for England to-morrow; circumstances prevent my going from this for a few days. You can see L—— and W——, &c., and explain all I have to say; I shall write a few letters, and some hints for your own guidance; and as Kilkee never would have head for these matters, I look to your friendship to do it for me.”

Looking only to the past, as the proposal suited my already made re-

solve to quit Munich, I acceded at once, and assured Lord Callonby that I should be ready in an hour.

“Quite right, Lorrequer, but still I shall not need this; you cannot leave before eleven or twelve o'clock; in fact, I have another service to exact at your hands before we part with you; meanwhile, try and get some sleep; you are not likely to know anything of a bed before you reach the Clarendon.”

So saying, he hurried me from the room, and as he closed the door, I heard him muttering his satisfaction, that already so far all had been well arranged.

CHAPTER LIII.—CONCLUSION.

SLEEP came on me, without my feeling it, and amid all the distracting cares and pressing thoughts that embarrassed me, I only awoke when the roll of the caleche sounded beneath my window, and warned me that I must be stirring and ready for the road.

Since it is to be thus, thought I, it is much better that this opportunity should occur of my getting away at once, and thus obviate all the unpleasantness of my future meeting with Lady Jane; and the thousand conjectures that my departure, so sudden and unannounced, might give rise to. So be it, and I have now only one hope more—that the terms we last parted on, may prevent her appearing at the breakfast table; with these words I entered the room, where the Callonbys were assembled, all save Lady Jane.

“This is too provoking, really, Mr. Lorrequer,” said Lady Callonby, with her sweetest smile, and most civil manner, “quite too bad to lose you now, that you have just joined us.”

“Come, no tampering with our party,” said Lord Callonby, “my friend here must not be seduced by honied words and soft speeches, from the high road that leads to honours and distinctions—now for your instructions.”

Here his lordship entered into a very deep discussion as to the conditions upon which his support might be

expected, and relied upon, which Kilkee from time to time interrupted by certain quizzing allusions to the low price he put upon his services, and suggested that a mission for myself should certainly enter into the compact.

At length breakfast was over, and Lord Callonby said—

“Now, make your adieux, and let me see you for a moment in Sir Guy's room, we have a little discussion there, in which your assistance is wanting.”

I accordingly took my farewell of Lady Callonby, and approached to do so to Lady Jane, but she only made me a very distant salute, and said, in her coldest tone, “I hope you may have a pleasant journey.” Before I had recovered my surprise at this movement, Kilkee came forward and offered to accompany me a few miles on the road. I accepted readily the kind offer, and once more bowing to the ladies, withdrew. And thus it is, thought I, that I leave all my long-dreamed-of happiness, and such is the end of many a long day's ardent expectation. When I entered my uncle's room, my temper was certainly not in the mood most fit for further trials, though it was doomed to meet them.

“Harry, my boy, we are in great want of you here, and as time presses, we must state our case very briefly. You are aware, Sir Guy tells me, that your cousin Guy has been received

among us as the suitor of my eldest daughter. It has been an old compact between us to unite our families by ties still stronger than our very ancient friendship, and this match has been accordingly looked to by us both with much anxiety. Now, although on our parts I think no obstacle intervenes, yet, I am sorry to say, there appear difficulties in other quarters. In fact, certain stories have reached Lady Jane's ears concerning your cousin, which have greatly prejudiced her against him, and we have reason to think most unfairly; for we have succeeded in tracing some of the offences in question, not to Guy, but to a Mr. Morewood, who it seems has personated your cousin upon more than one occasion, and not a little to his disadvantage. Now we wish you to sift these matters to the bottom, by your going to Paris as soon as you can venture to leave London—find out this man, and, if possible, make all straight; if money is wanting, he must of course have it; but bear one thing in mind, that any possible step which may remove this unhappy impression from my daughter's mind, will be of infinite service, and never be forgotten by us. Kilkee, too, has taken some dislike to Guy. You have only, however, to talk to him on the matter, and he is sure to pay attention to you."

"And, Harry," said my uncle, "tell Guy I am much displeased that he is not here. I expected him to leave Paris with me, but some absurd wager at the Jockey Club detained him."

"Another thing, Harry, you may as well mention to your cousin, that Sir Guy has complied with every suggestion that he formerly threw out—he will understand the allusion."

"Oh yes," said my uncle, "tell him roundly, he shall have Elton Hall; I have fitted up Marsden for myself; so no difficulty lies in that quarter."

"You may add, if you like, that my present position with the government enables me to offer him a speedy prospect of a regiment, and that I think he had better not leave the army."

"And say that by next post Hamer-cloth's bond for the six thousand shall be paid off, and let him send me a note of any other large sum he owes."

"And, above all things, no more delays. I must leave this for England

inevitably, and as the ladies will probably prefer wintering in Italy"—

"Oh, certainly," said my uncle, "the wedding must take place."

"I scarcely can ask you to come to us on the occasion, though I need not say how greatly we should all feel gratified if you could do so," said my lord.

While this cross fire went on from both sides, I looked from one to the other of the speakers. My first impression being, that having perceived and disliked my attention to Lady Jane, they adopted this "*mauvaise plaisanterie*" as a kind of smart lesson for my future guidance. My next impression was, that they were really in earnest, but about the very stupidest pair of old gentlemen that ever wore hair powder.

"And this is all," said I, drawing a long breath, and inwardly uttering a short prayer for patience.

"Why, I believe I have mentioned every thing," said Lord Callonby, "except that if anything occurs to yourself that offers a prospect of forwarding this affair, we leave you a *carte blanche* to adopt it."

"Of course, then," said I, "I am to understand that as no other difficulties lie in the way than those your lordship has mentioned, that the feelings of the parties—their affections are mutual."

"Oh, of course, your cousin, I suppose, has made himself agreeable; he is a good-looking fellow, and in fact, I am not aware why they should not like each other—eh, Sir Guy?"

"To be sure, and the Elton estates run half the shire with your Gloucester property. Never was there a more suitable match."

"Then only one point remains, and that being complied with, you may reckon upon my services; nay, more, I promise you success. Lady Jane's own consent must be previously assured to me: without this, I most positively decline moving a step in the matter; that once obtained, freely and without constraint, I pledge myself to do all you require."

"Quite fair, Harry; I perfectly approve of your scruples."

So saying, his lordship rose and left the room.

"Well, Harry, and yourself, what

is to be done for you? Has Callonby offered you anything yet?"

"Yes, sir, his lordship has most kindly offered me the under-secretaryship in Ireland, but I have resolved on declining it, though I shall not at present say so, lest he should feel any delicacy in employing me upon the present occasion."

"Why, is the boy deranged? Decline it! What have you got in the world, that you should refuse such an appointment?"

The colour mounted to my cheeks, my temples burned, and what I should have replied to this taunt, I know not, for passion had completely mastered me. When Lord Callonby again entered the room, his usually calm and pale face was agitated and flushed, and his manner tremulous and hurried; for an instant he was silent, then turning towards my uncle, he took his hand affectionately, and said—

"My good old friend, I am deeply, deeply grieved; but we must abandon this scheme. I have just seen my daughter, and from the few words which we have had together, I find that her dislike to the match is invincible, and, in fact, she has obtained my promise never again to allude to it. If I were willing to constrain the feelings of my child, you yourself would not permit it. So here let us forget that we ever hoped for, ever calculated on a plan in which both our hearts were so deeply interested."

These words, few as they were, were spoken with deep feeling, and for the first time, I looked upon the speaker with sincere regard. They were both silent for some minutes; Sir Guy, who was himself much agitated, spoke first.

"So be it then, Callonby, and thus do I relinquish one—perhaps the only cheering prospect my advanced age held out to me. I have long wished to have your daughter for my niece, and since I have known her, the wish has increased tenfold."

"It was the chosen dream of all my anticipations," said Lord Callonby, "and now Jane's affections only—but let it pass."

"And is there then really no remedy—can nothing be struck out?"

"Nothing."

"I am not quite so sure, my Lord," said I, tremulously.

"No, no, Lorrequer, you are a ready-witted fellow, I know, but this passes even your ingenuity, besides I have given her my word."

"Even so."

"Why, what do you mean—speak out man," said Sir Guy, "I'll give you ten thousand pounds on the spot if you suggest a means of overcoming this difficulty."

"Perhaps you might not accede afterwards."

"I pledge myself to it."

"And I, too," said Lord Callonby, "if no unfair stratagem be resorted to towards my daughter. If she only give her free and willing consent, I agree."

"Then you must bid higher, uncle, ten thousand won't do, for the bargain is well worth the money."

"Name your price, boy, and keep your word."

"Agreed then," holding my uncle to his promise, "I pledge myself that his nephew shall be husband of Lady Jane Callonby; and now, my lord, read Harry vice Guy in the contract, and I am certain my uncle is too faithful to his plighted word, and too true to his promise not to say it shall be."

The suddenness of this rash declaration absolutely stunned them both, and then recovering at the same moment, their eyes met.

"Fairly caught, Guy," said Lord Callonby, "a bold stroke if it only succeeds."

"And it shall, by —," said my uncle; "Elton is yours, Harry, and with seven thousand a year, and my nephew to boot, Callonby won't refuse you."

There are moments in life in which conviction will follow a bold "coup de main," that never would have ensued from the slow process of reasoning. Luckily for me, this was one of those happy intervals. Lord Callonby catching my uncle's enthusiasm, seized me by the hand, and said—

"With her consent, Lorrequer, you may count upon mine, and faith if truth must be told, I always preferred you to the other."

What my uncle added, I waited not to listen to; but with one bound sprung from the room—dashed up stairs to Lady Callonby's drawing-room—looked

rapidly around to see if *she* were there, and then, without paying the slightest attention to the questions of Lady Callonby and her youngest daughter, was turning to leave the room, when my eye caught the flutter of a Cachmere shawl in the garden beneath. In an instant the window was torn open—I stood upon the sill, and though the fall was some twenty feet, with one spring I took it, and before the ladies had recovered from their first surprise at my unaccountable conduct, put the finishing stroke to their amazement, by throwing my arms around Lady Jane, and clasping her to my heart.

I cannot remember by what process I explained the change that had taken place in my fortunes. I had some very vague recollection of vows of eternal love being mingled with praises of my worthy uncle, and the state of my affections and finances were jumbled up together, but still sufficiently intelligibly to satisfy my beloved Jane—that this time at least, I made love with something more than *my own* consent to support me. Before we had walked half round the garden, she had promised to be mine; and Harry Lorrequer, who rose that morning with nothing but despair and darkness before him, was now the happiest of men.

Dear reader, I have little more to confess. Lord Callonby's politics were fortunately deemed of more moment than maidenly scruples, and the treasury benches more respected than the trousseau. Our wedding was therefore settled for the following week. Meanwhile every day seemed to teem with its own meed of good fortune. My good uncle, under whose patronage, forty odd years before, Colonel Kamworth had obtained his commission, undertook to effect the reconciliation between him and the Wallers, who now only waited for our wedding, before they set out for Hydrabad cottage, that snug receptacle of Curry and Madeira, Jack confessing that he had rather listen to the siege of Java, by that fire side, than hear an account of Waterloo from the lips of the great duke himself.

I wrote to Trevanion to invite him over to Munich for the ceremony, and the same post which informed me that he was *en route* to join us, brought also a letter from my eccentric friend

O'Leary, whose name having so often occurred in these confessions, I am tempted to read aloud, the more so as its contents are no secret, Kilkee having insisted upon reading it to a committee of the whole family assembled after dinner.

"DEAR LORREQUER—The trial is over, and I am acquitted, but still in St. Pelagie; for as the government were determined to cut my head off if guilty, so the mob resolved to murder me if innocent. A pleasant place this: before the trial, I was the most popular man in Paris; my face was in every print shop; plaister busts of me, with a great organ behind the ear, in all the thoroughfares; my autograph selling at six and twenty sous, and a lock of my hair at five francs. Now that it is proved I did not murder the 'minister at war,' (who is in excellent health and spirits), the popular feeling against me is very violent; and I am looked upon as an impostor, who obtained his notoriety under false pretences; and Vernet, who had begun my picture for a Judas, has left off in disgust. Your friend Trevanion is a trump; he procured a Tipperary gentleman to run away with Mrs. Ram, and they were married at Frankfort, on Tuesday last. By the by, what an escape you had of Emily: she was only quizzing you all the time. She is engaged to be married to Tom O'Flaherty, who is here now. Emily's imitation of you, with the hat a little on one side, and a handkerchief flourishing away in one hand, is capital; but when she kneels down and says, 'dearest Emily,' &c., you'd swear it was yourself.—[Here the laughter of the auditory prevented Kilkee proceeding, who, to my utter confusion, resumed after a little.]—Don't be losing your time making up to Lord Callonby's daughter—[here came another burst of laughter]—they say here you have not a chance, and moreover she's a downright flirt.—[It is your turn now, Jane, said Kilkee, scarcely able to proceed.]—Besides that, her father's a pompous old Tory, that won't give a sixpence with her; and the old curmudgeon, your uncle, has as much idea of providing for you, as he has of dying.—[This last sally absolutely convulsed all parties.]—To be sure Kilkee's a fool, but he is no use to you.—[Begad I thought I was going

to escape, said the individual alluded to, but your friend O'Leary cuts on every side of him.]" The letter, after some very grave reflections upon the hopelessness of my pursuit, concluded with a kind pledge to meet me soon, and become my travelling companion. Meanwhile, added he, I must cross over to London, and look after my new work, which is to come out soon,

under the title of "the Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary."

This elegant epistle formed the subject of much laughter and conversation amongst us long after it was concluded; and little triumph could be claimed by any party, when nearly all were so roughly handled. So passed the last evening I spent in Munich—the next morning I was married!

[The following epistle was written to accompany the publication of the "Confessions" in a separate volume—we reprint it here, as we do not wish to withhold any part of Master Harry's Confessions from our readers.—A. P.]

EPISTLE VALEDICTORY.

DEAR PUBLIC—

WHEN first I set about recording the scenes which occupy these pages, I had no intention of continuing them, except in such stray and scattered fragments as the columns of a Magazine permit of; and when at length I discovered that some interest had attached not only to the adventures, but to their narrator, I would gladly have retired with my "little laurels" from a stage, on which, having only engaged to appear between the acts, I was destined to come forward as a principal character.

Among the "miseries of human life," a most touching one is spoken of—the being obliged to listen to the repetition of a badly sung song, because some well-wishing, but not over discreet friend of the singer has called loudly for an *encore*.

I begin very much to fear that something of the kind has taken place here, and that I should have acted a wiser part, had I been contented with even the still small voice of a few partial friends, and retired from the boards in the pleasing delusion of success; but unfortunately, the same easy temperament that has so often involved me before, has been faithful to me here; and when you pretended to be pleased, unluckily, I believed you.

So much of apology for the matter—a little now for the manner of my offending, and I have done. I wrote as I felt—sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad—always carelessly—for, God help me, I can do no better.

When the celibacy of the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, became an active law in that University, the Board proceeded to enforce it, by summoning to their presence all the individuals who it was well known had transgressed the regulation, and among them figured Dr. S., many of whose sons were at the same time students in the college. "Are you married, Dr. S——r?" said the bachelor viceprovost, in all the dignity and pride of conscious innocence. "Married!" said the father of ten children, with a start of involuntary horror;—"married?" "Yes, sir, married." "Why, sir, I am no more married than the provost." This was quite enough—no farther questions were asked, and the head of the University preferred a merciful course towards the offender, to repudiating his wife and disowning his children. Now for the application. Certain captious and incredulous people have doubted the veracity of the adventures I have recorded in these pages; I do not think it necessary to appeal to concurrent testimony and credible witnesses for their proof, but I pledge myself to the fact that every title I have related is as true as that my name is Lorrequer—need I say more?

Another objection has been made to my narrative, and I cannot pass it by without a word of remark;—"these Confessions are wanting in scenes of touching and pathetic interest"—true, quite true; but I console myself on this head, for I remember hearing of an author whose paraphrase of the

* We have the author's permission to state, that all the pathetic and moving incidents of his career he has reserved for a second series of "Confessions," to be entitled "Lorrequer Married?"—*Publisher's Note*.

book of Job was refused by a publisher, if he could not throw a little more humour into it; and if I have not been more miserable and more unhappy, I am very sorry for it on *your* account, but you must excuse my regretting it on *my own*. Another story and I have done;—the Newgate Calendar makes mention of a notorious housebreaker, who closed his career of outrage and violence by the murder of a whole family, whose house he robbed; on the scaffold he entreated permission to speak a few words to the crowd beneath, and thus addressed them:—"My friends, it is quite true I murdered this family; in cold blood I did it—one by one they fell beneath my hand, while I rifled their coffers, and took forth their effects; but one thing is imputed to me, which I cannot die without denying—it is asserted that I stole an extinguisher; the contemptible character of this petty theft is a stain upon my reputation, that I cannot suffer to disgrace my memory." So would I now address you for all the graver offences of my book; I stand forth guilty—miserably, palpably guilty—they are mine every one of them; and I dare not, I cannot deny them; but if you think that the blunders in French and the hash of spelling so widely spread through these pages, are attributable to me; on the faith of a gentleman I pledge myself you are wrong, and that I had nothing to do with them. If my thanks for the kindness and indulgence with which these hastily written and rashly conceived sketches have been received by the press and the public, are of any avail, let me add, in conclusion, that a more grateful author does not exist than

HARRY LORREQUER.

Harry Lorrequer's new work will be commenced in our Magazine for March.

TWO SONNETS.

"Great men have been among us."—*Wordsworth*.

I.

Ancestral halls, hung round with goodly store
Of lances, swords, and bucklers—proving well
The truth of all that household legends tell
Of those who once that ancient armour wore;—
And happy hamlets, on the sunny shore
Of broad, blue lakes—or shelter'd in deep dell
Among green hills, that angry storms repel,
And keep fond vigil o'er them evermore;—
And stately fanes, to organ's billowy tone
Responding solemn echoes, through dim aisles
And pillar'd vaults, paved with sepulchral stone;—
And village churches, in morn's radiant smiles,
Or holier twilight, rising still and lone;—
Halls—hamlets—fanies—England! are all thine own.

II.

Yes—they are thine; but yet a better dower,
A richer treasure, it is thine to claim—
The odorous memory of each sainted name,
That, in old time, in battle-field or bower,
Wrought noble deeds, or utter'd words of power;—
Warrior—like Bayard, without fear or blame;
Statesman—with single eye and honest aim,
Holding his country's helm in evil hour;
Poet—whose heart is with us to this day
Embalm'd in song; and Priest—who, for the ark
Of God, battled in troublous times and dark.
Hallow their memories, England! such as they
Not *were*, but *are*—their blood is in our veins—
Around, within, their presence still remains.

J. K. I.

MORNING PRAYER IN A SICK ROOM.

(Written during the dangerous illness of a beloved Sister.)

The pale red light of dawn,
Through curtains half withdrawn,
Falls freshly on the sufferer's restless bed,
Chasing her feverish dream
Before its early beam,
Bidding her strive to lift the languid head ;—
—In vain ! she cannot bear that searching ray—
Father of Lights ! be with her through the day !

Upon her cheek and brow
Behold the crimson glow
Telling us where the burning fever feeds—
Her heart beats thick within,
Her hand is dry and thin—
Father of Life ! Thou knowest what she needs !
Oh, good Physician ! Thou dost keep the balm
This wasted cheek to cool, this pulse to calm.

If, in the hours of light,
Memories, intensely bright,
Of days of health come back, and bring the thirst
For songs of pleasant rills,
For wandering o'er the hills,
For bright green fields, and flowers 'midst woodlands nurst—
Father of Glory ! let the loved one see
That fairer contemplation dwells in Thee.

If, from those lips so faint,
Some murmur of complaint
The impatience of a moment should escape,
Let her next breath be given
Unstained and pure to heaven,
And to a prayer its feeble quiverings shape—
Father of Love ! at once be reconciled,
Hear and forgive Thy weak and helpless child.

She drains a bitter cup,
But Thou canst raise her up—
Thou canst rebuke the fever as of old—
Oh, if it be Thy will,
Stay the unquiet thrill
Of this wild pulse, and these hot eyes unfold
In dewy sleep, such as she knew before—
Father of mercies ! our beloved restore !

But if Thy purpose be
The sufferer's soul to free,
Rending the bondage of the flesh away,
Be with her to the last,
Let the dark vale be passed,
Resting on Thee, her only trust and stay—
And though our earthly hopes be blighted thus,
God of all consolation ! be with us !

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—NO. V.

REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D. AND M.D.

Author of "A Journey overland from Constantinople to Vienna," &c. &c.

DR. WALSH, whose portrait we present to our readers on the opposite page, is a native of Waterford, and younger brother to Dr. Edward Walsh, whose memoir appeared in our Magazine for January, 1834. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a pensioner under Dr. Elrington, and having obtained the object of an undergraduate's aspiration, premiums and a scholarship, graduated, and was ordained for the parish of St. Nicholas Without, as Curate to the celebrated preacher Dean Kirwan, in which capacity he made his *débüt* in the world of letters. Being invited to preach before the Lord Mayor and Corporation on Michaelmas day, he chose for his text, "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath red eyes? they that tarry long at their wine." The convivial Corporation started at the lecture on temperance they expected from the young preacher, but finding his precepts were principally directed against the effects of intoxication on the lower orders, their lordships were relieved, and when he had dined with them after service, and every one had drunk wine with him, as if to make him forget his own precepts, at the request of the Lord Mayor, he published his sermon. He annexed to it an appendix, containing all the acts against the intemperate use of ardent spirits; and societies, called "Conservators of the Public Peace," were formed to enforce them, which were, in a measure, the "precursors" of temperance societies in Dublin.

He formed a strong friendship with the Rev. J. Whitelaw, and assisted him in his memorable census of the population, and history of the city of Dublin. On the death of his venerable friend before the completion of the work, he was requested to finish it for the benefit of Mr. Whitelaw's widow, and after a laborious application of five years, he completed this most comprehensive and splendid work in 2 vols. 4to. It was presented to the Irish government with a memorial, and a pension of £200 per annum was settled on Mr. Whitelaw's widow, which she still enjoys; but Dr. Walsh never asked, or received, the slightest compensation. This work was a mine of information, in which every thing curious or interesting, connected with Dublin, was to be found, and when he had left Ireland, and was no longer on the spot to expose the plagiarism, it was plundered by various compilers, of whom several had not the honesty to acknowledge the theft.

We next find him Curate of Finglas, and acting among the poor in the two-fold capacity of clergyman and physician. To qualify himself for the latter, he had attended the usual course of lectures and hospitals, and taken a degree of M.D. At the time when the typhus fever broke out like a pestilence, and for three years ravaged Ireland, he was most indefatigable in his exertions to stay the plague. For his benevolent labours on this occasion, he was presented with a piece of plate and an affectionate address by his parishioners. What rendered this remarkable, was, that all religious persuasions joined in it, and among the foremost of the signatures was that of the worthy parish priest of Finglas. He was, however, one of the old school, now unhappily almost extinct, while their place is supplied by the ignorant and intolerant race of Maynooth.

While in this parish, he made a discovery interesting in the antiquities of Ireland; it is situated in the barony of Nethercross, so called, according to tradition, from a venerable cross erected by St. Patrick, which stood in a place called the Watery-lane, near a well of great reputed sanctity, still marked by his name. The soldiers of Cromwell, in proceeding to the siege of



Robt Walsh

AUTHOR OF AN OVERLAND JOURNALS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO LONDON

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Drogheda, had seen this cross, and thrown it down, as an emblem of superstition ; but when they had passed on, the inhabitants, to protect it from further profanation, removed and buried it. Interested for this venerable relic, Dr. Walsh made diligent inquiry, and learned from a very old man that his grandfather was acquainted with the spot where it was concealed, and had communicated his knowledge to him. With this old man for his guide, he proceeded to the spot with some labourers, and actually disinterred a large granite cross of extreme antiquity, which had lain buried for nearly two centuries. He had it erected in the churchyard, where it still stands, an object of great veneration to the people.

It was his custom to relax the severity of duty by taking a summer ramble, leaving his parish in charge of a friend, and setting out with a stick in his hand and a shirt in his pocket. He had, in this way, literally walked over England, Ireland, and Scotland, and a part of the continent, when an opportunity offered of extending his travels by accepting the chaplaincy to the British Embassy at Constantinople in 1820. In the suite of his classic friend and countryman, Lord Strangford, he made a tour of the Mediterranean, Greece, and the Islands of the Archipelago, on his way to the Turkish capital, meeting with more terrors than usually fall to the lot of travellers. On the night of the arrival of the embassy at Zante, the island was shaken by an earthquake, and every house shattered ; that in which he lodged was rent in sunder, and he was dragged from under a heap of rubbish. He afterwards published an interesting account of this terrible visitation of God, which was much circulated. He arrived at Constantinople at the commencement of the Greek revolution, when he was an eye-witness to all its horrors, and saw the heads of the condemned exposed on dishes, while the headless bodies were cast into the streets for the dogs and vultures to devour them. From the capital he made journeys into Asia, to visit the churches of the Apocalypse, and while exploring the ruins of Ephesus, his party were mistaken for Samiote pirates, and attacked by a horde of Delhi cavalry. They would have been cut to pieces but for their Tartar Janissary and the Sultan's firman, with which they travelled ; but, as it happened, after some were wounded and all made prisoners, they were liberated without being either strangled or impaled, as they feared. When the plague was raging in Constantinople, he revived his practice as a physician, and having handled a patient, was compromised as a contagioned man. He was sent into quarantine at Belgrade, along with some others, but, having become ill, was abandoned by his companions, and left alone to die in the mountains, till he was found by the palace Janissary sent by the ambassador, and finally recovered from a slight attack of the pestilence ; —but we will tell our readers no more of his dangers, as they may derive much more entertainment and information from his own most graphic and interesting narrative.

There is, in the sea of Marmora, a lovely Archipelago, called the Prince's Islands, to which the residents of Constantinople retired when the plague raged in the capital. During the summer months, when professional duties allowed him to be absent from the palace, he took up his residence here, in a Greek convent. He discovered over the gate a stone with an inscription, which he found, on investigation, to be the tombstone of Sir R. Barton, our first resident ambassador at the Ottoman Porte—sent by Queen Elizabeth. He had died on the island, was buried on the spot, and the inscription had formed part of a tomb erected over him. Time and the hand of barbarism had dilapidated it, and the flag was taken to fill up the arch over the gate of the convent, where it remained in good preservation, but in an inverted position, and so it had continued for 200 years. Dr. Walsh reported his discovery to Lord Strangford, and his excellency commissioned him

to have it taken down, and placed in a proper position on a re-edified tomb; but owing to the disturbed state of things in Greece, it could not be immediately done, before he was obliged to return to Europe—and we believe this venerable memorial of the first English representative of majesty in the East yet remains over the door of the Greek convent, where the Doctor first discovered it—

“And stops a hole to keep the wind away.”

He effected, however, one interesting object in these islands. Vaccination was unknown there, and the small-pox made frightful ravages. He had innoculated the child of Lady Strangford, with matter sent, we believe, from the cow-pock institution in Dublin, and proposed to her ladyship to extend the protection it afforded to these islands. She was always ready to promote any benevolent object, so from her child he vaccinated every person who had not already had the small-pox, to the number of several hundreds, of all ages, from six months to sixty years old. On his return to the East, after an absence of some years, he made inquiries as to the efficacy of the vaccination, and learned that though small-pox had, in the meantime, broken out in an aggravated form, not one of his patients had died of it, though a few were attacked in a mild form. It is remarkable that the West was indebted to the wife of one of our ambassadors for the introduction of variolous infection from the East, while the East is thus, in a measure, indebted to the wife of another for the return of a greater benefit, in the practice of vaccine inoculation.

After a residence of five years in Constantinople, he returned by land to England, across the Balkan; and our sketch represents him, in his travelling dress, seated on the summit ridge of this magnificent chain, with his Tartar Janissary Kutchuk Mustapha, in the back ground. In his account of his journey he made known two things little understood in this country—first, that the Jews of the East are of Spanish descent, speaking a Spanish tongue, and had been driven out of Spain by the Inquisition, to seek that asylum among the followers of Mahomet which the followers of Christ denied them; and, secondly, that there exists a populous and thriving colony of Protestants in the Carpathian mountains, whom the Inquisition had also persecuted out of Saxony, and driven to the confines of Europe, where they flourish exceedingly to this day.

After his return to England, he went to St. Petersburg, as Chaplain to the Russian embassy; and, as if he was fated to be always present at scenes of commotion, he arrived just before the explosion of the conspiracy to place Constantine on the throne. On this occasion he got entangled among the insurgents, and saw 1200 people, military and mob, killed around him by discharges of grape-shot. He escaped behind the projection of a pillar, while the artillery poured its fire down the avenue; and when he came from his hiding-place, he seemed the only man alive in a large street, in the midst of a populous city, exhibiting a dismal spectacle of human bodies, weltering in pools of blood on white snow. He published an account of this little-known transaction, by which it appeared, from documents produced on subsequent investigations, that a tremendous revolution, ramifying through all Russia, was attempted, in which 2000 nobles and princes of the empire were, more or less, concerned.

After his return from Russia, he attended the embassy, in 1828, sent to Rio de Janeiro, to effect a marriage between Dom Miguel and Dona Maria, daughter of Don Pedro. While in Brazil, he was presented to the Emperor Don Pedro, and had an opportunity of personally knowing that singular man, with whom he made the British public better acquainted than they had ever been before. He

visited the interior of Brazil, and explored the mining districts 500 miles distant from the capital. He made himself particularly acquainted with the state of the Negroes; and when the North-Star frigate, in which he returned across the Atlantic, captured a slave-ship, containing 600 miserable objects, he went on board, and witnessed all the noisome horrors to which the victims of this hateful trade are exposed on the passage. He published such an account of his experience, that he was placed on the Committee of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery; so he has the consolation of reflecting that his exertions contributed their share to the final extirpation of this execrable traffic.

When he arrived in England, it was again proposed to him to resume his chaplaincy at Constantinople; and he returned through France and Italy, with part of his family, to that capital in 1831. He was curious to see what changes the terrible revolution, a part of which he had witnessed, had wrought, and he was gratified. He found Greece liberated, and Turkey reformed. Before the end of this second visit, he witnessed another catastrophe—the tremendous conflagration, in which the whole of Pera and a part of Constantinople was consumed. All the palaces of the Frank embassies, which had escaped in former conflagrations, were burnt down—among the rest, the British palace—blazing up, like shavings in a carpenter's yard, and leaving but ashes behind. For his private losses on this occasion, he never received any compensation, though others were not forgotten.

After thus experiencing various climates and vicissitudes, in different quarters of the globe, he exchanged his chaplaincy for a benefice in England, from whence he was invited by the discerning Archbishop of Dublin to the vicarage of Kilbride, near the Vale of Ovoca. A short time since he brought into notice another antiquarian curiosity, which he had the good fortune to discover in the wild mountains of this parish—a curious stone coffin, containing an urn in an inverted position, covering two small bones of human fingers. He presented a model of the coffin, with the urn, to the Royal Irish Academy, with a notice of the district where it was found. This instance of “digital inhumation” is, we believe, the only one as yet discovered in Ireland. It is a subject of considerable interest to the antiquary, and we trust Dr. Walsh's discovery will lead to some curious result. He has since removed to the benefice of Finglas; and so, after his numerous wanderings and perils, by land and water, is again located among his early friends—to renew the feelings of amity and good-will with which they parted.

As we have had, and trust we shall soon again have, occasion to notice the works of the Rev. Doctor, whom we have thus introduced to our readers, we need not here criticize his labours. Suffice it to say, that he enjoyed advantages and opportunities, in the countries which he visited, such as do not often fall to the lot of travellers; and his eminent success, as a scientific and entertaining writer, if other evidence were wanted, would abundantly testify how profitably he has availed himself of them. The principal works which he has given to the world are—“The History of Dublin,” 2 vols. 4to; “Journey from Constantinople to Vienna,” 1 vol. 8vo.; “Notices of Brazil,” 2 vols. 8vo.; “Residence at Constantinople,” 2 vols. 8vo.; “An Essay on Ancient Christian Coins and Gems,” 1 vol. 8vo.; “Illustrated Views of the Turkish Empire,” 2 vols. 4to. Some of the above have passed through so many as five editions; besides which, he has published some sermons, and various contributions to periodicals and literary journals—our own among the number.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH-EASTERN ASIA.*

For the volumes which are now under our consideration the public is indebted to the labours of a missionary minister sent out by one of those great societies, which the enterprise and Christian zeal of America, emulating the mother country, has enabled to traverse more than one half our globe, bearing the blessings of the gospel to the remotest shores of Asia. The objects to which Mr. Malcom's attention was, of course, most solicitously directed, were necessarily far different from those which would occupy or interest the general traveller, and therefore, as may be expected, the prospects and progress of the various missionary stations which he visited in the regions of South Eastern Asia, occupy the prominent and principal places throughout the volumes. Still it must have been at once obvious to a thinking man, that the political and economical relations of these countries, their religion, manners, and civilization, could not fail to be, even to the missionary, of scarcely secondary moment, as exercising a vast and important influence on the success or failure of the great cause which he had taken in hand. That our author thought so, the manner in which he has executed his work fully assures us. It is—in addition to containing a minute, and, we can well believe, faithful record of missionary labours, and recent and authentic intelligence of the prospects and progress of Christianity in that interesting part of the world—replete with the remarks of an acute and enlightened observer on the state of society, and manners, laws, history, commerce, and natural productions of the countries which he visited. The advantages, too, which his character and position afforded were not few; and, indeed, are admitted by himself with a readiness and candour that evince he has no desire to plead the want of them in extenuation for any deficiencies to be found in his book. As the authorized and accredited agent of an influential society, he possessed the

confidence of those best able to inform him on all subjects relating as well to the peculiar object of his mission, as to topics of general interest—namely, the missionaries and civilians who had resided for long periods in the respective places, and who readily placed at his disposal the fruits of their own matured and extensive observations. Indeed, accurate information seems to have been an object of much greater solicitude with Mr. Malcom, than interesting adventure, or the pursuit of those striking incidents which so generally form the staple of modern tourists; and bearing in recollection the comparatively short period of time consumed in a very extended course of travel, the extreme accuracy and generally minute detail, form not the least merit of the work. To the attainment of this end, our author adopted means which, it would, indeed, be well if the mass of travellers, both for the sake of themselves and their readers, would avail themselves of as extensively, even though they should not possess the modesty and ingenuousness to avow it like our author.

“Before leaving a place,” he remarks, “I generally submitted my notes to several persons for a careful revision. If, therefore, I should be convicted of errors, they are such as the best informed persons on the spot have fallen into, and as my reader would have imbibed had he been in my place. Some errors may be charged to me, through mistake of the objector; for often when I read my notes in various places, gentlemen dissented from some statements with great confidence the correctness of which they admitted on further examination, which examination they would not have made had I not quoted some influential name as my informer.”

Mr. Malcom set out on his mission from Boston, in the latter end of the month of September, 1835. The incidents of his voyage, though sufficiently well placed in a private journal, were yet too common-place to have, in our opinion justified the occupying some thirty pages of a book to meet the

* *Travels in South-Eastern Asia, embracing Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China; with Notices of numerous Missionary Stations, and a full Account of the Burman Empire.* By the Rev. Howard Malcom, of Boston, U.S. Two vols. post 8vo. London. 1839.

public eye. Sickness, sentiment, and scenery—our readers will pardon the alliteration—with each of which all travellers and all travel-reading people are sufficiently intimate, being the amount of the chapter. In the end of February of the following year, he reached the Burman territories, landing at Amherst, and thence proceeded to Mulmain, where a mission was already established.

It is not our purpose, in our review of these volumes, to dwell upon the portions of them which relate to the subject of the mission; at the same time we are disposed to admit that as they form, perhaps, the larger portion of the whole, so are they the most intrinsically valuable part of it. Before, however, we dismiss altogether this consideration of the subject, we must, in justice to the author remark, that he has collected with great industry and minuteness, a mass of information, the importance of which to the interests and success of eastern missions, can be readily conceived, and in the dissertations and tables, as well as the suggestions upon the mode of conducting missions, which form the fourth book of the work, he has exhibited good sense, learning, judgment, and practical experience, all animated and put in motion by most persevering and ardent, yet tempered Christian zeal, that do credit alike to his heart and his understanding. After a sojourn of some days at Mulmain, and informing himself fully of the matters relating to the mission, the author proceeded southward to the towns of Tavoy and Mergui, and thence returned to Mulmain again. The following description which he gives of his reception amongst the Karens, exhibits those people as exercising the virtues of hospitality to an extent rarely to be met with even in Christian countries.

“Though we lodged each night in the boat, we spent our time and ate among the people. The glance thus gained at native character was very gratifying. We saw no house where poverty seemed to dwell (though we passed through four or five villages,) and no disorder in any place. Wherever we stopped to eat, we entered a house freely, and were immediately offered clean mats, and treated with the utmost hospitality. Able and willing to supply our wants, they sometimes expostulated with the servant, as he was cooking our meals, that he had brought
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rice and fowls, instead of allowing them to furnish our table. This trait is prevalent among the Karens. Native assistants go from village to village among them, even where the gospel has never been heard, and take literally ‘neither scrip nor purse.’ They are bountifully supplied, even where their message meets only with opposition. Mr. Vinton, on one occasion, went several days’ journey among Karen villages, without servant or food. Everywhere they killed for him their best fowls and spread before him rice, fruits, honey, and whatever they had, and gave him their best place to sleep.”

In Burmah, the new year commences with the new moon in April, and for several days the festivities which usher it in, keep the Burmese town in a state of excitement. Our author has given us an account of these merry makings.

“Before every Burman house is erected a slight bamboo palisade, six or eight feet long, decorated very tastefully with young palm trees, and pots of water, filled with various beautiful blossoms. The moistened streets send up an enlivening freshness, which, with the odours of the flowers, makes the street like a charming avenue in a garden. The absurd yet amusing ceremony to which these are preparations seems peculiar to Burmans. It is a general war of water. Every one is at liberty to wet his neighbour, but the compliment is chiefly paid by women to men, and men to women; the children taking the principal share of the business into their hands. I have just been riding along the principal streets to witness the scene; but no one offered to compliment me, or other foreigners, with a bowl of water. They know that foreigners, whose raiment is not so easily changed, do not relish the sport; though sometimes, out of ill-timed complaisance, they submit to it. Almost universally the people take it pleasantly; but occasionally I saw little fellows chased and overthrown in the dirt, who played off on men. It certainly requires some command of temper, to show entire nonchalance when the children project a forcible stream from large bamboo syringes directly into the eyes and ears, creeping up slyly for the purpose, and running off with exultation. Not a native is to be seen with dry clothes; but ‘holiday clothes’ on this occasion are their poorest.

“No one can assign any origin or signification to this custom. It seems as if it must have originated in some notions of purification from the sins of the old, and entering cleansed upon the new year; but Boodhists have no idea of the remission of sins, in any way. Their only hope is to balance them with merit.”

In addition to this harmless and

sportive custom of the Burmese, Mr. Malcom had the opportunity of comparing with it the religious ceremonies of two classes of foreigners; and the three, perhaps, afford upon the whole tolerably fair specimens of the habits of the three nations of idolaters respectively engaged in them. Let those who sneer at the civilizing effects of Christianity say, if such specimens furnish any ground for the boast of the infidel, as to the purity and nobleness of human nature evinced by pagans, whose morals have not been contaminated, as they would call it, by Europeans.

"The Chinese have just had their annual ceremonies in memory of deceased ancestors. Hearing, a few mornings since, an uncommon din of great gongs and other discordant instruments, I went to the veranda, and saw the procession pass to the cemetery. It was a meagre affair as to pomp, but doubtless quite as absurd as if it had been in their own country. A succession of tables, borne like biers on men's shoulders, were spread with hogs, goats, and poultry, roasted whole, and various other eatables; the horrid music followed, and a procession with streamers, terminated by a man or two with muskets, firing at short intervals. A priest, in proper costume, walked on each side of the tables."

Again—

"Nothing can exceed the revolting exhibitions made by the Hindoo Mussulmans, who also are now holding their annual feast of Mohurram. By nature almost black, they make themselves entirely so with paint; many of them adding blotches and hideous figures, not only on their faces, but on every part of their body, and of every coloured earth they can find. Some go further, and put on masks of infernal ugliness, with horns, snouts, and indescribable distortions. I never beheld them but with fresh horror. Moving about the streets in companies, they writhe every muscle, some throwing their arms about as if ready to attack every one they meet, others slapping long, flat sticks together; some beating on drums and pieces of brass, others filling the air with yells and clamour. Man could not more brutify himself, even in the madness of intoxication."

Maulmain, now the metropolis of British Burmah, would seem to be a city of very recent growth, having been not many years ago, a wild jungle, though, indeed, amongst the natives it is asserted that it was formerly the chief town of an independent Shyan kingdom. Be this as it may, it is now

a considerable town containing about 18,000 souls, beautifully situated, commanding fine views, extremely salubrious and a favourite place of resort for the gentlemen of the company's service, who come to recruit their health from the opposite shore of the bay of Bengal. There is a very considerable circle of British society, well supplied shops, abundant and reasonable markets, mechanics, and tradesmen of all sorts. On commerce and trade no restrictions whatever exist, nor is there any duty either on vessels or merchandise, in consequence of which the trade is brisk, and imports are very considerable. We are informed by Mr. Malcom of what we believe to be the fact, that English influence has done much in a variety of ways to improve the condition both of the city and the provinces, more especially in abolishing the fierce border wars, which were attended with miseries that can scarcely be conceived, and have kept the Burmese and their neighbours in a state of continual wretchedness. From Maulmain our author proceeded to Rangoon, which, though generally conspicuous in the journals of all travellers who have visited these regions, is, as he informs us, the most wretched looking town of its size he had ever seen.

"The entire population is estimated at 50,000, but that is probably too much. There is no other seaport in the empire, but Bassein, which has little trade, and the city stands next in importance to Ava; yet there is literally nothing in it that can interest a traveller. A dozen foreigners, chiefly Monguls, have brick tenements, very shabby. There are also four or five small brick places of worship, for foreigners, and a miserable custom-house. Besides these it is a city of bamboo huts, comfortable for this people, considering their habits and climate; but in appearance as paltry as possible. Maulmain has already many better buildings. The eaves of the houses generally descend to within six or eight feet of the ground; very few being of more than one story, or having any other covering than thatch. Cellars are unknown, and all the houses are raised two or three feet above the ground for coolness and ventilation. As the floors are of split bamboo, all dirt falls through, and what is not picked up by crows, dogs, fowls, &c. is occasionally swept out, and burned. For nearly half the year, the city presents a most singular appearance, half sad, half silly. By a standing law, on the setting in of the dry season, all the thatch must be removed,

except a particular kind, not common, made partly of split bamboo, which will not easily burn. Were it not for the people in the streets, and the cloths of various kinds put up in the houses to keep off the sun, it would seem, at these times, like a city deserted."

Perhaps the decline of this town may be in some degree attributed to the great and most impolitic restrictions imposed upon a free trade, both by the enormous port duties that are charged, and the absolute prohibitions against exporting rice, or the precious metals; were the latter removed we cannot doubt that an immense advantage would result as well to the town as to the provinces in raising the price of land considerably. There is, perhaps, no part of Burmah in which so great a number of Pagodas are to be found as in the neighbourhood of Ragoon. Beside the celebrated pagoda of Shoo-da-go, two miles from the city, the approaches to the town are to a considerable distance lined on each side with similar buildings, some of which are said to vie even with the former. Of this our author thus writes:—

"Passing these on your way from the city, you come to a flight of time-worn steps, covered by a curious arcade of little houses of various forms and sizes, one above another, some in partial decay, others truly beautiful. After crossing some terraces, covered in the same manner, you reach the top, and, passing a great gate, enter at once this sad but imposing theatre of Gaudama's glory. One's first impressions are, what *terrible* grandeur; what *sickening* magnificence; what absurd imagery; what extravagant expenditure; what long successions of devotees to procure this throng of buildings of such various dates; what a poor religion that makes such labours its chief meritoriousness! Before you stands the huge Shoodagon, its top among the clouds, and its golden sides blazing in the glories of an Eastern sun. Around are pompous *sayats*, noble pavements, Gothic mausoleums, uncouth colossal lions, curious stone umbrellas, gracefully cylindrical banners of gold-embroidered muslin hanging from lofty pillars, enormous stone jars in rows to receive offerings, tapers burning before the images, exquisite flowers displayed on every side, filling the air with fragrance, and a multitude of carved figures of idols, worshippers, griffins, guardians, &c.

"Always, in the morning, men and women are seen in every direction kneeling behind their gift, and with uplifted hands reciting their devotions, often with a string of beads

counting over each repetition; aged persons sweep out every place, or pick the grass from the crevices; dogs and crows straggle around the altars, and devour the recent offerings; the great bells utter their frequent tones; and the mutter of praying voices makes a hum like the buzzing of an exchange. The whole scene is so strange, so distressing, that one is relieved to stroll away among the huge trees, and gaze from the parapet on the unlimited scene around. It is one wide, flat jungle, without a single hill, but that of Syrian in the distance; but it is *nature*. It is the true temple of the true God; the only representation he has given of his natural perfections, as the Bible is of his moral ones. All the rest is distortion, absurdity, and crime. Of inferior pagodas, (though some surpass in size any I have seen elsewhere,) there are, in Ragoon, more than five hundred, occupying as much space as the city itself, probably more. Most of them stand a little out of the city, interspersed with groves, embowering costly *kyoungs* and commodious *zayats*. The latter are particularly numerous, to accommodate the hosts of worshippers who resort hither at certain seasons of the year."

Leaving Ragoon, Mr. Malcom embarked on the Pegu river, and reached the once proud and imperial city of that name, now little better than a common village. It will be known to the readers of Asiatic history, that about the middle of last century Pegu was the metropolis of an independent kingdom, and contained a population of 150,000 souls. The successful rebellion, however, of the celebrated Aloung Pra, better known by the name of Alompra, enabled that chief, after a sanguinary war of several years, utterly to subvert the Peguan authority. The policy of the conqueror induced him to destroy the city, with the exception of its sacred edifices, in order that the destruction of the metropolis might serve to perpetuate his conquest of the country. Still, though diminished and well nigh desolated as the city now is, yet its huge shoondadoo Pagoda still stands in good preservation, and is an object whose magnificence is well worthy of admiration. The late king, indeed, endeavoured to restore Pegu to its former greatness, as the Peguans are no longer a distinct people from whom any danger could be apprehended, and accordingly transferred the government thither from Ragoon; but the advantages which the latter

afforded to the merchants, and people in general induced them to remain, and thus the attempt in favour of Pegua was without success, and shortly afterwards altogether abandoned.

At Ava our author was introduced to several persons of distinction, and gives us very entertaining sketches of the manners and characters of most of them. There is, perhaps, as much to admire as to pity in the characters of those half enlightened barbarians; and we cannot fail to feel how much the humanizing influences of Christianity and the influx of European enlightenment would effect in minds now almost hopelessly blinded by the darkness of idolatry. Amongst others our author visited the Mek-a-ra-prince, who is the son of the late king, and consequently the uncle of the reigning monarch, being grandson of the famous Alompra, to whom indeed he is said to bear a very striking resemblance. Of the prince and his interview with him Mr. Malcom thus speaks:—

“He received us with great urbanity, and readily gave me information on various points, for which I had prepared myself with questions. My having been the intimate friend of Dr. Price, whose memory he cherishes with very affectionate respect, seemed of itself a passport to his regard.

“He is much the most literary Burman in the kingdom. He reads English, is a good mathematician, is well acquainted with geography, and has considerable mechanical ingenuity. In his library are a number of good English books, among which is a complete set of Rees's Cyclopædia. He has also various instruments, models, &c. Withal, Burman-like, he is an alchemist. Mathematics is his favourite science, and he rejects everything which cannot be demonstrated like a problem. I carried for my present some small charts, exhibiting a condensed view of languages and their classification, governments and their condition, heights of mountains, lengths of rivers, &c. with which he expressed himself pleased, and upon which he asked Mr. Kincaid many questions, indicating both an excellent intellect and extensive information. He gave me minutely the last census, and his own opinion respecting the amount of population, voluntarily writing for me the items on the spot. He is said to be remarkably free from national prejudices. A slight evidence of this occurred now. We all (Messrs. Kincaid,

Simons, and myself) sat on the floor, of course, on a rug which was laid down for our accommodation; and I was pretty comfortable, with my back against a post. But one of my feet was before me; and his wife pointed the attention of a servant to that fact. The prince instantly forbade that I should be disturbed, and begged me to sit in any posture which I found most convenient. Sitting with the feet towards another is considered particularly disrespectful, and a Burman would hardly dare, for the price of his head, to take such an attitude before one of the royal family. I have since learned to sit *a-la-mode*, i. e. with my feet behind me, on one side, or crossed in front, as a tailor.

“Though far from being a bigoted Boodhist, the prince, with all his reading, seems to be decidedly attached to that system. Mr. Kincaid gave him Gallaudet's book on the Soul, just issued from our press at Maulmain, translated by Mrs. Bennett. He received it with pleasure, but said he could not believe it, unless it proved the matter clearly, by making it just as plain as that two and two make four. I told him it presented a different kind of evidence, and endeavoured to explain the difference between a mathematical and a moral certainty. But it was all in vain, till I begged him just to take his pencil, and prove to me, by figures, that he was not a dead man! He looked perfectly non-plussed for a moment, then burst into a laugh, and seemed by further explanations to get the idea. He promised to read the book with earnest attention, and, on taking leave, begged Mr. Kincaid would bring me again.”

After a stay of some time in Ava and visits to Sagainy and Umerapooora, Mr. Malcom once more returned to Ragoon when he left the Burman territories for Calcutta. Before, however, we dismiss this portion of the work we shall offer a few extracts from a very valuable digest which the author has made of notes upon Burmah, containing a mass of information upon every head, executed with great exactness at considerable length.—Indeed we are disposed to say that a fuller or better treatise on the history, geography, chronology, geology, manners, polity, and religion of this interesting and yet imperfectly explored region does not exist than is to be found in the work now before us; and were it worthless in every other respect the value of this portion of the work would more than redeem, and make it well worth the perusal of all who desire information on this subject. Speaking of the character of the Burmese, the author, with great

justice and good sense, thus introduces his observations :—

“ It is scarcely safe for travellers to attempt to portray national character. Calm and prolonged intercourse, at every place, with men long on the ground, and daily contact with natives, merchants, civilians, soldiers and missionaries, gave me, however, opportunities for forming opinions such as fall to the lot of few.

“ The Burman character differs, in many points, from that of the Hindus, and other East Indians. They are more lively, active, and industrious, and though fond of repose, are seldom idle when there is an inducement for exertion. When such inducement offers, they exhibit not only great strength, but courage and perseverance, and often accomplish what we should think scarcely possible. But these valuable traits are rendered nearly useless, by the want of a higher grade of civilization. The poorest classes, furnished by a happy climate with all necessaries, at the price of only occasional labour, and the few who are above that necessity, find no proper pursuits to fill up their leisure. Books are too scarce to enable them to improve by reading, and games grow wearisome. No one can indulge pride or taste in the display, or scarcely in the use, of wealth. By improving his lands or houses beyond his neighbours, a man exposes himself to extortion, and perhaps personal danger. The pleasures, and even the follies, of refined society, call forth talents, diffuse wealth, and stimulate business; but here are no such excitements. Folly and sensuality find gratification almost without effort, and without expenditure. Sloth, then, must be the repose of the poor, and the business of the rich. From this they resort to the chase, the seine, or the athletic game; and from those relapse to quiescent indulgence. Thus life is wasted in the profitless alternation of sensual ease, rude drudgery, and active sport. No elements exist for the improvement of posterity, and successive generations pass, like the crops upon their fields. Were there but a disposition to improve the mind, and distribute benefits, what majesty of piety might we not hope to see in a country so favoured with the means of subsistence, and so cheap in its modes of living! Instead of the many objects of an American's ambition, and the unceasing anxiety to amass property, the Burman sets a limit to his desires, and when that is reached, gives himself to repose and enjoyment. Instead of wearing himself out in endeavours to equal or surpass his neighbour in dress, food, furniture, or house, he easily attains the customary standard, beyond which he seldom desires to go.”

“ Temperance is universal. The use of all wines, spirits, opium, &c., is not only strictly forbidden, both by religion and the

civil law, but is entirely against public opinion. I have seen thousands together for hours, on public occasions, rejoicing in all ardour, without observing an act of violence or a case of intoxication. During a residence of seven months among them, I never saw but one intoxicated; though the example, alas! is not wanting on the part of foreigners. It is greatly to be deplored that foreigners, particularly Moguls and Jews, tempt their boatmen and labourers to drink ardent spirits, and have taught a few to hanker after it.”

Unfortunately, however, there are other virtues which the Burmans rarely practise. Lying, though prohibited strictly in their sacred books, is prevalent in every class of society. They are a nation of liars; and the sanctity of an oath, which is greatly dreaded by them, can alone enforce the truth. The lower classes steal and pilfer; yet it would seem that those vices are chiefly confined to them, and that the higher are as free from it as in many parts of the world that lay claim to greater civilization. But, perhaps, nothing more strongly characterises the Burmans than pride, which they carry to a length that is truly offensive.

“ From the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent, to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. Accustomed to conquest under every king since Alompra, and holding all the adjacent tribes in vassalage, they carry themselves in a lordly manner. The meanest citizen seems to feel himself superior to the Peguans, Karens, Tongthoos, &c. around him. Gradations of rank are most minutely and tenaciously maintained, and are signified in every thing. Houses, dress, betel-box, water-goblet, cap, umbrella, horse-equipments, &c., are all adjusted by rule. To ride on an elephant is the privilege only of royalty and high office, though often granted as an indulgence to others. The king alone, and his immediate family, use a white umbrella; the next have them gilded, the next red or fringed, next green, &c. Subdivisions of these grades are marked by the number of umbrellas of each particular colour. Thus one has twenty, another ten, another eight, and so downward.

“ The very language in which common actions are mentioned is made to minister to this nicety. Thus there are three or four ways to speak of everything, such as eating rice, walking out, sleeping, speaking, dying, one of which is always used of the king, another of priests, another of rulers, another of common persons. It would be an insult

to use a lower phrase than the person is strictly entitled to, though a higher one is sometimes used as a sign of special respect. The same difference is made in the words for walking abroad, and many more.

"This haughtiness is manifested as grossly to foreign ambassadors as is done in China. They are treated as suppliants and tribute-bearers. It has generally been contrived to have them presented on the great 'beg-pardon day,' which occurs once in three months, when the nobles are allowed an audience with the king, and lay at his feet costly presents.

"Both their religion and government contribute to this pride. Holding it as certain that they have passed through infinite transmigrations, they are sure they must have been highly meritorious in former states of existence to entitle them to be human beings, who are but little lower than Nats, and stand the highest possible chance for heaven."

Yet mixed with the faults, and they are neither few nor light, which are inherent in the character of the Burmese, are to be found estimable qualities that may well convince us that man is no where all evil, and that neither in the wilds of the eastern or western hemisphere has the savage altogether obliterated the impress of divine perfection once stamped on his common ancestor. The Burmese are modest in every sense of the word, kind and affectionate as parents, reverent as children, deferential as youth to those advanced in age. Gravity and reserve are habitual amongst all classes; and though the women are easily provoked and readily shew it; (the right to which passion, and the comfort of indulging it we would in Burmah, as at home, reverently concede to their finer sensibilities and graceful vivacity,) yet are the men seldom betrayed into anger, and still more rare is it to witness their anger terminate in blows or acts of open violence. Indeed upon a survey of the whole character of the Burmese, which the excellent and philosophic portraiture of Mr. Malcom affords us great facility in making, we are led fully to adopt the observation which he makes on the subject.

"This brief delineation of character may serve to show how distorted and partial are the views which mere theorists take of heathen society. Formerly it was the fashion to ascribe the greatest purity and dignity to an uncivilized and primitive state of manners, and to expatiate on the crimes, follies, and effeminacy, of more artificial and polished

communities. More recently, it has been the fashion to consider all who have not received our customs, and our religion, as sunk in degradation; devoid of every moral and natural excellence, and destitute of every species of human happiness. The truth, as to Burmah at least, lies between these extremes."

The government is placed in the hands of a monarch who is absolute; and this is the only rank or title that is hereditary in the nation. Promotion to offices, of which there are many grades, is open to all classes of the people. The council consists of the woon gyres or ministers of state; and of these, four or sometimes five or six form a council, who sit daily, though the sovereign is seldom present at their deliberations, and indeed the royal acts are not issued in the king's name, but in that of the council. The Burmese are not yet sufficiently advanced in the science of government to have separated the executive and legislative functions; and it will readily be conceived that innumerable evils and shameful oppression arise from this combination; and Mr. Malcom assures us, in addition to some instances which he adduces, that it would require greater space than he could spare to give any correct conception of the general misrule of men in power.

The Burmese possess a written code of laws, both civil and penal; and when the reader is informed that it is taken principally from the admirable code, so celebrated amongst the Hindus, he will have little difficulty in believing that it is too good to suit the practices or condition of the former people. That such is indeed the case, is evident from the fact that it is little better than a dead letter; and that though formally recognized and even altered and added to by the monarchs themselves, yet is it practically a nullity, and is never produced or appealed to in the courts. Whoever is curious on the subject of the Hindustanee code of Menu will be able to consult the code itself through the medium of a translation made by Sir William Jones.

The form of the judicial oath well deserves our notice; it is a perfect curiosity in its way, compared to which the celebrated imprecations of Erulphus appear to be conceived in terms

of absolute mildness. Unfortunately, however, its utility as a test of truth, is considerably abridged by the rarity of its use. For this there appear to be two reasons, either of them, in our minds, very sufficient. A Burman seldom ventures to take the oath, not only from his terror of its denunciations, but from the great expense attending the administration of it, which, it would seem, falls on the party swearing. We are enabled to present the reader with the amount of the charges in one case, upon the authority of Captain Aloes, in his report on Bassein. It is as follows:—

"Administration of the oath, 10 ticals	
Messenger for holding the book	
over the head, - - -	1 do
Other Messengers, - - -	2 do
Recorders, - - -	2 do
Pickled tea used in the ceremony, $\frac{1}{2}$ do	
Total, - - -	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ticals

Now, these 15 ticals and a half, are in value something less than 18 of the new or Company rupee of British India, or about 34 shillings of our money, a pretty round sum for what we may call swearing an affidavit; so that considering the laxity of principle amongst the Burmese, in the matter of veracity, we need not feel much surprise that they evade this ordeal, whenever it is possible so to do, preferring to lie according to the simpler and inexpensive, though certainly less formal fashion, than to be damnified in pocket so heavily, even in the case of speaking truth—with the addition of all these pains and penalties, temporal and spiritual, ensured by swearing falsely. Here, however, is the oath; let the reader judge for himself:—

"I will speak the truth. If I speak not the truth, may it be through the influence of the laws of demerit, viz. passion, anger, folly, pride, false opinion, immodesty, hard-heartedness, and scepticism; so that when I and my relations are on land, land animals, as tigers, elephants, buffaloes, poisonous serpents, scorpions, &c. shall seize, crush, and bite us, so that we shall certainly die. Let the calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves, and enemies, oppress and destroy us, till we perish and come to utter destruction. Let us be subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy, and

hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking truth, may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the aquatic genii assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost; and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, or other sea-monsters, seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men or nats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret, in the utmost wretchedness, among the four states of punishment, Hell, Prita, Beasts, and Athurakai.

"If I speak the truth, may I and my relations, through the influence of the ten laws of merit, and on account of the efficacy of truth, be freed from all calamities within and without the body; and may evils which have not yet come, be warded far away. May the ten calamities and the five enemies also be kept far away. May the thunderbolts and lightning, the genii of waters, and all sea-animals, love me, that I may be safe from them. May my prosperity increase like the rising sun and the waxing moon; and may the seven possessions, the seven laws, the seven merits of the virtuous, be permanent in my person; and when I change worlds, may I not go to the four states of punishment, but attain the happiness of men and nats, and realize merit, reward, and annihilation."

A work on Burmah would be obviously incomplete without some notice of that extraordinary religion, which, fabulous and absurd as it truly is, challenges the observation, even of the Christian Philosopher, from the melancholy fact, that at the moment we write it is, as it for centuries has been, the most prevalent form of religion on the face of the earth—holding enchained and benighted the minds of, we dare affirm, one-half of the human race. In all those false religions which the impiety and the ignorance of man has built up for himself, glimmerings of the true light from above, are still to be detected, gleams, however faint and few, and distorted, amidst the deep gross darkness of idolatry, the providence of God has seemed to decree should be unquenchable for ever, to shew that he has not in any age or land left himself without a witness. Of Boodhism this is peculiarly true; and with all its folly and degrading superstition—and in these indeed, it is behind none other on the face of the earth—its doctrines, precepts, and practical piety bear a strong resemblance

to those of Holy Scripture. We would do but partial justice to our excellent author, did we omit to avail ourselves of some of the remarks with which he closes an admirable investigation of the nature and history of this singular and wide-spread system:—

"There is scarcely a principle or precept in the *Bedagat* which is not found in the Bible. Did the people but act up to its principles of peace and love, oppression and injury would be known no more within their borders. Its deeds of merit are in all cases either really beneficial to mankind, or harmless. It has no mythology of obscene and ferocious deities; no sanguinary or impure observances; no self-inflicted tortures; no tyrannising priesthood; no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortening of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect, it seems to be the best religion which man has ever invented.

"At the same time, we must regard *Boodhism* with unmeasured reprobation, if we compare it, not with other false religions, but with truth. Its entire base is false. It is built, not on love to God, nor even love to man, but on personal merit. It is a system of religion without a God. It is literally atheism. Instead of a heavenly Father, forgiving sin, and filial service from a pure heart, as the effect of love, it presents nothing to love, for its deity is dead; nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition but annihilation.

"The system of merit corrupts and perverts to evil, the very precepts whose prototypes are found in the Bible; and causes an injurious effect on the heart, from the very duties which have a salutary effect on society. Thus, to say nothing of its doctrines of eternal transmigration, and of uncontrollable fate, we may see, in this single doctrine of merit, the utter destruction of all excellence. It leaves no place for holiness; for everything is done for the single purpose of obtaining advantage.

"Sympathy, tenderness, and all benevolence, would become extinct under such a system, had not Jehovah planted their rudiments in the human constitution. If his neighbour's boat be upset, or his house on fire, why should the *Boodhist* assist? He supposes such events to be the unavoidable consequences of demerit in a former existence; and, if this suffering be averted, there must be another of equal magnitude. He even fears that by his interfering to prevent or assuage his neighbour's calamity, he is resisting established fate, and bringing evil on his own head!

"The same doctrine of merit destroys

gratitude, either to God or man. If he is well off, it is because he deserves to be. If you do him a kindness, he cannot be persuaded that you have any other object or reason than to get merit; and feels that he compensates your generosity by furnishing the occasion. If the kindness be uncommon, he always suspects you of sinister designs. In asking a favour, at least of an equal, he does it peremptorily, and often haughtily, on the presumption that you will embrace the opportunity of getting merit; and, when his request is granted, retires without the slightest expression of gratitude. In fact, as has been already stated, there is no phrase in his language that corresponds with our 'I thank you.'

"The doctrine of fate is maintained with the obstinacy and devotedness of a Turk. While it accounts to them for every event, it creates doggedness under misfortune, and makes forethought useless.

"*Boodhism* allows evil to be balanced with good, by a scale which reduces sin to the shadow of a trifle. To sheeko to a pagoda, or offer a flower to the idol, or feed the priests, or set a pot of cool water by the wayside, is supposed to cancel a multitude of sins. The building of a *kyoung*, or pagoda, will outweigh enormous crimes, and secure prosperity for ages to come. Vice is thus robbed of its terrors; for it can be overbalanced by easy virtues. Instances are not rare of robbery, and even murder, being committed, to obtain the means of buying merit. All the terrors, therefore, with which hell is represented, do but serve to excite to the observance of frivolous rites. The making of an idol, an offering, or some such act, is substituted for repentance and reparation, for all inward excellence, and every outward charity.

"It ministers also to the most extravagant pride. The *Boodhist* presumes that incalculable merit, in previous incarnations, has been gained, to give him the honour of now wearing human nature. He considers his condition far superior to that of the inhabitants of the other islands in this system, and his chance of exaltation to be of the most animating character. Conceit, therefore, betrays itself in all his ways. The lowest man in society carries himself like the 'twice-born' *brahmin* of Hindustan."

Mr. Malcom's avocations made it necessary for him to traverse the greater part of Hindostan, and in the progress of his journey he visited Calcutta, Madras, and most of the districts and towns of British India, extending his route south, along the eastern side of the Peninsula, as far as Tanjore. The same spirit of acuteness and industrious observation, seems to characterise his investigations there as elsewhere. But the ground of Bri-

tish India is comparatively known to our readers, and the numerous works that from time to time have appeared relative to it, have made us familiar with all that concerns that region.

We pass on, therefore, to countries less known, the rather that the length to which we have already extended our observations admonishes us that the limit we have prescribed to ourselves is not far distant. We will therefore rejoin Mr. Malcom upon his landing in Malay, at Singapore (whither he had proceeded by sea from Madras), which he reached on the 19th of April, 1837. A great proportion of the population of this town are Chinese, indeed they exceed 12,000, while the whole amount to about 30,000. By this means the author was enabled to avail himself of many opportunities of studying the manners of this singular people, which in their own country their peculiar jealousy renders impossible. Amongst other fruits of his observations, he has given us a description of Chinese weddings, which we think is well worthy of transcribing:—

“The family of the bride being wealthy, the room containing the family altar was decorated both with costliness and taste. The ‘*Jos*’ was delineated in a large picture surrounded by ornamental paper-hangings. Huge wax candles, delicate tapers, and suspended lamps, of elegantly painted glass, shed round their formal light, though it was broad day. On the altar, or table, before the idol, were trays of silver and rich porcelain, filled with offerings of sweetmeats and flowers, while burning sandal-wood and agillocha diffused a pleasing fragrance.

“After the elders had performed their devotions, the bride came slowly in, supported by attendants, and went through tedious gestures and genuflexions before the idol, without raising her eyes from the ground, or speaking. Her robe was both gorgeous and graceful, covering her, in loose folds, so completely that neither her feet nor hands could be seen. Beside the numerous ornaments and jewels, which bound up her profuse hair, she wore several heavy necklaces of sparkling jewels, apparently artificial. When she had finished, an elder placed on her head a thick veil, and she returned to her apartment. We now waited for the bridegroom, who ‘tarried’ a little, and the interval was enlivened by tea, sweetmeats, betel-nut, &c. Three bands of music, European, Malay, and Javanese, sent sounds of gladness through the halls and corridors; the friends passed about with smiles and greetings; the children, in their gay apparel,

danced joyously, they knew not why;—all was natural and pleasing, but the slow and extravagant movements of a Javanese dancing-girl, who, in a corner of the porch, earned her pay, little regarded.

“At length it was heralded, ‘the bridegroom cometh,’ and immediately many ‘went forth to meet him.’ He came with friends and a priest, preceded by another band of music. His devotions before the *Jos* were much sooner and more slightly done than those of the lady, and he sat down with the priest, and a friend or two, in front of the altar, where had been placed chairs covered for the occasion with loose drapery of embroidered velvet. Refreshments were handed, till a movement from within announced the approach of the bride; and all eyes were turned to meet her. She advanced very slowly to the centre, veiled, as when she retired, and, after a few gestures by each toward the other, the happy pair sat down together, her face still invisible. Refreshments again entered, and each partook, but with evident agitation and constraint. Presently she retired to her chamber, followed by the bridegroom, and most of the guests dispersed; but we were permitted, with some particular friends, to enter with him. It was doubtless a handsome room in Chinese estimation, but its decorations would scarcely please a Western eye. The bedstead resembled a latticed arbour; and from the roof within was suspended a beautiful lamp of chased silver, burning with a feeble light. Standing in the middle of the room, they renewed their bowing, and passing from side to side, with a gravity and tediousness almost ludicrous, till he finished the ceremony by approaching and lifting the veil from her head. We were told that till then he had never seen her! She blushed, and sat without raising her eyes; but, alas! for the romance of the thing, she was ugly! A leisurely repast followed, shared by themselves alone; and probably forming the ratifying feature of the solemnity, as in Burmah. Fifty dishes or more were before them, a few of which they tasted with silver forks; but of course the occasion was too ethereal to be substantiated by veritable eating and drinking. When they rose from the table, the bridegroom, aided by his servant, removed his outer robe, which had been worn as a dress of ceremony, and threw it on the bed, as if marking it for his own. Then, advancing respectfully to the bride, her attendant raised the folds of her dress, and he unclasped the cincture of the garment beneath. This act, so gentle, delicate, and significant, closed the ceremonial. He then returned to his own house till evening, and every guest retired—a capital system, allowing the bride some repose, after the trying and tiresome ceremonies she had performed. This was about four o’clock. In the evening a sumptuous entertainment was given to the

friends of both parties ; after which the bridegroom remained, as a son, at home."

It would, we think, be very difficult to assign a general character to the Malays, whose commercial spirit has scattered them over so many countries, and intermingled them everywhere with the indigenous tribes amongst whom they have settled. Our sources of information have been scanty and far from unsuspicious, and we should, therefore, receive with some distrust, the accounts chiefly derived from mariners whose frauds and oppressions have in no small degree driven those people to acts of revenge that have earned for them the general character of being brutal, treacherous, and piratical. With this caution we shall submit to our readers the character which Mr. Malcom has given of them, and which indeed we are disposed to consider, in the main, as just a one as has been exhibited.

"Disregard of human life, revenge, idleness, and piracy, may perhaps be considered common to Malays. The universal practice of going armed, makes thoughts of murder familiar. The right of private revenge is universally admitted, even by the chiefs, and the taking of life may be atoned for by a small sum of money. Treachery has been considered the leading trait of Malay character ; but probably the idea is exaggerated. Their religion teaches them, like other Muslims, to use treachery and violence toward infidels. But there is full reason to believe, that, in intercourse with each other, domestic and private virtues prevail to as great an extent as among other heathen. As to piracy, it is deemed not only a pure and chivalrous occupation, but religiously meritorious. It is carried on by prince, people, and priest, and is not less a matter of pride, than of rapacity.

"In the arts of peace, they are greatly inferior to their neighbours of Java, Japan, Cochin-China, and Siam. They have even less mechanical ingenuity and skill than the Bugis. No portion of the Malays are much civilised, and some are truly savage. The feudal system prevails everywhere, in all its integrity. The chiefs claim the time and services of the people, at any time, and for any purpose, warlike or peaceful."

Leaving the British colonies, Mr. Malcom proceeded to the Siamese territories landing at Paknam, and passing up the river Mariam (as it is called by the natives) to Bakok. Here, as at Ava, the author had the

advantage of an introduction to the nobility and leading men of the country, and he assures us that the Siamese nobles displayed no less dignity and intelligence than did those of Burmah. On all occasions his reception was kind, frank, and even respectful. Amongst other individuals whom he visited was his Royal Highness Prince Chow Fah Noi, who is in all likelihood destined to succeed the present Siamese monarch. It is indeed much to be hoped that he shall yet occupy the throne, as there can be no doubt that, under the administration of so enlightened a prince, the kingdom must advance from her present state of lowliness and semi-civilization. Assuming, as we are disposed to do, that the character our author draws of him be correct, we think it likely no man in that kingdom can be so qualified to govern.

"His naturally fine mind is enlarged and improved by intercourse with foreigners, by the perusal of English works, by studying Euclid and Newton, by freeing himself from a bigoted attachment to Boodhism, by candidly recognising our superiority, and a readiness to adopt our arts. He understands the use of the sextant and chronometer, and was anxious for the latest nautical almanac, which I promised to send him."

Returning from Siam to Singapore, our missionary thence extended his voyage to China, and in the latter part of the month of October, 1837, entered the pearl river, and passing up to Wampoa, proceeded by one of the native boats to Canton. We can conceive nothing more revolting to the feelings of an Englishman, and an American must, of course, fully participate in the sentiment, than the treatment which Europeans and civilized beings receive at the hands of those self-conceited and jealous barbarians, besotted by the stupid pride of fancied superiority, and consequently impervious to the light of that civilization which would dispel their prejudices, teach them their immeasurable inferiority in many points of view, and give a progressive impulse to institutions that have stood still during so many ages. Mr. Malcom thus speaks on this subject:—

"In all other parts of the East, Europeans bear themselves so haughtily before the na-

tives, and so transcend them in wealth, luxury, and intellect, that the contrast at Canton is most striking. Here are generally about three hundred foreigners, permanently resident, and often more, kept so completely under, that they may neither bring their wives, nor take native ladies, nor build, buy, ride, row, or walk, without restrictions; wholly forbidden to enter the gates of the city, and cooped up in a spot which would be considered in Calcutta or Madras barely large enough for one good dwelling and compound. The foreign factories, or hong, are thirteen in number, under the names of different nations, but occupied somewhat promiscuously by the merchants and shopkeepers. They form a close front along the river, about three hundred yards in length, with an open space toward the water, which is here about a quarter of a mile wide. The buildings extend toward the rear about two hundred yards. Each hong is divided into several separate portions, entered by a narrow alley, which passes through to the rear, and is thus made to consist of five or six tenements, generally three stories high. The heat, smoke, noise, and dreariness of the interior of this mass of buildings, with the total absence of female society, gives it, in no small degree, the aspect of a prison. The front rooms, however, are pleasant, and some of them have fine promenades on the roof. An open space in front, about one hundred yards long and fifty wide, serves both as a wharf and a promenade. But the first of these uses obstructs it for the other; to say nothing of barbers, cooks, pedlars, clothes-menders, coolies, and boatmen, who crowd it most of the day."

Much of course in the way of communication or information is not to be expected amongst such a people, if indeed it can be said, that the traveller is amongst them; and, though a few adventurous travellers have, since the days of Marco Polo to the present, succeeded, by deceiving the inhabitants, to gain a perilous entrance into the kingdom, yet little is known of their internal polity. Our readers will find the amount of our information collected by the talented and zealous author of "China opened." The Chinese themselves enjoy the usual blessings which prejudice confers; ignorance of many things that forms one of the most paradoxical contrasts to their knowledge, which, in other

respects, they have undoubtedly in a high degree attained to. Let the reader peruse the following description of one of their maps of the world, and he will be able to form a tolerable idea of their knowledge of geography:—

"It is two feet wide by three and a half high, and is almost covered with China! In the left-hand corner, at the top, is a sea, three inches square, in which are delineated, as small islands, Europe, England, France, Holland, Portugal, and Africa. Holland is as large as all the rest, and Africa is not so big as the end of one's little finger! The northern frontier is Russia, very large.

"The left corner, at the bottom, is occupied by 'the western ocean,' as it is called, containing the Malay peninsula, pretty well defined. Along the bottom are Camboja, Cochin-China, &c., represented as moderate-sized islands; and on the right is Formosa, larger than all the rest put together. Various other countries are shown as small islands. I should have given an engraving of this curious map, but that a true reduction to the size of a page would have left out most of these countries altogether! The surrounding ocean is represented in huge waves, with smooth passages, or highways, branching off to the different countries, or islands, as they represent them. They suppose that ships which keep along these highways go safely; but if they, through ignorance or stress of weather, diverge, they soon get among these awful billows, and are lost!"

This formed the limit of our author's travellings; and having on the 24th of November left the Chinese dominions on his homeward voyage, he reached the shores of his native country on the 25th of March, 1838. We have too frequently taken occasion, during the progress of our observations, to express our estimate of these volumes to render any formal eulogy requisite. The pious and amiable author will find in his own heart, and in the contemplation of the inappreciable advantages his toils and journeyings have secured to the cause of his great Master, and the interests of his church, a higher and purer praise than the pen or the tongue of man can offer.

FEMALE PORTRAITS.—NO. IV. AGNES.

It has been said, with more, perhaps, of point than propriety, of a certain region beneath the earth, that it is "paved with good intentions;" but sure I am that mountains might soon be piled on its surface, were half the false conclusions men every day arrive at, left as standing monuments of the fallibility of human conjecture. "Taking for granted," is the besetting sin of all classes and characters; of the clever from impatience, of the stupid from indolence, and of the imaginative from love of castle-building. We seldom see any one for the first time, especially if there be about him sought either remarkable or interesting, without endowing him with gratuitous characteristics, and an imaginary history—the chief objections to which is their probable discrepancy with the truth; nor does the utter falsification of one pet theory at all abate our readiness to jump headlong into the *beau milieu* of another, just as the "canny Scot," and his in other respects, antipodal American, instead of replying to the queries of the poor traveller respecting his future *route*, indulge in unprofitable speculations as to his past journey and object in undertaking it—do many among ourselves "guess," and "calculate" our neighbours past history and future destinies, when one brief peep at the real life behind the curtain, would upset, like Alnaschar's brittle basket, all the fine fictitious fabric, which, after all, reality would probably out-do.

I speak feelingly, as a convicted and often shamed romance-weaver; and one whom not even my late error, in assigning high descent and breeding to the least aristocratic of all my friend Sir Edward's female progenitors, could save from floundering into the next possible blunder of the same description.

Richly stocked as had seemed his library with an almost royal catalogue of "beauties," I found, on returning from a temporary absence, a welcome addition to their array, in a portrait or two, transplanted by the unerring instinct of taste, from ignobler situations up-stairs, to this post of honor and consequent danger,—that of ri-

valry with the perfect specimens of pictorial art I have already attempted to describe.

There was nothing, however, when cursorily viewed, in the unpretending aspect of the new importations, to provoke invidious comparison with the more ambitious portraits, beneath which they reposed like bits of verdure in a gorgeous landscape, from whose glowing tints the eye at last takes refuge, dazzled and overpowered. To me, even, who had gazed till every lineament was indelibly impressed on mind and memory, upon the two "counterfeit presentments" of female perfection I have elsewhere faintly sketched, it was at length a relief to let my eye and thoughts wander over the sweetest representation of girlish nature and simplicity that ever, perhaps, conveyed the *beau ideal* of them absolutely to canvas.

In the dress of the beautiful creature, whom one loved to think an impersonation of youth and innocence in the abstract, there was, perhaps happily, nothing to assist posterity in assigning to her a "local habitation." A "name" the catalogue furnished us with, too stately and matronly by far, to harmonize with her existing aspect, viz: "Agnes, second wife of the Lord Viscount G——." But, as this title afforded, even to Sir Edward, no clue to the family or individual history of her by whom it had been borne, I would fain, after my usual fashion, have read a legend in the features and expression of the lovely wearer.

They fairly baffled me, however; so serene, so unsullied by trace of thought or care, by reminiscence of even childish sorrow, or presentiment of deeper griefs to come, was the mirror-like surface presented by the fair, open brow, and soft, sunny cheek, where youth and health alone seemed privileged to glow, and on which the roundness and smoothness of infancy itself, seemed yet fondly to linger. The clear, full eye, looked as if no tear had ever dimmed its liquid radiance; the velvet of the cheek beneath as if no grief *could* pale its soft, carnation richness. And for the lips, just parted to disclose the pearls within, no

simile, even the hacknied and rustic, perhaps, yet not less piquant one of, "twin cherries on one stalk," could do justice to their hue and fulness.

Round a throat, which a swan might envy, curls of a rich, light, glossy brown seemed "wandering at their own sweet will," with girlish carelessness; their sole ornament a single rose, which nature, rather than art, seemed to have let fall, just in the most becoming spot, amid these unconfined and lovely tresses. A hand and arm as sweetly rounded as the rest, scarce held, in idle *reverie*, another half-forgotten flower. A dreamy quiet, a gentle listlessness pervaded the whole enchanting figure; and though redolent of all those hues of health so wanting to the noble Sir Joshua alongside—yet, while all in the lovely form it represented breathed the elasticity, if not the brilliancy of youth, here the prevailing character was happiness certainly—but happiness in repose.

Of such a being it was tantalizing to know nothing, except that what now charmed in mute unconsciousness a stranger's eye, must needs in living beauty have gladdened many a heart. "Of none, at least I think, among your ancestresses," said I, on first seeing the picture, to Sir Edward, "may we take it for granted more safely, that she 'lived long and happily, and died beloved and lamented, than of that calm, peaceful, and apparently privileged being.'"

And thus the matter might have rested, had there not come to S—— an old family friend, who retained, at almost eighty, with the wisdom and benevolence of age, much of the liveliness of younger days, and an inexhaustible store of youthful reminiscences. Innumerable were the anecdotes which, at sight or mention of old, familiar objects, the good man poured forth, and we had already learned to look upon him as a walking oracle, when, one day, towards the close of his sojourn, looking up at the picture, which we had named (after the heroine of Hayley's almost forgotten poem) "*Serina*," he heaved an unwonted sigh, and said, evidently to himself:

"Poor child! who would have thought, to look at you so young and rosy, of all the trials that were to be-

fal that curly head, and turn it grey so long before its time!"

Our exclamations and interrogations I *may* safely leave to be taken for granted, as well as my special satisfaction in deriving from such high authority the no doubt deeply interesting history, which imagination had in this solitary instance, failed to embody, though prepared to do so in hues of light and cheerfulness, too sadly (as might be gathered from the few words which had escaped our informant's lips) at variance with the dark and melancholy truth.

"You remarked," said the old gentleman, lifting at length his venerable head from the top of the gold-headed cane on which it had been, for some time, meditatively resting, "that there was about that picture a touch of nature which finer paintings and perhaps finer countenances (though few can be seen more innocently beautiful) often want. And you will wonder the less that it should be so, when you are told that it was painted, not for money, no nor for fame neither, but for pure love of the object; and by one to whom every hair of that fair head, and lineament of that sweet face were dearer than his own life-blood."

"So," interrupted somebody, in a tone perhaps unconsciously savouring of contempt, "the painter fell in love, Pygmalion like, with his own handy-work!"

"And a good right he had, methinks, (if, indeed, it had been to do)" replied the old gentleman somewhat pettishly, "seeing the poor lad was her own cousin, only once removed, and as fine a youth as ever lived, had he not been bewitched to prefer dabbling with oil on canvas, to the pair of colours he was offered in his uncle's the general's regiment. But a fool of an outlandish mother he had, carried him, when a boy, to Italy, and he came back raving of lights and shadows, standing all the while, poor fellow! in his own light as to worldly advancement, and having a dark shadow enough, God knows, thrown over the path in life he had chosen, by the bar it placed in the way of his marrying that girl, yonder!"

"She loved him, too, poor thing! as boys and girls, and cousins love each other, when that picture was painted by one who had gazed often

enough on her to have done it almost as well from the original in his mind's eye. But her's was not a love to endure, in one so young and gentle especially, the buffetings and thwartings of parental opposition; and her parents were not folks to throw away their pretty daughter on an artist cousin, with no fortune but his pencil, nor expectations, but in the clouds. No! they had other views, truly; for her father, a pennyless younger brother, who had made what is called a love-match himself with your grandfather's youngest daughter, had experience enough of poverty in his own person, to think it the worst, if not the sole evil of this lower world; and, while nowise averse to patch up his own broken fortunes by disposing of his child to the best advantage, honestly imagined that if he could make her a rich, she must of necessity be a happy woman also.

"Her mother, again, a proud minx, who had sunk from her natural sphere by marrying a man who could not support her in it; thought rank and splendour the summum bonum of human happiness, and would have sold her daughter to Old Nick himself, for a peerage and a coach and six. Poor Agnes sighed as she heard their ambitious aspirations, and could, no doubt, have found (all untouched as was yet her heart by genuine, bona fide, love) more of happiness in the rainbow hues of hope on her cousin Arthur's palette than in all their visions of future greatness.

"But from these dreams the cousins were destined ere long to awake; to distraction on the one side, and a passive submission, which showed the difference in their sentiments, on the other. Soon after that picture was painted, as a tribute—a silent one—from the lover by whom it was done, to his soul's idol, but ostensibly, as a token of filial love from the dutiful Agnes to the mother whose pride she was; and that mother, by way of promoting the professional prospects of the young painter, but in reality getting rid of him by a journey to Italy, and at the same time bringing about, by gratifying his ruling hobby, a reconciliation with her long-estranged brother, Sir John, sent it as an appropriate ornament to his portrait gallery; judging that one look of that

sweet face on canvas would ensure from an uncle, though an eccentric one, an invitation to the original.

"It came, and quickly; and, in one short month from the completion of love's masterpiece, yonder, picture and original were transferred to Castle S——, and Arthur Curzon ('curst' like many a short-sighted suppliant in his at length 'answered prayer') was sailing, at Sir John S——'s expense to distant Italy, that goal of his boyish ambition, and grave of his equally boyish hopes.

"Perhaps it was the gravity—grief would be too strong a word—occasioned by this sudden separation from an old and cherished *friend*, (for, heroic in his martyrdom, and true to the claims of gratitude, Arthur departed and "made no sign" of any feeling beyond friendship,) that suggested the possibility of an union,—too preposterous to be viewed, at first sight, with complacency even by proud and callous parents, between the gentle, subdued Agnes, and the recently widowed Viscount G.

"Lord G——, a contemporary of old Sir John's, and sharer in all his classical and liberal tastes, had come to enjoy, at his quondam schoolfellow's, the first moments of liberty intervening between the demise of an imperious and fretful bedrid partner, and the yet unfelt, though not unanticipated renewal of domestic tyranny, in a fresh shape, by the return from school of two indomitably high-spirited hoyden daughters. On a widower in such a mood, just breathing from a matrimonial atmosphere of perpetual tempest, the mild, unruffled countenance, and placid brow, and gentle manners of Agnes, came as 'airs from paradise'; and never, ere long, did lover of twenty feel his bliss more absolutely suspended on some 'soul's idol' than did the good and long-tried Lord G——, at fifty-four, his hopes of future wedded peace and happiness, on the portionless niece of his ancient comrade.

"Its object, it may be imagined, was the last to suspect, or believe in his devotion; and all eyes, and the ambitious hearts of kith and kin had marked her as the future Viscountess, before the vision of a coronet had dazzled, or rather darkened her youthful dreams. Children, some 'sixty

years ago,' and this happened when I was a boy at college," resumed the old man, after a pause, "were surely more dutiful and complying than those who are plagued with them now tell me they are; and I never heard that Agnes refused, though she might hesitate, to marry a man older than her father. Lord G——, however, and I remember him well, was the younger and better-looking of the two, and had something about him so noble, and nobleman-like, as well as mild and kindly, that the thought of having made a conquest of so distinguished a person could not but flatter and please a girl, new to the world, and brought up to expect being, sooner or later, a victim at its shrine.

"I was at the wedding, having come over here from Oxford, with your uncle Charles, and can testify that just as she looks in the picture, yonder, only a little graver and paler, of course, Agnes looked, when she gave her hand in the chapel to Lord G——. Indeed her father and mother, the bridegroom, and every one else, his two tall, cross-looking girls, perhaps excepted, looked so brimful of joy, on the occasion, that it was no wonder Agnes should forget even the storm that lurked under their proud, lowering brows.

"The happy pair were to proceed, forthwith, to Italy, to revisit which, and revive the reminiscences of his youthful grand tour, some thirty years before, had been to Lord G——, a cherished visit, denied to him by the selfish *exigence* of his lately buried wife, and now gladly hailed by him as a means, not only of gratifying his own taste for literature and the arts, but of imbuing with a similar spirit his wild girls, and little older partner, whose education, differently in some respects as it had been conducted, had left them both equally uninitiated in what then constituted no necessary branch of female accomplishment.

"It was with the honest, unsophisticated joy of a young creature forcibly uprooted from her native soil, and placed amid elements the most uncongenial to her, on the one hand as to age, and on the other as to disposition, that Agnes' thoughts reverted to the residence at Rome of her artist-cousin, and the idea that in the then little frequented Eternal City

there lived another exile from England, with whom she could talk of the days and scenes of youth, and escape from the strange alternation of formality and hoydenship, amid which her heterogeneous life was passed.

"That Arthur had cherished for her, as a girl, a boyish predilection might have crossed her mind, and if it did so, was not perhaps calculated to prejudice her against one otherwise so amiable. But that he had loved her deeply, fondly, unutterably, quite differently, in short, from the way in which she loved, or rather liked him, never occurred to her as a cause likely to shed restraint over their renewed intercourse, or to embitter a meeting to which she looked forward with the delight which more cultivated minds of the present day reserve for the inanimate objects of antique Rome. As regarded a deficiency in that classical enthusiasm with which the old lord strove in vain to inoculate his guileless partner, her's was at least negative; an ignorance neither apathetic nor premeditated, but patient of reproof, willing to be enlightened, and capable of ultimate removal; while that of his wild girls was systematic and wilful, and gloried in as a triumph alike over school-room thralldom and paternal tyranny—all their associations with Rome consisting in reminiscences of a certain blotted and dog's-eared copy of Goldsmith's History, (then a recent manual of instruction;) the only fruits of whose enforced perusal had been, the *soubriquet* of the 'Wolf,' as applied to their governess, and the emulation of a certain Roman (not *Grecian*) daughter, towards their only surviving parent.

"It was under singular circumstances that the introduction, which something, as the period for it approached, made Agnes feel awkward in achieving, between her old playmate and her old husband, was accidentally brought about. Lord G——, whose recollections hurried him, with almost youthful enthusiasm, on the morrow of his arrival, before the ladies of his party were sufficiently recruited to accompany him, to the Vatican, found there, amid the usual herd of servile, though faithful copyists of a few *chef d'œuvres*, thus rendered accessible to the purses and memories of ordinary mortals, a young artist, of prepossessing appear-

ance, so engrossed by transferring to canvas, not the mere form and lineaments, but the very character and expression of one of Raphael's masterpieces, as to be for some time unconscious of Lord G.'s admiring observation.

"It was not till this had been audibly expressed to an English bystander, in the hearing of the supposed foreign artist, that Arthur—for it was he—felt impelled to cut short the painful feelings of an eaves-dropper, by avowing, in its long disused language, his native country; and modestly requesting his panegyrist, whose enlightened taste for the arts a few words had sufficed to develop, to visit, at his *studio*, those original productions of his pencil, to which his present task, however exalted its subject, was only subservient.

"The invitation was cordially accepted for a not distant day; while the interval afforded time for not only Lord G. but another, more deeply interested, to become familiar with the rising fame of the young English painter.

"His historical pieces were spoken of with enthusiasm even by Romans; one especially, an *Iphigenia*, was characterised as combining the very *beau idéal* of the innocent and immolated victim of parental ambition, with an air of feminine sweetness and life-like reality which induced all to pronounce it, unhesitatingly, a portrait.

"If, when Curzon's name was first uttered in her hearing by the *dilletanti* who came to flatter the English *milord* with praises of his countrymen, Agnes had had her wits sufficiently about her, simply to acknowledge the relationship, and claim (and if with a flutter of gratified pride, it would have seemed only natural) as her 'cousin Arthur,' the pet painter of the idlers of Rome, she might have been saved much embarrassment. But the instinct that whispered after what model the Grecian victim was probably designed, suggested also (naturally enough) in the choice of the subject, a reference to her own sacrifice, which shed fresh awkwardness over the avowal of former intimacy. It was not, in short, till, with a beating heart and faltering step, she who really never for a moment swerved, even in thought, from conjugal duty, stood face to face with her quondam admi-

ner on the one hand, and her own full-length prototype on the other, that necessity, and the exclamation of 'Agnes!' bursting from the lips of her former lover, and the expression of astonishment depicted on the countenance of her husband, wrung from her lips the few simple words, addressed to one whom a stranger might be excused for concluding, if not her father, at least some venerable relative:

"This is my cousin Arthur, and that the picture he drew of me in England, for mamma."

There were those present who deemed that, if the first draught of the portrait had indeed been done to gratify a parent, this latter, or more perfect copy from the mind's image, the minute accuracy of which bespoke no common familiarity, had for its object the gratification of another, viz. the enamoured artist himself, whose whole soul had evidently been in the performance. But of this number was not the urbane, though surprised Lord G——, with whom pride in claiming kindred with eminent talent, and desire to mark his sense of it, were predominant feelings. Could he have marked, as others did, the paleness that stole over the already faded cheek of the painter, when invited by the cautious peer, as his wife's cousin, to pass under their joint roof all his hours of needful relaxation, he might, even while he pitied and excused a lingering predilection, have rescinded a permission so fatal to the peace of one, at least, of the long-severed relations. And had he glanced from the still calm figure of the Grecian maiden on the canvass, to the conscious and troubled aspect of her yet equally innocent living model; he might have been justified in including, as others did, among the victims of outraged youthful affection, one who but paid in guilt-like embarrassment the penalty of youthful awkwardness and ignorance of the world.

It was not without a struggle that Arthur, who knew it a little, though but a little better, brought himself to accept the invitation of Lord G——. To see Agnes the wife of another, he had long in theory persuaded himself must be worse than never to see her at all; and, had that husband been of congenial age and character, their meeting could hardly, under the fiery

sun of Italy, have been otherwise than in blood. But Agnes sacrificed, and was not his representation of her as a victim indeed, (though unconsciously,) prophetic? must require consolation from friendship; and, to do him justice, as a friend, did he henceforth devoutly resolve and endeavour to consider her. So he went to the palazzo, first from curiosity and sympathy, and then from inclination and habit, till those within its walls, or without them, began to hint that spirits as gentle by nature as the meek Iphigenia, had been known to enact, under love's potent influence, towards uncongenial lords, the part of Clytemnestra.

However this might be, there was not wanting in the domestic circle of that palace an Electra, fierce and determined in her purposes, and unhesitating in their accomplishment. The eldest daughter of Lord G—— (the other was a mere common-place hoyden) had shewn when in England, a spirit of animosity towards her mild unoffending stepmother which, with other more latent propensities, the climate of Italy seemed to develope with frightful intensity. To her it would have been sport to wake her old father's jealousy of his young wife, even had no interest of her own been involved in success. But she had, ere many days of acquaintance with Arthur Curzon rolled over her head, deep reasons for being clear-sighted as to his lurking predilection for Lady G——, and for enlightening on the subject her usually abstracted, but when roused, susceptible father; for ere many days had elapsed she loved him herself, with all the reckless, headlong passion of a character which had never known control.

To procure, under ordinary circumstances, the consent of Lord G—— (patron as he was of the arts) to such an unsuitable alliance, would, she felt, be no easy task. But to transfer from a still dearer object the affections of a dangerous youthful rival, while consummating the happiness of a favourite child, and conferring on genius its most appropriate reward, were precisely the points upon which a character like her father's could, by skilful management, be successfully assailed. And so, (to make a long tale short,) it turned out.

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Curzon, there was no doubt, though the word "love" never crossed his lips, spent too much of his time in his cousin's company, either to escape scandal or to be consistent with the happiness of the mild, indulgent, yet pained Lord G——, and Agnes saw and felt this sufficiently to induce her in desperation to forward Honoria's designs upon a heart whose peace she felt remorse for having early invaded, and hoped, by promoting another attachment, to restore. And while Agnes, touched to the quick by the tacit reproach of her husband's declining cheerfulness, redoubled her attentions, and devoted herself to his society, Curzon, hurt at her estrangement, and dazzled by the undisguised devotion, and more piquant character of Miss G——, was unconsciously seconding her designs, and falling into the toils with which one bold, unprincipled girl had managed to surround all the members of this once happy domestic circle.

Let it not, however, be imagined, that though Agnes—spite of unselfish misgivings for his future happiness—set herself steadily and honestly to promote, by the union of her cousin with another object, the peace of the declining years of her husband, the task could be accomplished, or the daily petty martyrdom to which it gave rise, encountered, without such feelings, as if they blanched not yet the tresses which curled round a head of nineteen—impressed on the brow they shaded, a touch of thoughtfulness, prophetic of one whose current of life and love was "never to run smooth."

Long ere Curzon was permitted by aristocratic reluctance to claim his lordly bride, his easel—thanks to the proverbial versatility of man—groaned under a "Cleopatra," as brilliant in exterior, as the gorgeous queen she was designed to body forth; concealing too a character with which the famed "Serpent of old Nile" could scarce compete, either in violence, or talent for intrigue. That she would despise, ere long, her artist husband, and herself, for having bartered rank and station for a dream of romance, or rather an envious triumph—was apparent, even before the knot was tied. That Arthur would be miserable, instead of happy, and that partly by her means, weighed on the gentle spirit of Agnes. Lord G—— alone, uncon-

sciously eased of his "bosom's thorn," saw nothing but happiness for every one, and cheerfully acceded to the wish of his wife, heart sick of Rome and all in it, to change the scene for Naples.

"Vidi Napoli é puori muori," says the Neapolitan, in the pride inspired by the beauties of his native city. It might have been well, if not for poor Agnes herself, at least for others, had the process been reversed, and death gently preceded, instead of bearing to one nearly connected with her, the harrowing consequences of a hasty glimpse of that enchanted city. Lord G——, it might have been earlier mentioned, had, besides his two daughters, an only and once darling son, to whom, indeed, spite of much reckless wilfulness, his heart still fondly yearned; though circumstances, originating chiefly in his mother's wayward tyranny, had long estranged him from his paternal home.

Wild, daring, and high-spirited, Hubert G——'s whole soul had from boyhood been set on entering the army; a wish which, as involving separation and probable danger, his then doating mother set herself strenuously to oppose. Thwarted, and he felt for thoroughly selfish reasons, in the object of his legitimate ambition, the young heir substituted, as was but too natural, the excitement of the turf and gaming table, for those of the then stirring camp; till, precluded by the very facility with which his debts of honour had been twice paid, from outraging his father by a third appeal to his generosity, the youth, as a present escape from hopeless embarrassments, as well as a gratification of his ruling passion for glory, put off, in desperation, to the ship of a gallant admiral, (a friend of his father's,) just about to weigh anchor for a foreign station, and implored him to procure for him an appointment on board his vessel.

This was a step too irrevocably affecting his young cousin's future destiny and prospects to be hastily sanctioned by the veteran, persuaded as he was that the choice of his own loved profession, and it alone, would be the "making," (as we call it) "of the boy." As a volunteer, however, he recommended his proceeding with the expedition, promising, should his wishes, after a trial of its perils and

hardships, continue unaltered, to forward them both with his parents and the admiralty. Nor did the intrepid gallantry, far beyond his years and experience, manifested by the young hero, on this his initiatory voyage, leave the delighted admiral any inclination to withhold the fulfilment of a promise from which he anticipated signal benefit to the service, as well as the highest credit to his young relative himself.

Ere Hubert G——, covered with gratuitous laurels, returned to England, his mother's dreaded upbraiding had been stilled in death; and his father's feelings had been reconciled to his son's perilous profession by his brilliant *debut* in it. The rigid calls of duty had, however, as yet prevented a meeting with his surviving parent, when tidings reached the young man of his father's second marriage, an event on which, probably from remorse at having embittered by his disobedience, his own mother's death-bed, as well as from the angry comments of his sisters, he felt and expressed himself with unbecoming acrimony. His notions of a stepmother, that ogress of many a nursery tale, were founded on an ideal picture of harshness and austerity, to which one glance at the timid, dove-like face of Agnes, would have given instant confutation, and yet it had been well if that glance had confirmed, in their fullest repulsiveness, all the distorted images which the fancy of a spoilt and wayward son had ever conjured up!

The frigate to which, under the more congenial command of a son of the gallant admiral's, but a few years older than his young lieutenant, Hubert G——, had been transferred, was sent to join a fleet of observation in the Mediterranean, and fortunate did her crew esteem themselves, in arriving at the *rendezvous* in the bay of Naples, almost on the eve of an eruption of Vesuvius, considerable enough thoroughly to alarm and agitate its excitable population, without, after all, committing the extensive ravages which had been anticipated from its threatening commencement.

The effect, as witnessed from the shipping was indescribably grand; and the stated watch on the decks of the Hebe, reinforced, during the three nights the conflagration lasted, by the

voluntary vigils of nearly all its inmates, never wearied in contemplating the mighty jets of flame, whose measured outbreak at brief intervals, bearing on their fiery wings huge masses of dark and lurid looking *scoriæ* into the troubled air, were awaited with an intensity of never sated admiration.

But to Britons and Protestants, there was something more novel and exciting still, going on in the menaced city; and happy were those who could obtain leave to go on shore and witness the joyous processions and other religious ceremonies by which the superstitious Neapolitans sought to propitiate their patron St. Januarius, and avert by his interposition, their city's destruction.

At a *funzione* in the noble church, erected to commemorate a similar deliverance, Hubert G——, with a few of his luckier comrades, had succeeded in obtaining a place, directly opposite to which, dividing at first, and soon distracting his attention from the *spectacle* before him, sat a beautiful girl (for as such he afterwards described her) whom, from her angelic loveliness he would, if a Catholic, have felt far more inclined to fall down and worship, than all the saints of the fertile Neapolitan calendar.

That she was English, was manifest both from the style of her fair and feminine beauty, its retiring character, and her forming one of the British consul's privileged party; but all further information regarding her was precluded by the necessity for the return of the young men to their ship, before the dispersion of the crowds by whom every avenue to the Chiesa de San Gennaro was densely blockaded. It was by literally clambering over their heads, in a fashion only possible to sailors, that Hubert and his comrades regained their boat; and by day break, on a signal of recall from the commodore, the Hebe was steering out of the bay, and every eye on board strained to catch a parting glimpse at the dying glories of Vesuvius.

What would not the susceptible Hubert have given for a second look at an object brighter still, yet affording in its mild effulgence, the strongest possible contrast to the half extinct volcano? Night and day, on the bosom of the silent deep, were his

waking dreams, and midnight vigils haunted by the image of his fair young country woman, whose soft blue eyes, and calm, sunny brow had showed, amid the flashing countenances of the excited Italians, like the moon's silver crescent as seen by the admiring mariners in tranquil beauty, through the fitful illuminations of the eruption.

It was not long—partly perhaps from the effects of high wrought imagination, on an impatient and too sensitive temperament; partly from indiscreet exposure to a burning Italian sun, during some hasty half-stolen landings in Sicily and Calabria—ere poor Hubert manifested symptoms of fever so decided and alarming, that his friendly young commander (to whom, during its paroxysms, he had raved incessantly of his beautiful vision at Naples,) felt it an unspeakable relief to his own deep responsibilities, to learn from a chance newspaper paragraph, the arrival there of his patient's father Lord G——.

To his roof and care it became his first wish and even duty, to transfer the invalid as soon as it could be effected; and within a month of the day when its features had been lit up with the fiendish glare of the exasperated volcano, the now serene and moonlit bay of Naples reflected in its unruffled mirror, the tall masts of his majesty's ship Hebe.

That from a meeting, even with his father, Hubert would, if in health, have sensitively shrunk, while from contact with his hated stepmother his soul would have utterly recoiled, Captain Seymour knew enough of the family history to be aware, and to be reconciled by it to the prostration of mind and body by which the consignment of his friend to their care, was sadly facilitated. Insensible, unconscious, hovering between life and death, was the only son of Lord G——, lifted across his long estranged parents' threshold, unconscious alike of the absence of the parent whose increasing infirmities unfitted him for the task of watching by his pillow, and of the presence of the gentle being by whom that pillow was rarely, if ever quitted.

It may be imagined—described it can never be—with what strange mystified feelings, at first of utter bewilderment, of momentary rapture, suddenly frozen at its very source, and of

quickly succeeding horror, Hubert's eyes, on opening to consciousness, recognised in the nurse of his long and well nigh fatal illness, its chief, if not sole cause, the object of his boyish yet indelible admiration in the Chiesa di San Gennaro! That he was under his father's roof, he had somehow, in a lucid moment, become aware. Could the bright vision by which his pillow had been haunted, now for the first time perceived to be no phantom of the fancy, be one of his long separated, half-forgotten sisters? No! even had dread of infection not kept far distant the one, still an occasional inmate of his father's house---unerring instinct tells the unhappy youth to see in the gentle object of his soul's idolatry, the probable preserver of his life, no daughter of the proud and selfish Lady G---?

If not the daughter, what remained but that she was the wife of one whom he dared not even envy a possession, which another might have paid for with his honour or his blood. That way madness lay! The struggle was long and fearful---and the wretched convalescent, thrown by contending emotions into a relapse more frightful than his original seizure---awoke from his second visit to the confines of the grave, more like a returned inhabitant of its gloomy precincts, than a victim of a living and breathing world.

Melancholy---deep, morbid, and fearful, and rendered darkly distressing to his heart-broken father, and gentle mother-in-law, by his shuddering avoidance of the latter's unobtrusive attentions, characterized his recovery, if such indeed it could be called; and when, on the first possibility of doing so, he peremptorily insisted on rejoining his ship---the determination was felt as a relief by those whom, spite of apparent ingratitude and unkindness, his youth, and danger, and deep depression had contributed to attach.

"My wayward boy, I fear, will never learn to love you, Agnes, spite of all your more than mother's kindness to him," was the mournful remark of the disappointed old man, to one who would have given worlds to be able to echo the apparently disheartening exclamation. But watchers by the midnight couch of pain, hear strange and fearful things; and Agnes had gathered enough from the wild rhapsodies of

Hubert, "still harping" on the fair English girl of San Gennaro, to wish the love that lurked beneath those feverish ravings, exchanged for the wildest hate ever awakened by step-dame of romance. Innocent as she was of all participation in sentiments, which delirium only had poured into her long unheeding ear---she felt her knowledge of them---unshared as it must ever remain---a painful source of almost guilty consciousness; she felt the son for ever estranged, and through her, from the father whose declining age yearned after his society; while forebodings, deep, inscrutable, yet unerring, possessed her mind, that the life and love of her unhappy step-son were destined to find an early and joint termination.

It was not long delayed. The spirit which, all chafed and wayward as it was, would have recoiled with somewhat of pious horror from suicide---yet hailed, with fatal eagerness, the hope of honourable dissolution. The fleets of Spain and Britain met but too opportunely; and before the Hebe, unequally matched with an antagonist of double strength, entered on the action, her young Lieutenant pressing, as for the last time, the friendly hand of Captain Seymour, said, "when I am gone, speak comfort to my father, and thank his wife for nursing me so tenderly. I could not do it *then*, *now* you may tell her my last earthly thought was of her and of her kindness." Five minutes after, the Spanish ship was boarded and carried; but the clearing smoke shewed Hubert G---, by whom the boarding party had been headed---stretched on the enemy's deck, a self-devoted victim. The tidings proved his shattered father's knell; and when Agnes braided at 21, beneath her widows' cap, her still redundant tresses, she felt as if, stunned, subdued, and sobered, she could never smile again.

To escape from Italy---from Rome, and from Naples, the Scylla and Charybdis, so fatally strewn in her eyes, with the wrecks of youthful happiness and promising character---was the first thought of the widowed Lady G---; and when Captain Seymour, as her lost step-son's executor and friend, stepped forward to tender his as yet disinterested services in facilitating her removal, he was hailed almost as a rescuing angel. But though the pas-

sage home in his ship, which the courtesy of the admiral on the station enabled him to offer was eagerly accepted by his exiled countrywoman—and the brief intercourse which it afforded fully justified to Captain Seymour, his poor Lieutenant's enthusiastic admiration of his fair *belle mère*—yet the subdued state of poor Agnes's spirits, and the delicacy of their relative position precluded the slightest expression of his feelings on the part of the gallant sailor, as long as the ties of hospitality subsisted between him and the inmate of his floating habitation.

It would have been difficult, however, for a being less gentle and susceptible than Agnes, less hitherto estranged, (at least of late) from congenial and cheerful companionship—to withstand, and within the privileged atmosphere of his own watery domain, the fascinations of one, combining in such felicitous union the qualities of the modest hero, the urbane host, and evident, though unobtrusive, admirer. That heart must be either callous or pre-occupied, over which a young and gallant British seaman, treading, as a monarch, his own quarter-deck, with the deferential respect, and in the present case, "golden opinions" of all around and beneath him—cannot cast its omnipotent spell; while the tacit knowledge possessed by both, of the cause of poor Hubert's untimely fate, shed over the intercourse between Captain Seymour and his fair passenger, a tinge of consciousness, well calculated to lay the foundation of a sentiment warmer than friendship.

They parted friends in name. If more in reality, the feeling was yet unexpressed in words; though beneath the soothing influence of Seymour's unobtrusive attentions and varied conversation, the chilled and crushed heart of Agnes had expanded like a long checked flower when removed into genial sunshine.

Had not the germ of hopes for the future been silently but surely deposited there, during the progress of a voyage, of the tediousness of which neither Agnes nor Seymour were ever heard to complain—the arrival of the former in England would have been forlorn indeed. Her mother—as if the grand object of her life attained, she had nothing more to live for—had died since her daughter's marriage. Her father,

bankrupt in fortunes and reputation, had obtained, through Lord G——'s interest, an appointment in a distant country, and totally destitute of any companions, she cheerfully acceded to the proposal of the clergyman's lady, who had been her companion and *chaperon*, on the passage, to settle herself temporarily in her vicinity in the beautiful Isle of Wight. With all the respectful devotion of a *young chevalier* of old, mingled, it must be confessed, with distant hopes and aspirings of a more selfish character—did the gallant sailor man his barge to deposit, in her chosen retreat at St. Helen's, his grateful charge, whose recent widowhood, and his own immediate return to the active service of his country, cast over their future meeting precisely the degree of uncertainty, best calculated to keep up in the bosom of both a mutual interest. That they should meet—and with less rigour and constraint, at a future period, was rather understood than agreed on. As well might his faithful needle fail to point (when untrammelled) to its wonted pole, felt the enamoured Seymour, as his now arrested affections fail to carry him, as soon as duty and decorum permitted, to the feet of her, who again found all the friendship once entertained for Curzon—the tender gratitude inspired by the kindness of Lord G——, and yet deeper sympathy called forth by the untimely fate of his son—fast merging into an union of all these sentiments towards the brave companion of the last few sad, yet soothing weeks of homeward voyaging.

He came again, when sadness had subsided into serenity, and staid till serenity brightened into sunshine—a sunshine the brighter for contrast with preceding gloom, and for embodying, like rays concentrated by a burning glass—the long arrears of youthful joy repressed in its appropriate season.

With emotions, known only perhaps to one whose warmest wedded feelings had hitherto been the promptings of duty alone—did Agnes, blooming once more almost as yonder picture, pledge her now unreluctant faith to Harry Seymour, by whom it was reciprocated with an energy of devotion, such as sons of Neptune alone perhaps are privileged to feel. Their marriage was to follow as soon as the year of mourning, assigned as well by grati-

tude as decorum, to the memory of Lord G——, should have elapsed; to complete which a few weeks only were wanting, when a sudden, and oh! for once, how unwelcome! demand was made on Seymour's ever ready services, and his ship ordered round to Spithead to be fitted with all possible expedition for a voyage to the East Indies.

The idea of separation at such a moment, had well nigh unmanned the usually prompt and active seaman; and it was only by a hope more ardently expressed on his part, than responded to by the timid Agnes, that she might be induced (as the rules of the service then permitted) to accompany him once more on his distant voyage, that Seymour summoned nerve for its indispensable preparations. But when these were completed with somewhat of his wonted alacrity, a thousand obstacles, which to him seemed light as air, started up to deter his intended bride from encountering—not the perils, for these she could have despised, but the other drawbacks of the projected voyage. The indecorous haste which the urgency of his sailing would render necessary; the abridgment of the tribute of respect to the memory of her indulgent husband; the equivocal position of a young female thrown exclusively on male society; and the possible embarrassment occasioned by the presence of one dearer than life in the event (then of daily occurrence) of an encounter with the enemy; all combined to make Agnes, though with a bleeding heart, and with many a boding presage of evil haunting her lonely pillow, reflecting too faithfully her lover's desponding anticipations, postpone till his return, a year at soonest from thence, the union which had been so nearly taking place. Its hasty celebration before his departure, (for which Seymour, as a solace to his long solitary voyage, next passionately pleaded,) seemed open to many of the objections of the former plan, without holding out its leading advantage, the avoidance of separation; and Agnes, by exercising that moral courage and self denying fortitude so often displayed by women in trying circumstances, and above all by reiterating her promise to be his the moment his foot should once more be placed on

his native soil, at length reconciled Seymour in some degree to his melancholy banishment.

He was merely to take out despatches and return. A few short months, spite of their proverbial tedium to lovers, would soon roll over unperceived; and the rapture of meeting would be but enhanced by the present, perhaps salutary, disappointment. So urged, so reasoned Agnes, till the fast lessening boat bore Seymour from her view, and then, left to solitude and bereavement, the fallacy of her own sanguine prognostics seemed to recoil with a weight on her overtasked spirit, and she sunk with a look of helpless desolation which, while it might have gratified, would have alarmed her already distant lover.

There was something painful in the circumstance, though its cause was an abundantly pleasing one, that Agnes could not expect to hear from her betrothed till he appeared in person as the herald of his own return; and as the appointed period for that return approached, this naturally gave birth to a feverish state of daily expectation, assuming, as night closed in without tidings of the "Hebe," the character of that "Hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

Of all the sweet retreats afforded by the Isle of Wight, Agnes had preferred St. Helen's, not merely from the vicinity of the friendly clergyman's family already mentioned, but on account of its deep seclusion, and the singular character of the village, within a short distance of which her cottage was situated. Skirting with its neat, though humble habitations, a smart and verdant green, sloping gently down to a sheet of peaceful sunny water, it looked the very abode of rural contentment; and though within sight and reach of anchorage, much frequented in time of war by shipping, as remote as fancy could well picture it from every unpleasant attendant on a haven, even of the quietest order.

Agnes had chosen the site of her villa for its extensive and commanding sea view; nor did many hours lately pass during which the horizon was unswept by her ever ready, never wearying telescope. For several days together, not a sail—at least of magnitude sufficient to arrest for a moment her now practised nautical eye—had

rounded the south-eastern point of the Island; and it was with the listlessness inseparable from frequent disappointment that she, on the last of them, once more adjusted the glass—her lover's parting gift. When just about to remove from it her strained and fruitless gaze, a speck, which as such, she sought at first to wipe from the instrument, came into its field of vision. In a little time it evidently moved its position; it came from the expected quarter; it might be—it was—a vessel; but of what class many minutes of a gaze, whose very eagerness defeated itself, were insufficient to ascertain. Just then a breeze sprang up; canvas rolled forth from mast and spar to hail it; the British pennon streamed upon the air, and the man-of-war in its pride and strength swept onward. How Agnes now blessed the naval experience that taught her, amid her country's floating bulwarks, to recognize a frigate; and still more, that unerring instinct of love which told her she looked upon the Hebe! a conviction which found confirmation "strong as holy writ," when, like the graceful swan, furling her plumage on some still lakes' margin, the "the thing of life," (as some one has called the bounding cleaver of the ocean,) veiled in a moment, at some unheard signal, all her quivering folds of snow, and dropt—obedient to some equally unseen power, a still and silent image of beauty—at her anchors.

Ere long, a second and a smaller speck flitted across the object glass, so small that love alone perhaps could have distinguished first the boat, the captain's light and privileged conveyance; and next the figure of him who, while guiding with master hand the all important helm, seemed urging, with a lover's haste, the reluctant rowers. Anon, she saw him start from his recumbent posture, and loose, with trembling eagerness, the flowing sheet. It was, it could be only Seymour! and no sooner was believing converted into certainty than exchanging the distant converse of the eye for all the transports of an actual meeting, his swift foot was on the shore, and her hand fast clasped in his, who had stolen an hour from duty thus to anticipate their union. The raptures of that hour none, save those

similarly parted and reunited, can ever fully know. It flew but too quickly amid the brief disjointed words of bliss, which, in such moments, form love's truest eloquence. Replies, momentous as the despatches of which he had been the bearer, must be delivered at Spithead ere morning light; and already the sun's broad disk was shedding bright but fitful rays from beneath a dense canopy of lucid western clouds.

To do Agnes justice, she was the first to urge their present temporary separation. In woman's eye a dereliction of duty, and possible stigma on the name of him she loves, is worse than aught by which she alone may be affected. To-morrow's dawn would see her removed to Ryde, whence communication with the opposite roadstead of Spithead was hourly and convenient; and his beloved frigate, once safely moored there, no care would mar, as now, Seymour's enjoyment of his betrothed's society.

He listened, and acquiesced, and stepped once more into his tiny skiff—the stately vessel already, according to previous signal, resuming her watery way, and gliding along shore as near as safety permitted, to take up her truant commander. It had not passed unobserved by those on board, though unmarked amid the transports of the moment either by himself or Agnes, that the wind was fitfully moaning; and indications of squally weather, too decided to be mistaken, while they quickened the exertions of the little crew of the gig, obliged the cautious sailing master of the Hebe no longer to hug the shore, but consult the safety of the vessel by gaining, as rapidly as might be, a better offing.

As night closed prematurely in, the squalls became more sudden and frequent, and the impatience of the captain to regain the ship more urgent and intense. With the proverbial daring of men-of-war's men, too much of canvas for the little craft was recklessly set on, until—hidden from the few who yet lingered shivering on the beach, by deepening twilight, and the wooded promontory of D—, though full in view of the agonized gaze of many a friendly eye on board the frigate—the boat containing their adored commander and gallant comrades, was in one moment capsized and filled, and

floated the next, a drifting wreck, far from the struggling but soon exhausted crew.

Instantaneously as the catastrophe itself were the efforts of those in the Hebe to avert its consequences. Boats were let down and manned, swiftly as thought, and long before command. But all in vain—the sea had risen with the wind into the turbid swell, whose tenacious grasp no swimmer long can elude; even had the suddenness of the thing permitted Seymour—wrapt, too, by Agnes's careful hand in an incumbering naval cloak—to use his wonted energies. He sunk, alas! to rise no more, while she he loved sought, with lover's restlessness, further to abridge their separation, by dispatching an express to Ryde for horses long ere the dawn would permit her to attempt the journey.

Strange, that during the few intervening hours, too happy by far for sleep, no misgivings for her lover's safety ever intruded on her midnight musings. Her homeward voyage under his protection had inured her to tempests—his safe arrival from across the globe had beguiled her of alarm. He bore in her eyes a charmed life; and if, in her present elastic tone of spirits, the murmur of the short-lived gale had made its way to her ear, she had hailed it as speeding him to his destination, and sighed that she might not exchange for its hoarse-sounding pinions, the tardy conveyance afforded by earth's means of locomotion.

They bore her, alas! but too rapidly, to Ryde; and no sooner was she arrived at the hotel there, fronting the pier, than, established at a window, with her beloved telescope, her eye swept the anchorage of Spithead for the well-known Hebe. Seymour had regretted, with all the boyishness of a

lover, that the strictness of the service in so public a roadstead, and in the very focus of nautical discipline, precluded his communicating, by any special signal, with his heart's treasure on shore; and yet her eye ran hastily and exploringly along the rigging, in fond expectation of some slight token, to mark to her, and her alone, that all was well on board.

Why does her eye grow dim—her cheek turn pale—the glass fall from her hand—and one faint shriek prove the precursor of a deadly swoon! The Hebe lies, indeed, alone of England's bulwarks in the oft-crowded roadstead but her flag is floating half-mast high, and, like a knell, the truth has flashed on the wretched Agnes, and rumour has no more to tell her, or sympathy to conceal.

At Ryde she might not stay an hour. Its bright and joyous beauty grated on her stricken soul, and not for kingdoms could she have gazed once more on the deserted, widowed Hebe. She flew to hide her sorrows in the shades of D—, or, rather, to feed them with the vicinity of the spot where last their eyes had met, and where a foretaste of bliss, too perfect for earth to realise, had been vouchsafed and enjoyed.

The relenting waves, in compassion to her grief, gave back the mortal remains of her betrothed. She lived to lay them in the quiet village cemetery—to raise above them affection's mute memorial—then, cold and silent as the marble destined, ere long, to repose on both, bowed her meek head beneath the never-questioned decree of Heaven—and died, at two-and-twenty, the sad, wan, faded spectre of her whom, in her flush of childlike beauty on yonder canvas, you deemed too innocent for sorrow, and too bright for tears.

HOW LONG ARE WE TO LIVE UNDER A PETTICOTOCRACY?

How long are we to live under a PETTICOTOCRACY? That is now the almost universal question. Doubtless, England never was in such a condition before. Formerly, if the people were wrong, the ministry were right; and it required but a little perseverance in well-doing, to reconcile the national mind to salutary councils. Or, if the ministry were wrong, the people were right; and it soon became evident that the national determination was not to be resisted. But now, the all but universal will of those who constitute the worth, the wealth, and the rank of England, of all, in fact, who are not reckless, or godless, or blinded, by self-interest, to the national dangers, is deliberately set at nought by the most unprincipled and incapable ministry that ever existed; and the country is brought to the verge of ruin, that they may continue to enjoy the sweets of power, while they find abundant compensation in the smiles of the court, for the execration and the scorn of an indignant people. How long, we ask, ye legislators of England, are we doomed to live under a Petticotocracy?

Our gracious Queen has been sadly deluded. She is young; she is inexperienced; she had been brought up in a state of seclusion from the best of the aristocracy, by whose councils and whose influence her young mind might have been moulded, and from whose precepts and example she might have learned how she best could fulfil her exalted destiny, and govern the people committed to her charge so as to secure for them the largest measure of prosperity and happiness which could be hoped for in the present condition of public affairs. We have heard from high authority, and we believe it to be a matter of fact, that her excellent governess, the Duchess of Northumberland, was never, during the whole period of her official connection with her, permitted to be, for a single moment, with her royal highness alone. That, to us, sufficiently proves the animus of those by whom this jealous surveillance was practised; and accounts, fully, for the early bias which her majesty manifested towards the councils of those who were either thoroughly leavened with the basest radical principles themselves, or,

whose lust of power and recklessness of principle, led them to act, with deferential homage, at the behoof of the more sincere and determined democrats, who cherish an unappeasable hatred towards all our monarchical and ecclesiastical institutions.

That her gracious majesty sincerely desires the good of her people, we cannot, for a moment, doubt. That she is thoroughly regardful both of the letter and spirit of her coronation oath, and is minded to act fully up to its sacred obligations, we are, likewise, certain. That, even if no such stringent adjuration before the living God extended its mighty sanction, and became, as it were, the ground of the solemn compact between her and her people, inasmuch, that if *she* disregarded its solemn stipulation, *they* would be, *ipso facto*, absolved from their allegiance, she would herself, of her own freewill, be ready, with all faithful diligence, to maintain the profession of our holy religion in that form in which she found it established by the state, and so cherish, and so extend it, that its blessings might be felt throughout the whole of her realm, to the comfort and edification of her subjects professing the national faith, is what our profound respect for her majesty would incline us to believe, and such knowledge as we possess of her many virtues induces us to think probable. We cannot but regard her as an amiable, virtuous, public-hearted sovereign, whose first and whose last wish is, that her reign may conduce to the honour and the happiness of the country which she governs, and who is ready, at any moment, to sacrifice her personal predilections, when they interfere, even in the slightest degree, with what she has learned to consider the true interests of her people.

But, wisely has the constitution determined that the sovereign is only to be known through his or her responsible advisers. Her majesty, at her accession, retained about her person those whom she found in the possession of power, and whom she was taught to consider, and, no doubt, firmly believed, to be amongst the wisest and the most discreet of those to whom the duties and the responsibilities of government might be confided. Her conviction of

their fitness for the offices which they fill has not since been altered. To this deplorable delusion, many things have contributed. Her extreme youth; the confiding and ingenuous simplicity of her nature; her want of intercourse with those by whom sound views and principles might be communicated; and, we have very little doubt, a system of artful and malicious misrepresentation, by which her young mind has been prejudiced against the great political leaders by whom her ministers have been opposed, and who, it is to be feared, have succeeded in persuading her, that she is, herself, personally the object of the formidable hostility which has been directed against themselves.

Take but a single instance, and let it stand, as the representative of the various other instances that might be adduced, of the royal mind of our confiding sovereign perverted by most insidious and pestilent misrepresentation. Her ministers felt themselves compelled to resign; having lost, as they declared, the confidence of one house of parliament, and never having had the confidence of the other. Sir Robert Peel was called upon to form a new administration. It is only necessary to know the right honourable baronet's easy fortune, splendid reputation, and the difficulties which must beset him in the administration of public affairs, to be satisfied that the task which he had undertaken was one to which nothing but a sense of duty could have reconciled him. *He* was no needy expectant of official emoluments, to whom a quarter's salary was an object; nor could any station which he might be called upon to occupy in the councils of the sovereign, have caused him to fill a larger space in the eye of Europe than he filled before. All this is well known both to his friends and enemies; to those who dreaded his accession to power, as the extinction of their own selfish and guilty hopes; and to those who hailed it as the advent of better days for their country. And what was the result of the negotiation? It was broken off because our gracious sovereign was persuaded that the weal of England was better consulted by retaining one or two bed-chamber women, whom she delighted to honour, about her person, than by any other arrangement which would have given her a ministry more

in accordance with the wishes of her people, than that which had just retired under a self-inflicted sentence that it had forfeited their confidence, and could no longer hold the reins of power with advantage. What are we to think of this? We cannot suppose for a moment that her gracious majesty would have weighed the weal of England against her partiality for a few either worthy or unworthy favourites, and that the former would be made to kick the beam. That would be, indeed, to do her majesty great injustice. She knows and feels that she is placed in her present exalted station for the good of her people, and she is willing, we are persuaded, to sacrifice every personal predilection, when by so doing the public advantage is to be promoted. What, then, is the inference? That she has been taught to consider the weal of England intimately bound up with the retention about her person of the one or two obnoxious individuals whom Sir Robert Peel would have removed. She was taught to consider it, not a personal, but a public question; and that by conceding to Sir Robert upon that point, the throne and the altar, which she was so solemnly sworn to uphold, would be endangered. We may not, perhaps, be able to specify the precise public interests, which, in her majesty's apprehension, would have been jeopardized, by the removal of the Marchioness of Normanby from the station which she held in the royal household. Whether, by such a removal, we were to suffer in the east, or in the west, in our colonial or our domestic arrangements, in our trade or commerce, in the legal, or the civil or the ecclesiastical departments of the state, it passes our sagacity to divine. But we feel too deep a veneration for our youthful sovereign, not to believe that by some such apprehension she was moved, when she broke off her negotiation with Sir Robert Peel upon an alleged misunderstanding respecting the bed-chamber arrangements. It is for those whose notions of loyalty are very different from ours, to maintain that the sovereign acted, on that occasion, from personal caprice, in despite of the most pressing public considerations. We do not say so. We do not think so. But this we do think and say, that the royal confidence was, on that occasion, foully abused; that she was acting in obedience to

the instructions of those by whom her judgment was perverted; that, for their own selfish purposes, they not only caused her to see things through a false medium, but to appear in the most ungracious attitude in which she could be presented to her people; and that the consequence of this has been, a loss of popularity on the part of her majesty, in the minds of those who do not sufficiently distinguish between her and her pestilent advisers.

Are we not right, then, in seeking, by every constitutional means, to disabuse the royal mind, and rescue the majesty of England from this degrading thralldom? Are we not right in calling upon the loyal men of England to make allowance for her youth and inexperience; and to impute such errors of judgment as she may be chargeable with, to their proper source, the selfishness, the incapacity, and the want of principle, in her ministers? Never did a sovereign inherit the throne of England with more claims not only to the tender respect, but to the compassionate forbearance of her people. A Whig-Radical ministry in attendance upon such a sovereign almost realizes the fable of the wolf and the little red riding-hood. On the one side we see artless simplicity, in its most endearing attitude; on the other, a nefarious conclave of hacknied and profligate men of the world, playing upon that simplicity, and winning the royal confidence, by profuse professions of a chivalrous loyalty, at the very moment they are perverting the royal judgment, by advising courses by which the well-being of the realm is endangered, and which her majesty could only assent to under a persuasion that they are indispensable for the public good.

Will it be denied, by any honest and constitutional politician, that the government of England ought to possess the confidence of the parliament and the people? Will it be denied, that the present incapables were self-convicted of having *lost* that confidence, and that, consequently, they were unfit any longer to hold the reins of power? If this be so, what prevented the formation of a new administration? *The Marchioness of Normanby could not be spared from the bed-chamber!* Thus was the Queen of England made to represent her own personal comforts or predilections, as standing, in her

estimation, before the interests of her kingdom and the wishes of her people! Do we thus represent her? Would we, dare we, thus slander her? God forbid. Her majesty acted upon the advice which she received; and was, no doubt, in her simplicity, satisfied, by the subtle and plausible lagsos with whom she had to deal, that there was something immensely important to the weal of the empire in the retention of such a lady as the Marchioness of Normanby in her office in the royal household. We know not how the matter may have been mystified or misrepresented. We cannot conceive the process by which the innocent mind of our too-confiding sovereign was wrought upon, to believe that the best interests of her kingdom would be placed in imminent hazard, if the alterations, which Sir Robert Peel meditated, were suffered to take place. But this we are bound to believe, that the sovereign would not have suffered any light or trivial cause to stand between her people and good government; government, at least, in which they would have had confidence; and that she must, by some process or other, known only to the artful men and women by whom she is surrounded, have been persuaded that Sir Robert Peel's proposal was unconstitutional and dangerous, and that the good of her people was so intimately bound up with the retention of the Marchioness of Normanby in her office of lady of the bed-chamber, that *she* must, at all hazards, be retained, although that could only be done by bringing back a ministry, who had resigned only three days before, upon the express ground that they had forfeited the confidence of the people!

Let whoever would not be a party to this system of wicked delusion be up, then, and doing, in the crisis that approaches, and strain every constitutional effort to rescue our gracious sovereign from the hands of such unprincipled advisers. We deliberately say that any connivance in the continued misrule of these men, is treason against the throne; and that if their ejection from office be not speedily accomplished, mischief irreparable may be the consequence. Already see what mighty interests have been compromised by their convulsive retention of power. Canada is all but lost. Our glorious navy is dismantled. The low fever of a smouldering rebellion is per-

vading the masses of our population ; while justice, in all its terrors, has been invoked, for the purpose of punishing the misguided creatures whose sincerity precipitated them into overt acts of insurrectionary outrage, which amounted to nothing more than a slight improvement upon the lessons, which they had learned from those who now call down upon them the vengeance of the law. The question is, then, what is to be done? Can these things be remedied while England remains under a system by which our gracious Queen is abused and deluded ; while the country is governed by a *pettico-tocracy*?

Assuredly not. The present wretched camarilla must be swept away, before the country can breathe again. England must fling off the incubus of profligacy and incompetency by which she is oppressed, before she can again know good government. But how is this to be done? Her majesty is persuaded not only of the competency, but of the excellence, of her present advisers. She has been persuaded to believe them to be the very best ministers whom the country could have. She has been taught to consider that ruin and anarchy would be the consequence of removing them from administration. Ireland, she has been told, would forthwith blaze out into an inextinguishable flame. Canada would be deprived of the wisdom and the energy of Mr. Poulett Thompson, and must be irretrievably lost. Amongst Conservative statesmen, who could she find who could fill the home-office as it is at present filled? And in the foreign department, how could the sagacious and provident, the blameless and incorruptible Palmerston be dispensed with? Such are the thoughts which are afloat in the mind of royalty, when pressed to comply with the wishes of her people. Her majesty has been led to believe that what they desire is not for their good ; and therefore it is that she interposes her royal veto to forbid solicitations, a compliance with which would tend to the ruin of the country.

Besides, she has been leavened with prejudices against Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative party, which leads her majesty to consider them the most formidable enemies of public liberty. One of their first acts, she has been taught to believe, would be, the repeal of the emancipation act of '29, and the

reform bill of '32 ; and these sweeping annihilations of popular rights, would be but the forerunners of such a wholesale extinction of constitutional privileges, as must end in the repeal of the bill of rights, and the establishment of such a system of despotism as must crush the energies of her free-born people. This, indeed, conveys but a faint idea of all that her majesty has been taught to apprehend from the domination of the terrible Tories. They are the very "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" of the palace. They haunt her majesty, like a formidable spectre, in her dreams. There is no device left unemployed to impress her with a terrible idea of the dangers in which they would involve the country, and the damage which they would do to the constitution. And therefore it is that she has been led to deplore the perversity of her people in desiring such a change as would again restore them to power, and to interpose the shield of her royal prerogative, between her faithful subjects, and, as she supposes, the destruction of their liberties.

Such is, precisely, the condition in which we are at present placed. A profligate ministry keep forcible possession of their high places of power and of profit, by deluding the understanding of the sovereign, in defiance of the wishes of the people. What, therefore, is to be done? Parties are nearly balanced in the House of Commons. All the resources of government, and all the blandishments of the court, are employed for the purpose of keeping together, and, if possible, increasing the numbers of those upon whom ministers can calculate in their hour of need. Many a supporter who had been nearly tired out in their service, and who had begun, like an exhausted debauchee, to feel some remorse of conscience for his past misdeeds, will be reconciled to a somewhat longer continuance of time-serving obsequiousness to the present cabinet, by the coronets which begin to glitter in the distance, as the time approaches for the royal nuptials ; and who, no doubt, make many wholesome and honourable resolutions, that, although they are now constrained to play the Radical in the House of Commons, they will become staunch Conservatives when they come into the House of Lords. Many there are who have so utterly forfeited the favour of their

constituents, that they can have no hope of being returned to another parliament, and who therefore feel that their only chance of continuing to figure as legislators, consists in sticking by a ministry who *dare not dissolve*. Hence the "desperate fidelity" of one, and that no inconsiderable section of their supporters. Add to this, the almost exhaustless patronage at the disposal of ministers, and the consummate skill, as well as the reckless profligacy, with which it is employed for the accomplishment of their selfish objects; and we cannot be surprised that they are enabled to muster in such numbers upon the floor of the House of Commons, that, as yet, no formal vote of censure has been passed against them.

Nor, under present circumstances, are we desirous, prematurely, to hazard such a vote. We are, to all intents and purposes, under a new form of government. The constitution has been departed from, both in letter and in spirit; and that course of proceeding which would be right and proper under any other invasion of our liberties that could be named, and which would soon approve itself as an effectual remedy against despotism in any other form, would be idle and unprofitable against the arts that would be employed to defeat it under a *petticoocracy*. Why, no vote of censure could do more than say what ministers have already said of themselves, that they have lost the confidence of the House of Commons. Time was, "that when the brain was out, the man would die." And time was, that when public confidence was lost, no ministry, who had so lost it, could govern the country. But the reformers have changed all that; and the magical influence of the transformations of thirty-two has enabled them not only to retain office without confidence, but to govern the country without brains. A vote of censure, indeed! Granting that it passed, what have ministers to do, but retire, as they did before, behind the ladies of the bed-chamber? Who will dare to pursue them there? These nymphs and naiads are the real breakwaters against the surges of popular indignation. And the routed ministers will return from their protection, like giants refreshed with wine, to undertake, with renovated ardour,

their laudable and constitutional labours.

In our humble judgment, in the present nearly balanced state of parties, mere votes of censure will not do. We would be much better pleased to see the attention of the Conservative leaders turned to the feeling *without*, rather than to the feeling *within* the House of Commons. There lies the real strength of the Conservative cause. From thence alone can they hope to draw those supplies which may enable them effectually to maintain the cause of the throne and the altar. They know not how soon the time may come when a new parliament may be called; and our hearty desire is, to see Conservative leaders employed, no matter how fruitlessly as far as the immediate vote might go, in the discussion of those important questions which occupy and agitate the public mind, upon which their sentiments might be made fully known, and respecting which an opportunity might be afforded them of detecting and exposing their opponents.

It is thus alone that the cause of truth can gain solid and permanent advantage. It is by the opposite system, the system of "enormous lying," as it has been aptly called by one of its professors, that their adversaries have prevailed. The lying has been partly *found out*, and therefore their influence has begun to fail; and, in order to complete their overthrow, it but remains that they be thoroughly detected. Let this be done, and that without regard to majorities or minorities in the house. Let it be done solely or chiefly with a view to the effects of truth upon the masses of the people. The temperature of the country may, at present, be above the temperature of the house; but, depend upon it, by and by, the temperature of the house will and must become of the temperature of the country. Our public men, upon the Conservative side, have hitherto acted too much, as if their only audience were in the House of Commons: as if truth and falsehood, right and wrong, were only other words for majorities and minorities. This must no longer be. Their business *there* is to maintain the right. No one holds them responsible for success. But they are responsible for honest and courageous efforts to attain it. And

we tell them that much is often gained, even when they are left in small minorities; for *the adversary* is damaged in public opinion, by being nailed to the defence of a bad cause; and *their* public estimation is enhanced by their strenuous exertions in a good one.

But let us not be thought, for a moment, to underrate the difficulties of Sir Robert Peel's position, at the present crisis. His is, indeed, a most arduous task. He commands the great Conservative phalanx, which comprises almost all the worth and the independence of the country, and has, of late years, been largely recruited by volunteers from the ranks of the enemy, who began to feel that the time had come, when reform, as it may be called, had gone far enough, and where they must, at length, make a stand if they were not prepared for revolution. How is this composite body so to be guided and governed that its extremes may be kept in amity with themselves and their leader? That is the difficult problem which Sir Robert Peel has to resolve; for well he knows that division amongst themselves would be the greatest of boons to the enemy.

There are some of his adherents who are so little disposed to take active measures against ministers, that they would have him act solely on the defensive, and rather await an attack than commence an onset. They say, and with much plausibility, that this prudent policy has, hitherto, been most successful; that his party is increasing every day; that every new election affords a prospect of adding to his strength, and subtracting from that of his opponents; that thus, by the progress of time alone, and without striking a single blow, he must reduce them to submission; and, by going along with public opinion, and not before it, secure that his accession to office should be as permanent as it would be universally allowed to be desirable. Such is the manner in which those who may be called the quiet and easy people of his party are accustomed to reason, and such is the line of action which they would advise him to pursue. Amongst these are many who had previously gone great lengths with his opponents; and only separated from them, when they found that they were no longer their own masters, but under the domination of a centaur

agitator, a compound of the man and the beast, who was urging them onwards on the road to ruin. From such associates they have made a precipitate retreat and would fain find the new quarters into which they have come as little as might be different from the old ones which they have abandoned. They are like ice-bergs which have been broken off from the masses with which they were first congealed, and which cannot float into milder latitudes and become again resolved into their watery state, without imparting a portion of their coldness to the element with which they commingle, and the atmosphere by which they are surrounded.

The extreme upon the other side are those who would urge the leader to a forward movement before the proper time, and precipitate him into a false position, from which he could neither retreat without disgrace, nor advance without danger. They say, and there is much of truth in the statement, that not to *his* wary policy in the house, but to the ardent and stimulating efforts of others *out* of it, the great increase in the number of his adherents has been owing; and that had he but added a trumpet note to the voice of exhortation which was raised by less distinguished men, England would, this moment, be united as one man for the overthrow of a profligate ministry, and no device which they could employ would avail to avert impending ruin. To this it is added that public expectation is at its height, and it is dangerous to disappoint it by any line of conduct which might be construed as dictated by only a mitigated abhorrence of the measures and the designs of the wicked men to whose misgovernment the nation has been too long condemned; that it is very true, time alone, and an improving state of the public mind, would be sufficient for the extinction of their political enemies; but it is also a question of time how far *they* may be enabled to ruin the country; and that, when the character of their appointments of late years to influential offices in church and state, is considered, it may readily be conceived what further, and, probably, irreparable, mischief they may be enabled to do, if they only continue a little longer in their present places. The cry, therefore, of this section of Sir Robert's

supporters, is "down with them, down with them;" and their hearty desire is, that such active measures may be taken by the leader as would ensure the speedy accomplishment of their desires, and consign to their proper place, the most corrupt, and dangerous, and unprincipled administration that ever existed.

Between these extremes, and partaking of the caution of the one, without its cowardice, and the ardour of the other without its rashness, exists the great body of its Conservative party, who entertain a perfect confidence in the discretion and the wisdom of their leader. They are, undoubtedly, alive to the requirements of the times, but know that public opinion must be strongly formed, and decidedly expressed, before they can avail themselves of it with any prospect of general advantage. To any compromise with their opponents we believe them steadfastly opposed; but they are not without a hope that numbers by whom they have been hitherto assailed, will see the errors of their ways, and cease to take part with the patrons of disorder and sedition; and, if by any moderation on their part, which did not imply a departure from principle, this desirable consummation could be speedily brought about, they would even incur the imputation of tardiness with the rash for the sake of accomplishing such an object.

Such is the position in which the Conservative leader is placed; such are the materials of the party which he has to manage. Said we not rightly, then, that all his wisdom will be required, in a contest upon the issue of which so much depends, in order that the headstrong may not be provoked, nor the feeble offended, while all the energies of every section of his followers may be most effectually brought to bear upon their common object.

This, we believe, all will allow, that until the enemy is dislodged, no good can be done. We do not mean to say that that must not be reputed a good which has a tendency so to dislodge him; but only that until then we must be content with averting the destruction, and not until after that can we be said to commence that course of action which is indispensable for the preservation of the empire. This, we believe, will be allowed.

We must get rid of the disease before we can enter upon the regimen, and take the exercise, by which we may hope to brace and invigorate the constitution.

There is another postulate which, to our minds, is equally clear, and that is, that the united strength of the whole party must be bent for the accomplishment of this object. Of this, no one who looks at the state of parties and the condition of the country, can, for a moment, entertain the slightest doubt. Ministers are sustained in office by the whole power of the crown, and by the factious, the disappointed, the malignant, the unprincipled, of all denominations, who have thought proper to suspend their feuds, while they unite for the purpose of making common cause against the only party by whom, at any time, their wicked machinations could be resisted. These, in combination under such leaders, and backed by the power of the sovereign, constitute a most formidable faction, and which is rendered additionally so by the unscrupulous use which it is ready to make of every contrivance or every engine which could serve its purpose. The Conservatives scorn to be indebted to any thing but truth; and for no imaginable advantage could they be induced to depart from the path of honour. The wretched men who hold office under Daniel O'Connell at present, are ready to lend themselves to any faction which promises them upon any terms a portion of support; and provided only they can retain office, all other considerations are to be disregarded. They are, therefore, vastly more strong for evil, than their adversaries could be for good, even although they equalled, or even exceeded them in numbers; and any division amongst Conservatives which led to a diminution of their united strength could only end in the triumph of their enemies.

These two points being agreed on, first, that the present no government, or worse than no government, must be displaced; and secondly, that that can only be done by the united strength of the great Conservative party; it becomes important to consider in what way that united effort had best be made, and how far mutual concession and forbearance may be necessary, in order to ensure unanimity.

mity, and to perpetuate concord. The leader, it will be observed, has no power of keeping his associates together, but that which arises from his personal character, and their common conviction, that it is indispensable to their existence as a party that he should be at their head. He has neither places nor pensions, neither ribands nor garters, neither peerages nor baronetcies at his disposal; and if his associates be not convinced that he, and he alone, is the man to guide them at the present crisis, there is no other influence or principle which can keep them long united. It is also to be observed, that no man in the whole party makes greater personal sacrifices than he, to his conviction of what the duties of his station require, and his sense of the common advantage. He undergoes labour both of mind and body, and sacrifices health and ease, to a greater extent than any other individual with whom he is connected; and that, without the slightest prospect of any return for these sacrifices if he should succeed in displacing his opponents; but, on the contrary, with a certainty, that the toils and watchings which he at present undergoes, will only be succeeded by toils and watchings of a different kind, with a vast increase of personal responsibility for the well-being of a sadly disordered empire. Those who look up to this right honourable gentleman as their leader, should well consider this. To many of *them* the acquisition of office may be a great thing. Struggling lawyers would like to be on the bench; embarrassed country gentlemen would have no objection to any of the various good things which a favourable minister may be able to dispense. All this is natural. But, to a man of the ample fortune of Sir Robert Peel, what are the emoluments of office? To a man of his public consideration, what additional dignity could the possession of office confer? To a man of his literary taste, of his love of domestic and rural enjoyments, what a sacrifice must it not imply to forego them all, for the watchings, the anxieties, the cares, the labours, the harassing annoyances of public life? We know of no compensation for such sacrifices but the high sense of duty by which the right honourable baronet is actuated; and which, as it leads him to forego all his own tastes, and pursuits,

and inclinations for the public good, so it should inspire his followers with similar forbearance, and teach them that they should not wantonly embarrass him in the prosecution of his arduous contest.

The exposures which, of late years, have been made of Popery, the exposures, indeed, which it has made of itself, have stirred up a feeling amongst the Protestant people of the British empire, that a fatal error was committed when Papists were admitted within the pale of the constitution. We do not, assuredly, mean to re-argue the question which the measure of twenty-nine has set at rest; but only to state *the fact*, that there are hundreds of thousands of honest, unsuspecting, Englishmen, upon whom, of late, the truth has now come for the first time, that, to perjury and hypocrisy alone was it owing that that power and influence was conferred upon the Papists, which, in despite of all their oaths and declarations, they have since so foully abused. This recent revelation of baseness has naturally prompted the indignant feeling that what was got by fraud should be taken away by force; and hundreds and thousands there are this moment, and guided by men of no mean estimation, who are ready to cry as loudly for the re-enactment, as ever the Papists, in the darkest hour of their thralldom, did for the repeal of the penal code. But is such a cry to be listened to? Is it to be taken up by the parliamentary leaders? We say no; by no means. The re-enactment of the penal code is not the remedy which we would apply to the multiplied evils, both civil and social, by which the realm is disordered. We have not now, for the first time, learned Popish deceit and treachery; and we tell our over sanguine friends, that the repeal of the measure of twenty-nine is *not* the proper remedy for the evils which it may partly have occasioned, and that their proposal is one which the Conservative leaders will not and ought not to entertain. We have great respect for the sincerity of those by whom the proposition is made. For the ability of some of them we have great respect also. But we have travelled before them upon the road upon which they are at present journeying, and we tell them deliberately, that they will yet see good and sufficient reason to alter their convic-

tions before they have come to their journey's end.

What Canning said of the currency question is perfectly in point in the case before us. "It does not follow," said the witty statesman, "that because a man broke his legs by falling out of a window, they must be restored whole as before for him, by his being thrown up again." Even so, if the measure of repeal of the emancipation act of twenty-nine did not run counter to the spirit of the age, if it were as practicable as we believe it to be impracticable, it is not the manner in which we would propose to remedy the evil which it has occasioned. The Papists are powerful, not because of that act alone, but because of the near balance of parties, which enables them to claim a high purchase for their support, from the wicked ministry of whom they are the chief, if not the only stay, and who are willing to give them any price for the aid which they are enabled to give them in parliament. It will readily be granted that their admission into parliament was indispensable to their maintaining any position in parliament; but it is the peculiar aspect of the times which has given a peculiar prominence to the treachery of which they have been convicted; and it would be just as reasonable to pass an act proscribing the ministers by whom they were hired, as to repeal the act which enables *them* to take the wages of hirelings.

We are, however, fully prepared to admit, that, if our Protestant constitution were in such fearful jeopardy, that it could only be preserved by shutting Papists out of parliament, they should be so excluded. We know well, that there are cases in the body politic, as well as the body natural, in which the tourniquet must be employed. But they are not, by any means, so numerous as quackery or unskilfulness would make them. The present, we are clear, is not to be reputed of that number. All we want is, that the Protestant principles of our constitution should be boldly asserted, and that the established church should get fair play, in order to enable truth to triumph over all their enemies. Let that only be done as it ought to be, and the wiles of Popery shall not prevail against them. But how stands the case at present? In Ireland Popery has been taken into the favour of government:

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she reigns as queen-consort at the castle; while the established religion is all but proscribed. It is announced as a principle by our rulers, that this country is to be governed by means of the Popish priests. The former have gone before-unheard-of lengths to conciliate their power. By them have magistrates and police officers been appointed and dismissed. For their sakes have the established clergy been detruded from their proper place, as superintendents of a system of national education, which has been handed over almost exclusively to their management. They are the makers, or the unmakers of members of parliament. And there is scarcely an office at the disposal of the crown, not even excepting promotions in the established church, for the procural of which their influence is not most prevailing.

This it is which constitutes the fearful anomaly of the present time. Popery has been enabled to drive an usurious bargain with a needy and profligate government, which has been driven to its last shifts, and whose existence depends upon a few votes. And the church is sacrificed, and Protestantism is persecuted, and a formidable conspiracy is suffered to carry on its subterranean machinations undetected and unexposed, and to eat its way, like a burrowing ulcer, into the very vitals of the country, because we possess a ministry which would rather see Protestantism extinct and the country ruined, than relax the convulsive and trembling grasp with which it holds possession of the reins of power.

It is curious enough to observe, that superannuated popery, and a ministry on its last legs, should have become indispensable to each other; and that neither could at present stand, if not upheld, and, as it were, buttressed by its neighbour. They resemble two falling trees, the complete prostration of which is for some time delayed by their becoming implicated in each other's branches. Tottering Popery and tottering political profligacy, by tumbling against each other, are prevented, for a brief period, from falling to the ground. Let Papist support be withdrawn, and down comes Whig-radicalism. Let Whig-radicalism be removed from high places, and down comes Popery; at least, from the rampant attitude in which it at present stands, while it

breathes threatening and fury against our Protestant institutions.

No. It is our deliberate conviction that there is no necessity for a repeal of the measure of twenty-nine. Popery has been buckramed by circumstances into an apparent erectness and vigour, which, if our rulers were only succeeded by better men, would soon give place to infirmity and decrepitude, which should move our compassion, rather than provoke our resentment. Its superstitions are, in point of fact, rapidly losing their hold over the better classes of its votaries. As a religion, it has become positively paralytic. It is only as a system of agitation that it now possesses any extensive power. It resembles damaged corn, which when found unfit for making good bread, is sometimes turned to account by being converted into bad whiskey.

But while we would deprecate tampering with legislative enactments by which papists have become entitled to the exercise of constitutional privileges, and the possession of political power, we call earnestly for the enforcement of the conditions upon which these concessions have been granted. The first solicitude of the state was, to protect the church against the formidable party by whom it might be assailed, when parliament was thrown open to its ancient enemies. An oath was framed which, it was supposed, would have the effect of preventing individuals of the Roman Catholic persuasion from originating, or aiding in the promotion of any measures by which the stability of our ecclesiastical institutions might be endangered. How has this oath been observed? How have a Whig-Radical ministry enforced or encouraged its observance? "Oh! the church had but a choice of evils; and although it is true that Roman Catholics bound themselves by an oath not to disturb the settlement of property; (church property, of course, being included;) yet, when difficulties causing insecurity to the whole body ecclesiastical supervened, Roman Catholics might, consistently with their oath, vote for the confiscation of some, for the purpose of preserving the remainder of the revenues of the church, just as a faithful guardian may sometimes find it necessary to amputate the limb of the man whom he has sworn to pro-

tect, when by so doing his life may be preserved." Very plausible, no doubt, all this! Admirable solicitude for the well-being of the established church! But if it was in danger, *who brought it into danger?* If difficulties supervened by which its existence was put in peril, who or what produced those difficulties? Were the agitators who had purchased their admission into parliament by swearing to defend the rights of the clergy, no parties to the system of agitation by which these rights were assailed in Ireland? Did *they* take no part in tithe resistance? Were they, or were they not, the movers and instigators of the poor misguided peasantry, in the warfare which was waged against the temporalities of the establishment? Now, if these questions must be answered in the affirmative, how does the case stand? The papist members take an oath to defend the church, which they violate by assailing it; but justify the violation by stating that they do so only because they are sure that is the very best mode of propitiating the fierce hostility by which it is brought into so great peril. But they themselves are the parties by whom it was thus brought into that peril. So that they first endanger it by their conduct out of doors, in order to have an excuse in parliament for disturbing the settlement of its property, as by law established, which they had taken a solemn oath to defend!! Is this conduct that can be justified? Is it thus the conditions of the emancipation compact are to be observed? Will the people of England; will our leaders in parliament, stand this shameless evasion of a solemn engagement? If they do, not only is good faith at an end, but we have become so familiarized to fraud and treachery, that even indignation at such iniquity is not to be expressed, and we must "keep silence, yea even from good words, though it be pain and grief to us." We trust, however, that a change will come over the spirit of our leaders, and that they will no longer be mealy-mouthed in calling things by their proper names.

But we must not omit to advert to the position in which they stand with respect to the Irish corporations. We believe that they themselves must now see that these should not have been so utterly abandoned, and that it

was a most mistaken policy to agree to their modification in such a way as that they would become so many garrisons of papists. This concession on the part of Conservatives, was part of the compact which had been tacitly entered into, that if government agreed to settle the tithe question, they would consent to a municipal corporation bill, upon a basis which should embody the principle of popular election. When this fatal admission was made, our readers will do us the justice to say that we were not slow in reclaiming against it. The greatest man of his age was he by whom the Conservative party was committed: one whose honesty is just as conspicuous as his mental powers; whose patriotism is as unquestionable as his military abilities, which have placed him in the very foremost rank amongst the generals of Europe. We know not how it was that his sagacious mind was entrapped into an admission by which the Protestant institutions of the country must be so seriously compromised, and an arrangement effected which must advance, at giant strides, the progress of revolution.

It must no doubt, be admitted, that the Conservative mind of the empire was in a very prostrate state, when the Duke of Wellington made the admission in the House of Lords, which, in some measure, pledged him to a Radical reform of the Irish corporations. The English municipal bill had been carried with a high hand. The Whig-radical ministry had just procured a new lease of their political power, which seemed to guarantee a perpetuity of their influence. A young Queen had ascended the throne, whose predilections, they soon found, were entirely in their favour. All was sunshine and holiday at court; and the spirit of wholesale, temerarious change was still rushing wildly through the country with a force that was not to be resisted. Meanwhile, a dissolution impended, which ministers exultingly declared would again realize the majority of Lord Grey, when that hoary revolutionist made his wicked appeal in thirty-one to the madness of the people.

All this must be considered when we come to review the conduct of the Duke and our other parliamentary leaders at that momentous crisis. We firmly believe that they acted for the

best. They looked around the political horizon on every side, and saw no gleam of hope upon which they could rely for deliverance from the perils by which they were beset; and when they consented that the Irish corporations should be new modelled in the manner proposed, they did so because they thought that no better terms could be gained, and also because they were unaware of the extent of the mischief which must flow from the intended arrangement.

There was another thing of which they were unaware, and which, if it were duly appreciated, would have led them to take a different course; and that is, the depth and the power of the Protestant feeling which exists in the minds of the people of England. Of this they soon had abundant evidence. The missionaries of the persecuted Irish Protestants went forth to tell their tale of woe. Dr. O'Sullivan and Robert M'Ghee were the instruments raised up by Providence for laying bare the iniquity of a profligate government, and giving utterance to the wrongs of an oppressed and plundered people. Nor did these righteous and able men speak and act in vain. Wherever they appeared, the revelations of fraud and violence, of profligacy and perjury, which they made, gave rise to an indignation against those by whom they were perpetrated, or who connived at, or encouraged their perpetration, which soon made itself powerfully felt; and to a generous sympathy for the sufferers, which is worthy of all admiration.

In a very short time, more than one hundred thousand pounds were collected for the relief of the Irish clergy, whom tithe resistance had reduced to dire distress; and, such was the power of the political feeling which had been excited against our unworthy rulers, because of their league of iniquity with papists, that, when the dissolution took place, which was to give them a triumphant ascendancy in parliament, their present bare "measuring cast" majority, which almost every new election is bringing down, was the only result by which their proud boastings were realized.

Then, indeed, our leaders might have seen that they were by no means in the forlorn condition which they had apprehended. The bolt had been hurled at them, and they escaped un-

harméd. Yes, their strength had increased, and they were becoming more and more powerful, both from numbers and confidence, every day. But the fatal concession had been made, and was not now to be retracted. The party became committed to terms before the dissolution, which, after the new elections, they might have clearly seen to be inexpedient. They were bound by a point of honour. What is past cannot be remedied. What is to come?—that is what should now engage our attention. How far are our leaders at present pledged to a measure which they have already evinced their willingness to pass, but which has been three times contumeliously rejected?

And first, they never intended that the Protestant interest of the country should be sacrificed to popish ascendancy. They were led to believe that the measure which the faction desired was one which might well be compatible with a due regard to the rights of those to whom they were opposed, and to the security and stability of the established church. Now if the measure intended be one which does not fulfil these conditions, it is not a measure to which they are pledged, and they should meet it with the sternest resistance.

Secondly, is it not at least doubtful, how far they should be, a fourth time, parties to a proposed arrangement, which has been, already, three times contemptuously rejected? Would it not look like offering an insult to the wise and the honest men, by whom the said arrangement was thus indignantly refused? To our minds it appears perfectly clear, that no further proposition should be made upon the subject until after an appeal to the people. Let ministers dissolve and take the sense of the nation upon Irish municipal reform, the value of which is now much better understood in England than it was when the measure was first proposed, and then be guided by the result. That would be a constitutional course. The Conservatives are prepared for any such appeal. By it they are willing to stand or fall. And if ministers are not equally prepared to join issue with them upon

the subject, it can only be because they are well convinced that the decision would be given against them.

We now leave the parties litigant to settle their dispute as best they may, humbly trusting that a graciously overruling Providence may so order coming events as to cause that which was intended to destroy, only to purify and renovate our Protestant institutions.

The next most difficult question with which the Conservatives will have to grapple is, the education question. And the chief difficulty in that case arises from the system, which is at present in operation, having originated with one who was even then, and has been, pre-eminently since, amongst the most able and enlightened champions of the established church. Lord Stanley is the father of the (so called) national system of education in Ireland.

In any discussion of this subject we could do very little more than repeat ourselves, as there is scarcely any form in which it has appeared, in which we have not brought it under the notice of our readers. This, however, we must say, that the difficulties which it at present presents, do not owe their origin to our present rulers. If we would trace them to their source, we must go back to the report of the commissioners of education in 1815, whose recommendations were partly carried into effect by the endowment of the Kildare-place Institution. Principle was then for the first time compromised by the state in its educational arrangements; and the consequence was, a degree of laxity and latitudinarianism, which was chiefly mischievous, as it both furnished the excuse, and led the way, to that monstrous compound of all that is mischievous, superstitious, and dangerous, which now exists in the shape of the national system.

We have this moment before us a little pamphlet* on this subject, which would well reward the attention of our readers. It is written with temper and judgment, and presents the issue of the experiment, as far as it has been already made, in so strong and so clear a point of view, that nothing further

* A Plea for the Protestants of Ireland. A Letter Addressed to the Right Honourable Lord Morpeth, Chief Secretary for Ireland. By a Witness before the Committee of Inquiry into the New Plan of Education in Ireland. Milliken, Dublin.

need be said to prove, even to the most sanguine friends of the system, that, as far as *united* education was aimed at, it has not succeeded.

"Now, my Lord, the country has had seven years' experience of the working of this united Board, but it cannot be said, as of Jacob's service for Rachel, that they seemed but a few days for the love borne to it; for I do not hesitate to assert that it has utterly failed in accomplishing the object for which it was established—for which so much was sacrificed—namely, the uniting of Protestants and Roman Catholics in a common education; however necessary it may be, for parliamentary purposes, to *disguise* the truth by wrapping it up in such phrases as 'it is working as well as could be expected'—that it has great difficulties to contend with'—that every year shows a progressive increase; or else to *conceal* the truth by refusing returns distinguishing the religion professed by the scholars attending the schools; in spite of all this the fact stands undeniable—'*The Uniting System does not unite.*' The clergy of the establishment as a body refuse to countenance a system which is founded on a compromise of essential principle; the Presbyterians, after showing a readiness to avail themselves of, have felt compelled to declare against it; the Romish clergy, in general, take the grants with greediness, seize the opportunities which the facile Board gives them of attaching houses to their chapels, or enlarging the precincts of their convents; and carry on instruction pretty much in the old way. An illustration of the views taken by the Romish clergy of the requisites for a national school-master, may be found in the published Evidence, as follows:—(Vide Michael Moloney's Evidence, Part II. page 975.)

"Question. Did he [the witness's former parish priest] give you any introduction to the priest of that part of the parish to which you were to go, namely Curryglase, in which your school was situate?"

"Answer. He did—he gave me a letter."

"Q. Did you see that letter?"

"A. I handed the letter to him (the priest of Curryglase) but did not read it."

"Q. Was it read to you?"

"A. The priest of the parish read the letter, and told me he had no objection I should teach in the parish. I represented to him what my qualifications were, and he said all the qualification he required in a master was, that he

should be able and willing to teach the catechism."

"Q. Did you say you were a mathematician?"

"A. I did."

"Q. What did he say to that?"

"A. That he did not care *what I was*, or who any other person was, provided he was able and willing to teach the catechism; that was the *only qualification* he required!!!

"But, my Lord, although the united Education Board goes thus halting on its way—although the vast proportion of its funds is dispensed through the hands of the Romish clergy—though the Protestant body look on it and speak of it as an oppression and a grievance—the government have not even the small satisfaction of receiving the undivided gratitude of the Romanists of Ireland for the boon given them. You have, my Lord, archbishop against archbishop—MacHale and his parliamentary agents, against Murray, Morpeth, and Co.—your Lordship cannot complain of being thus coupled with your frequent dinner guest. The smoothness, and calmness, and tact, are with you and the Board; but the nerve, and boldness, and hard blows, are with 'Him of Tuam,' Lord John Russell's correspondent. Has your Lordship yet read the published epistles to the Secretary, late of the Home Department, and now of the Colonies? From the '*day of the date thereof*' to the name appended, they breathe the most truculent spirit of uncompromising popery—the most undisguised contempt for the amalgamating process which your government is endeavouring to apply to the country. Dr. MacHale demands, in the imperious language Hildebrand might use when he 'set his foot upon the necks of kings,' that the education of the country shall be conducted under the control of the Romish episcopacy, and be in all essential characters religiously popish. He maintains, in defiance of your prohibition, the place of the material cross in the national school-rooms—the recitation of the Ave Maria in school hours: he laughs to scorn the flimsy attempt to administer the diluted essence of Scripture through the medium of sugared extracts. You may appoint inspectors without regard to religious profession, sect or party; but their commission shall not 'run' in MacHale's country; in *his* 'province,' and among *his* 'subjects' your nominations '*shall not*' have greater effect than the king's writ was said to have had formerly in the same regions.

"Some people, my Lord, ridicule my

credulity, when I avow my belief that there are conscientious Whigs—honest, though mistaken men, who never intended, in conciliating Popery, to compromise Protestantism. I believe your Lordship to be one of these. What, then, must be your reflections on reading Dr. MacHale's vaunt, that at this moment the system of education, which is the product of Whig wisdom, and the foster-child of Whig patronage, is lying at the feet of the Pope!—awaiting his decision whether his 'subjects' in Ireland shall avail themselves of it or not? Surely, you must admit some such questions as these. Is this the result of all our sagacity—all our expenditure? Was it for this that we have outraged Protestant feeling—virtually excluded the Protestants of Ireland from the national funds—and placed, as it were, a prohibitory duty on the scriptural education to which they cling so fondly? And after all, this is a rude, imperious priest, who is indignant at the thought of his Connaught diocese being deemed barbarous—who, in the nineteenth century, thinks his flock sufficiently enlightened when they can rehearse a *rosary*! is such an one to fling our boon in our faces, and tell us that he will allow our system working-room in his diocese, when the Pope, his liege lord, directs him, but not until then? My Lord, you must bear all this, and much more. The Whigs of this day have formed an unnatural, though 'compact' alliance, such as their predecessors of the name would scarce believe, aye, though William Lord Russell should rise from his bloody grave to tell them so. You have taken to your arms a termagant, who will flout while she plunders you; who, obtaining concession after concession, '*instabment* after *instabment*,' still keeps in store subjects for complaint and demand; and who, at the last, will take any occasion for quarrel which suits her purpose, and flinging gratitude to the winds, will again bestow upon the Whigs no better epithets than 'base and brutal.' Such has Popery ever been in her inroads upon Protestantism. The individuals who act differently are those who, rising in the instincts of a better nature above their system, form those exceptions which establish the general rule."

Having described the superior necessity for education on the part of Protestants, above that which exists on the part of Roman Catholics; ignorance being the aptest soil for superstition, sound knowledge for true religion; he thus proceeds to describe the

painful position of the clergymen of the established church:

"Such being the vital necessity of education to the Protestants of all classes, especially to the poor—it being to his mind what the plough is to his field, an indispensable preliminary to a fruitful harvest—I ask your lordship to consider his position, or rather that of his pastor, in reference to the National Board. He would naturally and fitly wish to avail himself of its aid for the purposes of education. He cannot well do his work without it. Speaking generally, I would say, that those of the clergy who have hitherto been maintaining the principle of scriptural education at their private expense, and kept open schools in despite of government discountenance to them, and of government favour to those of opposite principles, will probably be obliged to resign the unequal conflict. Having to contend with sufficient difficulties before, it is not to be expected that they will now, deprived of a fourth of their income by legal enactments, be able to contend much longer. But if your Lordship, or your Co-Ministers, expect that this extremity will drive them into any compromise with the National Board, as at present constituted, your Lordship will assuredly find yourself mistaken. Whenever they contemplate an approach to it, (and doubtless many, as myself, have well weighed whether, for peace sake, an approach were not possible,) they are met at the very threshold by a difficulty not unlike that which meets the trader to Japan, a difficulty of principle, which no time can remove, no sophistry disguise, no explanation soften down. If the government of the country continue inflexible in forcing upon us a system which, as we think, does dishonour to the Word of God, they may, if it be so permitted, achieve the generous triumph of crushing the resisting Protestantism of Ireland, but they will never seduce it into the sin of doing sacrifice at the shrine of their idol."

In a former Number, in which we reviewed the Report of the Committee of Education Inquiry in the House of Lords, we adverted, at considerable length, to the case of Maloney, as one which, with peculiar clearness, exemplified the animus of the National Board, and shewed the sort of justice which was to be expected from them, by the professors of the established religion in Ireland. But we find, in the appendix to the pamphlet before us, so

clear a *precis* of the transactions which are there detailed, that we feel as if we could scarcely do the cause of truth a better service than by bringing it again before the minds of our readers.

"The witness, Michael Maloney, had been teacher of the Curryglass National School, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Hogan, that patron of learning, who declared that 'he didn't care who, or what any one was, provided he could teach the catechism;' and who acted fully up to this declaration by endeavouring (when Maloney became a Protestant) to substitute for him a teacher who had formerly been dismissed for 'immorality of character, drunkenness, and other charges,' but who, we may assume 'could teach the catechism' to his content. Maloney (of whom I know nothing except from the published evidence) appears to be an acute, intelligent man, 'known' to the priest as 'inquisitive concerning religious topics,' and of 'liberal opinions.' This inquisitiveness, the possession of a Bible, and one or two little incidents stated in the evidence, which contributed to shake his reliance on the extent of the priest's scriptural knowledge, produced the usual results—Maloney was 'ordered to give up his Bible.' (A Douay Bible) as 'a prohibited book' which 'Jerome could not fathom.' He declined doing so, at the same time referring to God's promise to 'give His Holy Spirit' to them that lack and ask understanding. He was then 'denounced in chapel;' went 'occasionally' to a distant Protestant Church, 'to see what the service was;' 'was,' he says, 'much edified,' and at length, 'made up his mind to renounce the Roman Catholic communion,' and went 'openly to church' in the 'town of Tallow.' This soon became 'notorious;' the patron priest heard it in due course, and (not making a single charge against the man's capacity, attention, or adherence to rules; indeed, afterwards acknowledging that 'he had nothing whatever to say against his moral character') came and said to him—'You have gone to church; you will surrender up the school to me.' To this demand, Maloney's answer (I should like to know with what feelings the Protestant members of the National Board can read this) was as follows:—"I hope what I have done is not a penal offence in the eyes of the Honourable Commissioners." In this not unnatural hope, he 'refuses to resign his school;' notwithstanding this, the patron writes to the board that he has 'resigned,' because the school was deserted

under his auspices;' but the patron does not inform the board that this 'desertion' took place under his own express directions; that he told the people 'Maloney should not remain in the parish;' that 'he would send him out of it'—he does not tell the Board that, on Maloney's remonstrating against being 'named at the altar in that persecuting manner,' this Lord over God's heritage tauntingly told the poor man—'you have your remedy;' 'bring your action;' and that, when the poor man dared rejoinder:—"that is neither Christian or charitable," the return was a very 'rough' threat, suiting the action to the word, 'that he would kick him out of the chapel!!!' Whereupon Maloney (not unwisely) 'ran away.' Not one word of this is told the Board, who, as Mr. Kelly says, 'take the avowment of their correspondent, a gentleman in holy orders, to be true,' and act upon his assertion, that 'Maloney has resigned.

"Hitherto the matter lay between Maloney, 'infelix puer et impar congressus,' and the priest. Maloney's confidence was strong, that 'he had done nothing penal in the eyes of the Honourable Commissioners;' so he 'memorialised'—respectfully memorialised the Board—negating the fact of resignation, and requesting enquiry; and at this point a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gwynne, also interferes on his behalf, requesting 'enquiry' into the case. It is promised—promised to Mr. Gwynne—promised also to Maloney himself—but how was it granted? I solemnly declare I cannot understand how even Mr. Kelly, the ready, clever, confident, plausible secretary to the National Board, could have delivered the following documents and evidence without confusion of face. Mr. Kelly wrote, it appears, a letter on the 5th of January, to the Rev. Patron Hogan, requiring him to 'state to the Board his reasons for removing Maloney, who was on their books as teacher of Curryglass school, as it is a rule with them not to permit any teacher of a National School to be dismissed except on a full enquiry into all the circumstances of the case.' Nothing can be fairer than this, except the explicit haughtiness of the following reply from patron Hogan, dated 11th of same month, who tells the 'honourable commissioners' that 'they may, if they choose, pay Maloney for teaching bare walls' (from which he himself had driven the scholars,) but 'he has to inform them that the local managers (himself to wit) cannot, for many reasons which it would be tedious to detail, countenance Maloney to super-

intend the education of children in that district.' This precise, respectful, accurate, giving of Mr. Hogan's reasons, satisfies the Commissioners—'good, easy, men'—and thus the matter ends!!! Mr. Kelly is asked,

"Was an opportunity given Maloney of proving his case?"

"A. No."

"He is asked again,"

"Is there anything in Dr. Finn's, the inspector's report, which affirms the fact of Maloney's resignation?"

"A. No; it is silent upon the subject."

"He is asked once more, (these teasing questions are like his Lordship of Exeter's,)"

"Was not an investigation promised? What investigation took place in consequence?"

"A. The letter to Mr. Hogan—that was the investigation."

"Once more, and we have done. 'The avowment of the correspondent, (Patron Hogan,) who is a gentleman in holy orders, was taken to be true, and was considered by the Board to be a full investigation of the case!!!'"

"Oh! Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kelly—oh! Honourable Commissioners, 'in holy orders, or out—I believe the annals of investigations through all time, might be searched in vain for anything similar, even in the times when within the realm of England the Romish clergy proudly declined to submit their acts to the secular tribunals. I never remember to have heard of a case of a gentleman in holy orders filling the characters of *accuser, accused; witness, and investigator*, all together. I can perfectly remember that about the time these transactions were taking place, an admirer of the Archbishop of Dublin, and an advocate of the National Board, boasted to me that his grace's policy in joining it was already bearing its first fruits; for that one of the National teachers had already renounced popery. I little expected at the time to see the result of this conversion in the exposé before the Lords of the case of Curryglass school."

"From the case of the poor, oppressed and unredressed individual, who, in his simplicity hoped that, when he ventured to '*worship the God of his fathers after the way*' Priest Hogan '*called heresy*,' he was doing 'nothing penal,' in the eyes of the 'Honourable Commissioners,' I would draw these deductions:—"

"First—That this case, even if it stood alone, fully justifies the Protestants of Ireland in repudiating the guardianship by which their interests are said to be protected at the National Board."

"Second—That such a case standing on record proves the absurdity of the expectation, that the working of the Board can advance the spread of Protestantism. What National Schoolmaster, with Michael Maloney's fate staring him in the face, will now dare, even under urgent convictions of conscience, to brave the 'penal' consequences of renouncing Romanism?"

"Third—That the Protestant who helps to fasten the present system on the country, is either wilfully or ignorantly committing a *suicidal* act against his own principles."

And now, reader, what do you think of the National Board? And now, Conservative leaders, what will you do, when the grant for that system comes again under the consideration of parliament? Alas! have you not already temporised too long? And what have you gained by the conciliatory policy, by which you have complimented away the rights and privileges of the Established Church, and betrayed, as we contend, the best interests of the people? Are the Romish party satisfied? Do they thank you for what you have done? Dr. M'Hale scornfully repudiates the boon. He will have no state interference with the education of "his people." He states boldly that the national system is productive "of more evil than good;" he complains, loudly, of the profligate expenditure of its funds; he describes it as "pregnant with mischief;" he declares it to be "utterly unsuited to this country;" and states that, to a vast number both of Protestants and Roman Catholics, it is a subject of almost equal reprobation. Can it, then, be said to have satisfied the latter? Will it not be admitted that it has shocked and offended the former? Why, then, should it be any longer maintained?

But let us be of good cheer. Whatever our leaders may think or do in parliament, our cause is gaining ground amongst the people. We believe that upon this, as well as upon the Irish municipal corporation question, they feel that they have gone too far; and that the difficulty now is, to get back into the right course, without a loss of consistency or a compromise of honor. That is a difficulty out of which, we confess that we cannot help them; but they will not expect of us that we should deliberately go wrong, because

they do not know how to come right. Our views and principles, from the commencement, have been straightforward, uncompromising, and consistent. Nor have they been uttered in vain. Many and many a symptom have we been able to discover, from time to time, which have convinced us that they are becoming more and more acceptable to the truly enlightened public; and we are satisfied that it only requires perseverance and energy in setting them forth, to cause them so to prevail as that they shall displace that spurious, latitudinarian liberalism, which has so long confused the understandings and perverted the hearts of our people.

But were Sir Robert Peel prime minister to-morrow, we are satisfied that many of the evils connected with the national system, as at present administered, would be either mitigated or neutralized. Against the principle of any such system, we must continue to record our loud protest. God grant that our Conservative rulers (if we are again to have Conservative rulers) may see them in their true light, and eschew the national sin of being parties to their adoption. But if Sir Robert Peel, finding the system in operation, and not thinking quite so badly of it as we do, were disposed to give it a further trial, he might cause it so to be administered as to be far less subservient than it at present is to the designs of the enemies of our Protestant institutions.

As matters stand at present, the system is bad, but its administration is worse. It is, itself, a great evil, and it is a cloak for still greater evils. Now, the evils of its administration, we conceive, would be materially diminished, if our rulers were such as would not connive at cases like that of poor Maloney, or abandon the whole working of the system to the Roman Catholic priests. It would no longer be "a penal offence in the eyes of the honourable commissioners," to be edified by a perusal of the Bible. We should be able to obtain returns of the comparative number of Roman Catholics and Protestants who are in attendance upon the schools. A system of honest inspection might be devised, and carried fairly into effect, by which the real character and working of the project might be fully disclosed. And, the

public mind being thus gradually enlightened, the natural consequences must speedily follow, namely, such essential modifications of this scheme as might reconcile it to the consciences of a religious and Protestant people.

Does not, therefore, every motive which can influence an enlightened, Conservative politician, concur to stimulate us to the speedy removal of an oppressive, unprincipled, incapable administration? Can there be any safety for the country, either at home or abroad, until they are dislodged from their strongholds of office? Normanby in the home office! O'Connell enjoying the smiles and the patronage of the court! While Frost and his far less guilty, though more unfortunate associates, are lying in their dungeon under sentence of death!

But we cannot trust ourselves upon that theme. Powerfully has Lord Brougham, in his place in the House of Lords, alluded to the contrast exhibited by the ruffians who are at large, and in the enjoyment of influence and opulence, and royal favour, and the more contemptible and guilty wretches who are awaiting the office of the executioner! Will it be lost upon the people of England? Is this a time to be diverted from the serious and stern reflections which the state of affairs is so well calculated to inspire, by the pageantry of nuptial arrangements, or any of the follies and vanities which amuse the leisure of the dissipated and the idle? We know well how the country feels upon that subject. The result of the motion upon the 28th ultimo, (which may be in the hands of our readers concurrently with these pages,) will shew how far that feeling is, or is not, responded to in the House of Commons. We calmly await the result, and provided the Conservative leaders but do their duty, by giving indignant expression to the feeling which prevails out of doors, we care but little on which side the advantage of numbers may be found upon a division. The doom of ministers will be sealed. The British Lion will shake the dew drops from his mane. The ancient spirit of British freedom will be fully aroused, and the people will no longer consent to be the laughing-stock of Europe, by consenting to be governed by a PETTICOTOCRACY.

BANKING AND CURRENCY.—PART II.

ALTHOUGH a single great bank of issue may, without much danger or difficulty, regulate the currency and preserve the par of exchange with foreign countries free from any serious fluctuations, yet several banks of issue, acting in competition with each other, have by no means equal power. We have seen that the principle by which the conduct of a single bank of issue is to be guided, in all ordinary cases, is to keep the same value always of securities, and to suffer the currency to be regulated by the action of the public, in demanding gold for notes, or bringing it in for sale. But this principle cannot be taken as a guide when there are several banks in competition, nor can any other rule be found to supply its place. A bank may suffer by the over-issue of its rivals, as well as by its own. When there is a single bank, the consequences of its over-issues fall entirely upon itself, but where there are several banks, the evil consequences of the over-issue of one are partly shared among its rivals. Thus the stimulus to overtrading is found to be almost irresistible; while to prevent the mischief likely to ensue from it, demands a degree of tact and skill which is rarely to be found among the managers of a bank. It is necessary for us to give some proof and explanation of this assertion, as a contrary doctrine appears to have been held by some members of the select committee, and is, we know, very prevalent elsewhere.

The doctrine to which we have alluded, is thus intimated in the examination of a very candid and intelligent witness, Mr. Pim. Report, 1838, No. 520.

"Q.—Is there not this circumstance with regard to a competition in the issue of money, that although it may be true that one bank, of many, (issuing in competition in Dublin we will say,) if it issued more in a larger proportion than its rival banks would have its notes returned upon it; and is it not true that that would not operate as a check, if all,

in the spirit of competition in a period of excitement, were also disposed to issue largely?

"A.—Yes; I understand the question, and the inference of your question is quite correct, that if they were all disposed to over-issue, none of them would feel the effects of it, I am afraid, till they felt it so suddenly as to produce most disastrous results."

This is the doctrine to which we object, and which we think can be shewn by demonstrative evidence to be inaccurate. By way of illustration we shall suppose two banks A and B, with equal business, and equal capital, keeping the circulation of their district full but not redundant by an issue of 40,000*l.* each, and that they each retain a reserve of 15,000*l.* in gold to meet any occasional demands or runs that may be made upon them. Let us now suppose that bank A adds 20,000 to the amount of its discounts, and examine what will be the effects of this overtrading upon each bank. In the first place the circulation will be excessive to the amount of 20,000*l.*, and gold will, in due time be demanded for this excess of paper. But the public will not reason thus; bank A has been guilty of over-issue; there are too many of its notes in circulation; we will apply to it for gold. On the contrary, those who want gold will demand it from the bank, whose notes they happen to possess, and, as the notes of the two banks are distributed through the country in the proportion of three to two, the demand for gold will be in the same proportion; thus 12,000 will be drawn from A, and 8,000 from B. The banks will then be thus situated: A will have a circulation of 48,000, and 8,000 in gold; B will have a circulation of 32,000*l.* and 7,000*l.* in gold. In this state of things the daily or weekly exchanges between the two banks will balance each other, and no gold will pass to either side. If bank B discounts 10,000*l.* of bills every week, it will receive on an average

* Report from the Committee of Secrecy on the Bank of England Charter. 1833.

Report from the Secret Committee on Joint Stock Banks. 1836. Same, 1837. Same 1838.

The Evils Inseparable from a Mixed Currency. By William Blacker, Esq. London. 1839.

that sum in payment of them, of which 6,000*l.* or three-fifths will be paid in its rival's notes, and 4,000*l.*, or two-fifths in its own. It will therefore return 6,000*l.* every week to bank A. But as bank A's business exceeds B's in the proportion of three to two, it will discount 15,000 every week, and receive the same amount in payments. Of this sum 9,000*l.*, or three-fifths, will be paid in its own notes, and 6,000*l.*, or two-fifths in notes of bank B; and thus, each bank receiving the same amount of the other's notes, the exchange will be made without the transfer of any gold to either side.

We have given this example to explain and illustrate this proposition, that in the absence of any disturbing cause, the circulation maintained by each bank will be proportioned to the amount of business done by it. In the example we have just given, it is to be observed that the quantity of gold in the bank which did not increase its discounts, has been diminished in a greater ratio than its circulation. If the managers are desirous of keeping up the former proportion of fifteen to forty, or three to eight, it can only be done by reducing its discounts from 40,000*l.*, to about 30,000. Thus the over-issue of one bank will derange the proportion between the gold and the circulation of another bank, which can preserve the proportion only by reducing its own discounts. Hence a bank of issue may have its gold drained off by a rival which, if it has capital enough, may even ruin its competitor, without any injury to itself. If to avoid this calamity it contracts its issues, it thereby enables its rival to extend its business still more, until at last the more moderate bank is obliged to give up business altogether. Thus a bank may be driven in self-defence to take up the system of over-trading adopted by its competitors, and where there are several joint-stock banks of issue, the country will suffer under alternations of high and low prices, of confidence and panic, of great excitement and general depression of trade. That bank will gain most, which does most business during the period of excitement, and is quickest and most resolute in contracting its issues, and refusing to discount when the panic is coming. A system can scarcely be devised more injurious to the prospe-

city of a great commercial nation, than this of permitting everybody who wishes it to make and issue that which is to be its circulating medium, at the same time that it is their interest to issue as much as possible when the spirit of overtrading is prevalent, and to reduce their issues when trade begins to stagnate, and wants a stimulus to revive it. This seems to be hinted at in the following questions and answers in the report of 1832; witness, J. P. Wilkins, Esq.

Ques. 1651—

"Do you think the distress and failures in 1825 were mainly owing to the excessive issue of the country bankers?"

"A.—I think the country bankers assisted."

Q. 1652—

"Are you of opinion that any country bank can regulate its issues by a reference to the foreign exchanges?"

A.—"As country banking is at present constituted, it is impossible; it is the country banker's interest to withdraw as much of his neighbour's paper as he can from circulation, and to put out his own."

This tendency of rival banks of issue to overtrading leads almost inevitably to numerous bankruptcies. It appears by the report of 1832, Appendix No. 101, that in the first thirty years of the present century 348 commissions of bankrupts issued against country bankers. There were 63 such commissions in the four months ending in March 1826, each of the failures as one witness described it, being like an earthquake in the district in which it occurred. In Ireland all the private bankers failed except two or three in Dublin, who had scarcely any notes in circulation.

The general feeling of the insecurity of private banks of issue led to an alteration of the law so as to permit and encourage the formation of joint stock banks. The alterations consisted chiefly in these points. 1st. In permitting a bank to consist of more than six persons. 2ndly. In permitting the bank to sue and be sued in the name of one of its public officers, thus removing the inconvenient necessity of making a numerous body of proprietors parties to every suit. 3rdly. In annulling or modifying many laws relating to partners which would have made it almost impracticable for the bank to

transact any business with any of its shareholders.

Notwithstanding these improvements, the laws relating to joint stock banks are still liable to many objections, and although some of these have been pointed out by the committee of the House of Commons, yet no steps have been hitherto taken to remedy them.—

We shall consider these objections in another place: but even if the law of joint stock banking was in a perfect state, it would do nothing to prevent the mischiefs that necessarily arise from the competition of rival banks of issue. There is no one point on which so many witnesses agreed as on this, that the multiplication of banks of issue would be decidedly injurious to the interests of the country. If it could be done without interfering with existing interests, it would be a desirable measure to suppress all banks of issue but one. Mr. Grote, a London banker and now one of the members for the city, thus expresses himself report 1832, No. 4764.

“If there be one bank of issue only, you get the circulation considered as a whole, which would be impossible if the circulation were distributed among six or eight or ten banks. With one bank of issue only, if that bank had been placed under the control of publicity, you have a much better security for the circulation being administered upon fixed principles, and enlarged or contracted with a constant reference to the foreign exchanges than you would have if there were six or eight or ten banks. No one among these competing banks would be either able or willing to measure its own separate issues with reference to that total of circulating medium which might be proper for the country at the moment. Each bank would study principally the means of increasing its own part of the circulation, and would be tempted to extend its issues, not at the time when it might be desirable for the circulation generally that they should be extended, but at any time when there was a prospect of unusual profit, or of acquiring new connexions, taking the chance of being able to supplant the notes of other banks.”

The evidence of the Irish witnesses, with the exception of Messrs. Dunne and O'Callaghan, two directors of the Hibernian bank, is to the same effect. The reader will presently have an opportunity of estimating the value of these gentlemen's evidence.

The advantage of having the currency regulated by one great bank of issue has been admitted in the case of England, for although in most parts of England unlimited competition in banking is permitted, still no bank of issue except the bank of England can be established within 65 miles of the metropolis. By this restriction the advantage of a single bank of issue is given to an important commercial district, and indirectly the whole country feels the benefit of it, since the currency in the rest of the kingdom must be in a great measure regulated by its condition in London. Ireland has hitherto enjoyed a similar privilege, from a law providing that no bank with more than six partners shall issue notes within fifty miles of Dublin except the bank of Ireland. There is this difference between the exclusive privilege of the bank of England and that of the bank of Ireland. In the London district no banker can issue bank notes. In the Dublin district any bank can, provided it do not consist of more than six partners. The Dublin district is also much smaller than the London one: as Dublin is on the sea the district measured by distance is only a semicircle. But as the size of the district is not of much importance, the bank of Ireland with its present privileges has been hitherto able to regulate the currency and to prevent it from being redundant or deficient in the most remote districts.

It is not to be supposed that the exclusive privileges which the Bank of Ireland has so long enjoyed could be regarded without envy which the bank of England has not escaped.

“A jealousy and envy of the prosperity of the Bank of England has given rise to much officious meddling by parties who have exhibited nothing but total ignorance of sound principles both of currency and of banking. There is a longing to participate in some supposed mysterious advantages which the power to issue paper money affords.”

We quote from a small pamphlet which has lately appeared by Mr. Drummond, and the passage may be equally applied to those who desire the abolition of the Bank of Ireland's privileges. Mr. Drummond, like every one else who has taken pains to understand the question is in favour of

having the currency supplied by one great bank of issue. This opinion is not confined to the friends of the Bank of England. It is generally held by the London bankers, than whom the world does not contain a class of men more conversant with the principles of banking and of currency. In the year 1837, a pamphlet appeared written by Mr. Jones Lloyd and entitled "reflections suggested by a perusal of Mr. Horseley Palmer's pamphlet on the causes and consequences of the pressure on the money market." Mr. Lloyd censures very severely the conduct of the directors of the Bank of England, and disapproves of the principles upon which they professed to be guided, yet he concludes with an assertion,

"That undoubtedly an adherence to sound principles would lead to the conclusion that the issues of paper money should be confined to one body entrusted with full power and control over the issues, and made exclusively responsible for the regulation of their amount"—page 52,

And in page 53 he urges—

"The importance of directing the attention of the public to the following points. First—The propriety of securing, strengthening, and if possible extending the monopoly, as regards currency, of the central issuer, with the view of rendering the indirect control which it can exercise over subordinate issuers more powerful and effectual."

But it is unnecessary to multiply authorities on so plain a point. Let us rather direct our attention to the arguments used against it, and which all rest on the abuse of this one word monopoly. By the use of the word they strive to attach to the privileges of the Bank of Ireland the odium which properly belongs to monopolies in trade. But the exclusive privileges of the Bank of Ireland or of England do not constitute a monopoly; they are more properly to be deemed a delegation for the good of the public of certain powers, naturally inherent in the sovereign, viz. the power of making money, and of fixing the values and denominations of coins. There is no fair comparison between the office of issuing money, and the trades to which it is sometimes compared. As any man that chooses, it is said, may become a shoemaker, why may he not become a

banker? We answer that he may, but that he must not make paper money, which is not any part of the proper business of a banker. But why may not he make bank notes for those who wish to receive them, with equal freedom as he may make shoes for all? The answer is obvious, one is a public, and the other a private business. If the shoemaker makes too many shoes, he injures only himself, if he makes bad ones, he injures only his customers, the rest of the public are unconcerned about the matter. Prudence and caution will prevent any man from being injured by him. But no caution can prevent the public from suffering by the misconduct of the banker. His bankruptcy or over-trading may involve hundreds in ruin who never had the least connexion with him. The public are therefore entitled to be protected by law against an injury from which by any degree of prudence they cannot protect themselves. Besides there is no analogy between the two trades. The shoemaker by his industry creates wealth. He makes a pair of shoes. The value which his labour adds to the raw material is a natural value, altogether independent of any assistance derived from the law. All that he requires from the law is that which the legislator cannot without injustice refuse to any man. He asks for protection to his life and property, and liberty to make and sell his shoes, that is freedom to his industry. He does not want the law to confer any special quality, or value upon the commodity in which he deals. Not so with the banker. He signs a one pound note, and delivers it to his customer, but the value of that note, its power of passing as money, is entirely the creation of the law. Even at common law a bank note was not negotiable. The state therefore imposes no unfair restrictions upon any man's freedom, when it merely declares the terms upon which a promissory note shall be negotiable. A note for a smaller sum than one pound is illegal. No bank can make: it why may not the state equally declare that except under particular circumstances, bank notes of larger value shall not be negotiated?

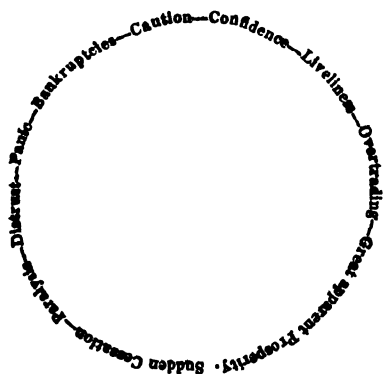
The establishment of joint stock banks only professes to prevent one evil incident to private banks, viz., their liability to failure, and this it does imperfectly. But all the other evils arising from an excess of banking, or

from mismanagement are promoted in a greater degree by joint stock banks than by private bankers. All the evidence taken before the committees tends to shew that joint stock banks are not so discreetly managed as private banks. Indeed, the same may be predicated of every joint stock concern.—The paid agent of a numerous proprietary never will display the same vigilance, economy, and foresight as the individual acting for himself whose whole interests are involved in the concern, and who reaps the reward entire of his good or bad success. We shall say no more at present on this part of the subject, as we propose in a future number to explain more fully the principles upon which joint stock banks have hitherto been conducted, especially in this country, and the acknowledged defects in the present state of the law relating to them. It is the more necessary to call the attention of the public to these defects, since notwithstanding the mischiefs which they have caused, the legislature has hitherto shewn no disposition to remove them. But it is with their injurious influence upon the currency we are at present concerned, and this can never cease as long as joint stock banks are permitted to issue paper money, no matter how perfect their constitution may be in every other respect.

The effects of rival banks of issue on the fluctuations of trade may be thus briefly described. When trade is prosperous, and prices are high, the currency of the country will bear some addition to be made to it without being thereby depreciated. Each bank will struggle that this addition shall proceed from its own issues, and for this purpose will discount more paper upon more liberal terms than before. From this conduct of the banks, trade will receive an additional, an unnatural, but a temporary impetus. Manufacturers and merchants will make and import a larger quantity of goods for which they anticipate a speedy sale upon credit, at the same time purchasers are more ready to give bills, as they are confident that when the bills come to maturity they can easily procure money to pay them from the banks. While this state of things continues, all is prosperous, and the banks in particular make large profits from the quantity of bills which they discount. The circulation is full to overflowing. But the exchanges

gradually turn and become adverse, the stock of gold in the banker's hands rapidly diminishes. Every bank is obliged to contract its discounts often very abruptly, and is happy if by such a course it can avert the impending ruin. But this conduct, although it may save the banks, is necessarily followed by a paralysis of trade, and general public distress. Those who expected with confidence to fulfil their engagements by getting their bills discounted are disappointed, and are either reduced to insolvency or obliged at great loss to force an immediate sale of their goods in a dull and overstocked market. The public scarcely able to fulfil their existing engagements, are unwilling to enter upon new ones.—Most people then discover that during the excitement, they purchased a greater quantity of goods than they can either dispose of, or afford to keep on hands. Money becomes every day more scarce, and goods fall in value with still greater rapidity. The depression of trade makes that amount of currency redundant, which in ordinary times would not be more than sufficient to conduct the exchanges of the community. The demand for gold therefore continues for exportation, some of the worst conducted banks are unable to withstand the pressure, they stop payment, then a public panic arises, and gold is demanded for hoarding as well as exportation. To this latter demand there is no limit. The demand for gold for exportation ceases as soon as the currency is sufficiently contracted, for the exchanges then must turn; but the demand for gold for hoarding proceeds with augmented rapidity, it is like an epidemic, one man runs to the bank for gold, because he sees his neighbour do the same, and this demand may continue as long as a bank note remains in the hands of the public. It is like the plague, or any other infectious disease which may cease of itself, although no human power can arrest its progress. In this general calamity the poorest are overwhelmed, the wealthy alone survive the shock.—After a few months trade recommences and is conducted for some time with considerable caution: confidence gradually revives; the banks increase their issues; trade becomes more lively, and then the former events occur in the same order as before; and as long as rival banks are permitted to make paper

money, there will be a perpetual vicissitude of trade in nearly the following order.



The period of this circle is about five years, but the calamity has hitherto been mitigated by the assistance which the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland have been able to give to other banks in seasons of public distress.

But, if to avoid those evils, it is necessary that one great institution should possess the means of regulating the circulation of the metropolitan district directly, and that of the rest of Ireland indirectly, it follows as a necessary consequence that this institution should be no other than the present Bank of Ireland. It is a body already in existence, and long accustomed to exercise with discretion those powers which we contend must be lodged somewhere. Its paid-up capital exceeds the amount of the capitals of all the other banks in Ireland combined.* Its notes have never fallen into discredit, and have been so well executed as to defy the arts of the forger. In seasons of alarm, it feels no apprehension for its own safety and is

able, and has proved itself willing to afford assistance to other banks. It is to Dublin, all that the Bank of England is to London, and comparing the two banks, and the two countries, the Bank of Ireland will not suffer by the comparison. This last statement may appear almost a paradox to those who are aware of the great wealth of the Bank of England, and of the prudence of its directors, and yet we shall prove the fact by reference to authentic documents, and without offering any disparagement to the Bank of England, we assert that the Bank of Ireland need not shrink from a comparison with that powerful and wealthy body. We shall have occasion at the same time to notice the charges that have been made against the Bank of Ireland, and the nature of the evidence brought forward to oppose a renewal of its charter.

In the first place, let us compare the capitals of those two great banks. The capital of the Bank of England is £14,553,000 vide report 1833. Q. 44? J. Horsley Palmer. That of the Bank of Ireland is £8,000,000 of the late Irish currency or £2,769,230 sterling (report 1837, Appendix P. 143) being about one-fifth part of the capital of the Bank of England, and no one pretends that the relative wealth and trade of the two countries is not in a much greater proportion than five to one on the side of England. Our readers are aware that at the time of the union the contributions of the two countries to the public revenue was fixed at the proportion of 17 to 2 or 8.5 to 1, that being supposed to be the proportion of the relative capabilities of the two kingdoms, and that since the union England has contributed in a much greater proportion. The trade of England is more than twenty times that of Ireland, and if instead of com-

* The returns made to Parliament give us the following list of all the Joint Stock Banks in Ireland with their respective paid up capitals. Hibernian Bank 250,000*l*.; Provincial do. 491,780*l*.; Northern do. 122,275*l*.; Belfast do. 125,000*l*.; Agricultural &c. do. 352,789*l*.; National Bank, English proprietors, 245,575*l*.; Do. Irish proprietors, 166,262*l*.; Royal Bank 199,275*l*.; Southern Bank 50,000*l*.; Total 2,002,956*l*. Of the above, the Southern Bank has failed since the return was made, and the Agricultural and Commercial Bank stopped payment for a time, and lost by bad debts and mismanagement about 100,000*l*. of its capital. Besides, many of those banks are proprietors of several of their own shares, which comes to the same thing as if those shares had never existed, and occasions a deduction to that amount from their real capital, so that we may fairly compute that the paid up capital of all the joint stock banks in Ireland does not amount to one million. The paid up capital of the Bank of Ireland is 3,000,000*l*. late currency, and its capital including buildings, machinery, &c., and reserved profits, has been computed at nearly once and a half that sum.

paring the kingdoms we compare the two capital cities, the same disproportion will be found to exist. Thus if we compare the capitals of the two great national banks with the wants of the two countries, the advantage will be found on the side of the Bank of Ireland. But as it is admitted that the capital of the Bank of England is fully equal to the duties it has to perform, and is an ample guarantee for its solvency under any circumstances, we may safely predicate the same thing respecting the Bank of Ireland.

This undoubted solvency of the Bank of Ireland, the capability of instantaneously meeting any demand that is likely to be made upon it, is the greatest merit which it can possibly possess as a national bank, and it seems to be universally admitted. Its greatest enemies have not ventured to deny that it deserves this praise. Thus Mr. Pim to Q. 446, "I never knew either the bank of Ireland or bank of England paper discredited." And again Mr. Wilson, report 1838 to Q. 1058.

"The public at large seem perfectly well satisfied with the Bank of Ireland note, and never in any panic that I recollect, or have heard of, has there been the slightest discredit thrown upon the Bank of Ireland note, the public have been in all cases willing to receive the Bank of Ireland note." Q. 1060, "Has there ever been any run upon you? A. Not of any signification."

Again Mr. Needham, one of the directors of the Royal Bank, a rival establishment, gives this evidence, report 1838, Q. 1714.

"Have you ever considered whether it would be expedient in any future alteration of the law, that the Bank of Ireland note should be made a legal tender in Ireland, in the same way in which a Bank of England note is made a legal tender in England?" A. "I should think it a very desirable regulation." Q. 1715, "Have you ever known a Bank of Ireland note practically discredited in Ireland?" A. NEVER. Q. 1716, "You have never heard of any such?" A. NEVER."

Next in importance to the solvency of the bank which issues a note is its security from forgery. What avails it to the public that the note if good is sure to be paid, if they cannot feel tolerably sure that the note which is

offered to them is a good one. It must be received with caution and distrust; whereas paper, to fulfil properly the functions of money, should be received without fear or hesitation by all classes of society, so that every man may readily know what he possesses. It is not, indeed, easy to compute to what extent forgery is carried in either country, but the relative extents in England and Ireland may be thus ascertained with sufficient accuracy.—The end of a forged note's career is generally to be presented at the bank for payment. The person who is so unfortunate as to receive a forged note is not likely to be satisfied with any unauthorized individual's assertion that it is forged: he will take the first convenient opportunity of presenting it to the bank before he puts up with the loss. The number of forged notes, therefore, presented for payment at the bank will give some idea of the total number of forgeries; and as there is no reason to suppose that the proportion of those presented to those which are not presented is different in the two countries, we may fairly assume that the relative number of forged notes presented for payment in the two countries is a just criterion of the *proportional* extent to which forgery prevails in each. We have returns of such presentations. In report 1833, Appendix, No. 62, is "an account of forgeries of Bank Notes discovered to be forged, by presentation for payment or otherwise." This return extends only to the preceding four years, and from it we find that in those four years there were 3,289 forged notes discovered, of which the nominal value was £9,834. This return relates solely to the Bank of England notes. But in report 1837, appendix No. 28, there is "an account of forgeries of the Bank of Ireland notes discovered to be forged, by presentation for payment, or otherwise, during the last four years." From this return it appears that in those four years there were 597 forged notes, and that their nominal value was £757 10s. Thus the loss which the public sustained by forgery of Bank of Ireland notes is not one-twelfth of that caused by forgery of Bank of England notes.—But if the notes had been equally well engraved in both countries, the loss in each ought to have been in proportion to the circulation which in England was on an average £19,900,000, and in

Ireland £2,700,000, or more than one-sixth. Thus a person receiving a sum in apparent Bank of England notes incurs twice as much risk of suffering from forgery as if the same sum had been paid to him in nominal Bank of Ireland notes. And yet, the circumstances of the two countries are more favourable to forgeries in Ireland.—Small notes are always most apt to be forged, because people are less cautious in receiving them; and in Ireland the circulation of small notes, that is, of notes under £5 in value, exceeded one million, while in England the circulation of such notes was only about three hundred thousand pounds. It was of the small notes, almost exclusively, that the forgeries were committed in Ireland. There were 1369 forged Bank of England notes of £5 and upwards during four years, and during an equal period, only one Bank of Ireland note of £5 or upwards was forged, viz: a solitary £10 note, which was detected in the year 1834. The evidence given in the reports clearly shows what indeed is matter of public notoriety, that this security of the public from forgery of Bank of Ireland notes is owing to the skill and ingenuity with which they have been executed, and may, therefore, be placed to the credit of the Bank of Ireland as an instance of the good conduct of the directors.

As to the amount of the Bank of Ireland circulation, it is sufficient for the wants of the country, and yet not redundant. This follows from the fact that very little gold circulates, which would not be the case if the Bank of Ireland circulation was deficient, and that there is no demand for gold, which would be the case if it were redundant. Thus, as a bank of issue, the Bank of Ireland fulfils its duty to the public in the most perfect manner, keeping it constantly supplied with a circulation, neither deficient nor redundant, of notes payable on demand by a body of unquestionable solvency, and with a security from forgery which the Bank of England has been unable to procure for her notes.

With respect to the accommodation afforded to the trading interests, and to the public at large by those two institutions, it is not difficult to show that the Bank of Ireland will not suffer from the comparison, whether the accommodation which it affords is compared with the necessities of the

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country or the available resources of the bank. In making this comparison, however, we by no means imply that the excellence of a national bank is to be estimated by the quantity of mercantile paper which it discounts. On the contrary, its more important duties require that it should not discount near so much in proportion to its capital as other banks may do with comparative safety; but as a charge has been made against the Bank of Ireland of not discounting enough, we shall meet this charge in the first instance by comparing its conduct in this respect with that of the Bank of England. It appears from Report, 1833, Appendix, No. 45, that the average amount of bills and notes under discount at the Bank of England during the four years preceding the return was about £2,500,000; and by a similar return from the Bank of Ireland, it appears that the average amount of bills and notes under discount by the latter bank for the same four years amounts to £2,800,000. See Report, 1837, Appendix, No. 23. Thus the returns prove that the Bank of Ireland absolutely discounts a greater amount of bills than the Bank of England! It is scarcely necessary to say that it discounts much more than the other relatively to the trade of the country and the resources of the Bank. Indeed we believe, that in ordinary times the Bank of Ireland could not discount much more than it does, without materially endangering its power of performing its other duties. By doing so, the proprietors of bank stock might receive a greater dividend, but the security of the public would be sacrificed to their private interests. The duties of the bank of issue are thus described by J. Horsley Palmer in his answer to question 198, Report, 1833:

“The Bank of England is required to provide a requisite supply of paper money for the average circulation of the sphere in which it acts, and to uphold public and private credit when called upon. When commercial credit is affected, it is in such times that the credit of a great body like the Bank of England is available to uphold the credit of the country.”

How could the Bank of Ireland in 1836 have given the assistance which it did to other banks, if like them it had traded to the utmost extent of

its resources. In report 1833, Mr. Pierce Mahony, no particular friend of the Bank of Ireland, is asked, Q. 4098,

"Are you aware that in the progress of that pressure (*viz*: the pressure in 1836,) the Bank of Ireland interposed with the aid of its credit in support of the banking interest of the country." A. "Yes, they did. According to the best of my information, there were but three banks that did not get assistance; those were Latouche's, Boyle and Co's, and the Provincial Bank of Ireland; I mean by discounta."

A further proof of the exertions made by the Bank of Ireland, to uphold the credit of the other banks is, that although the average amount of gold and silver coin in its chests, during the year 1836, and the four preceding years, exceeded 700,000*l*. (see Report 1837, Appendix No. 29,) yet in that year they imported about 400,000 sovereigns. See T. Wilson's answer to question 1,000, Report 1838. This gold was brought over to supply the wants of other banks. See Report 1838.

Answer to Q. 1071 :

"I conceive so; but I may be permitted to add, that on looking back to the transactions that took place during the panic in October and November, 1836; the displacement of gold that arose in the Bank of Ireland and its branches, from the calls unconnected with the supply of other banks, did not, at any one period, exceed 20,000*l*."

But certainly the Bank of Ireland could not have given this assistance to other banks, if it had traded in equal proportion by the discount of commercial bills. On the contrary, it, too, would have felt the pressure, and have been obliged to increase the general distress by reducing its discounts, and contracting its circulation; and other banks, instead of receiving the assistance for which they applied, would have found it, like themselves, engaged in an arduous struggle for mere existence. And yet, strange to say, this caution of the bank, to keep the chief part of its resources available to meet every great emergency, and not to be seduced into an opposite line of conduct by any temptation of immediate profit, has been made the foundation of a serious charge against it.

In the report of 1838 this charge is advanced by Mr. I. Callaghan, and Mr. J. Dunne: we shall examine their evidence, and give up the entire question if we fail to prove, that their answers to questions put to them by the committee, show a recklessness of assertion, and a sophistry of argument, that a radical orator would scarcely venture to employ in addressing a mob at the Corn-Exchange.

In the Report of 1838, Mr. Ignatius Callaghan gives the following evidence to show the superiority of the Hibernian Bank to the Bank of Ireland, in proportion to its resources:—

"Q. 1249. Can you state the average annual extent with which you, with a capital of 250,000*l*. discount bills for merchants in Dublin?"

This question was put to him by Mr. O'Connell, and was thus answered:

"I will suppose about, at a guess, 1,250,000*l*. certainly, per annum—rather more.

"Q. 1255. What is the average amount of your deposits?

"A. They are never down to 100,000*l*."

"Q. 1262. Are you aware to what extent is the average accommodation the Bank of Ireland gives the public?

"A. I take one year, as compared with ours."

"Q. 1263. What year was that?

"A. 1836; and they discounted for the public, in Dublin, 4,078,000*l*."

"Q. 1264. What do you estimate their capital at?

"A. I calculate their capital at 7,000,000*l*. in this way: they had, in issue, between the issue and the deposits, the public money lodged with them, they had 7,000,000*l*. over and above their capital. With that 7,000,000*l*. or thereabouts, they discounted 40,78,000 in the year. We, with 250,000, discounted one-third of that."

The reader has probably remarked already one error in this calculation. While Mr. I. Callaghan very properly considers the deposits in the Bank of Ireland to be part of their available means of discount, he omits to take the deposits in his own bank into consideration. These he had stated to exceed 100,000*l*.; and, therefore, he

should have stated 850,000*l.* instead of 250,000*l.* to be the means with which his bank had discounted such an amount of bills. This error makes the result of his calculation wrong in the proportion of 7 to 5. We presume that this error arose from inadvertence, but there are two other gross mistakes in the above extract from his evidence, for which it is not so easy to account.

He evidently takes his statement of the Bank of Ireland discounts in the year 1836, from the Report of 1837, Appendix No. 25, which gives "an account of the total amount of Dublin, English, and Scotch bills discounted in Dublin, by the Bank of Ireland, during the year 1836." This return is given in a tabular form, thus :

Dublin Bills.	English Bills.	Scotch Bills.	Total.
4,078,554 <i>l.</i>	1,319,855 <i>l.</i>	84,852 <i>l.</i>	5,483,261 <i>l.</i>

With this return before his eyes, is it not extraordinary that Mr. Ignatius Callaghan should state the first number as being the amount of discounts done by the Bank of Ireland in that year. It is not pretended that equal accommodation is not given to trade, whether the bill discounted be English or Irish. When a Dublin merchant exports wool to England, and receives a bill in exchange, the Bank, by discounting it, enables him to buy more wool in the country, and promotes its trade fully as much as if the bill were drawn by one Dublin man upon another ; and much more than if it were a country gentleman's bill, which, generally, is a mere *kite*, drawn for his accommodation. We might refer to the evidence of Mr. Callaghan respecting the value of the protested bills in the possession of the Hibernian Bank, for proof that it discounts many bills of this worthless character.

But we have not done with Mr. Callaghan's mistakes. When he made a charge against the bank, founded upon an alleged disproportion between its works and its capabilities, he puts on the side of its capabilities, or means of discounting, all its circulation and deposits, whether at the head bank, or at its branches ; it was therefore necessary, in common justice, to give credit to the bank for all its discounts in the country, as well as in Dublin. It is almost absurd to charge the bank with half a million of paper, which it issues in Cork, and to say, here is an issue with which the bank might have discounted bills ; and yet to neglect to take into consideration the very bills, by the discount of which that paper got into circulation ; and yet this is what Mr. Callaghan has done, for he refers merely to the amount of Irish bills discounted in Dublin, although he had before him the return of the

amount of bills discounted that year by the branch banks, (Report 1837, Appendix, p. 152,) which proved that the branch banks discounted 7,586,700*l.* Thus the returns showed, that instead of 4,078,000*l.* the statement of Mr. Callaghan, the Bank of Ireland discounted the amount of 13,069,961*l.* We acquit Mr. Callaghan of any intention to deceive the committee by those gross misstatements ; we are sure he is fully capable of making them by mistake. His evidence, however, reminded us of an anecdote of the first Lord Norbury. This nobleman called upon a tradesman, in whose bill he had detected many overcharges, and the following conversation took place :

Lord N.—Mr. S. I find 21 mistakes in your bill.

Mr. S.—Indeed !—I am very sorry, but I will take care to correct them.

Lord N.—Well : here you have charged me with this, which I paid for last year. You have overcharged me for this. You have charged me with this, which I returned to you ; and with this, which I never got ; and here is the same thing charged twice to me, and several other wrong items.

Mr. S.—Well, my Lord, I shall correct them all ; they were quite unintentional on my part—mere mistakes.

Lord N.—So I should have thought, indeed, Mr. S. if any one of them had been in my favour.

Perhaps we have said enough to show how little weight is due to Mr. Callaghan's evidence on the subject of banking, but we shall give a few more specimens of it, that we may answer every charge which he has made against the Bank of Ireland :

"Q. 1146 Does that show a profit and loss account ?

[The question referred to the manner

in which the account of profit and loss was kept by the Hibernian Bank.]

"A. It is in another form: in fact we have now a considerable surplus; as well as my memory serves me, it has the assets of the company, and then the public liabilities. *Those two are added together*: our capital is deducted—our paid-up 250,000—and the balance appears as the profits of the company."

This is as if a man were to add his debts and his credits together, in order to compute his wealth. Any person in the least degree acquainted with accounts, will at once perceive, that for the object proposed, the liabilities ought to have been added to the original capital, and the sum deducted from the assets.

"Q. 1164. What is the amount of dividends you have paid half-yearly?"

"A. At the rate of four per cent per annum—two per cent. half-yearly."

"Q. 1165. That, of course, is only on the paid-up capital?"

"A. Yes: the same rate the Bank of Ireland is now paying; as I hold it, their stock of 100*l.* is quoted in the market as upwards of 200*l.* and eight per cent. per annum what they pay."

This gentleman does not perceive, that the market price has nothing to do with the matter, as it is necessarily proportional to the dividend.

We come now to a very serious charge made against the bank of Ireland, in which Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Dunne appear to have joined. We cannot distinguish their evidence, nor is it material. They were both directors of the Hibernian bank, sent over to London to give evidence to prevent the renewal of the bank of Ireland charter, or as it is thus stated in answer to a question put by Mr. O'Connell.

Q. 1207.—"You have come over here as a deputation to prevent the renewal of the charter, or monopoly?"

A.—"Yes; and as the chancellor of the Exchequer stated we should be examined, we have stayed in London to be examined."

They charged the bank of Ireland with something like a conspiracy to put down all other banking establishments by unfair means. They only venture, however, to state one fact in support of this charge; and Mr. Callaghan's anxiety to bring forward this fact was so

great, that he first mentions it in answer to a question on which it has not the slightest bearing.

Q. 1222.—"There have been alterations in the law by subsequent statutes?"

A.—"There have; but we have not got any of the advantages promised to us, for the subsequent statutes do not relieve us at all. The Hibernian bank, *dealing in English bills*, sent a docket to the bank, and in a whimsical way they were refused, just previous to the panic; it was for several thousands; the answer we got back was, that no paper would be done at a longer date than twenty-one days; it was a sudden order of the bank of Ireland board."

Q. 1224.—"By a docket, you mean a number of bills sent in to be discounted?"

A.—"Yes, I do."

And in answer to

Q. 1318.—"With regard to our own bank, we sent there, (*i. e.* to the bank of Ireland,) and they refused to discount some bills which we tendered for discount, not for our own immediate wants, but to supply the wants of others; other banks that we were doing for at the moment; the monopoly of the bank at that time injured those banks very considerably."

Q. 1319.—"You were agents for some of the country banks."

A.—"Yes."

Q. 1320.—"For what?"

A.—"Two Belfast banks."

Q. 1321.—"Joint-stock banks?"

A.—"Yes."

Q. 1322.—"Resident in Belfast?"

A.—"Yes."

Q. 1323.—"Were you obliged to cease accommodating by reason of any thing that occurred between you and the bank of Ireland?"

A.—"Yes, we were; and if we had got some small accommodation from the bank of Ireland at that time, it would have prevented a great deal of the panic, and the injury that afterwards occurred from the want of that accommodation."

Q. 1324.—"What security did you tender on behalf of the Belfast banks which they rejected?"

A.—"First-rate bills; the first class of English bills, banker's bills."

Q. 1325.—"With more than one name on them?"

A.—"Probably ten or twelve names on them, with the very first security; they were the first class of bills."

Q. 1326.—"They peremptorily refused to discount?"

A.—"They kept the docket one entire day, and our secretary was so certain of

accommodation being granted to the Hibernian bank, that although it is customary for merchants and traders to send to the bank for an answer at one o'clock, our secretary thought that it was so unlikely that they would refuse to discount the bills we had sent, that he omitted or neglected to send for an answer, and at a late hour in the day, four o'clock, he heard the bills were refused to be discounted.

Q. 1328.—“Twenty-four hours was a matter of life and death to your correspondents, then?”

A.—“Certainly; if they were discounted that day it would have been of material use, and have prevented us from refusing to continue paying their orders and notes, which were payable at our bank.

Q. 1329.—“What was the reason assigned by the bank of Ireland for the refusal, when it came?”

A.—“They said, for the future they would not discount any bills of a longer date than twenty-one days.

Q. 1330.—“What was the length of time these bills had to run?”

A.—“I should think about thirty days—from thirty to thirty-five days.

Q. 1331.—“Was the limitation of twenty-one days a new rule which the Bank of Ireland made at that particular moment?”

A.—“Yes; but they only announced it that evening.

Q. 1335.—“At last the Bank of Ireland was forced to meet the alarm by a large advance?”

A.—“They advanced to the other establishments two or three days after, and they discounted other bills for us. (Mr. Callaghan.) The bank afterwards gave the accommodation which they refused, and which, if they had given two or three days earlier, the panic would not have happened.

Q. 1338.—“How do you account for the refusal of the bank that day? How do you account for it in your own mind?”

A.—“I do not know what answer to give to that, *except* that they certainly increased the panic; I do not know what reason they had for doing it. (Mr. Callaghan.) Public opinion was saying for a week, or a fortnight, or a month before that the Bank of Ireland was limiting its discounts, with a view of crushing all other banking concerns; that was the public voice distinctly through Dublin.

Q. 1430.—“What was the nature of the serious effect which was produced on the banks that continued solvent?”

A.—“We did business for two as solvent banks as any in Ireland, not except-

ing the Bank of Ireland itself. Their notes were payable at our office in Dublin; and we wished to give them without interference with that accommodation which we would give our Dublin friends, all the support in such a crisis that was necessary, and certainly did put in bills to the Bank of Ireland of such a class they were as good as any in the world. They had, perhaps, the first-rate names in London on them; they had our bank indorsed on them, and they had the Northern Banks endorsed on them, and all their proprietors, and some of the first characters in Ireland, and most whimsically they turned them back on us, and we should not have complained if we had got a week's notice of such a thing, nor would the Northern Banks have stopped: for immediately when those were refused we stopped paying the notes of the Northern banks; it was only for a day; they did not fail; they proved their stability, for they quitted connexion with us immediately, which showed their independence more than any thing I can mention.”

Such is the account given of the transaction by the directors and deputation of the Hibernian Bank. Their evidence is liable to several serious observations which will prove that very little reliance can be placed on it. In the first place, for the purpose of implying a charge against the Bank of Ireland of having caused the panic, they allege that the transaction was just previous to the panic, whereas their evidence proves that it was when the panic was at its height, “when twenty-four hours was a matter of life or death,” when the Hibernian Bank, which generally keeps a reserve of cash to the amount of £100,000, was unable without assistance to pay the notes of the northern banks for one day longer; and when those northern banks were reduced to send their best bills to Dublin for re-discount, not having cash to remit to their Dublin agents. Again, the secretary was so certain that the bills would not be refused, that he did not take the trouble of sending for an answer at the usual hour, although time was of such vital importance, and yet *for some time it had been publicly known that the bank was limiting its discounts for the purpose of crushing all other banks*. Whatever may be the true account of the transaction, it is plain that the one given by those gentlemen is not it; for their statement is palpably absurd and inconsistent.

We may, however, arrive at the truth, by comparing the evidence contained in different parts of the reports. The overtrading which prevailed through the early part of the year 1836, led to a demand for gold, and in consequence, the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland were obliged to contract their issues. Several joint stock banks, however, preferring immediate profit to security, instead of following the same course, increased their issues to take advantage of the opening left by the diminished circulation of the great banks. They soon felt the consequence of their imprudence, and in Ireland the majority of joint stock banks became unable to fulfil their engagements without applying for assistance to the Bank of Ireland. Assistance in such a case can never be granted as a matter of course. The general rule of the Bank of England and of the Bank of Ireland is not to discount bills for banks of issue. The reason of the rule is manifest. The bills held by an ordinary merchant are given to him in payment of his goods. They represent a debt due to him. When he gets them discounted by the bank it is no sign that he is overtrading, since he is merely, as it were, receiving present payment for the goods which he has sold. But the case is quite different when bills are presented for re-discount by a bank of issue. They do not represent any debt due to such bank; they were merely given to it in exchange for its own paper. They are, as it were, accommodation bills. Accordingly, the system of re-discounting by banks of issue is generally condemned as imprudent and dangerous. On looking to the index to the report of 1837, and title "rediscounting bills of exchange," we find only one witness connected with a joint stock bank of issue defending it as prudent and safe. That witness was Mr. Cassels, director of the northern and central banking company of England, which, adopted that system very extensively. And mark the result. The northern and central banking company has since failed, with a tremendous loss to the proprietors, although it commenced business only a few years before with a paid up capital of £711,860. When a bank which does not usually re-discount is obliged to resort to this mode of raising money, it indicates either that the

bank has been guilty of great overtrading, or that there is a great and unusual demand for gold. In either case, the Bank of Ireland ought to be very cautious in issuing notes in exchange for the bills on the bank, since it is pretty certain that the notes so issued will be quickly returned. If the Bank of Ireland were to discount the bills of all other banks merely because they were good bills, it would have no control over its own issues, and should be obliged to bear all the loss and danger consequent upon the overtrading of other banks.

However, not as an ordinary commercial transaction for the sake of profit, but as an extraordinary exertion made for the public interest, the Bank of Ireland, like the Bank of England, does afford assistance to other banks in times of public panic, when such assistance is necessarily productive of the greatest inconvenience to itself. While its policy is to contract its issues, it is obliged to enlarge them to prevent other banks from failing. But for the reasons we have just given, this accommodation cannot be given in the ordinary manner by discounting a docket of bills. For its own security, the bank of Ireland is entitled and obliged to impose such terms on the bank calling for assistance, as will prevent it from continuing to overtrade, and thus to neutralize the bank's more discreet conduct. Accordingly, it is an inflexible rule of the Bank of Ireland, and of the Bank of England, that assistance can only be given to a bank of issue upon special application, and a conference to learn the amount of assistance required, and to state the terms on which it can be given. But when the northern banks were in such distress as to be compelled to resort for assistance to the Bank of Ireland, their Dublin agent, the Hibernian Bank, (it is to be hoped through ignorance,) instead of making a special application in the proper manner, merely sent up a docket of bills for discount, as if it were an ordinary commercial transaction. Those bills were at once refused, not on account of any rule about twenty-one days, for it is probable that the date of the bills had nothing to do with the matter; but on account of the general well known rule not to discount any bills bearing the indorsement of a bank of issue. As to the delay of twenty-four hours,

the Bank of Ireland was not in fault. According to the evidence, the bills were not sent for until four o'clock. Therefore they were not sent in until after the hours of business the preceding day. Being sent in as an ordinary docket, they could not have attracted any attention, or been even looked at, until discount hours, when the directors of the Hibernian Bank could at once have learned their fate, if they had not been so negligent as to delay sending for an answer until four o'clock, at a period when time was of such importance. The northern banks showed that they knew where the blame lay; for they resented the ignorance and negligences of the Hibernian Bank, by dismissing it from the agency; and they applied in the usual and proper manner to the Bank of Ireland, and received the assistance which they required. The amount of this assistance is stated by Mr. Wilson, report 1838, No. 892. On that occasion

“The Belfast banking company received aid to the extent of £103,000; the Ulster banking company received assistance to the extent of £60,000; the Hibernian joint stock banking company in Dublin received aid to the extent of £21,000.”

In all £184,000. As they had to pay interest, we may presume that they did not receive greater advances than they required; and is it not absurd to suppose that in that time of pressure the Bank of Ireland could have advanced such a sum to new customers without further inquiry than merely looking at the bills which were tendered for security. We have now done with the evidence of Messrs. Dunne and Callaghan; and we trust that if they venture again to appear before a committee on banking, they will be more cautious in their assertions.

At the imminent risk of being tedious, we shall examine the only remaining charge that has been made against the conduct of the Bank of Ireland.—This charge deserves more consideration, as it proceeds from a witness of much higher character than the two whom we have just dismissed. Mr. Pim in his evidence (report 1838, Nos. 378 to 385,) attributes the panic in 1836 to the conduct of the Bank of

Ireland in continuing to discount at a low rate for some time after the Bank of England had raised their rate. This charge appears to be reasonable, and yet in reality it is not. The only effect which an alteration in the rate of discount has upon the public is by its tendency to increase the demand for discounts, and thus to lead to an over issue; but the amount of notes under circulation, and of bills under discount remaining the same, the rate at which those bills were discounted is a matter with which the public has not the slightest concern. The higher the rates, the more profit the bank makes of the transaction, but besides the individual merchant who sends in his bill, and the bank which gives him money for it, no other mortal is concerned in the rate demanded for discount. When the bank increases its charge for discount it is for the purpose of diminishing its circulation with the least possible inconvenience to the public, by ceasing to discount for those who will not pay the increased rate, and who thus shew that they are not in great want of accommodation. The argument therefore, that the low rate of discount continued by the Bank of Ireland caused the panic, is entirely founded upon the presumption that the low rate of discount led to an increase of bills in the bank, and to an increased circulation through the country. But the presumption ceases when the fact can be ascertained, and the returns indisputably shew that during the year 1836 the circulation of the bank, and the amount of bills under discount were much less than during any preceding year. In consequence of this prudent reserve on the part of the Bank of Ireland, the panic was in fact much less felt here than in England. The fact is well known, and it is distinctly stated by Mr. Mahony, report 1837, No. 4097.

“During that time there were very considerable commercial difficulties felt.” A. “There were very considerable difficulties felt, but comparing the difficulties in Dublin at the time with what they were in England, they were not at all so great.”

We freely admit that the low rate of discount if it had not been inevitable would have been imprudent on the part of the bank, since it would have been a voluntary surrender of a part of the

profit to which it would have been entitled, but it appears by the evidence of Mr. Wilson, report 1838, No. 881, that this low rate was only upon English bills. This may be thus accounted for. The discount of an English bill is in fact a double transaction, it is partly a case of purchase, partly one of discount. So far as the bill is payable at a distant place, it is a case of purchase depending upon the rate of exchange between the two countries, so far as it is payable at a future period, it is a case of discount depending upon the rate of interest in Ireland. These two rates may increase, or counteract, or even neutralize each other's influence, and it is a familiar practice among merchants to measure the rate of exchange, not by a certain percentage, but by the number of days which a bill on England may have to run, and yet sell at par. Thus if a bill on London having fifteen days to run will pass in Dublin as cash, the par of exchange with London is said to be fifteen days, and this if the rate of interest be four per cent., is equivalent to the exchange being 3s. 4d. per cent. in favour of London. This small exchange would have a great effect upon the rate of discount of a bill; it would reduce the discount on an English bill having one hundred and twenty days to run, from four to three and a-half per cent., or from four to three per cent. if it had only sixty days to run. There have been periods when the bank allowed for the exchange by subtracting a certain number of days from the period which the bill had to run, and charging discount only for the difference: thus, if they considered ten days to be the par of exchange, they would receive a bill on London, having eighty days to run, and charge discount as if it had only seventy days to run: but it is evidently the same thing whether a bill for eighty days is discounted at three and a-half per cent. or whether four per cent. is charged, with an allowance that the bill has only seventy days to run. The low rate at which English bills are discounted has no tendency to draw gold from Ireland, but the contrary. Those bills are received in exchange for Irish goods, which are exported at greater profit when the bills received in exchange for them are discounted on moderate terms. The payment of those

bills brings gold into Ireland, and thus turns the exchange in our favour.

With respect to the disposal of English bills, the Bank of Ireland adopts a practice which is found very convenient to the public, and enables the directors to form an accurate practical judgment of the course of exchange. In one of the offices of the Bank of Ireland a list is hung up of their English bills having less than a month to run. This list states the days when each bill will fall due, the place where it is payable, and its amount. The Bank of Ireland will indorse those bills, at par, to any one who wants them. This is frequently a great convenience to the public, who are thus enabled to remit money to England without the expense of the stamp; and to the bank it affords a perfect index of the rate of exchange with England. The greater the exchange against Ireland, the longer will be the period which those bills will have to run at the time when they are demanded by the public. An exchange favourable to Ireland is indicated by the short dates of the bills which remain in the possession of the bank. If, however, any individual finds those indorsements too long or inconvenient, the bank of Ireland is always ready to draw on the bank of England for any amount, at a small charge for exchange.

This prudent conduct of the bank turned the exchanges which were adverse at the beginning of the year, to be favourable to Ireland at the close of it. A strong proof of this is to be found in the fact that the Hibernian bank, when wanting gold, found it cheaper to procure bank of England than bank of Ireland notes, and accordingly imported a large quantity of the former for the purpose of paying them into the bank of Ireland, and obtaining gold in exchange. The bank of Ireland very properly defeated this artifice by refusing to take bank of England paper, except at a charge which would be barely sufficient to defray the expense of importing gold from London. The directors of the Hibernian bank complained loudly of this, and asserted that it was the duty of the bank of Ireland, like the bank of England, to provide gold for all who required it. Undoubtedly this has been said to be their duty, but very inaccurately. Their duty is

to provide gold for those who require it, and who can tender in exchange the same value of notes of the bank at which the gold is required; but it was never heard of before, that one bank should be called upon to pay the notes of another in gold, and yet this would be the effect of compelling the bank of Ireland to accept the bank of England notes at par. What would be the effect of making bank of England notes a legal tender in Ireland by the bank as well as to the bank, we shall discuss in another place.

We have devoted a considerable space to the investigation of the conduct of the bank of Ireland, because we considered it important that every charge brought against that body should be completely refuted, as every charge of misconduct or mistake substantiated against the bank of Ireland, would be deemed an argument against the system which has hitherto prevailed in England and Ireland, of having the paper currency of the metropolitan district subject to the regulation of one great central bank of issue.

TRIAL EXTRAORDINARY FOR HIGH TREASON AND PIRACY.

FROM THE NEW VOLUME OF THE STATE TRIALS.

"Walk in, gemmen, and you will see,
Justice for Ireland as it ought to be."

Reminiscences of a Connaught Ranger.

[We think it right to preface the report of this extraordinary trial with a few words of introduction. Mr. Fynn, the defendant, is the gentleman who wrote, or at least published the "Connaught Ranger" in the January number of the *University Magazine*. A few days after the appearance of the Magazine, considerable excitement was created by a rumour that informations containing very serious charges had been lodged against Mr. Fynn. It is generally believed that the government did not act at first on the informations, from a wish to connive at the unfortunate gentleman's escape. Of this opportunity, however, he did not avail himself; and on the 5th of January he was arrested by peace-officer Critic, on a warrant issued by Lord Phœbus Apollo, chief secretary of state. He was charged with various acts of piracy, and also with high treason against our Lady Minerva, the queen of the most ancient empire of letters, and was removed under a strong escort to the county jail.

A special commission was immediately issued, directed to Sir Christopher North, lord chief justice of the common pleas, Lord Chief Justice Jeffrey, and Mr. Baron Rhadamanthus, which sat on Monday, the 20th of January.]

Monday, January 20.—The learned judges having taken their seats on the bench, and a most respectable jury of the first men in the county having been sworn—

LORD JEFFREY proceeded in a most luminous speech to charge the grand jury. He told them that from what he had been informed, the bills that would be sent up to them would be for high treason and piracy. The crime of high treason against the monarchy of letters might be committed in many ways; among others by an indiscriminate pillage of all writers. If any man entertained a general design to rob all preceding writers of their property, in their words and thoughts, this was unquestionably treasonable, if carried out by any overt act, but the design must be a general one, otherwise, although piracy was a high crime, it did not amount to treason.

Thus it had been held that a multitude assembling for the purpose of pulling down one house was merely a riot, yet if they combined for the purpose of pulling down all houses of a particular class, it amounted to a levying of war against the queen; they would apply this principle to the case before them; if evidence was offered to them to induce them to believe that the prisoner had formed a design of general piracy against authors, in the face of the protection of the monarchy of letters, they would find the bills for treason; but if they believed his piratical designs to extend to only one, two, or three, they could not find the bill for any offence higher than that of piracy. Of the lower class offence he would not say much. It was both by common and statute law, to plagiarize the thoughts and words of another. If they were led to believe that the pri-

soner had wilfully pirated the thoughts of Mr. James, or Father Prout, or Mr. Joseph Miller, and passed them on the public as his own, this was a literary felony, called by the statute-law, piracy; by the common law, plagiarism; counts would probably be found in the indictment, both at common and statute law. His lordship then made several extracts from the *Edinburgh Review*, to illustrate his positions, and concluded by assuring the grand jury that should any difficulty arise, he and his brethren should be at hand, to give every assistance and advice.

The grand jury returned into court, having found true bills.

The indictment, which was very long, was then read to the prisoner. It contained several counts on the charge of high treason. There was a count for pirating the property of Mr. James; and in other counts the property was laid in different other persons.

The prisoner pleaded NOT GUILTY.

A special jury was then sworn, and the prisoner given in charge.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL—My lords and gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner Robert Napoleon Fynn, stands before you charged with the crimes of high treason and piracy,—crimes in themselves of the most enormous nature, and carried out in this case by overt acts of singular atrocity—he is charged with having entertained a design to satisfy the cravings of an inordinate and wicked ambition, and to gratify a morbid appetite for personal aggrandizement by the pillage, the ruthless and indiscriminate pillage of the loyal subjects of this realm, designs which as I shall presently show, have been to a certain degree carried out by acts of the most revolting barbarity, by the wholesale plunder of the property of Mr. James, by the cruel spoliation of the aged and venerable Mr. Prout, and lastly by the appalling murder of several of the innocent offspring of Mr. Joseph Miller: by the testimony of all the witnesses to be

*James's Desultory Man, Vol. II. p. 49.
Vol. I. p. 74.*

"After dinner we ordered a bottle of Sauterne, which was marked in the *carte* at *two francs ten sous*. It was in a kind of despair that we did it, for the red wine was worth nothing. It came.—People may talk of Hocheim, and Burgundy, and Hermitage, and all the wines that ever

adduced these facts shall be proved—and further, that the crimes which I have just enumerated were not detached and isolated acts, but each of them constituting part of a general and extended system of plunder, amounting to the looting of war against our Sovereign Lady Minerva.

The case to be made out by the evidence which we shall adduce is simply this. Mr. Fynn, the defendant in this case, on Christmas eve, 1839, plundered from a child of Mr. James, commonly known by the name of "The Desultory Man," a pair of sheets, which after mutilating and patching he handed over to a gentleman of high respectability and known loyalty, named Anthony Poplar, assuring him that they were the rightful and personal property of the said Robert Napoleon Fynn, and desiring him to expose them for public sale, or if he chose to do so empowering him to invest himself therewith. Upon the same day he robbed the Rev. Mr. Prout—a gentleman whose age and sacred character would have disarmed any but the most inhuman robber—depriving him of a gem of considerable value, together with three chairs, which he also conveyed to the same Anthony Poplar with the like pretences—he did not stop here—there are gradations in guilt—*deus repente fuit turpissimus*—upon the same day the defendant, Fynn, brutally assaulted several of the light-hearted children of Joseph Miller, whom having murdered he carried their mangled remains to the said Anthony Poplar, declaring them to be the bodies of his own still-born offspring, and demanding the wages of a sack-em-up—(*an extraordinary sensation followed this announcement, when order was restored, the Attorney-General resumed.*) My lords and gentlemen—I shall proceed to lay before you a comparison of the property, handed by the unfortunate defendant, Mr. Fynn, to Anthony Poplar, with the goods and chattels of the several persons who have suffered by his depredations:—

Fynn's Connaught-Ranger, D. U. Mag. for January, 1840, pp. 79 & 82.

"After dinner we ordered a bottle of Sauterne, which was marked in the *carte* two *francs*, ten *sous*. It was in a kind of despair we did so, the red wine was so abominable. It came; people may talk of Burgundy, Hocheim, and Hermitage, and all the wines that ever the Rhine or

the Rhone or the Rhine produced, but never was there wine like that one bottle of *Sauterne*. It poured out as clear as the stream of hope ere it has been muddied by disappointment, and it was as soft and generous as early joy ere youth finds out its fallacy. We drank it slowly, and lingered over the last glass, as if we had a presentiment that we should never meet with anything like it again. When it was done, quite done, we ordered another bottle. But no—it was not the same wine. We sent it away, and we had another—in vain—and another—there was no more of it to be had.

It was like one of those days of pure unsophisticated happiness, that sometimes breaks in upon life, and leave nothing to be desired; that come unexpectedly—last their own brief space like things apart—and are remembered for ever."

"I am fond of ruins and old buildings in general, not alone for their picturesque beauty, but for the various trains of thought they excite in the mind. Every ruin has its thousand histories; and could the walls but speak, what tales would they not tell of those antique times to which age has given an airy interest, like the misty softness with which distance robes every far object.

"A ruin ought always to be separate from other buildings. Its beauties are not those which gain by contrast. The proximity of human habitations takes from its grandeur. It seems as if it leant on them for support in its age. But when it stands by itself in silence and in solitude, there is a dignity in its loneliness, and a majesty even in its decay.

"Passing through Arques, the chateau is at some distance, on the height which dominates the town. The hand of man has injured it more than that of time. Many of the peasants' houses are built of the stone which once formed its walls; and the government has, on more than one occasion, sanctioned this gradual sort of destruction.

"What remains of it has, I believe, been either sold or granted to some one in the town: but, however, a gate has been placed, and some other precautions taken to prevent its further dilapidation.

"A pale interesting boy, with large blue Norman eyes, brought the keys, and admitted us within the outer walls," &c.

The Reliques of Father Prout, Vol. 1,
p. 8.

"Of his gallantry, one anecdote will

the Rhone produced, but never was their wine like that bottle of *Sauterne*. It poured out as clear as the stream of hope, ere it has been muddied by disappointment, and it was soft and generous as early joy, ere youth finds out its fallacy. We drank it slowly, and lingered over the last glass as if we had a *presentiment* that we should never meet with the like again. When it became a *marine*, that is, had done its duty, we ordered another bottle. But we were obliged to send it away—it was not the same wine; and then we ordered another, *in vain*—and another, there was no more to be had. It was like one of those days of pure, unsophisticated happiness which sometimes break in upon life, and leave nothing to be desired: that come unexpectedly, endure their own brief space, like things apart, and are remembered for ever."

"I am fond of ruins, and old buildings in general, not alone for their picturesque beauty, but for the various trains of thought they excite in the mind. Every ruin has its thousand histories, and could the walls but speak what tales would not they tell of those antique times to which age has given an airy interest, like the misty softness with which distance robes every far object. A ruin ought always to be *separate* from other buildings, for its beauties are not those which gain by contrast. The proximity of human habitations takes from its grandeur,—it seems as if it leaned on them for support. But when it stands by itself in silence and in solitude, there is dignity in its loneliness, and majesty in its decay. Passing through Arques, the *chateau* is visible at some distance, on the height which commands the town. The hand of man has injured it more than that of time; many of the peasants' houses are built of the stone which once formed its walls, and even the *government* has, on more than one occasion, sanctioned this gradual sort of destruction. What remains of it, I believe has either been sold or granted to some one in the village; however, a gate has been placed, and some other precautions taken to prevent its further dilapidation. A pale, interesting boy, with large blue Norman eyes, brought out the keys, and admitted us within 'the outer walls,' &c."

See "*Reminiscences of a Connaught Ranger*," in *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1840, p. 90, where this

be sufficient. The fashionable Mrs. P—with two female companions, travelling through the county of Cork, stopped for divine service at the chapel of Watergrasshill, (which is on the high road on the Dublin line,) and entered its rude gate while Prout was addressing his congregation. His quick eye soon detected the fair visitants standing behind the motley crowd, by whom they were totally unnoticed, so intent were all on the discourse; when, interrupting the thread of his homily, to procure suitable accommodation for the strangers, "Boys!" cried the good old man, "why don't ye give three chairs for the ladies?" "Three cheers for the ladies!" re-echoed at once the parish-clerk. It was what might be termed a clerical, but certainly a very natural, error; and so acceptable a proposal was suitably responded to by the frieze-coated multitude, whose triple shout shook the very cobwebs on the roof of the chapel!—after which slight incident, service was quietly resumed."

story will be found much diluted and damaged.

It is moreover my painful duty to show you that these enormities were not but once committed and then repented of. No! gentlemen of the jury, I shall prove to your satisfaction by the evidence of Mr. Anthony Poplar himself, that the defendant was actually in treaty with him in order to procure a commission or engagement to supply him with other such articles in future, the produce of similar pillage, a fact which if once established is sufficient to shew that the defendant entertained schemes of general and wholesale depredation—or in other words, that Robert Napoleon Fynn is guilty of high treason. Gentlemen, I feel the awful responsibility of the position which I now occupy, I know that the life of a fellow-creature is at stake, and I trust that I have not uttered one word, unduly to influence your minds against the unfortunate gentleman at the bar. It is for you gentlemen of the jury to weigh the evidence about to be adduced, and having done so with sagacity and integrity, to pronounce upon the life or death of the prisoner—and a more solemn, a more important, and I fear a more melancholy duty, no jury was ever yet empannelled to perform.

EVIDENCE FOR THE CROWN.

ANTHONY POPLAR examined.—Keeps a store-house or magazine, for the purchase and sale of *articles of value*; knows the prisoner at the bar to

be Robert Napoleon Fynn; was waited upon by Mr. Fynn in December, 1839; did not then know Mr. Fynn's personal appearance; was satisfied of his identity by a bullet-hole in the calf of his leg, which prisoner exhibited, as also by his military air and Connaught accent. The defendant presented to him a large packet, containing some articles marked "Reminiscences of a Connaught Ranger," and also promised a further supply. He protested they were his own property, and, to satisfy all scruples of his (Anthony Poplar's) he requested that the packet might be labelled with his (the prisoner's) own name, which was done by his own hand, and the goods placed in the warehouse window. On the fifth of January three claims were made to different portions of the lot; the first by the distinguished author, Mr. G. P. R. James, the second by the Rev. Mr. Prout, and the third by Mr. Joseph Miller, commonly called Joe Miller; the amount of goods claimed by these individuals as their property, which had been stolen, was considerable; many other claims were also instituted for other portions, but they were of less importance; he (Anthony Poplar) did not inform the prisoner as to these claims; he was waited upon by him several times afterwards; prisoner promised shortly to bring much larger quantities of similar goods. He boasted, in the presence of many persons,

that his manufactures were of such superior quality that they were eagerly received into the most respectable store in Dublin; heard that informations were sworn by Mr. James, and that a warrant had been issued; the prisoner was arrested in witness's warehouse.

Cross-examined by Mr. Puck, Q. C.—You are a respectable sort of a chap, eh! Mr. Poplar?

W.—I believe I am, sir.

Mr. P.—On your oath, when did the prisoner make up the parcel which you allege to contain stolen goods?

(Here the prisoner exclaimed, "When I was laid up by the leg,—sure I told you so.")

W.—I cannot tell: they have been proved to be stolen.

Mr. P.—How long have you been at your business?

W.—Fully seven years.

Mr. P.—And have you learned to pronounce upon the absolute legal property of the goods presented to you; eh, Misther Poplar?

W.—No, sir.

Mr. P.—Have you learned any honesty, my respectable friend?

W.—None from Mr. Fynn, sir.

Mr. P.—You're monstrous smart, aint you? You may go down.

Second Witness, Statue of Truth, sworn.—Resides in the centre of the Hall of the Four-Courts, Dublin; was originally composed of plaster of Paris, but since the publication of the last number of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, having involuntarily heard Mr. Fynn's astounding assertions made in her presence, in the Hall of the Four-Courts, has gradually turned into stone; knows the prisoner at the bar to be Mr. Fynn; has heard him say that he delivered certain goods, labelled "Connaught Ranger," into the hands of Mr. Anthony Poplar; has heard him asseverate that they were his own manufacture; has heard the prisoner announce his intention of making more, as the pattern was so much approved of, and commanded a ready sale in the market.

Cross-examined by Mr. Puck, Q. C.—Mr. Fynn never paid her any attention, nor at any time had courted her; in politics she is a Conservative, and in religion a Protestant; has been much neglected by the prisoner, but is not on that account prejudiced against him; is not married.

Third Witness, Mr. G. P. R. James

having been sworn, proved that the sheets given by the prisoner to Mr. Poplar, as his own manufacture, were the property of himself and child; had never given or sold them to the prisoner, or in any way authorised him to appropriate them as he had done.

Cross-examined by Mr. Puck, Q. C.—The prisoner could not have had a prior property in the goods; he (witness) was the owner of the patent; had superintended their manufacture himself; they had never passed from his possession with his consent. Mr. P. Do you know any thing of a cake called *La Galette*?

W.—Yes, I have written about it.

Mr. P.—Quote the passage if you please.

Witness here read from the "*Desultory Man*," vol. 1, page 83—

"But all this is comparatively nothing to the power which a cake called *la galette* has morally and physically upon a native of Brittany. * * * * *

"But it may be necessary to explain what sort of thing a *galette* is; the receipt is as follows:—

"Take a pint of milk or a pint of water, as the case may be, put it into a dirty earthen pan, which has never been washed out since it was made; add a handful of oatmeal, and stir the whole round with your hand, pouring in meal till it be of the consistency of hogwash. Let the mess stand till next morning, then pour it out as you would do a pancake, upon a flat plate of heated iron, called a *galettier*; ascertain that it be not too hot, by any process you may think fit. In Brittany they spit upon it. This being placed over a smoky wood fire, will produce a sort of tough cake called a *galette*, which nothing but a Breton or an ostrich can digest.

"In this consists the happiness of a Breton, and all his ideas somehow turn upon this. If you ask a labouring man where he is going, he answers, 'Pour manger de la *galette*?' If it rains after a drought, they tell you, 'Il pleut de la *galette*;' and the height of hospitality is to ask you in 'pour manger de la *galette*.'"

Mr. P.—Do you consider yourself an honest man?

W.—Certainly.

Mr. P.—It appears, then, that you have strangely become possessed of a property whose loss is deplored by my client, Mr. Fynn; listen to this passage if you please. Here the learned coun-

sel for the prisoner read the following passage from the "Reminiscences of a Connaught Ranger," in the last number of the *University Magazine*, page 83 :—

"But all this is comparatively nothing to the power which a cake called *la Galette*, has morally and physically upon a native of Brittany.—(I have mislaid the recipe, but if I find it, will give it to my readers in the next number.) If you ask a labouring man where he is going, he answers, 'Four manger de la galette.' If it rains after a drought, they tell you, 'Il pleut de la galette;' and the height of hospitality is to ask you in 'Four manger de la galette.'"

Now, sir, account if you can for the extraordinary fact, that the very recipe mislaid by Mr. Fynn, is found in your possession—account for that, sir.

The Attorney-General objected to the question, and the court, after a few observations from Baron Rhadamanthus, decided in favour of the view taken by the attorney-general; the witness was then permitted to retire.

Fourth witness.—*The Rev. Mr. Prout* was then called and examined. Is a Roman Catholic clergyman; does not know the prisoner at the bar; recognised his gem and three chairs in the window of Mr. Poplar's warehouse; claimed them and proceeded against the prisoner, by swearing information.

Cross-examined by the prisoner, Robert Fynn.—Never heard of Mr. Fynn before to the best of his recollection; never read his speeches; does not know what his opinions are upon any subject; does not care whether he is hanged or not.

Fifth Witness.—*Joseph Miller, Esq.* having been called, with some difficulty mounted the table in consequence of the treatment he had recently met with from the prisoner, which appeared to have broken his spirits. The prisoner had hitherto manifested little or no emotion; but a visible alteration now took place in his countenance, and he instinctively turned away from the injured being, whose children he had basely trepanned and murdered; he soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and during the remainder of the proceedings he preserved a dogged and stern composure, worthy of the last scion of Finn Mc'Coul. The witness having been sworn, was ex-

amined; has long been an intimate friend of Mr. Fynn; has lent him much small change at different times, without receiving therefore any acknowledgment whatever. Witness then detailed, at the desire of the counsel for the crown, the circumstances upon which his informations were grounded; they accorded exactly with the opening statement of the attorney-general. Here the case for the prosecution closed.

Mr. Puck, Q. C. then rose to address the court on behalf of the prisoner. He said that he had a duty of deep and dread importance to discharge; and that to a certain extent he felt himself accountable for the issue of that trial; he insisted that the evidence for the prosecution was unsound; he examined the evidence of Mr. James and rejected the conclusiveness, upon the ground that that gentleman had tainted his evidence by an admission that he was possessed of the "*La Galette recipe*," which the jury knew to have been fraudulently taken from the prisoner. [Here the crown counsel interrupted the "learned gentleman." It was not without extreme reluctance that the crown interfered in capital cases, to curtail even an undue extension of the protective privilege of the prisoners; but the learned counsel was travelling far beyond the limits which even mercy prescribed; he appealed to the court "for the assertion of a principle;" the court having ruled with the crown the learned counsel for the prisoner proceeded,] as to the evidence of the Rev. Mr. Prout, it was not worth a farthing—a gem! very probably a bit of glass, and three chairs were the amount of the pillage which he alleged himself to have sustained. What was Mr. Prout he asked? a drunken priest—a clerical ballad-singer—a Frenchified flirting friar. Having commented at considerable length and with corresponding violence upon the character, habits, and person of Mr. Prout, he said that he did not appear before that court, relying only upon the insufficiency and incongruity of the evidence for the prosecution; but that it was in his power to produce to the jury evidence the most conclusive; he could prove that at the very period alleged, as that on which the pillage, treason, and piracy had been com-

mitted within the borders of this realm; the prisoner at the bar had been actually in Egypt, and in the enjoyment of a close and confidential intimacy with Mehemet Ali Pacha. He would not stop here; the character of his client had been assailed; it was not enough to save his life, they must save his reputation also. He would bring forward witnesses as to the general character of his client from among the venerable clergy of his church; and further, he had it in his power to prove that in foreign courts his pretensions were universally recognised—by the warm attachment, almost the veneration of the princely aristocrats of Europe. He conjured the jury to weigh the evidence he was about to bring forward and to remember throughout the awful fact, that the life of a human being rested upon their decision.

CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.

First Witness.—The Rev. Mr. Ma-grath, examined by Mr. Puck; is a Roman Catholic clergyman; resides in Galway; does not approve of the prisoner, will not undertake to give him a character [the crown waived the right of cross-examination, and the reverend gentleman was permitted to retire.]

Second Witness.—The Duc de Bour-deaux; (the appearance of this illustrious person in court produced an extraordinary sensation;) he was examined by Mr. Puck; does not recognize the prisoner at the bar; remembers France very well; never heard of the name of Fynn; does not remember any thing of such a gentleman (cross-examination waived as being unnecessary.)

Third witness.—Madame de la Roche-jacqueline, examined by means of a sworn interpreter; never saw the prisoner before; knows nothing about him. (Cross-examination waived as being unnecessary.)

(No witness having been called to prove the alibi, here the case for the defence closed.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER NORTH charged the jury—He said that, in his long judicial experience, it had never before been his fate to preside at a trial

whose issue involved principles, so vitally connected with all the securities of literary existence, the details which had been substantiated, by what appeared to him to be unexceptionable evidence, were fraught with unmitigated horror, and presented the mind with a picture of guilt almost preternatural. The learned judge then, in a luminous and argumentative statement, recapitulated the evidence, dwelling upon those points which appeared most important, and simplifying as much as possible, the complications of the testimony which had been adduced. He concluded by observing that, as in his judicial capacity he had never encountered a case of more extreme importance, so had he never witnessed one in which the weight of evidence was more completely one-sided.

[The jury returned a verdict of GUILTY, upon all the counts, without leaving the box.]

A deep and impressive silence then ensued, during which the prisoner alone appeared unmoved. The prisoner having been asked by the clerk of the crown, whether he could show any cause why the sentence of *literary* death and damnation should not be passed upon him, addressed the court in the following words:—

My Lords—Have the learned gentlemen done—have they completely done—from the beginning to the end of their addresses they were unprofessional! *but enough of that. My Lords let not my unmoved demeanour prejudice me with your lordships. †I cannot writhe with grace and moan with melody; but let that pass. A jury of my countrymen have found me guilty; ‡it is their verdict. I thank God, my lords, it is not mine, but away with them. My lords I have a boon to ask. §Let no man write my epitaph—let no man dare to attribute to me motives, until other times and other men shall do justice to my principles. When after the revolution of centuries that time shall have at length arrived; let future patriotism chisel upon my grave-stone these little lines which I have myself composed—

We have been able to trace parallel passages in the speeches of the following orators.
• Grattan. † Curran. ‡ O'Connell. § Emmett.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where dark and unhonored his relics are laid,
Cold, silent, and dark be the tear that is shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his
— head.

My Lords—I have done.

SIR CHRISTOPHER NORTH then in a tone of thrilling solemnity addressed the prisoner in the following words :—
“ Unfortunate young man—you stand at the bar of your country, convicted of a crime of startling and hideous enormity ; your conduct appears to have been dictated by the phrenzy of a morbid and most monstrous ambition, which has forced you to the commission of crimes, little short of the acts of a bedlamite. You were not content with enriching yourself with inordinate pillage : with a fatuity almost unintelligible, you have proceeded to expose the proofs and trophies of your guilt, in the most public places. You have not only done this, but as if to guard against the possibility of the authorities’ mistaking the identity of the marauder, you have actually, with your

own hand, placarded your own name upon the spoils, which any but the maddest and most outrageous guilt would have sought to conceal. Your extravagant madness and folly have been sternly rewarded. An intelligent and impartial jury of your countrymen have, without the debate or hesitation of a moment, unanimously condemned you ; they have not even accompanied their verdict with the most distant hope of mercy ; nor can I hold out to you the faintest ray of hope. Offended justice, the outraged laws of your country, the insulted charities of society demand the dread sacrifice of your literary life.”

The learned judge having put on the black cap, proceeded to pass sentence, and directed the execution to take place upon the first of February. The unfortunate gentleman was conducted from the dock in a state bordering upon insensibility.

A rumour has reached us, that the punishment is likely to be commuted to that of writing for life in the pages of the *PILOT*.

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SAMUEL HOLDSWORTH, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

[The following passage was, by an oversight, omitted in the Biographical Sketch of Dr. Walsh in our last number] :—

It was with deep concern that Dr. Walsh found, in his travels on the Continent, the name of his dear country coupled with barbarism and crime. The constant details of outrage recorded in the English papers, and copied and circulated by various European journals, had made an indelible impression, which no denial or verbal palliation of his could remove. He, therefore, adopted what he supposed would be a means, in some measure, of obliterating the unfavourable impression. He deposited, at his own expense, large paper copies of the "History of Dublin" in the public libraries of several of the capitals he visited, in the hope that those who saw the noble edifices with which the city is adorned, and read the details of its literary, scientific, and benevolent institutions, might be induced to believe the people could not be in "the barbarous state" they were represented, nor their capital "a collection of wigwams."

He received several flattering letters and other testimonials of acknowledgment on these occasions. Among the rest, one from the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by a large and valuable gold medal, of beautiful workmanship, which we have seen. On the obverse is a fine head of the benevolent Emperor, on the reverse a Temple of Fame, and round the edge an inscription, implying that it was presented to Dr. Walsh as an honorary gift. It was accompanied by the following letter, delivered to him at St. Petersburg, by the Austrian ambassador :

"St. Petersburg, le 29 Mai, 1820.

"MONS.—J'ai l'honneur de vous faire part que sa Majesté l'Empereur d'Autriche Roi Apostolique à infiniment agréé l'hommage que vous Lui avez fait de votre ouvrage intitulé Histoire de la Ville du Dublin.

"Juste appréciateur de vos talens distinguées, il me charge de vous faire ses remerciemens et de vous remettre la médaille d'honneur ci annexée, en témoignage de sa haute bienveillance et de sa particulière satisfaction.

"En me félicitant d'être l'organe de gracieuses dispositions de sa Majesté l'Empereur, mon auguste maître, à votre égard, je saisis cette occasion pour vous offrir les assurances de ma considération distinguée.

"LEBELZERN.

"Mons, le Docteur Rob. Walsh,
"Chaplain de l'Ambassade Britannique."

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VOL. XV.

BISHOP MANT'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.*—FIRST ARTICLE.

THE work before us is not the least of the many benefactions which have been conferred by Bishop Mant upon the Church and the country. The Irish clergy owe him for it great obligations. The student who desires to acquaint himself with our ecclesiastical history, from the Reformation to the Revolution, has now presented to him a clear and elaborate digest of all that it is desirable to know upon that subject, which relieves him at once from the perplexing and operose collation of the various writers in whose scarce and scattered volumes the materials of such a work as the one before us could alone be found. Nor is that all. The Bishop has converted a toil into a pleasure; and enables his reader to travel over the ground which he has covered with that pleasurable sense of progression which combines delight with improvement.

Indeed, the forbidding aspect of the subject, as well as the labour and study necessary for a complete acquaintance with it, has hitherto confined a knowledge of the various fortunes of our Reformed church to the few whose tastes have led them to the study of our antiquities, and whose leisure and opportunities enabled them to indulge their favourite predilections. And thus it has happened, that, while no portion of the united church has been more the subject of legislative enact-

ment, and which, therefore, should have been more thoroughly known, there is no portion of it respecting which our legislators have proceeded in such ignorance, not only of circumstances, but of facts and of principles, a knowledge of which should have been deemed indispensable to the due discharge of their important duties. Such ignorance might, hitherto, have been deemed less reprehensible than it was injurious, because of the difficulties which even the most diligent student had to encounter, in procuring the information by which it would have been removed; but from henceforth it must be considered altogether inexcusable. The Bishop was induced to pursue the researches which have led to the work before us, in the first instance solely with a view to informing himself respecting those peculiarities in the history of the Irish church with which his station rendered it fitting that he should be acquainted. And he has rightly judged, that the information which he had been at the pains to accumulate for his own behoof, might be easily rendered available for the use of numbers who would never take the same trouble to acquire it for themselves. The general student has now before him, for the first time, a full, continuous, and lucid exposition of all "the changes and chances" which befel our branch of the united Churches

* History of the Church of Ireland, from the Reformation to the Revolution; with a Preliminary Survey, from the Papal Usurpation, in the Twelfth Century, to its Legal Abolition in the Sixteenth. By the Right Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. London: J. W. Parker. 1840.

of England and Ireland, from the period when Romish supremacy was renounced, until the great principles of civil and religious liberty achieved their final triumph at the revolution; and we beg to say, once for all, that the manner in which the right rev. author has performed his task, has our unqualified commendation. There is no source of information to which he could have had access, and of which he has not availed himself, as it appears to us, with judgment and discrimination. The style of his narrative is always upon a level with its subject;—it is calm, clear, forcible, and perspicuous; and never aims at attracting to itself, any portion of that attention which should be bestowed upon the events of which it treats, or the characters which it describes. And when the good Bishop has to animadvert upon the opinions or the proceedings of those with whose views he could not sympathise, he does so with a modest simplicity which well becomes his sacred calling, and a candour and charity which may well disarm even the fiercest of those polemics to whom his strictures will be found unpalatable, or who may deem his principles erroneous.

Upon the earliest portion of Irish ecclesiastical history, it is not his object to dwell. Accordingly, the reader will find no notice in the present volume of those brighter days of Irish story, when the country was denominated the Island of Saints, when it was resorted to by the studious as the highest seat of learning, and when it furnished guides and counsellors to some of the greatest and the wisest of the monarchs of Europe. Indeed, although of these facts there can be no reasonable doubt, authentic history of these early times, it were difficult, if not hopeless, to disentangle, from the mass of crudities and superstitions in which it is involved. But of one fact, the researches of the late Dr. Phelan* have made us tolerably certain, namely, that Patrick, by whose ministry the island was converted to Christianity, was no emissary from the pope; that he exercised his episcopal jurisdiction independently of the Bishop of Rome; and that, consequently, the earliest Irish Christians were not papists.

Nor was it until long after Christianity had been thoroughly established in the country, that any foreign interference made itself manifest in our ecclesiastical arrangements. The following clear and succinct account of the learned Bishop, puts the reader at once into possession of the origin of papal encroachments:—

“Until about the middle of the twelfth century the Church of Ireland maintained its character, as an independent national church, without acknowledging any pre-eminence, authority, or jurisdiction, of the See of Rome. The Archbishops of Armagh exercised a spiritual power throughout the country; and erected archbishopricks and bishopricks without consultation or communication with the Roman pontiff. For the supply of vacant bishopricks persons were elected by the clergy, or by the clergy and laity, of the diocese, recommending them to the king; or by the king's nomination or influence, concurring with the good-will of the clergy and people; whereupon the bishop-elect was sent to the archbishop for consecration; to the Archbishops of Armagh for the most part, except in the case of those colonies of Ostmen from the north of Europe, who inhabited the cities of Dublin, Waterford, or Limerick; and who, esteeming themselves countrymen of the Normans, now in possession of England and of its highest ecclesiastical dignities, sent their bishops to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. But in every case these appointments and consecrations were altogether independent of the papal see.

“The earliest interference of the Pope on such occasions in Ireland was in the twelfth century.

“The pallium, or pall, is an ensign of dignity, which the Pope had taken upon himself to confer upon archbishops. But this ensign was never worn by an Irish archbishop until the year 1152. Malachy O'Morgair had occupied the archiepiscopal see of Armagh by the joint suffrages of the clergy and people, and resigned it afterwards by his own voluntary act in 1137, retiring to the suffragan bishoprick of Down. What was his motive to the step, which he took two years later, has not been distinctly stated; but it is most probably to be found in a desire to assimilate the usages and discipline of the Irish church more nearly to those of Rome; especially by introducing among the clergy

* Letters of Declan to Dr. Doyle. Milliken, Dublin. 1825.

an obligation to celibacy, which was not required of them at the time in question, but was, at an early period after, most earnestly imposed upon them by Malachy in his new capacity, in which he soon made his appearance among them. However this be, the step, which he now took, was that of a journey to Rome, for the purpose of soliciting from the Pope two palls—one for the metropolitan see of Armagh, which, though possessed from the beginning of archiepiscopal dignity and authority, had never borne the archiepiscopal pall; the other, for the newly-constituted metropolitical church of Cashel, which was indebted for its creation to his almost immediate predecessor Celsus.

“Innocent the Second, who at that time filled the papal chair, received Malachy very courteously, informed himself accurately by his means of the condition of the Irish church, confirmed the establishment of the archbishoprick, invested him with the office of his legate in Ireland, an office recently instituted, and previously filled by only one occupant, and dismissed him with tokens of singular respect and benevolence: but with regard to the palls, he acquainted him, that a matter of that consequence ought to be transacted with great solemnity, and by the common suffrages of a national council, which the Pope advised him to call on his return into Ireland, with a promise that, upon their request, the palls should be granted. The papal policy appears to have been to encourage the zeal of the voluntary agent, so as eventually to produce the desired consummation, but to be cautious of adopting any measure without being previously assured that it would be acceptable to the Irish church.

“On his return to Ireland, Malachy, in his character of papal legate, proceeded to exercise his function in all parts of the country, and was indefatigable in his efforts to reduce the Irish church to a conformity with that of Rome. Gelasius had succeeded to the vacancy which he had made in the archbishoprick of Armagh. And matters being at length judged ripe for prosecuting the application for the palls, with the concurrence of the primate and the legate, a national synod was assembled at Holmpatrick in the year 1148, when fifteen bishops, two hundred priests, and a considerable number of the inferior clergy are said to have attended, and joined in making a solicitation to the pope. Eugenius the Third had in the interval succeeded to the papal chair. To him, therefore, the request of the assembly was addressed; and Malachy,

at his own urgent intreaty, was deputed to convey it. His sudden illness and death upon his journey caused an interruption in the progress of the business committed to him. But the delay was of no long duration. The opportunity for the pope's interposition, afforded by the previous transactions, was not to be omitted. And accordingly, in the year 1152, John Paparo, cardinal priest, having been appointed by the pope his apostolic legate to Ireland, arrived with four palls, which he was commanded to confer on the four Irish archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam.

“For the more solemn execution of the papal commission, another national synod was convened at Kells on the 9th of March, 1152. To the mandate, which ordered this convention, the greater part of the Irish bishops yielded obedience; there were some, however, of them, as well as of the inferior clergy, among whom those of Armagh and of Down are particularly noticed, who refused to sanction, by their presence, the acts of the council. But the legate, regardless of the opposition, proceeded to execute his instructions in the presence of those clergy who were assembled; and he accordingly conferred the pall on each of the four archbishops, distinguishing, at the same time, the See of Armagh with its peculiar honour, and recognising Gelasius, in accordance with ancient usage, as the Primate of all Ireland.

“The Annals of St. Mary's Abbey,” says Harris, in his edition of Sir James Ware's *Lives*, “and those at the end of Camden, call this prelate ‘the first archbishop of Armagh; that is, the first who used the pall; although others before him were called archbishops and primates out of reverence to St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, whose see was, from the beginning, held in the greatest honour, not only by bishops and priests, but by kings and princes.’” The fact is as we have seen; he was the first archbishop who compromised the independence of the national church of Ireland by accepting the stamp and ensign of his ecclesiastical dignity from the hands of a foreign prelate.”

A beginning thus made, would not, we may readily believe, be unimproved by the grasping and ambitious pontiffs who subsequently filled the chair of St. Peter. Nor were there wanting many motives to impel the clerical order in every country to combine, for general defence, against the tyranny of the various temporal rulers

who in those times shared with each other the sovereignty of Europe. They were, generally speaking, rude, unlettered men, whose passions were always predominant above their reason, and against whose malice there could be found no protection, but such as was derived from the influence of religion upon their minds. And as the priests were the depositories of whatever of good letters existed in those days, they were enabled to discharge a double function, and to mould the understandings, as well as to regulate the consciences, of all those who professed to be of the household of faith. Hence, they were a sort of providential break-water to the tyranny of a race of military nobles, whose habits were to bring every thing which opposed their will to the summary arbitrement of the sword; and whose savage tempers would have made cruel havoc of the lives, the fortunes, and the happiness of their subjects, if they were not themselves restrained by a higher power, whose foundations were not of earth, and whose dominion was not limited by time, and the symbols of which were borne by the existing race of ecclesiastics.*

Every thing, therefore, conspired to combine the priesthood of every country as one man, in a system of ecclesiastical antagonism to that spirit of aggressive violence from which so much of injury was to be apprehended; and what at first, aimed merely at protection, came, in no long time, to entertain higher hopes, until it arrived, at length, at that height of spiritual tyranny, which brought thrones and principalities into subjection to it, and counted it but a small thing to number, as its vassals and tributaries, the sovereigns of the world.

No one feature of the Romish system has contributed more to give it unity of character, and to establish an *esprit du corps* amongst the clergy, than the celibacy which it requires; and it was late before this violence done to nature and to religion, was submitted to by ecclesiastics in northern Europe. Our author thus writes:

"So late as the twelfth century, the

celibacy of the ministers of religion was not required nor generally practised in the Church of Ireland. About that period it was encouraged, and matrimony earnestly discountenanced, by the same legate of the Roman See, who was the prime promoter of Papal authority in that kingdom. And it is not a little remarkable, that about fifty years afterwards, in 1185, Albin O'Mallory, abbot of Baltinglass, and subsequently bishop of Ferns, preaching on the subject of the continency of clergymen at the synod in Dublin, lamented how the probity and innocence of the Irish clergy had been of late vitiated. The cause of this indeed he referred to the evil examples of the clergy of England and Wales, against whom he bitterly inveighed, and showed how great had been the chastity of the Irish clergy before they had contracted contagion from corrupt strangers. Giraldus Cambrensis, the celebrated historian, archdeacon of St. David's, who was present at the sermon, took upon him to rebuke the preacher for his censure of the English clergy, confessing that the Irish clergy were commendable enough for their religion, and among other virtues, for their chastity; but he hinted that their long fasts were concluded with drunkenness, and that their virtue was something rather in appearance than in reality.

"Thus, according to the testimony of Giraldus, the character of the Irish clergy was open to other charges of irregularity: whilst, as to that of incontinence, to whatever cause it be attributed, the fact of its prevalence, and of the recent deterioration of their characters in that respect, is too sufficiently attested by the complaint of the preacher; corroborated as it is by a canon of John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, made at this same synod, which 'under the penalty of losing both benefice and office, forbids that any priest, deacon, or subdeacon, should keep any woman in his house either under the pretence of necessary service, or any other colour whatsoever; unless a mother, own sister, or such a person whose age shall remove all suspicion of any unlawful commerce.' An occurrence, which had taken place not long before, may serve still further to corroborate the allegation in the sermon, and to justify the prohibition of the archbishop; for of his immediate predecessor in the archiepiscopal see it is related that so high was his esteem for chas-

* Mr. Carlyle, in his late treatise on Chartism, alludes to an *obsolete law of France*, which was repealed only at the Revolution, and which enacted, that a lord might kill two of his vassals when he returned from hunting, for the purpose of '*bathing his feet in their blood.*'

tity, and so determined was his opposition to the contrary vice in his clergy, that on one occasion he sent to Rome, for the purpose of procuring their absolution from the Pope, one hundred and forty clerks, who had been convicted of incontinency.

"It were needless, as it is revolting, to dwell on individual examples of this profligacy. Its extensive prevalence appears from such attestations as these. And it is a proof of the prevalence and the notoriety of the vice, that among the municipal regulations, enacted for the good order of the town of Galway, by the corporation, in the year 1520, such a law should be found on the books of records, as the following :—'That no priest, monk, nor canon, nor friar, shall have no w—e nor leman, in any man's house within the town, and that man which keepeth or hosteth the said w—e or leman, to forfeit twenty shillings.' And again, in the year 1530, it was 'enacted that any priest or vicar of the college, found with any fault or crime, to lose one hundred shillings, and his benefice : and also if he or they keep any w—e, being with child, or bearing him children, to pay the above penalty.' The author, from whose work these extracts are cited, observes, that this is the only imputation which occurs, affecting the moral character of the town of Galway. Perhaps it should be regarded less as a local imputation than as an indication of the besetting sin of that class of men against whom the regulations are directed.

"The sin, indeed, appears to have been so lightly esteemed of, that of those who were taught to believe marriage unprofessional and dishonourable, and who had recourse instead to illegitimate concubinage, there were some who made, and seduced others to make, a glory of their shame. Such is the purport of an anecdote, related by Bishop Bale, who, on his first arrival in Ireland, at an early stage of the Reformation, in 1552, had the following memorable conversation with a Popish priest relative to the parentage of the latter :—'The parish priest,' he says, 'of Knocktoner, called Sir Philip, was very serviceable, and in familiar talk described to me the house of the White Friars, which some time was in that town : concluding in the end that the last prior thereof, called William, was his natural father. I asked him, if that were in marriage? He made answer, No: for that was, he said, against his profession. Then counselled I him, that he should never boast of it more. Why, saith he, it is an honour in this land to have a spiritual man, as a bishop, an abbot, a monk, a

friar, or a priest, to father. With that I greatly marvelled : not so much of his unshamefaced talk, as I did that adultery, forbidden by God, and of all honest men detested, should there have both praise and preferment.' "

The Bishop enumerates a number of instances in which the Church was largely endowed, by the bounty of princes, and of private individuals, who esteemed it meritorious thus to consecrate their possessions to the service of Almighty God; and he justly remarks, that the motives which prompted their profuse liberality partook largely of the darkness and ignorance of the times, and militated greatly against the spirit of the gospel. Of monastic endowments, he observes that,

"On a general view, they militated against God's purpose in the creation of man; for whatever may be pleaded in favour of celibacy, under particular aspects, and in particular circumstances, it was not according to the Divine will, that a very large proportion of human kind should be shut up in cloistered seclusion; bound by indissoluble obligations to abstain from honourable marriage, the first law of man's Creator; and precluded from exercising the duties, the virtues, and the charities, of social and domestic life.

"Further, if regard be had to their particular operation, and to the effects which practically they produced, the evil greatly preponderated. For, whilst on the one hand they may have been instrumental in producing habits of labour and industry; on the other, they gave encouragement to inactivity and indolence, luxury and self-indulgence in their inmates, leaving to the parochial clergy, the vicars who were charged with the care of the parishes, a very disproportionate share of emolument, and seeking to lower them in public estimation. Whilst in some cases, under wholesome laws steadily enforced, they may have assisted a spirit of devotion, and corresponding holiness and chastity of life; in others, under a system faulty in itself, or faultily administered, they led to the substitution of outward mortification for inward sanctity, gave occasion to hypocrisy, spiritual pride, and vain glory, or induced usages of intemperance, licentiousness, and impurity. Whilst in some cases, by the exercise of a free hospitality and bounty, they may have contributed to the relief of the traveller and the stranger, in need of tem-

porary aid; and been the means of sustaining the sufferer under honest poverty and unavoidable distress; in other the promiscuous dispensation of their doles supported only those, who did not need, or did not deserve it, and was lavished in perpetuating the indigence, with its concomitant vices, which they themselves had made. Whilst in some cases they afforded a refuge for the sick, the infirm, and the afflicted, they in others were privileged sanctuaries for criminals, and encouragers of crime. Whilst in some cases they may have laid the foundation of useful learning, of philosophy and divinity, in others they only filled the mind with legendary tales, and the creations of a fond imagination. Whilst in some cases they may have preserved and dispensed what remained of the knowledge of God, and true religion, in others they only more firmly established the reign of false doctrine, and superstition; and were especially instrumental in maintaining the corrupt views and deceitful usages, which at those times overloaded the Church's profession of Christianity."

In all that has been here said, we fully agree with the learned Bishop; but we would respectfully suggest to him, that, as an historian, he might safely permit himself to take a larger and more comprehensive view of these endowments; and not merely to consider them in relation to the times when they were made, but in their still more important and interesting relation to present times. How, we would ask, should our Church be, at the present day, provided for, if it were not for the ample possessions which were then bequeathed, and which modern rapacity has not as yet exhausted? Would those, whose study it is to put the clergy upon a starvation system, and who think it an act of great liberality to allow them a miserable stipend out of their own estates, and even that, only "grudgingly," and, as it were, "of necessity," have been prompt to meet the wants of the ministers of religion if they had been altogether unendowed, and enabled them to take the station which becomes them in society as educated gentlemen? We trow, not. The voluntary system may be a good help, but it never can be a substitute for a regularly established ministry in a Christian country. And if it were not for the profuse and extravagant donations of early times, which, we are

well aware, were greatly abused, to the voluntary system we must have been abandoned. So that they have always appeared to us, taking a comprehensive view of the future exigencies of the Church, somewhat like the seven years of plenty, which providentially preceded the seven years of famine in Egypt; and to have furnished a supply, in the spiritual extravagance of one age, by which the anti-spiritual rapacity of another has been counteracted. Superstition was thus permitted to produce a crop, which has stood us in good stead, when the blight of an infidel radicalism had left us but a scanty harvest; and it may be truly said, that if religion had not been suffered to run riot amongst our ancestors, and pampered with all manner of extravagant endowments, it could not, at present, humanly speaking, subsist amongst ourselves.

The work before us contains ample evidence of the gross abuses which prevailed in the Irish branch of the church Catholic, before the Reformation; and, consequently, of the absolute necessity of such changes as might restore it to its original purity, and render it as beneficial, as, in its corrupted state, it was found to be prejudicial to the best interests of mankind. We cannot afford space to enumerate the various instances in which legends the most absurd, and superstitions the most revolting, are shown, by our author, to have held a high place in the veneration of those who were then denominated "the faithful;" but, as some Romanists are very ready to disclaim such fooleries, and even to resent the imputation of them as an insult to their understandings, we cannot avoid extracting, from the "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, by the Rev. P. T. Carew, Professor of Divinity to the Royal College of Maynooth," *composed expressly for the instruction of Irish students of the Romish Church, at the present day*, a specimen of theology, as it is taught in the age and country in which we live, and which surely will be allowed to rival almost any of the absurdities by which Popery was characterised before the Reformation.

"During the incursions of the Danes," says the Professor of Divinity, "the remains of St. Brigid and St. Columba were, as we here see, transferred to Down,

and placed in the same grave with those of the illustrious apostle of Ireland. The memory of this event was indeed faithfully preserved; but the recollection of the particular spot, where the sacred reliques of those three holy personages lay, became gradually obliterated from the minds both of the clergy and people. It would seem probable, that care had been taken to confine the knowledge of this circumstance to a few persons only; for had it been generally disseminated throughout the country, it must, in a short time, have reached the Danes, whose savage impiety appeared particularly to delight in dishonouring the reliques of the saints.

"The extraordinary veneration which St. Malachy entertained for St. Patrick, St. Brigid, and St. Columba, made him anxious to discover the grave where the bodies of those holy persons reposed. But every effort which his ingenuity could devise proved unavailing, for no memorial remained which could assist him in the inquiry. All human means having failed, the good bishop had recourse to prayer; and with a holy importunity he earnestly besought God to make known to him the place in which the earthly remains of those three distinguished favourites of heaven were deposited. The prayer of the venerable prelate was at length favourably heard. On a certain night, while he offered up in the church his fervent petition to the Almighty, a ray of light, like a sunbeam, was seen by him to pass along the church, until it reached a particular part of the temple, when it ceased to advance. Persuaded that heaven had chosen this mode to reveal to him the subject which he so ardently desired to know, St. Malachy caused the place to which his attention had been thus drawn, to be immediately examined. His exertions were rewarded with the success which they so well deserved; for when the earth was removed, the bodies of the three saints were found deposited together in the same grave. By the bishop's direction the precious remains were then raised up, and placed in coffins which he had provided for them. As soon as this ceremony was completed, the bodies were consigned to the same tomb. De Courcy, the Lord of Down, being informed by the bishop of what had taken place, it was resolved that messengers should be sent to the Holy See to solicit permission to remove these sacred reliques from the grave where they reposed, to a more honourable part of the church. Urban the Third then filled St. Peter's chair; and it happened that De Courcy and St. Malachy were both personally known to him. That pontiff re-

ceived their petition favourably, and immediately ordered Vivian, the Cardinal Priest of St. Stephen, to repair to Ireland, and assist at the celebration of the intended ceremony. The day fixed for the performance of the sacred rite was that on which the Church honours the memory of St. Columba. On that day the venerable remains of the three most illustrious saints of Ireland were accordingly transported, with the usual solemnities, to the place which had been prepared for them. At the ceremony, fifteen bishops and a numerous assemblage of other ecclesiastics attended; and in order that the memory of this interesting event might be preserved, they ordained that the anniversary of the translation should be kept thenceforward as a solemn festival throughout the churches of Ireland."

The Reformation in Ireland commenced, as did the Reformation in England, by a denial, on the part of Henry the Eighth, of the Pope's Supremacy. The Roman Pontiff claimed a permanent sovereignty, in virtue of his apostolical office, which rendered all temporal princes feudatories of the holy see; and, as Henry was led to feel the inconvenience of the usurped authority, so he was prompted to contend sturdily against it, and to reclaim for himself and his successors, that authority, as well in spiritual as in temporal cases, which had been ever in the purest ages of Christianity, recognized residing in the temporal prince.

Of the difficulties with which Archbishop Brown had to contend, in giving effect to the King's wishes, by causing his supremacy to be acknowledged by the Irish Clergy, Bishop Mant gives a full account. He was covertly opposed by the Irish Government, and openly opposed by the Primate. Notwithstanding, much was done by him to produce that change in the minds of the people, which led ultimately, to a rejection of the Pope's authority; and when we consider that the invasion of Ireland by Henry the Second, was sanctioned by a Bull of the Pope, and that Henry was in fact, considered as deriving all his right to rule this country, from the instrument which conveyed the Pontiff's approbation of the enterprise which ended in its conquest, we can the rather make allowance for the reluctance of ecclesiastics in general to go the extreme length which the reigning Sovereign now required, and

to maintain, that he, from whom the right to the kingdom itself was derived, was an usurper if he presumed to exercise any paramount spiritual authority over those who were appointed to officiate in the ministrations of religion. At his death, Henry might be said, rather to have shaken the authority of Rome, than to have dislodged its doctrines, or made any considerable advance in the removal of its corruption. The Bishop thus sums up the advantages as well as the disadvantages, which resulted from the temper and the policy of that burly reformer :—

“ The establishment of the king's supremacy upon the ruin of the Pope's, was of infinite importance toward future religious improvement, inasmuch as it released the Church from the shackles which bound her, hand and foot, to the burden of the Romish corruptions, and must have precluded her from making any progress in the discovery and profession of the truth. Thus far benefit accrued from this most momentous action of King Henry's reign, though little perhaps with his good will, at least toward the close of it: for had he been desirous of effecting a reformation from Popish error, he never would have placed such a primate as he actually did at the head of the Irish Church.

“ Nor was it at all a symptom of good will, that when he relieved the Church from the impediment of the monastic institutions, he forbore to provide thereby for the religious education of her people, as well as to bestow upon her any secular benefit, and left her incapacitated for necessary activity, and beset by difficulties, which were in a great degree created or augmented by the disappropriation of the ecclesiastical revenues for his own gratification and the enrichment of his favourites, and the consignment of them for ever to the hands of lay possessors. The appropriation to himself of the first-fruits and annual portions of the value of benefices was another injury which he inflicted on the Church.”

“ Still a progressive improvement in spiritual relations was slowly, but perceptibly, making way.

“ In many places, especially in the metropolis of the kingdom, idolatry had been to a great extent abolished: and the symbols and objects of idolatry had been superseded in the churches by the foundation, the means, and the sanctions of a purified worship, which were expressed in the admission of an English transla-

tion of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, as proper embellishments of their walls, and as parts of the divine service celebrated within them.

“ The Form of Prayer, introduced by the archbishop into his diocese of Dublin, valuable in itself, was especially useful as setting forth and exemplifying the principle of Common Prayer, to be conducted in the language of the people, and liberated from anti-scriptural innovations; although a further application of the principle was needed in adapting such a form to the circumstances of the Irish population, and in renouncing the superstitious rites of the mass and the invocation of the Virgin Mary.

“ I am not aware whether the English translation of the Bible had been hitherto introduced into Ireland: probably, indeed, it had not; though on that subject may arise a question, to which there will be occasion to advert in the succeeding reign. But it is plain that the preaching of the Word of God, as distinguished from Romish corruptions, especially with respect to the proper object of religious trust and worship, and to the merits of our blessed Redeemer as the only ground of Christian hope, had been practised with earnestness by the Archbishop of Dublin; the Bishop of Meath, and some other bishops and clergy, notwithstanding the obstinacy and perverseness, or the infatuation and recklessness, of the majority: and that it had been preached not inefficaciously appears, not only from the support given to the archbishop in Dublin, but from the numerous assemblies which attended his sermons at Kilkenny, Wexford, Waterford, and Clonmell.

“ Whether the two archbishops of Cashel and Tuam, and the eight other southern bishops who attended at the last town, were themselves impressed with a conviction of the truth of the archbishop of Dublin's preaching, as was the case with Tirrey, bishop of Cork and Cloyne, and Nangle, bishop of Clonfert: whether on their return to their respective dioceses they took measures, and with what success, for spreading the truth among their clergy and their people: whether they distributed the copies of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in English, which had been committed to them for that purpose: and whether by such means, and in pursuance of the statute for the establishment of parochial schools, under the superintendence and direction of the clergy, any religious instruction was conveyed to the spiritual edification of the rising genera-

tion : we have, I apprehend, little opportunity of information. Nor are we informed, what was the issue of Archbishop Brown's intention of preaching the Gospel in the remote parts of the kingdom ; and of employing the aid of a suffragan, capable of addressing the people in Irish, where the English language was not understood. In his own immediate charge he was undoubtedly assiduous : and together with his, are transmitted with honourable distinction, as advocates and promoters of the Reformation, the names of two bishops of his province, Sanders of Leighlin, and Miagh of Kildare. In the province of Armagh, Staples, bishop of Meath, is the only known exception to the episcopal adherents to the Papacy, acting under the influence of the admonitions and example of the two successive primates, Cromer and Dowdall."

During the Reign of Edward, that youth of blessed memory, the Reformation proceeded but slowly here. The reformers in England were almost wholly occupied in completing the mighty changes which were in hand, and had little time to bestow upon the condition of the sister kingdom. The liturgy, however, was established by authority ; and, it is interesting as well as remarkable, that that unrivalled form of prayer was the first book that was printed in Ireland. The following account of a conference between the Primate, (Dowdall) and the Lord Deputy, will serve, in some measure, to shew the reader the difficulties which were to be encountered by the early reformers. The conference took place at a meeting of the Clergy who were convened in March, 1551, for the purpose of devising the best mode of giving effect to the royal proclamation, for the substitution of an intelligible liturgy, instead of a service performed in an unknown tongue. To this the Primate was strongly opposed.

"He accordingly expressed himself in strong terms opposed to the provision caused by the king to be made, and now set forth by his authority : he contended against the Liturgy, that it might not be read or sung in the church : and he accompanied his opposition with the contemptuous reflection, substituting the word ' mass ' for ' service, ' ' Then shall every illiterate fellow read mass.'

"The Primate's reflection was readily met by the Lord Deputy, who made a judicious and sufficient reply ; briefly al-

leging where the charge of illiteracy properly rested, and propounding one incontrovertible argument in favour of a form of prayer in the vernacular tongue, as mutually intelligible both to the minister and to the people. ' No ' said he, your grace is mistaken ; for we have too many illiterate priests amongst us already, who neither can pronounce the Latin, nor know what it means, no more than the common people that hear them ; but when the people hear the Liturgy in English, they and the priest will then understand what they pray for.'

"The primate seems to have felt the force of the appeal, for he did not attempt to refute it ; but adopting a course which is no unusual substitute for argument with those who are sensible of the weakness of their cause, he had recourse to the language of menace and intimidation, and bade the viceroy "beware of the clergy's curse." And indeed, in so doing, he was only following the instruction and example of his acknowledged lord and master, the Bishop of Rome, in his commission to his subjects in King Henry the Eighth's reign, and was adopting the usual practice of the papal authorities on similar occasions.

"The cautionary charge, however, was lost on the viceroy. 'I fear no strange curse,' said he, 'so long as I have the blessing of that Church which I believe to be the true one.'

"Can there be a truer Church,' 'the archbishop thereupon demanded, 'than the church of St. Peter, the mother Church of Rome?'

"I thought," returned the Lord Deputy, 'we had all been of the Church of Christ ; for he calls all true believers in him his Church, and himself the head thereof.'

"The archbishop again demanded, 'And is not St. Peter's Church the Church of Christ?'

"To which the Lord Deputy calmly replied, 'St. Peter was a member of Christ's Church ; but the Church was not St. Peter's ; neither was St. Peter, but Christ, the head thereof.'

"Thus ceased this very remarkable altercation. For the primate, indignant, as it should seem, at the counteraction offered to his resistance of the proposed measure, and to his zeal for the papal church, and the pretended successor of St. Peter, thereupon rose up and left the assembly, accompanied by several, perhaps all, of the Bishops within his jurisdiction who were present, except the Bishop of Meath, who continued behind, together with the other clergy who remained.

"The viceroy then took the order, and held it forth to the Archbishop of Dublin, who stood up, and received it with these words: 'This order, good brethren, is from our gracious king, and from the rest of our brethren, the fathers and clergy of England, who have consulted herein, and compared the holy Scriptures with what they have done; unto whom I submit, as Jesus did to Cæsar, in all things just and lawful, making no question why or wherefore, as we own him our true and lawful king.'

"Several of the more moderate bishops and clergy adhered to Archbishop Brown; among whom were, Staples, bishop of Meath; Lancaster, bishop of Kildare; Travers, bishop of Leighlin; and Coyn, bishop of Limerick. If there were any other bishops, their names have not been recorded.

"The result of this assembly was a proclamation issued by the Lord Deputy for carrying the order into effect, and the consequent celebration of divine worship according to the English Liturgy on Easter Day, in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, in the presence of the viceroy, the archbishop, and the mayor and bailiffs of the city, when the archbishop preached a sermon on the eighteenth verse of the 119th Psalm, 'Open mine eyes that I may see the wonders of thy law.'

Nor can we omit the following account of a conference between the Primate Dowdall, the Lord Deputy, and the Bishop of Meath, which took place about the same period, and which strikingly illustrates the spirit of the age, both on the part of the Romish and the Reformed ecclesiastics:—

"*Archbishop*—'My lord, why is your honour so for my compliance with these clergymen, who are fallen from the mother Church?'

Lord Deputy—'Because, reverend father, I would fain unite you and them, if possible.'

Archbishop—'How can that be expected, when you have demolished the mass to bring in another service of England's making?'

Lord Deputy—'Most reverend father, I make no doubt but here be those who will answer your grace, which behoofs them best to answer in this case, as it belongs to their function.'

Bishop of Meath—'My lord says well,

as your grace was talking of the mass, and of the antiquities of it.'

Archbishop—'Is it not ancienter than the liturgy, now established without the consent of the mother Church?'

Bishop of Meath—'No, may it please your grace: for the liturgy, established by our gracious King Edward and his English clergy, is but the mass reformed and cleansed from idolatry.'

Archbishop—'We shall fly too high, we suppose, if we continue in this strain. I could wish you would hearken unto reason, and so be united.'

Bishop of Meath—'That is my prayer, reverend sir, if you will come to it.'

Archbishop—'The way then to be in unity is not to alter the mass.'

Bishop of Meath—'There is no Church upon the face of the whole earth, hath altered the mass more oftener than the Church of Rome: which hath been the reason, that causeth the rational sort of men to desire the liturgy to be established in a known tongue, that they may know what additions have been added, and what they pray for.'

Archbishop—'Was not the mass from the Apostles' days? how can it be proved that the Church of Rome hath altered it?'

Bishop of Meath—'It is easily proved by our records of England. For Coelestinus, bishop of Rome, in the fourth century after Christ, gave the first introit of the mass, which the clergy was to use for preparation; even the psalm, "*Judica me Deus, &c.*" Rome not owning the word mass till then.'

Archbishop—'Yes, long before that time; for there was a mass called St. Ambrose's mass.'

Bishop of Meath—'St. Ambrose was before Coelestinus; but the two prayers which the Church of Rome had foisted and added unto St. Ambrose's works, are not in his general works; which hath caused a wise and a learned man lately to write, that those two prayers were forged, and not to be really St. Ambrose's.'

Archbishop—'What writer dares write, or doth say so?'

Bishop of Meath—'Erasmus, a man who may well be compared to either of us, or the standers by. Nay, my lord, no disparagement if I say so to yourself; for he was a wise and a judicious man, otherwise I would not have been so bold as to parallel your lordship with him.'

Lord Deputy—'As for Erasmus's parts, would I were such another; for his parts may parallel him a companion for a prince.'

Archbishop—‘Pray, my lord, do not hinder our discourse; for I have a question or two to ask Mr. Staples.’

Lord Deputy—‘By all means, reverend father, proceed.’

Archbishop—‘Is Erasmus’s writings more powerful than the precepts of the mother Church?’

Bishop of Meath—‘Not more than the holy Catholic one, yet more than the Church of Rome, as that Church hath run into several errors since St. Ambrose’s days.’

Archbishop—‘How hath the Church erred since St. Ambrose’s days? Take heed lest you be not excommunicated.’

Bishop of Meath—‘I have excommunicated myself already from thence. Therefore with Erasmus I shall aver, that the prayers in St. Ambrose’s mass, especially that to the blessed Virgin Mary, appears not to be in his ancient works; for he had more of the truth and of God’s spirit in him, than our latter bishops of Rome ever had, as to pray to the blessed Virgin as if she had been a goddess.’

Archbishop—‘Was she not called “blessed;” and did she not prophecy of herself, when she was to bear our Saviour Jesus Christ, that she would be called by all men “blessed?”’

Bishop of Meath—‘Yes, she did so. But others be called “blessed,” even by Christ himself. In his first sermon made by him in the mount, “blessed,” saith he, “be the meek, be the merciful, be the pure of heart; blessed be those persecuted for righteousness’ sake, and those that hunger and thirst after the same;” and he blessed the low-minded sort, of which few or none of the Bishops of Rome can be said to be called since Constantine’s reign. Christ also to all those who shall partake of his heavenly kingdom, will likewise say unto them, “Come, ye blessed of my father, &c.”’

Archbishop—‘Why, pray, is it not probable that St. Ambrose desired the blessed Virgin’s mediation for him, as she is the mother of Christ? Are not children commanded by God’s commandments to reverence and obey their parents? therefore, as he is a man, why may he not be subject?’

Bishop of Meath—‘St. Ambrose knew better that he ought to apply to Jesus, the sole and only mediator between him and God; and that, as Christ is man, he is the mediator. If the blessed Virgin, therefore, can command her son in heaven to mediate, then St. Ambrose would have made her a goddess, or a coadjutor with God, who is himself om-

nipotent. And lastly, if we make her a mediator as well as Christ, we do not only suspect Christ’s insufficiency, but mistrust God’s ordinances, thinking ourselves not sure by his promises to us and our forefathers, that Christ should be our mediator.”

Archbishop to the Lord Deputy—‘My lord, I signified to your honour, that all was in vain, when two parties should meet of a contrary opinion; and that your lordship’s pains therein would be lost, for which I am heartily sorry.’

Lord Deputy—‘The sorrow is mine, that your grace cannot be convinced.’

Archbishop—‘Did your lordship but know the oaths we bishops do take at our consecrations, signed under our hands, you would not blame my steadfastness. This oath, Mr. Staples, you took with others, before you were permitted to be consecrated. Consider hereon yourself, and blame not me for persisting as I do.’

Bishop of Meath—‘My Lord Deputy, I am not ashamed to declare the oath, and to confess my error in so swearing thereunto. Yet I hold it safer for my conscience to break the same, than to observe the same. For when your lordship sees the copy thereof, and seriously considers, you will say it is hard for that clergyman, so swearing, to be a true subject to his king, if he observe the same; for that was the oath which our gracious king’s royal father caused to be demolished, for to set up another, now called the oath of supremacy, to make the clergy the surer to his royal person, his heirs and successors.”’

But if much was promised in the reign of Edward, which was not performed, much was threatened in the reign of Mary, which was not perpetrated. If the friends of the Reformation failed to do all the good which was in their power, in the former, its enemies failed to accomplish all the evil upon which they were fully bent, in the latter, when the overruling providence of God frustrated their malicious intentions.

The accession of Elizabeth was hailed with great joy by those who had smarted under the persecutions of the preceding reign; and she soon abundantly confirmed the favourable estimate which had been made of her by the reformers. The liturgy, which had been repudiated by her bigoted sister, was, under her, again established. Such bishops as refused to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy, were removed from their sees. The act of

uniformity was passed, which established a unity of worship throughout her dominions, as well in England as in Ireland; and the use of popish or superstitious rites and ceremonies was forbidden. These were the days of high prerogative; and as the right of the sovereign to issue such an interdict was never questioned, so the policy of such a proceeding is to be judged of by very different rules from those which should be applied, at the present day, to any similar act of royal or legislative interference with what may be called the rights of conscience.

That this sovereign had reason to regard Roman Catholics with great jealousy, will be allowed by all who hold in mind that a Bull had been fulminated against her by the pope, pronouncing her illegitimate, and absolving her subjects from their allegiance: a Bull which seems, by no means, to have been a dead letter in Ireland; but was used, on many occasions, to foment the bigotry, and inflame the prejudice of the Roman Catholic population, whenever they were to be excited against her authority, by discontented and turbulent chiefs, or ambitious and refractory ecclesiastics.

The rule which Queen Elizabeth appears to have followed, in the disposal of the Irish bishoprics, is thus described by our author:—

“In other cases she made regular donation of the sees, as they respectively became void. And in so doing she seems to have followed the rule, for the most part, of placing Englishmen in those sees, the occupiers of which were brought into more immediate communication with the government, and occasionally in others, where their services appeared likely to be useful; but allowing, at the same time, a general preponderance to the natural claims of the Irish clergy. Thus of the five appointments which she made to the primacy, four were given to Englishmen, one of whom also, Adam Loftus, filled the only vacancy which occurred during her reign in the archbishopric of Dublin. But two appointments to each of the other archbishoprics of Cashel and Tuam were bestowed on Irishmen. To speak summarily: out of about fifty-two nomina-

tions to Irish bishoprics, made by Queen Elizabeth, sixteen were of persons from the other side of the channel, including one Welshman in the number; twenty-eight were natives of Ireland, of whom twenty-four were of originally Irish families; the remaining eight are doubtful, at least I have not ascertained them. These were the legitimate prelates of the Church of Ireland; and of these the genuine successors, both by law and by due course of episcopal descent, are the prelates who now constitute the Irish hierarchy in the United Church of England and Ireland.”

We must refer the reader to the work before us, for a detail of the various measures, undertaken by the government, and by individual prelates, for the promotion of true religion. But they were met by, at least, corresponding zeal, by the Romish party; who left nothing undone that bigotry could suggest, or fraud or force accomplish, to baffle the efforts of those who favoured the Reformation. Suffice it to say, the cancer of inveterate Popery was suffered to strike its roots into the country, and to infect the very life-blood of the people, when a little seasonable rigour on the part of government was only necessary for its extirpation. It appeared in a shape which almost challenged legislative restraint; namely, in a denial of the lawful authority of the Queen; and the wisdom of Elizabeth's counsellors would have more fully appeared, had they taught her to regard it, not so much as a pernicious heresy, as a dangerous sedition. The one aspect in which it should have appeared to them, was that in which it had a tendency to sap the foundation of the throne; and they would surely have been justified in waging against it, the same war which it waged, either openly or covertly, against our Protestant Queen and our Protestant institutions.*

The brightest feature of this reign was undoubtedly the establishment of the Dublin University; and it is interesting to observe, that that seat of learning has owed its origin as much to the disinterested munificence of the Corporation of Dublin, as to the wis-

* In the year 1580, Gregory the Thirteenth “Granted to all the Irish who would fight against the Queen, the same plenary pardon and remission of sins, as were granted to those who were engaged in the holy war against the Turks.”—*Monk's Eccles. Hist. of Ireland*, page 307.

dom or the bounty of the Queen. The site upon which the College is built, was a free grant from the Corporation, without which, it is exceedingly probable, that the project must have failed; for, on occasions of this kind, Elizabeth was liberal enough of that barren encouragement which consists in good words, but not easily induced to part with more substantial considerations. And it is right, in these days of Corporate reform, when a spirit is abroad by which, ere these pages may meet the eye of the reader, our ancient and loyal Protestant Corporation may be surrendered into the hands of Papists, to put on record our heart-felt acknowledgment of the services which it has rendered to good letters and to sound religion, when it parted with its vested rights in the monastery of All Hallows, and thus contributed to lay the foundation of an institution, which has been an ornament to the city, and an honor to the land.

James Ussher, afterwards the celebrated primate of that name, was one of the first scholars of the new University. He was a man not to be slightly mentioned, even in the most cursory notice of this period of the history of Ireland. Of ardent piety, strong natural talents, and great attainments, he devoted himself, from his earliest years, to the cultivation of true religion; and was, even when a very young man, distinguished by a disputation with Father Parsons, a celebrated jesuit of that day; and triumphed so completely in the argument, that his adversary declined any further combat. His doctrinal views inclined towards those of the Calvinistic section of the clergy; and the intensity with which he pursued what appeared to him the essence, caused him to be regardless, in some instances, of the forms of religion. Of his zeal for the reformation of his diocese, and the conversion of the Roman Catholics, we have many examples; and it is, reasonably to be presumed, that, had his advice been followed, very great way would have been made in reconciling gainsayers to the Established Church. But its progress was then impeded by a germ of the very same liberalism, by which it has been since, (and never so conspicuously as in our own day,) so grievously injured.

It has been already observed, that

the court of Rome was not inattentive to what was taking place here; and that it was well-informed, by its able and zealous ecclesiastics, of every opportunity which presented itself for disturbing the settlement of religion which had taken place in the kingdom. Its votaries regarded themselves as subjects of the Pope, much more than subjects of the king; and, indeed, only consented to be reputed as the latter, in so far as their temporal did not interfere with their spiritual allegiance. They were, therefore, always prepared for rebellion, whenever their priesthood deemed such a movement advisable, for the purpose of recovering the authority of what they called the ancient Catholic Church; and active preparations were now going on, by which, it was hoped, in no long time, the accursed heresy was to be rooted out, and the authority of the Bishop of Rome again re-established over the entire kingdom.

In order to familiarize the minds of men to a disobedience of the royal injunctions, the Romanists were strictly ordered to discontinue their attendance upon the services of the Established Church; a compliance which they had hitherto, in most instances, cheerfully made; and, concurrently with this secret instruction from the papacy, there arrived an order from England to the Irish Government, suggesting that the regulation, in its strictness, should not be enforced, and that the recusants should be treated with lenity and moderation. Thus, while the Pope tightened the rein over his spiritual subjects, so as to cause them to resist a royal ordinance, (an offence which, if committed within his own territories, would have been punished by his holiness with the most exemplary severity,) the English Government relaxed the rein, by the due pressure of which alone could their authority, at that period, be effectually maintained. The motives were amiable which led to this relaxation, and will ever find most ready acceptance, with the most generous and susceptible minds; nor are the reasons by which it was justified, in the abstract to be disputed; for they are not less true in themselves, than they were inapplicable, and proved mischievous, to the then existing state of affairs. They will readily suggest themselves to the minds of our

readers, and are founded upon those considerations which have served to convince all candid and competent understandings of the reasonableness and the policy of religious toleration. But, in truth, such an abstract question was that which the governing powers not were then called upon to decide. There was a conflict of jurisdictions, which should be settled, before anything definite or satisfactory could be done, so as that tender consciences might be relieved, while the peace of the realm was not endangered. To that they should have, in the first instance, addressed themselves. The usurped authority of the Roman Pontiff should have been strongly denied, and his impertinent interference promptly resented. All disobedience to the law, which was prompted by instructions from abroad, should have been regarded as a contumacious and seditious contravention of the ordinances of the realm, by which the sovereign authority of the legislature was impugned, and its independence invaded. Until that was done, the Government would not have been in a condition to extend any safe or wise measure of religious toleration to its subjects professing the religion of the Church of Rome; for it would be regarded by them either as extorted by fear, or conceded from indifference; and, in either case, any advantages which it might afford, would be unscrupulously employed against those by whom they had been granted. The Government, therefore, owed a duty, to their own position, and to the offended laws, before they could wisely proceed to the consideration of any grievances which might be pretended upon the score of conscience; and we may safely affirm, that it was a false and heedless liberality which prompted a relaxation of the injunction, commanding attendance upon divine service, according to the rites of the Established Church, just at the very time when the Papal emissaries were moving and seducing the people to crest themselves against it.

"Thus," as the learned Bishop observes, "by the intervention of the executive authority, although not repealed, the Act of Uniformity ceased to be enforced, and the violation of it was connived at: the power of the high commission, which had been set up at that period only in

Ireland in relation to the Papists, was withdrawn; under the reviving and uncontrolled influence of the Popish priests, the Papists forbore to take part in the reformed worship; and Popery resumed its ascendancy over the unenlightened populace of the nation.

"The spirit of Umher was strongly 'stirred within him' by this new condition of things. He feared that the allowance of the free exercise of the Popish religion by public authority would tend to the disturbance of the government both in church and state. He was deeply sensible, both of the offensiveness of its idolatrous practices in the sight of God, and of its intolerant and persecuting nature, which made it so dangerous and pestilential to man. And he availed himself of a special solemnity, when it was in his course to preach before the government at Christ Church, for delivering a remarkable sermon, in which he plainly expressed his sense of the recent proceeding: choosing for his text the sixth verse of the fourth chapter of Ezekiel, where the prophet, by 'lying on his side,' was to 'bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days; I have appointed thee a day for a year;' a prophecy which he noted, by consent of interpreters, to signify the time of 'forty years' to the destruction of Jerusalem, and that nation, for their idolatry; and then making direct application to his own country, in relation to its connivance at Popery, in these impressive words:—'From this year will I reckon the sin of Ireland, that those, whom you now embrace, shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity.'"

"This application of the prophecy was made in 1601; and in 1641 broke out that rebellion, which was consummated in the massacre of many thousands of its Protestant inhabitants by those whose idolatrous religion was now connived at. The foreboding, in general, may have been no more than the result of judicious conjecture and foresight, actuated by an intimate knowledge of the true character of the Romish religion; the coincidence of time may have been a fortuitous circumstance; but it can hardly excite surprise, that many of those who were apprised of the prediction, and who witnessed its accomplishment, regarded it as an effusion of inspiration. In the meantime, he, who had uttered the foreboding, never ceased to entertain a strong prepossession of its approaching accomplishment. 'What a continued expectation he had of a judgment upon that his native country,' relates one of his biographers, 'I can witness from the year 1624, when I had the happiness

first to be known to him ; and the nearer the time every year, the more confident, to my often wonder and admiration ; there being nothing visibly tending to the fear of it."

It is our belief, that had the Romish clergy been met as they ought to have been met, at that period, by a resolution for the maintenance of the Church of England, and the due observance of the laws, somewhat corresponding to their own for the destruction of the one, and the subversion of the other, their evil designs would have been defeated, and posterity would not have had to rue the pestilent maturity at which they were suffered to arrive, when, in 1641, their sanguinary bigotry rioted in the massacre of thousands of their unoffending Protestant fellow subjects ; and also, that the people would have been in great numbers reconciled to that pure form of worship with which they would have been familiarized ; and which, as the enlightened heathen said of virtue, "*si oculis conspicaretur*," required but to be seen by the eye, and brought home to the heart, in order to move an almost universal admiration.

In dealing with the Church of Rome, it is a monstrous error to consider it only as a system of religion. It is a system of government, which arrogates to itself a power of releasing the subjects of every other government from their allegiance, whenever it may suit its views of spiritual tyranny so to do ; and whenever and wherever it is induced to deny or to explain away this claim of universal sovereignty, it is only because, by such evasion or equivocation, the object at which it aims may be more completely accomplished. But in Ireland, at the period of which we are treating, no such concealment was affected. A question had been submitted to the Universities of Salamanca and Valladolid, "whether an Irish papist may obey or assist his Protestant king?"

"And this question had been about this time resolved by them in the negative, by the two following assertions : '1st, That since the Earl of Tyrone undertook the war for religion, and by the Pope's approbation, it was as meritorious to aid him against the heretics, as to fight against the Turks.' 'And 2nd, That it was a mortal sin in any way to assist the English against him ; and that those who did so, could have neither absolution nor salvation, without deserting the heretics, and repenting for so great a crime.'"

Was this to be treated by the British government as a case of conscience ? Were their measures for the defeat of an hideous rebellion to be paralysed by the conscientious recusants, who refused to perform the first duty of subjects ? Were the pious liege-men of the Vatican to be indulged with a mild forbearance, until they proceeded to merit the favour of heaven, by cutting the throats of their Protestant rulers ? If not, we ask, when should the work of coercion begin ? Manifestly when the first symptom showed itself of foreign tyranny interfering with domestic allegiance. A wise government would have regarded every such attempt as an overt act of hostility, which could alone be prevented from proceeding to extremes, by the most vigorous measures by which it could be counteracted ;—and if his holiness had polluted our shores by an invading army, for the purpose of re-subjugating us to the yoke of spiritual bondage, from which, by God's providence, we had got free, it would not have been more an attack upon our rights and liberties as an independent nation, than that which was actually made, when he stirred up our own fellow-subjects to take up arms against their lawful king. Talk of this, indeed, as a case of conscience !—But we fear that we have already exceeded our limits, and must reserve our observations upon the sequel of this interesting work for the succeeding number.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—NO. VI.

LORD PLUNKET, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

AYE,—there he is,—to the very life—a man, we can assure our readers, of some mark and likelihood once, although he is the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.

Lord Plunket is one of the numerous offspring of a Presbyterian Clergyman, who was well known in his day as a man of much convivial humour, and who could boast an acquaintance with many of the most distinguished senators and men of letters then in Ireland. He was not what would be called an orthodox Presbyterian. His views of divine truth led him to adopt the principles of the Socinians; and, having spent the better part of his life in the North of Ireland, in the labours of his calling, he was, at an advanced period, called to officiate in Strand-street Chapel, where he continued to the period of his death, retaining to the last the esteem of his congregation.

In the days of which we write, religious differences had not assumed the angry aspect which they wear at present; and Dr. Plunket enjoyed the friendship and esteem of individuals whose religious views were diametrically opposed to his own. Among others, the celebrated Skelton lived with him upon terms of the kindest intimacy; and we have heard of their discussing their respective tenets with the keenness and the ardour of the most practised disputants, but without a particle of the anger or the asperity with which religious disputations are too often distinguished. "Come, now," Dr. Plunket would say, when the lateness of the hour admonished them that it was time to retire, "we have talked enough; let us call in Mary," (a little Welsh servant maid of his,) "and state the case to her; and let her decide between us." The proposal would be good-naturedly assented to; and when the little umpire made her appearance, upon hearing a brief summary of the belief of the respective parties, her usual decision was, "Aweel, aweel, my masters, if you will have my judgment, I do think, that love to God, and love to man, is nae fuel for hell fire."

The Doctor died in embarrassed circumstances, leaving a large family without any sufficient provision. Their wants were promptly looked to, and liberally provided for, by the Strand-street congregation, who raised a sum of money sufficient to enable the females to open a tea warehouse, which they kept, for many years, and by the profits of which not only were they amply supported, but their brothers were kept at school, and passed through college, and enabled to arrive at their respective professions, where they soon obtained wealth and distinction. To the credit of these able men be it spoken, the very first use which they made of their wealth, was, to pay back to the congregation the sum which was originally subscribed; nor have they, on any occasion, been backward in acknowledging, in the handsomest and most liberal manner, the extent of their early obligations.

The eldest of the Doctor's sons was named Patrick. He is still well remembered as an eminent physician in this city; and was, indeed, so much senior to William, the youngest son, (the subject of this notice,) as for many years to act as a father to him. He died in advanced life, having realized an ample fortune; of which, together with a valuable library, the present Lord Chancellor became possessed at his death.

It is not our intention to dwell minutely upon the schoolboy days, or the college career, of the distinguished individual before us. Suffice it to say, he early evinced that quickness and vigour of intellect, which afterwards, through the greater portion of an active life, characterised him, and amongst his many and able competitors for professional reputation, gave him so decided an advantage.

His first appearance in the Irish House of Commons was, as the nominee of the Earl of Charlemont. That disinterested nobleman was ever prompt to distinguish merit; and regarded his borough interest as a trust for the benefit of his



Engraved by Charles May, 1846.

Thurket. C.

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND

In His Majesty's High Court of Chancery, Dublin, 1846.

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country ; and Lord Plunket is but one, of many instances that might be named, in which he was instrumental in introducing into parliament able young senators, who must, but for the exercise of some such influence, have for ever remained excluded.

Almost the first question upon which Mr. Plunket had an opportunity of speaking, was the question of the legislative union. He took, as may be supposed, the side of his patron, and of the patriotic party ; and if he did not discuss the question with the spirit of a philosopher or a statesman, he came down upon the members of the government with a power of withering invective, to which we scarcely know a parallel in the annals of classical vituperation. Lord Castlereagh was at that time the Irish Secretary of State, who managed all the ministerial arrangements, and upon him the indignant barrister chiefly vented his ire. He talked of the saucy presumption with which he would fain compare himself with Pitt ; and of the unmeasurable distance which existed between them. "The prime minister of Great Britain," says Mr. Plunket, "has his faults. He has abandoned, of late years, the principles of reform, by professing which he had gained the early confidence of the people of England ; and, throughout the whole of his political career, he has proved himself haughty and intractable. But, it must be admitted, he possesses a towering and transcendent intellect ;—and the vastness of his resources always keeps pace with the magnificence and the unboundedness of his views. Thank God, the noble lord resembles him in his profligacy and his apostacy, more than in his comprehension and sagacity ;—and I feel the safety of my country, in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot believe that our independence and our liberties are to be the victims of such puny hostility. I cannot believe that that constitution, the foundations of which were laid by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this." This last stroke was felt at the time to have more in it than meets the eye. Lady Castlereagh, who was remarkable for her beauty, was sitting in the gallery ; and, although married for some years, it was Lord Castlereagh's misfortune to be childless ; and Plunket's tomahawk sarcasm was felt to bear, not merely upon his imputed political, but upon his suspected personal imbecility ; and was certainly intended as the most wounding species of invective by which he could be assailed. But it passed over the noble lord without, in the slightest degree, disturbing his composure—

"Like the flowing of a summer gale, he felt
Its ineffectual force ;"

and looked like one who rather enjoyed the eloquence, than shrank under the onslaught of his terrible assailant. We believe it was Sir Jonah Barrington, who, in a previous part of the debate, was called to order by a ministerial member, who, because he had ventured to insinuate that corruption was employed for the purpose of carrying the measure of the Union, threatened to have his words taken down. In allusion to this, Mr. Plunket observed—"It has, sir, been intimated, from high authority, that an honourable friend of mine has been guilty of a grave offence, in venturing to insinuate against the government the charge of corruption ; and the defender of his majesty's ministers threatened, that, if the charge was repeated, he would call upon you to take down his words. Now, sir, I do not insinuate, but I boldly assert, that base and wicked as is the measure proposed, the means used to accomplish it are still more flagitious and abominable. Do you choose to take down my words ? I had thought that we had for a viceroy in this country, a plain, honest soldier*—one unaccustomed to, and disdaining the intrigues of politics ;—who had chosen as his secretary a simple and a modest youth, 'puer ingenui vultus, ingenuique pudoris,' whose inexperience was the voucher for his integrity ;—and yet I will be bold to affirm, that, during the viceroyalty of this unspotted veteran, and during the administration of this unassuming stripling, a system of black corruption has been carried on within the walls of the castle, which would disgrace the worst period of the

* Marquis Cornwallis.

history of either country. *Do you choose to take down my words? Dare me to the proof; and I will prove the truth of them at your bar."*

We give these specimens to show what Lord Plunket once was, to those who have only of late years heard him in the House of Lords; and who ask, with astonishment, "Is this the great orator from Ireland?"

The speech from which the above passages have been taken, (and it is right here to say that we quote from memory,) was that in which the celebrated allusion to Hamilcar was made, with which the orator has been so often since derisively upbraided. But it told, with great effect, at the time; and, to the praise of the orator's prudence, let it be added, that it has not since been suffered to operate against his advancement. His sons, it is also right to say, have grown up fine young men; and are as innocent, we verily believe, of that terrible anti-Anglican feeling which he threatened, or rather swore, that it should be his patriotic and parental care to instil into them, as any gentlemen in existence.

Mr. Plunket now enjoyed the highest reputation, and his business at the bar rapidly increased. In black letter law there were many superior to him; but, as an advocate, he was almost unrivalled. It is not to be expected, that, in a sketch like this, his various forensic displays should be noticed. Suffice it to say, he fought side by side with Curran, upon some of the most important cases in which that great man was engaged; and often attracted as much notice by the vigour of his intellect, as the latter by the brilliancy of his imagination.

Upon one occasion, indeed, they would have been opposed, had Curran's domestic affliction permitted him to attend the court; that is, in 1803, when Robert Emmet was placed at the bar, and Mr. Plunket was arrayed with the government lawyers in conducting the prosecution against him. It was a painful act in the discharge of public duty; and it would be well if every record of it could be blotted from the history of his life. Not that there is the slightest truth in the rumour which was then, and has been since, industriously circulated, that he had previously been on terms of great intimacy with the Emmets, and that his appearing against Robert on that occasion had all the baseness of treachery and ingratitude. With the family of the Emmets Mr. Plunket had been totally unacquainted; with the single exception that, once in his life, he had met the brother of the prisoner, Thomas Addis Emmet, at a public dinner. We know that a contrary story has been very extensively circulated, and served in no small degree to prejudice the subject of this memoir; but we know also, that he prosecuted the late William Cobbett for circulating it, and was awarded smart damages by a London jury. It must, therefore, be dismissed as an idle tale. But it is not so easy to get rid of the impression which was produced by the eager zeal which was manifested by the advocate against the unhappy young man, upon whom the outraged spirit of the law was about to wreak her final vengeance. He stood before his judges an unresisting victim, and by every man of generous loyalty, was quite as much compassionated as condemned. The leading lawyers who conducted the prosecution, the attorney and solicitor-general, deemed it unnecessary to make a single remark, after the case of the prisoner had been closed; but not so their junior, Mr. Plunket, who had begun of late to manifest his determination to uphold the constituted authorities. He assailed the sad enthusiast, in that dark hour of his deepest suffering, in a strain of invective, which might have well been spared. It would be very wrong to describe Mr. Plunket's speech upon that occasion, as we have often heard it described, as an atrocious outrage upon all the decencies of humanity. It was, (and we beg to say that we write with the authority of eye-witnesses,) no such thing. To us it appeared to be an earnest and elaborate effort to disassociate himself from all suspicion of connection with the misguided and infatuated men, whose conspiracy had exploded to their own ruin, and who were then awaiting the office of the executioner. But a better time might have been chosen for the work of political recantation; and many men thought that the author of the *Hannibal speech* was not the man to read a lecture upon the due restraints of regulated liberty, to one who stood in the awful and pitiable position of the young enthusiast at the bar, who might be said to have only erred, in understanding literally, what was meant by the

orator figuratively, and attempting, accordingly, to reduce to practice his own theory of constitutional resistance.

But enough of this. When a great man is before us, we hate to apply the microscope to his faults. Our readers will bear us witness that we never have had any pleasure in looking at the worst side of human nature.

The Union had now been carried, and Mr. Plunket was not a member of the imperial parliament. He had contested the College unsuccessfully; and was consoling himself for his disappointment by the professional reputation which he was achieving at the bar, and the prospect, upon a change of ministry, of obtaining some high office in the Irish administration. This event occurred in 1806, when "all the talents," as they were called, came in, and he was made Attorney-General for Ireland. Short was the term during which these presumptuous men held the reins of power, and deeply marked with calamity to the empire. When they retired, Mr. Plunket again resumed his private station, although, we believe, the new ministers would have gladly retained his services; and although it was distinctly intimated to him by Lord Grenville, whom he always regarded as his political chief, that he was perfectly at liberty to consult his own interests, and that by complying, in that instance, with the wishes of one party, he would by no means forfeit the approbation of the other. But he knew too well the consequence of trying to sit between two stools, and felt, also, that if his party came in again, his abstinence in that instance would be well rewarded. He did not, however, calculate upon quite so long a fast from the sweets of official emolument as that which followed upon the return of the Tories to power; and although he bore the change with cheerfulness, and resumed his professional labours with assiduity, it is hardly possible that he should not have felt repinings by which his temper was chequered, during the long, and, apparently, hopeless exclusion of his party from any share in the business of administration.

Meanwhile, he did not neglect his election interest. He was again a candidate, and a successful one, for the representation of the University. In parliament, he resumed his place under the banners of his former chief; and whenever he made a public effort, was creditably distinguished.

It is hardly right to speak of Lord Plunket as a senator; because he never took an active part in the general business of parliamentary debate; and his attention was chiefly given to one or two great questions. Of these, what was called "the Catholic question," or the question respecting the repeal of the Romish disabilities, was by far the most important. And we believe we do not exaggerate when we say, that he alone did more to advance that question in the house of commons, than all the other great advocates by whom it was supported.

In a sketch which must necessarily be so brief as this, it would be impossible to enter into any analysis of his argument. But its peculiarity consisted in this, that he contended for the repeal of the disabilities, as a measure of protection to the Established Church; and he succeeded in persuading hundreds, that, let them be but removed, and it was no longer in danger. He ridiculed the apprehension of those who doubted that the Roman Catholics would adhere, with inviolable fidelity, to the oaths by which they proposed to guarantee the stability of the Church, and the inviolability of its property; and, by a bold and happy metaphor, described the conduct of those, who ransacked, as he said, the records of former generations, to bring railing accusations against the present, as that of men "who turned history into an old almanack." This phrase has since been often misquoted, as though he said, that he himself regarded history as no better than an old almanack. But no such stolid absurdity ever escaped him. The words were used as above described; and surely, no more stinging and confounding condemnation of malapert and conceited ignorance, seeking to disguise itself in the dusty habiliments of an exploded theology, ever passed the lips of man. We, indeed, at the present day, have too much reason to believe, that the theological dogmas alluded to were *not* exploded; and that there was a reasonableness in the apprehension of Mr. Plunket's opponents upon that question, which he could never concede. But we are criticising his oratory, not examining his argument; and we must repeat, that the expression, which,

in the minds of the ignorant, brought upon him contempt and ridicule, was one, the felicity of which was never questioned by his more judicious hearers.

It is needless to enlarge upon the character of the eloquence, of which quite a sufficient specimen is already before our readers. It was, at the same time, severely logical and floridly ornamental; and was remarkable, also, for a purity and simplicity of diction, by which the greatest of the classical models was rivalled. Sometimes Cicero was not more clear or elegant; and sometimes Demosthenes himself was not more powerful. In other distinguished orators, the fancy oftentimes played the capricious mistress over the intellect. In Lord Plunket the intellect was always in its proper place; "*ponderibus librata suis*;" and while his wit, and his fancy, often gayly and brilliantly acted their subordinate parts, he never permitted it to be for a moment imagined that he would be indebted to his hearers for any assent to his propositions, except that which the cogency of his reasonings extorted from their understandings. But his ardour, when he was most ardent, was more the ardour of temper, than of passion; more that of a man whose will was crossed, than of one whose moral indignation was enkindled. And if he depended upon the sympathies of his hearers with any glow of heart or of sentiment, by which they might be momentarily exalted in their own esteem, his harangues would have often had but a lame and impotent conclusion. Clear reasoning, forcible language, striking imagery, and a power of railery and invective which the most practised of his antagonists have never been able effectually to withstand, constituted the staple of the oratory by which he won his way to the highest distinction at the bar, and was allowed, upon those questions to which he confined himself in the senate, to be almost, if not absolutely, unrivalled.

But it was not merely as an orator, that his powers as an advocate were made apparent. A profounder lawyer might easily have been found; but an advocate more vigilantly observant of every turn of the case, and more watchful for the interests of his client, in those minute particulars which often attract but little attention, never appeared in a court of justice. We remember a case in which he was engaged for the College; the case, we believe, in which they sought to recover the right of presentation to the living of Clonoe; and it was impossible to witness his address and management during the whole trial, as well as the singular felicity of his statement, without mingled admiration and wonder. It was on this occasion that he made the pretty allusion, (not at all in his usual style, far too *Della cruscan* for him,) to Time, who is represented with a scythe and an hour-glass, to illustrate the manner in which prescription makes good the defects of legal title. "If," say he, "with one hand, he is employed in mowing down the muniments of property; with the other, he is meting out those moments beyond which such muniments are no longer necessary." His leading opponent was Mr. Johnstone; then well-known by the soubriquet of "Bitter Bob." This gentleman had, evidently, but a very bad case; but he had had a large fee with his brief, and he felt himself, in honour, bound to make the most of it. His volubility was incessant, and his vehemence was most astounding; but it was not easy for the most practised listener to discover the pertinency of any thing which he advanced to the issue which was about to be submitted to the jury. At last Plunket, (who had been listening to him with that ludicrous expression of astonishment which he could so well assume,) arose and said: "I beg my learned friend's pardon; but I really cannot see the relevancy of much that he is at present urging. Give me leave to ask him, and I do so with great respect, does he mean to rely upon prescription; or does he mean to rely upon law?" He then sat down, awaiting an answer. Johnstone, who was taken completely by surprise by this plain and pressing interrogatory, and who knew that he had not a single shadow of prescription to rely upon, answered hastily, "Oh! most certainly upon law." Plunket quietly rose again, and said, "Well, then, Johnstone, where's your law?" Never did we see an advocate more confounded. All his presence of mind, and even of countenance, seemed to forsake "Bitter Bob," as he stammered out, falteringly, "I don't know." But Plunket, having thus gained his object, immediately, in the most good-natured manner, came to the relief of his

prostrate adversary, and said, "It is the first time, Johnstone, I ever heard you say so."

We mention this little piece of by-play in the court of justice, because we were ourselves eye-witnesses of the scene; and remember well having been impressed by it, as affording a proof of the promptitude and the skill of the advocate, more striking than any to be collected from his most laboured oratorical achievements.

Lord Plunket's reputation as a man of wit is, possibly, not inferior to that of any of the most brilliant of his cotemporaries; nor ought the most passing notice of him to omit distinguishing him in that particular as he deserves. And yet our limits render it wholly impossible that we should, on the present occasion, do him justice. But, as wit is a power, of which it is quite possible that the reader may judge by a single sample, we select an instance, which, we believe, now for the first time appears in print, and which, we think, has the merit of being eminently characteristic of the man. His friend, the late Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Magee, gave a large dinner party, on the occasion of a young student, who had been his pupil, succeeding to a fellowship. The company comprised some of the most eminent men of the day, who were full of information and anecdote, which they imparted, liberally, to a delighted audience. The new-made fellow was also full of his peculiar information, which did not, however, appear to be in very particular demand; and, instead of listening respectfully to the great men whom it was his privilege to meet, he resolved to force himself into notice, and by a sort of conversational *coup de main*, take captive the attention of an admiring audience. "Dr. Magee," he said, addressing the host, who sat at a considerable distance from him. "Well, Mr. —" said Magee. "Did you hear," he added, "of the violent dispute between Brinkley and Pond?" "No," replied the Doctor; "what dispute do you mean?" He felt for a moment that he had succeeded. The attention of the whole company was arrested, and they sat with erected ears to hear the promised narrative, in which, no doubt, it would appear that their grave and philosophic friend, the professor of astronomy, had compromised himself by a breach of the peace. "Oh," he said, "I'll tell you how it is. Brinkley says that the parrallax of α Lyræ is three seconds; and Pond contends that it is only two. And each maintains his own opinion with the most obstinate pertinacity; and, in short, I do not know how it will end, the quarrel is so keen between them." The speaker paused, expecting, no doubt, that *his* opinion would be asked as an umpire in a matter of so much importance; but Plunket put an end to his surmises, by looking at him with that grave, sub-acidulous, comicality of visage, which he can so well assume, and quietly observing, "Upon my word, sir, it must be a very bad quarrel, *when the seconds cannot agree.*"

In private life Lord Plunket is said to be unamiable and repulsive. His own children, it has been said, live in fear of him. Never was a statement more untrue. Our readers will not suspect us of any undue partiality. Assuredly we have no reason to feel any; and we can assure them, upon authority which has been quite satisfactory to ourselves, that never was a calumny more perfectly unfounded. He is habitually kind, and courteous, and considerate, to all who are domesticated under his roof; and towards his children, when they were children, it was perfectly delightful to see the manner in which he combined the parent with the companion and the friend. He entered into all their little whims and humours; and felt himself all the better able to restrain any excesses to which they might have been prone, by giving them every reasonable indulgence.

On those public occasions, when he was obliged to entertain his constituents, he always contrived to give a peculiar zest to the entertainment by the felicity with which he discharged his duties as a host. No man used to be more happy than Lord Plunket, in those little extemporary effusions of wit or of sentiment which give brilliancy to a convivial meeting. We remember, on one occasion, when he got up to propose the health of Peter Burrowes, he began by pretending to abuse him. "I know no man," says he, "who has more to answer for. He has spent his life in doing acts of kindness to every human being, but himself. He has been prodigal of his time, and his trouble, and his fortune,

for his friends, to a degree that is quite inexcusable. In short, I know no way of accounting for such an anomaly, but by supposing him *utterly destitute of the instinct of selfishness.*" Nor can we omit a similar tribute, which we heard him pay, on the same evening, to Chief Justice Bushe. It was just at the time when that accomplished Judge was in what might be called a state of transition from the office of Solicitor-General, which he had only just ceased to fill, to that of Chief Justice, to which he was about to be promoted. Mr. Plunket, in proposing his health, said—"Gentlemen, I am going to give you a toast; and it will be necessary for me to say a word or two, before I tell you what it is. If I were to say that I am going to give you the Solicitor-General, perhaps you would be at a loss to know whom I mean. And if I were to say that I am going to give you the Chief Justice, I would certainly mention a very respectable and most distinguished individual; but it is not exactly him I mean at present. In order, therefore, that there should be no ambiguity, that you may all perfectly understand who it is I do mean, I beg leave to give you, *the ornament of the Irish bar*; the man who has endeared himself to all who know him, not merely by the richness of his genius—not merely by the splendor of his eloquence—not merely by the captivations of his manner—not merely by the extent and the variety of his erudition;—but by the essential goodness of his heart and nature, which eclipses them all." Nor was Bushe's reply less happy, to this tribute by which almost any other man would have been confounded. He said that, "after such a tribute, he could not remain silent; but that all that he should say, was, that the office of Solicitor-General was one which he had only just relinquished, and that of Chief Justice was one which he hoped soon to enjoy;—but he rejoiced in the interregnum between his two titles, inasmuch as it gave him an opportunity of claiming for that period a distinction of which he was prouder than of either; and that is," said he, turning round, and laying his hand on Mr. Plunket's shoulders, "that I am the friend of this man."

On those occasions, it was quite comical to see the effort which he used to make, when it was necessary for him to propose any of those toasts which are usually drunk standing, and with three times three. He, obviously, honestly did all he could to overcome his consciousness of the absurdity of that ridiculous ceremony; and endeavoured to lead the "hurras," with all the stolid joviality of an alderman. But it would not do. Nature was too strong for him. His mind was too habitually intolerant of such vapid folly to be sufficiently subdued to the occasion; and we were perpetually reminded by him of Kemble, when, in playing Iago, he attempted to sing the drinking song. The great tragedian used to find it impossible so to neutralize his instincts, as to be able, even for a moment, to disguise himself as a buffoon.

With the late William Saurin, he was not to be compared as a lawyer; but for general power as an advocate, no one ever thought of comparing Saurin to him. On one great case* they were opposed to each other, when each exerted himself with consummate and commanding power; and Mr. Plunket was led to use such language as caused between them a final breach of friendship. Plunket, we believe, would afterwards have willingly been reconciled; but Saurin persisted in evincing the most obstinate and unsubduable displeasure. And we allude to this, at present, because it gives us an opportunity of exhibiting Lord Plunket in a very amiable point of view. At his own table, one day, after this breach had occurred, a gentleman took occasion to speak slightly of Saurin, thinking that it would not be disagreeable to his host. But the latter instantly and completely undeceived him. He took occasion to speak most warmly of the man who had been disparaged. He commended both his public and his private worth. He said he was a man by no means sufficiently valued by the public. "I recollect," said he, "in Lord Clare's time, there was no man able to resist his arrogance, or to rebuke his petulance, more effectually than Saurin. Lord Clare, one day, when Saurin, (who even then was ten times a better lawyer than he was,) ventured to differ from him, said, 'Mr. Saurin, when you learn a little more chancery law, you will think otherwise.' Saurin, with the utmost gravity, instantly replied, 'I'm learning it this moment from

* • The case of the Crown versus Chief Baron O'Grady.

your lordship.' Never," said Mr. Plunket, "did I see Lord Clare so completely disconcerted."

But we have suffered old recollections to run away with us; and our only excuse is, that we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of enjoying, in retrospect, scenes which made a lively impression upon our youthful minds, and such as we can never indulge the hope of witnessing again. *He is changed, and we are changed*, since the period of which we write; and we have been compelled to see, in his conduct, many things that have sadly grieved us. But old associations are not to be obliterated, by any effort of the will; and we have felt, involuntarily, our condemnation of the politician, softened and mitigated by our knowledge of the man, during those moments when a youthful enthusiasm threw a "purpureum lumen" around him. The indulgent reader will forgive us this wrong.

But the time was now approaching when the political horizon began to brighten before him again. The Manchester riots indicated a state of things in England which rendered it necessary that the government should be strong; and, accordingly, overtures were made to Lord Grenville by Lord Castlereagh, which ended in a promise that the vigorous measures upon which ministers were resolved would be supported by that section of the opposition of which the former nobleman was the accredited representative. Mr. Plunket, accordingly, appeared in the House of Commons, to defend what was called the massacre at Peterloo. His speech was one of great power; and was not more gratifying to ministers, than offensive to many of his former friends. Lord Grey, in particular, seemed to have been nettled by it; and, in a letter to a relative at that time residing in this country, described the orator as having exhibited "more than the zeal of an apostate." Mr. Plunket, we believe, on his part, was not slow to express his sentiments respecting Lord Grey, and intimated, that under no imaginable circumstances, could he consent to act either under him or with him again; declarations and statements which both these great men had too much sense to remember, when, in their judgment, the interests of the country, or their own interests, required that they should be forgotten or disregarded.

The severest contest which he ever had for the College, was in 1818, when he was opposed by Mr. Croker. On that occasion, the Provost, and a majority of the Fellows, declared against him. He was supported by the young men, the scholars, if not with a very enlightened or discriminating, at least with a very disinterested ardour, and returned by the narrow majority of four. To that return he may be said to be indebted for all his subsequent prosperity. Had he been unsuccessful then, he would not have had the opportunity of rendering that service to government, in the case of the Manchester riots, which led, ultimately, and in no long time, to that connection with them, which gave him office and distinction.

George the Fourth visited Ireland in 1821; and it was after that visit for the first time made publicly known, that a political arrangement had some time before taken place, in virtue of which Mr. Plunket became Attorney-General for Ireland. It is curious that the late Lord Londonderry, whom he attacked with so much fierceness in the Irish House of Commons, should have been the minister, by whose management, chiefly, his promotion on this occasion was secured. Lord Londonderry was desirous of an advocate in the House of Commons, whose power as a debater would enable the government to maintain its ground against the uncertain friendship of Mr. Canning, and the determined hostility of Mr. Brougham; and Mr. Plunket's reputation was then sufficiently high, to afford a guarantee, that, while he was present, his new friends could not be overborne by any combination of political hostility that might be brought against them.

Upon his career as Attorney-General for Ireland, we will not dwell. The transactions are too recent, not to be well known to most of our readers; and we shall only say, that neither the temper nor the judgment of the first law officer of the crown appeared to any great advantage. The bottle riot in the theatre, for which the rioters were indicted for high treason, (which indictment, hastily preferred, was as hastily withdrawn when the hour of trial approached,) furnished occasion for a notable instance of that official indiscretion which some-

times occurs, when temper fills the place which should be occupied by the judgment. The irritated vanity of the viceroy, Lord Wellealey, was said by many to be the cause why so ridiculously vindictive a prosecution was resolved on. But that only makes the matter worse for Mr. Plunket; for he should have scorned to be a party to so pitiful a proceeding; and, for our parts, we cannot believe that he ever would have consented to lend himself to it. No. Our belief is, that he was hurried by his temper into an act of which his better judgment afterwards disapproved, when, indeed, he had become too far committed, either to advance with credit, or to retreat with honour. His bills of indictment were ignored, and his ex-officio prosecutions were defeated.

Meanwhile, the government experienced a change in its composition. Lord Londonderry's death rendered the services of Canning indispensable. And when Lord Liverpool's illness occurred, which rendered the choice of a new prime minister necessary, and Canning stepped into the vacant post, he did so at the expense of losing the confidence of all his former colleagues in the cabinet, and felt himself under the necessity of forming an essentially new administration. Here again, Mr. Plunket was lucky. Canning, whom he had been at first brought in to supplant, found it his interest to secure his support by the offer of a title, a seat in the cabinet, and a high judicial station, the master-ship of the rolls in England, one of the crown's most enviable appointments. He was actually nominated to this high office; but, strange to say, was scared from accepting it by the murmurs of the English bar, who evinced considerable jealousy as soon as they heard that the professional claims of their brethren of Westminster Hall were to be sacrificed to this new ministerial arrangement. The upshot was, that he was created a British peer, and accepted, in lieu of the Mastership of the Rolls in England, the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in Ireland.

Then came the measure of twenty-nine, in which he witnessed a realization of his fondest hopes; and to the consummation of which, whether for evil or for good, he, undoubtedly, of all men, had most largely contributed.

Then came the accession of the Whigs to office, when he was promoted to the office of Irish Lord Chancellor under Lord Grey's administration. A more radical government soon succeeded; but he still retained his place, and enjoyed his patronage, by which he has been enabled to provide abundantly for his children and dependents.

Having thus conducted him to the House of Lords, and put him in possession of the highest judicial office in Ireland, under the patronage of the O'Connell-Melbourne ministry, we leave him there,—with but one remark, that his character has not risen with his fortunes, simply, perhaps, because of the advanced period of life at which he entered upon his new sphere of senatorial action. As a judge, however, he still retains all the vigour and all the sagacity by which he ever was distinguished.

BULWER'S DRAMATIC POETRY.*—PART I.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER possesses great powers, no doubt; but he also possesses a great deal of vanity, and it is said that amidst all his celebrity he is a disappointed man. We readily believe it,—for in proportion as vanity elevates the standard of fame, our own stock sinks in value. It is now generally allowed that the character of Childe Harold expressed at least the prevailing feelings of the author. We suspect that Maltravers, the discontented hero of Bulwer's two last prose productions, speaks many of his own sentiments, especially when these sentiments are made to express disappointment and a morbid sensibility with regard to public approbation. He is not content with being the first living novelist, but he must needs be a great poet, and would fain prove himself a deep politician too; and we shrewdly suspect that it is his signal failure in the last of these objects of ambition that supplies the bitterest drop in the cup of his disappointment. That he is a man of talent, there is no question; but, even granting this, our business with him would be but small, if he were only a clever novelist, and we should probably never consider it within our province to notice him at all, unless it were to class him amongst a *school*, and hold him up, together with others of the same kidney, to the censure of the well-principled and rightly-thinking portion of the community, just as his *models*, the French *monstre-school* of fiction, have been already gathered in a bundle, like faggots, by a vigorous hand, and cast into the fire. For nothing is more clear than that he has set up the school of Hugo and his disciples as his originals, and translated as much of what is mischievous and deadly into elegant English, as the taste of English readers would admit, reserving it, we fear, for the appetite generated by such half-expurgated versions of all

that is immoral and prurient in the present literary aliment of France, to secure the after admission of the undisguised horrors they so copiously and temptingly put forth before the mental atrophy of their own readers. We do not hesitate now, when the star of this author is at its zenith, to repeat what we have said when it was far below its present altitude, that the talent displayed in his novels but thinly conceals their worthless tendency, and is very much the reverse of an excuse for the man who writes them, and who degrades himself from the true position of a *romancier*, the moment he ceases to have it for his chief object to use the spell of his superior intellect for the advantage of the less gifted mind he holds in his thrall. We cannot look with contempt upon genius because it is ill-directed, for it is the province of genius to inspire at least the literary portion of mankind with a certain degree of respectful interest which excludes that feeling; but we can, and we do, distinctly disapprove of, and strongly reprobate, the unworthy course adopted by such men, who, with every power to exalt and refine the human sensibilities at the time they are amusing the fancy, prefer taking advantage of their admission into the regions of the heart, to debauch and deprave what they find yet uncorrupted there.

Thank God, we are not yet reduced to the state of moral disease, which will allow of the introduction of such heroines, as objects for our sympathies and sentiments, as Marion de Lorme, Lucrece Borgia, or Margaret of Burgundy. We need a *revolution* and *les évêques à la lanterne* before we shall have arrived at that stage; but let us ever remember that the horrors of Victor Hugo and Dumas were not found in the seducing eloquence of such productions as the *Novvelle Heloise*, which, preceding that critical

* The Duchess de la Vallière—a Drama.
The Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride—a Drama.
Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy—a Play. 1839.
The Sea-Captain; or, The Birthright—a Drama. London. 1839.

period, possessed only the attractions of vice without its grossness and deformity;—but that this latter work it was, nevertheless, which, in effect, heralded the way to that state of things it seemed to condemn:—and be it noticed, moreover, that the very same tone and tendency are taken up by the *revolutionizing* baronet in the generality of his works. Whether he has the same object in view or not, we do not know. We trust, for the sake of humanity, that, with the dreadful example before his eyes, he is not following *designedly* in the steps of Rousseau—but his *Alice*, the heroine of his last two novels, is, indisputably, *more guilty*, and *less punished*, than Julie herself; and the moral and providential consequences of *crime* are even more studiously concealed from our view in the *happy* fate of the former, than in the misfortunes—dangerously sympathised with as they may be—of the latter.

Sir Lytton Bulwer's novels, we repeat it, ought to be reprobated on the score of their tendency, in proportion as their design and execution are masterly; even by that portion of the public who consider that any novels can, in the end, exercise a beneficial influence on the mind; and this, although, it is to be feared, the reprobation of reviewers will avail as little to diminish the circulation of the poison in this instance, as in that of the French Fictions denounced by our able brother, the Quarterly, some time ago. As long as the intoxicating draught of sentimental profligacy *does* circulate at the public board, there will be found those who will continue to mix it to hand, though we might use our best endeavours to discover and point out that the spirit which composes it is not only *illicit*, but pernicious in the last degree.

Bulwer, then, might long continue to write his novels, and to make money and fame by them, without coming within range of our shot;—but, as we already remarked, he is not content with novels, but must needs be a poet and a statesman, under both of which heads, *if he succeed*, he commands a salute from us. Now, as to the latter, we seldom have occasion to say a word about him. He is but a moderate politician, and a very bad speaker, and has never been able to

attain much influence with his own party, to whose *neglect* we accordingly commit him, as the severest commentary upon his political career. But in the former, although till lately we could not conscientiously have taken up, as pieces of literature, any thing that had fallen from his pen, we now feel that we owe it to ourselves and to our readers to comment upon productions, which have met with more signal success, both in performance and circulation, than anything that has appeared for a considerable time; and, at the same time, to take occasion to notice how little what he had already produced in this line gave an earnest of what was to come. Any noted author now can get up a play, which will act well; for his characters, we have reason to know, are pretty much the creation of the parties who are designed to enact them in the first instance, and who are sufficiently conversant with the business of the stage to know what will do, and what will not. Between them and the managers the piece is arranged, and a packed jury in the pit will generally secure a verdict, from which the late appeal to posterity is a matter of very little moment to the impatient and reckless author. The critic is, therefore, not to be too much biassed by the opinions of crowded houses, but should withhold his hand altogether, unless there is something more to recommend a drama than that it acts well. He will have to pronounce upon many things beside successful clap-traps, and judicious *coups de Theatre*. There is more than this demanded from the Playwright. He has to exhibit not only an ingenuity of contrivance as regards his general plot, and the working out of his details, but also that nicety of distinction in his characters, that justness and propriety of sentiment, that elegance of imagery, and eloquence of expression, which will stamp upon his work, as it has done on many an unsuccessful play, as regards acting, the title of *classic*, and render it a valuable addition to the literature of our language.

It is only in this point of view, indeed, that we have any thing to do with the stage, which, in its general tone, is at present, more than ever, unworthy of the notice of the rightly-thinking portion of mankind. And

it is only at that point where play-writing rises into literature, either on account of the celebrity of the author, or the merit of the piece, that our inclination or duty would lead us to meddle with it at all. In the present instance, we think that we should be doing injustice to the interests of literature, as well as to the confidence our readers repose in us for the direction of their taste, if we were to omit mentioning, for praise as well as for blame, the dramas of Sir Lytton Bulwer.

Of the two first on our list there is little to be said. The *Duchess de la Vallière* is *mediocre* from beginning to end. We do not think that there is a passage which rises into poetry, throughout the whole five acts, and there are very few which descend into what may be called nonsense or absurdity. This is enough. There is, besides, pervading the whole, the affectation of sentiment, and overstrain of expression, which characterise our author wherever he is writing *against the grain*; and of all his *poetry*, this may be said to be the case. He is not at ease in verse—he thinks it necessary to be fine, and to be smart; and, as a consequence, he is weak, and he is unnatural. His diction is flowery, without being imaginative, and his wit is pert, rather than playful. His scenes, however, are seldom deficient in effect, and a sprightliness enters into the lighter ones, which gives them an interest more than they can claim from the sentiments or style. These observations are, in a greater or less degree, applicable to all his dramas—but more peculiarly so to *La Vallière*.

The play is merely an old story—beginning with the innocence of this unfortunate heroine in her mother's chateau, and her refusal, or half refusal, of a sombre suitor—taking its interesting passages from the struggles between principle and love, the worship of an earthly king and the homage due to the laws of a heavenly, in the heart of the assailed bewildered lady; and closing with the doors of the convent, which shut her out from happiness and in from temptation, according to history. There are some pretty scenes, and here and there a striking expression. Bragelone, (the sombre lover,) who is recommending to the importuned damsel not to yield to the hollow

brilliancy of the king's suit, is asked by her what she is to gain by resistance. He replies—

——“resist—
——that when thou pray'st to God,
Thy soul may ask for *comfort*—not for-
giveness!”

Lauzun describes her youthful feelings as

——“scarcely love,
But that wild interval of hopes and fears
Through which the child glides, trembling,
to the woman.”

Bragelone, the rejected suitor, has ventured to imprint a kiss upon the cheek of the swooning *La Vallière*. As she recovers, he says—

——“The marble warms to life,
And I—freeze back to stone!”

But even of such prettinesses as these there are few—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. It is easier to find defects. Madame de Montespan is invested with an unusual degree of legal knowledge.

“I'll plead your cause,
As if myself the client! (*aside*) thou art
sentenced!”

Indeed, if we recollect right, the interesting *La Vallière* herself talks of holding “a brief” in some friend's suit. Had it been in England, it must surely have been at *Doctor's Commons*. One of the dramatis personæ, we forget which, is in agony; and the scene concludes thus—

——“Life runs fast
To its last sands! To bed! to bed—to
tears
And wishes for the grave!—to bed! to
bed!”

Exit yawning, we suppose.

We shall give but one specimen of the *wit* of the piece. It is a fair sample of all.

Grammont—“The woman says she's plain.”

Lauzun—“The woman! Oh!
The case it is that's plain—she must be
lovely!”

So much for *La Vallière*; which, however, met with considerable suc-

cess; and so far encouraged the author, that he shortly after put forth another dramatic venture upon the stream of public opinion. The play we have thus slightly noticed, is objectionable, as too many of the same courtly nature are, from its inculcating but indifferent morality, and having no tendency in any one way to ennoble or exalt the mind. It were but a puerile piece of affectation to attempt to found any grave or special charge against this piece on such a score, for *acting* plays are modelled so completely without reference to these ends, that it is a matter of surprise when we detect ourselves glowing with honest feeling arising out of any of them. But still it is to be lamented that, with such examples of good ends aimed at and attained to in novel writing, the display of some great moral truth is not oftener made the ground on which the author weaves the interests of a drama; and with regard to Bulwer, we do not the less lament this, because we know, from the tendency of his novels, how unlikely it would be to find any thing of this nature in his plays. We have never detected a single sentiment in one of his theatrical productions having reference to a higher object than politics; but then, to be sure, he does come out with such exalted things in this way, that we feel at once that their elevation is suited to that region of the house in which they are intended to produce the most powerful effect, and give him every credit for his frequent and pious appeals to "the gods."

Next comes "the Lady of Lyons," with a veil on her face, with which she appeared *incog*, until her reputation was established, and all danger of her being *taken up on suspicion* over. This drama was performed for some time before it was known who wrote it; the only conceivable reason for its having been produced anonymously being a *hope*, on the part of the author, that the sentiments and tone of the piece might render him liable to more than mere animadversion. Nothing could be more delightful to such a man than having a play suppressed after the manner of Victor Hugo, his great exemplar. Heavens! what statements and appeals, and counter-statements there would be room for! The willing martyr would never cease complacently writing his

wrongs, and his vanity would be gratified at last by undergoing the most approved common lot of genius—persecution. Whether he deserved censure of this kind, it is now too late to enquire. He has made his own explanations in his preface, and we are not inclined to take exceptions to them. The Lady of Lyons is a production cast in a lighter mould than La Vallière. The author tells us it was written solely for the stage, and, in truth, as a very slight and trivial performance, it possesses but feeble interest in the study. Nevertheless, it is better than La Vallière, for it is not so much of that class forbidden by gods, men, and the row. It has some scenes quite puerile and absurd, but others possess a good deal of spirit and liveliness.

Claude Melnotte, a young gardener of Lyons, falls in love with the heiress and beauty of the place, Pauline Des Chappelles; and, as he had no chance with his spade, he assumes the disguise of a prince, and as such wins her hand and heart, showing himself in the progress of the affair a most accomplished and tolerably unprincipled impostor. They are married, and he discovered; madame is infuriated, but at length listens to reason. Claude goes to the wars; disguises, once more, his name, and becomes the famous revolutionary general, Morier; but on his return, finds his wife about to make a forced marriage with another. He discovers himself, and the curtain falls.

Part of this drama is in prose; but, as the author himself would have us believe, his thoughts irresistibly break out into that which is essentially verse, and needs but slight arrangement to crystallize into hexameters. Criticism was long at work about the very first poetic scene, in which the gardener characteristically describes—

"A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a gloomy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name!"

We see nothing particularly to object to in the lines, except that no stretch of poetry or imagination could ever make a Claude Melnotte discourse so. He might as well have indited Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden. In short, the poet has not only made this revolutionary horticulturist a prince to the shoe-tie, for the nonce, but he has en-

dowed him with all that aristocratic refinement of taste and exaltation of feeling, which, wanting in the hereditary noblesse of those times, it was left, we presume, to such embryo Moriers to exhibit to the fair dames who had been previously thrown away upon their social superiors. This, in fact, is the whole gist of the piece. It is enough to serve the purpose, though all natural probabilities are thrown overboard. It is only to put those who are distinguished by the title of "count" or "marquis" into the most ludicrous or hateful positions—to exhibit their minds degraded in proportion as their rank is exalted; and then to elevate some clod in a moment to all the dignity which can be imagined by the ingenuity of the writer; to paint him as exalted in intellect, as he is courteous in manners; to gild him with the richest ornaments of a poetic and imaginative fancy; to clothe him, even in deceiving, with the manly costume of ingenuousness; and to refine him with the nameless charms which are irresistible in the eyes of the most fastidious fair one; and then to carry out the portrait, by forcing the peasant in the hot-house of the French Revolution, to a military rank as exalted as the qualities wreathed round his mind by the poet, when fresh from his own melon-bed, in the face of nature and truth;—it is only, we repeat it, to do this, to make a Claude Melnotte, and to serve the petty party purposes which run in a slimy current at the bottom of all the *poems*, at least, of the same author. But this will not make his works stand the test of time, and a cool review. They will never become *classic*, if they have no farther recommendation than that they help his party. What will our sons care for our politics? It is the only legacy, perhaps, for which they will never think it worth while to take out administration. Claude Melnotte, to say the best of him, is an extreme case; and we cannot but think, that such are not the best materials for the drama to work upon. We humbly conceive that this is one of the many crimes chargeable on the modern French school of poetry, that they seek on those confines where nature verges on the monstrous or impossible for those interests, more usefully and appropriately, as well as pleasingly, drawn from the middle of

us all, and originals for which every one can point to beside him or near him—

"—— Exemplar vitæ morumque,—
—— veras hinc ducere voces."

Every thing that is incongruous is forced together into an unnatural and, in our eyes, unpleasing *juxta-position*; the incidents are as wide of probability as the characters of real life—the most unlikely means are made use of to produce the ends proposed, as our author's brother says, in describing the head of the Goblin-school, Victor Hugo, "If he were to wish to inspire you with terror, he would try to frighten you with a sheep; if he would give you an idea of swiftness, he would prefer doing it by a tortoise;"—and, in a word, we not only have a set of unearthly, though sometimes beautiful, phantoms passed before us, beneath the wand of these enchanters, but we are called upon to admit that such is truth—such is nature. Now, in our opinion, there is not only a vast deal of what is mischievous in such deception, but to the eye and ear of taste it is capable of producing but feeble interest. Many great men have thought so. The most exquisite characters of fiction, are the most natural. Witness all Shakspeare's, except perhaps, Hamlet; witness all Sir W. Scott's, except perhaps, Conachar; witness Sheridan's, Otway's, Goldsmith's heroes and heroines; witness Corneille's and Racine's; witness Voltaire's; witness the best of Schiller's, and when he struck into the inviting but unproductive vein we reprehend, he was exposed to our ridicule by the first wits and geniuses of our country. This false painting, however, we fear, has something deeper in it than mere monstrosity; and we would be more inclined to pardon, if we thought that it was only the taste that was in fault. The fact is, it is and has ever been an object with those who would prepare the minds of a nation for great and rapid political convulsions, and ripen them for *action*, to excite them by pampering the diseased craving of their imagination, and stimulating the prurient appetite for what oversteps and outrages the calmness and modesty of nature. The remarks we made at the outset come irresistibly back upon us, as we contemplate successively the

characters in Bulwer's plays; and we are led, in spite of ourselves, to repeat, that we *fear* this eminent author lends his literary talents to fan the flame of innovation in the breasts of his countrymen *with a specific object in view*.

As a specimen of the poetry of the piece more immediately before us, we select one passage, as characteristic of the general style. Melnotte is disclosing to Pauline circumstances which removed him from impelling the wheelbarrow in his father's garden, to pushing his suit with his late father's young mistress. "Love," he tells her "levels all ranks."

"—— Thus I passed my hours
In the soft palace of a fairy future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own Lord. Then did I seek
to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring
mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy
my ransom
From the twin goalers of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright
image
Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of
glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters man! For thee
I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of
sages!
For thee I sought to borrow from each
Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting
eyes!" &c.

Pretty well this for a gardener—or village Hawthorn at best—in his mother's cabin, just detected shamming grandee. The reader will perhaps be able to follow and take in the imagery; but for our parts, we can only see a most brilliant confusion. We have said that poetry is not of natural growth in our author. He thinks it necessary to alter ordinary things and ordinary ideas to write verses. He gets upon his hexameters as a very short man mounts a very tall horse. Were he to describe a shower, it would be lavender water. Every tree must

be a weeping willow, or a cedar of Libanus. His sunsets are topazes and rubies—all because he does not allow himself to be natural. We considered it a question whether an author who has once shown himself guilty of affectation of this kind, could ever produce any thing worthy of admiration. We ever thought it *the* fault which of all others forbid hope of cure; and conceive it as impossible that the vigour of nature could ever succeed to emasculation of this kind, as that a sculptor could alter his hand, and out of an Hermaphrodites carve a Hercules or a Jupiter. How far our opinion has been influenced by Bulwer's latter productions, remains to be seen.

To true pathos, exhibited in woman's feelings, neither in this, which is of a light cast, nor in any of the other works before us, does he make the most distant approach. It is in this—the admission of nature—opening the sluices, as it were, and letting the feelings overflow all mannerism, all self, with the subject, that his master, Victor Hugo, distances him. We cannot refrain from giving, as a proof of this, a passage from Marion de Lorme, one of this profligate genius's productions. It occurs where the notorious, but now faithful and devoted Marion, sits at the feet of the husband, who, in prison, and about to be led to execution, has for the first time discovered the infamy of her former character, and the extent of his degradation. She says

"Alas! I once could say I shared your heart!
Are all those happy moments now forgot?
Do you remember the sweet banks of
Loire?
The little chamber that I dwelt in there,
And how we loved in quietness and peace,
And never thought there was a world
without?
Sometimes, indeed, your mood would be
morose,—
I used to say—Nay, if men saw you thus!
—So happy! but for that one day—my
love,
How many times you've cried in your
delight
That Marie was your all, knew all your
heart,
Could turn you round and sway you as
she pleased!
Oh, did I e'er exact one favour then?
That time, you know, your pleasure
swayed us both,

But now give up to me! The hour is come—

For evil or for good I'm at your side;
With you 'tis sweet, I care not which it is,
To die or to be blest—he thrusts me back!

Well, let me have your hand—a hand at least—

Nay, you'll allow my forehead on your knee!

I hastened here, I'm weary, love, indeed.
What would they say, who used to see me laugh,

If they could come and see me weeping now?

You've something, sure, against me—tell it me—

Ah, spurn not wretched Marie from your feet!

Indeed, my love, 'tis a most piteous thing
That all my fondness cannot gain one word.

One word!—well, what we feel we say—
Oh, no,

That thought were death! Come, then,
I'll dry my tears;

See, there, I'm smiling—you must smile,
love, too—

And if you will not smile, I will not love.
I've been so long a fond, submissive thing,
That I've a right——— His heart is in his chains—

Speak to me, come, speak, call me; love Marie!

But this is *not* Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Nevertheless, our tone must change, as we draw near that which not only professes to be, but really is, his greatest effort in this, or perhaps any other department of literature. Both the dramas we have already examined have been successful, certainly on the stage, we believe also as publications—that success did not in the slightest degree blind us to their defects, or make us fearful of exposing them. The unprecedented amount of public curiosity and interest in the case of “*Richelieu*,” the work to which we allude, has just as little influence upon us, nor should we ever notice in our pages a production that had only this to recommend it. Popularity acts with us, as we venture to say it should do with every critic, rather as an incentive to suspicious examination, than as a passport to our favour; and we feel all the sagacious doubts of an old hound when we hear the sudden and simultaneous cry of a mixed pack just gone into cover. But, at the same

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time, we are ready, aye, and glad to acknowledge merit when we do find it; and in proportion to our reverence for, and admiration of GENIUS, from whatever source it flows—do we rejoice, as we see it rushing out, deep and strong, from the dark arches of one man's mind, into the light of every eye. It flows, in truth, too scantily, and too seldom in the present day for us to observe the flood with indifference. Whether the sublime sources are moved further off, or the dews of inspiration descend less copiously, or the course of mental effort be diverted in another direction, we cannot say; but it is a fact, that men have become tired of standing on the arid banks of Castaly, looking for the swell, and have retreated to those more artificial channels where the supply, although not reaching the picturesque wildness of the torrent, is always at command for every useful purpose. This we regret, at the same time that we can scarcely be surprised at it; for although on the one hand, patronage and public encouragement are favourable to the development of poetry, and of course the want of these inimical to it, yet works of excellence will, on the other hand, attract the eyes of a nation towards that class of writing, in which the extraordinary merit has displayed itself, and bring, for instance, dramatic poetry into fashion, just as we have lately seen the ability of one man revive the familiar and natural style of the earlier novelists amongst us.—Authors and the public exert a reciprocal action one upon the other—they mutually attract; nor can either of them be touched, without the other becoming responsively affected. This may afford some comfort to the thousand desponding bards, who have removed their lodgings with a sigh from the first to the second floor, under the deep conviction, that no conceivable talents can make head against the current of public taste.

“*Richelieu*, or the Conspiracy,” is a legitimate historical drama, written strictly *selon les regles*, preserving (with one confessed exception) all the unities, and as it faces the greatest difficulties, boldly aiming at the highest place amongst compositions of this kind. One of its greatest defects (not the greatest, for that we shall have oc-

casian to notice by and by) has its origin in this very ambition of the author, for in his endeavour to render his performance faultless, he has finished it too highly, and thrown meaning and emphasis into too trifling and too frequently recurring passages for the general effect of the piece. It is evidently not written *currente calamo*—the author has not allowed his mind (or fancy) its free course, but checks every moment at small prettinesses, as a child on its way to school loiters over every daisy in its path. Nevertheless, there are places in which his genius has raised its eyes from the things at its feet, and gone forward through a scene nobly and majestically—and it is the perception of this, that makes us the more regret the absence of ease in most of the scenes. This is, if possible, more annoying in reading the play, than in seeing it performed; for in the latter, we let those minor effects quietly slip by, in our interest in the true action, which in reading trip us up, and disturb us at every line.

The play commences in the year 1641-2, in the house of Marion de Lorme, the famous courtesan, (who, by the way, is by Bulwer painted with much greater fidelity to history, than she was by Victor Hugo, in that drama from which we have already extracted a passage). There are present Marion herself, the Duke of Orleans, Baradas, (a personal favourite of Louis XIII.,) De Beringhen, De Mauprat, and other courtiers. A conspiracy is hatching against the king, who is to be dethroned by means of the army in Italy, aided by Spain, Orleans being constituted Regent of the kingdom; and as a means of securing these objects, the Cardinal de Richelieu, Prime Minister to the king, is to be put out of the way as can best be managed. A despatch is accordingly to be signed by the conspirators, and sent to Bouillon, who commands the army in Italy.

ORLEANS.

"But Richelieu is an Argus;
One of his hundred eyes will light upon us,
And then—good by to life.

BARADAS.

"To gain the prize
We must destroy the Argus:—ay, my
Lords,
The scroll the core, but blood must fill
the veins,

Of our design;—while this despatched to
Bouillon,
Richelieu despatched to Heaven!—The
last my charge!
Meet here to-morrow night. You, Sir,
as first
In honour and in hope, meanwhile select
Some trusty knave to bear the scroll to
Bouillon;
Midst Richelieu's foes I'll find some desperate hand
To strike for vengeance, while we stride
to power."

De Mauprat, a gallant knight, is, it seems, under sentence of death for an early act of rebellion, but sent by Richelieu, like Uriah, to the wars, that he may do some service to his country in forlorn hopes. He escapes, contrary to the Cardinal's expectation and wishes, and is now in the reckless state of a man who knows that the axe is hanging over him by the gossamer of a minister's will. Baradas, having wormed this out of him, and ascertained besides that he is enamoured of Richelieu's lovely ward, Julie de Mortemar, towards whom he himself feels somewhat of a tender interest, pitches upon him as the proper person to whom to commit the assassination of the Cardinal. Meantime De Mauprat himself has been sent for by Richelieu, who, in a well-managed interview, discovering some amiable qualities, and many commanding and useful ones in the doomed warrior, and, at the same time, having got at the bottom of the mutual passion which exists between him and his ward, Julie, takes the sudden resolution of consenting to their marriage, and thereby securing the services of De Mauprat for ever.

"The very man

To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and
bold!

(Rising, and earnestly).

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me
cruel;—

I am not;—I am just!—I found France
rent asunder,—

The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;—

Sloth in the mart, and schism within the
temple;

Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak
Laws

Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and, from the
ashes

Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove !—What was
my art ?

Genius, some say,—some, Fortune.—
Witchcraft some.

Not so ;—my art was JUSTICE !—Force
and Fraud

Misname it cruelty—you shall confute
them !

My champion you !—You met me as your
foe,

Depart my friend—you shall not die.—
France needs you.

You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be
honour'd,

Be great.——"

He affects at the same time to resent
his addresses to Julie.

" I know all !

Thou hast dared to love my ward—my
charge.

DE MAUPRAT.

As rivers

May love the sunlight—basking in the
beams,

And hurrying on !—

RICHELIEU.

Thou hast told her of thy love ?"

In short, after some rather cruel
sport with the young chevalier, he
sends him to speed his suit with his
mistress, and calls in his confessor,
Joseph, with whom he discusses mat-
ters of state, religion, poetry, and
treason, all in his own peculiar, dry,
inscrutable, sneering way.

De Mauprat and Julie being mar-
ried the next morning, it now becomes
the business of the conspirators to de-
tach the former from Richelieu ; and
Baradas, in particular, sets about it
with a double object. This is managed,
perhaps, not very dexterously. The
king himself, it seems, entertains a
tender, though lethargic, passion for
the lovely bride, and Baradas makes
use of this to have the sentence once
more promulgated against the respite
knight ; and moreover, a most embar-
rassing interdict issued against any
communication between the newly
united couple except in the presence of
the king's delegates, until the church
should be consulted as to annulling the
marriage in due form. Armed with a
letter to this effect, Baradas persuades
the bridegroom that Richelieu has gra-
tified at once his ambition and revenge

by giving him Julie—his ambition, by
affording the accustomed facilities to the
king by supplying his mistress with a
nominal husband—and his revenge, by
dishonouring his bitterest foe. De
Mauprat is confirmed in his suspicions
by seeing a royal carriage take off his
bride to the palace, and readily under-
takes to assassinate Richelieu, promis-
ing to meet the conspirators that night
at Marion's.

The Cardinal, meanwhile, has heard
rumours of the plot through his spies,
but, though pressed to beware by his
anxious confessor, he persists in making
light of the affair, and trusts, as was
his wont, to any means of prevention
rather than the most obvious.

" Bah ! in policy

We foil gigantic danger, not by giants,
But dwarfs.—The status of our stately
fortune

Are sculptured by the chisel—not the axe!
Ah! were I younger—by the knightly
heart

That beats beneath these priestly robes, I
would

Have pastime with these cut-throats !—

Yea,—as when,

Lured to the ambush of the expecting
foe,—

I clove my pathway through the plumed
sea !

Reach me yon falchion, François,—not
that bauble

For carpet-warriors,—yonder—such a
blade

As old Charles Martel might have wielded
when

He drove the Saracen from France.

(François brings him one of the long two-
handed swords worn in the Middle Ages.)

With this

I, at Rochelle, did hand to hand engage
The stalwart Englisher,—no mongrels,
boy,

Those island mastiffs,—mark the notch—
a deep one—

His casque made here,—I shored him to
the waist !

A toy—a feather—then !

(Tries to wield, and lets it fall.)

You see a child could

Slay Richelieu, now.

FRANÇOIS (his hand on his hilt).

But now, at your command

Are other weapons, my good Lord.

RICHELIEU (who has seated himself as to
write, lifts the pen).

True,—THIS !

Beneath the rule of men entirely great

The pen is mightier than the sword. Be-
hold

The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a
nothing!—

But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyse the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!—Take away
the sword—

States can be saved without it!"

Joseph is dismissed, and there is introduced, as one of his spies, no other than Marion de Lorme herself. By a judicious admixture of authority, gallantry, and largesses, Richelieu has made her completely his creature, and she now, having promised the conspirators to provide a trusty person to take charge of the despatch to Bouillon, comes to know from Richelieu *who* that trusty person shall be. François, a young follower of the Cardinal's, is at once commissioned to attend the insidious lady, and, having once got hold of the important document, to bring it straight to his eminence.

In the meantime Huguet, a soldier, who takes a prominent part in the schemes of Richelieu, happens to overhear him use some expressions touching himself, which as they show the hollowness of his professions towards him, work in his mind the spirit of vengeance to such a degree, as to cause him, by making use of the Cardinal's commission for the selection of twenty trusty men to guard his person at the castle of Ruelle, whither he goes that night for safety, to take this opportunity of joining the conspirators, and speed their worst plans, by collecting the guard out of the band assembled at Marion's. Hence, as we arrive at the commencement of the third act, we have Richelieu completely hemmed in, his life not only plotted against by the original conspirators, but thirsted for by him whom he considered his most devoted friend, while the guard, to whom he trusts for the security of his person, has been selected from amidst the ranks of his worst enemies. Such is the situation of this extraordinary being, as he is discovered at midnight in a chamber of his castle of Ruelle, reading. We cannot but think that there is something in the commencement of the very powerful and sublime soliloquy that follows, too closely resembling the familiar "Plato, thou reasonest well,"

in its expressions as well as in the occupation of the speaker to be quite reconcileable with our ideas of originality—but letting that pass, we have no hesitation in giving the whole passage as a proof of Bulwer's powers, and a justification of the commendations we bestowed upon this, his highest effort. There are portions of it that would do credit to any writer of the present age, or even that which immediately preceded it.

" ' In silence, and at night, the Conscience
feels

That life should soar to nobler ends than
Power.'

So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried?—Sublime Philosophy,

Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching
heaven,

And bright with beck'ning angels—but,
alas!

We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in
dreams,

By the first step—dull-alumbering on the
earth.

I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.

When I am dust, my name shall, like a
star,

Shine through wan space, a glory—and a
prophet

Whereby pale seers shall from their ætry
towers

Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.

But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious

means
Through which the stream of my renown
hath run

Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?

Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of
slime,

And with its waves—when sparkling in
the sun,

Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of
blood.

Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein

Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that colour, and the food that

nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil
sands

In the unwev'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never
toss'd

Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and men

Quick—the despatch!—Power—Empire!
Boy—the packet!”

In examining this remarkable passage with the care its pretensions call for, we find, after the first warmth of admiration has subsided, a cooler review bring out many things which challenge notice of a different kind. In the first place, we think the author unfortunate in having preluded a series of reflections such as these, by the passage contained in the two opening lines. It appears to us that a great, though corrupted mind dwelling, in the silence of the night, on the sublime truths of an exalted philosophy, would be forced, for the moment at least, to admit conviction, and turn with loathing from the contemplation of a life, the tenor of which his higher nature could never have approved. It is under such circumstances that a mind of the most ordinary strength feels the truth forced upon it, and, as at the gate of death, with shuddering makes its shrift at the Confessional of Conscience. Secrets, almost unapproachable by the heart that conceals them, are eviscerated, and these secrets *always* contain in them the elements of true philosophy, and judge the individual by the code of right reason. Here, however, the great statesman, the scheming, but discerning Richelieu, meditating on the deep things of wisdom, is made to *doubt* the truths he reads, because in his historical character his actions were uninfluenced by them. The historic keeping was unnecessary, and only destroys our interest in the inner nature of the man, by neglecting to exhibit that nature as *naturally* affected by what must influence a soul not entirely divested of ordinary human sensibility. He should not have been the less a man, because he was Richelieu. Most of the consequential feelings and impulses of our nature are not peculiar and special, but generic to the whole of mankind; and an author shows his power infinitely more in making a character natural, than original. Richelieu is made deliberately to doubt what is almost a truism, *because* his actions were not squared to conform to it. He goes on in a Pharisaic strain to apologize for his life to posterity, and by means of images and illustrations of exceeding vividness to show the mea-

gre means it has of judging of motives by actions. He then attempts to excuse to himself the blood-shedding which his conscience charges him with. He talks of his patriotism—a virtue, we cannot help thinking, which rarely appears as a witness when there is no party present but the heart and conscience, the accuser and the accused—and then falls once again into querulous reflection, in which Richelieu and Nature, streams which, as we have seen, diverged a little at the beginning, once more unite, and make the soliloquy perfect. The feeble strife between a half-awakened conscience, and a half-smothered worldliness—the sophistical distinction between the statesman and the priest, the political and the moral man, though perhaps carried a little too far, is, in its kind, natural. He feels a spasm, and instantly begins to calculate on the chances of life between himself and the king, going forward to struggles and triumphs having their commencement after his death. He thinks of the queen, and, woman-like, reddens for a moment at a rival, and the *spretæ injuria formæ*. Hence, he heaves the irresistible sigh for departed youth, in a passage which, in its eloquence, forcibly reminds us of the Poet's regret in the prelude to Faust:

“ Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young—
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!

When

In every field, for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing!”
Anstet's Translation.

Then comes the doubt, which ought not to have been started at first—

“ Shall I resign? who can resign himself?”

Here is the pith and marrow of the whole argument, and urged in the proper place, but it was a mistake to forestall it. Conviction of the truth of the philosopher's aphorism should have *slowly* yielded to a train of habitual reflections, resulting in the maxim above, carried out as it is by some admirably expressed sophisms of school philosophy. Now that he has the best of an argument, which his conscience knows to be false and hollow, he follows nature again by dropping his arms and surrendering to the truth, which he knows must prevail in the

end. At this moment he is called forcibly back to life; the messenger to whom he trusted for securing the despatch, and placing the conspirators in his power, bursts into the room. But here, alas! is another instance of the constantly recurring mistake of Bulwer, who disappoints us in moments of the greatest excitement, by pieces of painful affectation. He could not leave it to the reader (or spectator) to *infer* what the next word makes manifest, but he must make Richelieu *first* apostrophize a metaphysical personage as he casts down the book "Philosophy, thou liest!" and then exclaim—"quick, the despatch!"

Let us not be supposed to be hypercritical in this last observation—we shall have occasion to recur to this error more than once before we have done: it is, as we have said, constantly recurring, this forcing of characters to speak for themselves, and parade their feelings in the "I am Sir Pandarus of Troy" style, without trusting to their own unconscious unfoldings, or the revelations of others to develop them, the only way they are ever *actually* displayed.

The despatch, the subject of so much anxiety, has, it seems, scarcely been placed by the conspirators in the hands of Richelieu's emissary, François, when it is snatched from him at Marion's door by De Mauprat, now breathing vengeance against his supposed betrayer. François, expecting immediate death on appearing before his master, is unexpectedly spared, and only commissioned by the statesman to recover it as he values his honour;—and it is *now* that Richelieu, once more alone, begins to feel overwhelmed by the working of the mighty and dangerous engines he has put in action around him. At this moment Julie enters, bewildered and overcome. She has just escaped from the palace, where first the king has been urging his odious suit, and, on his failure, Baradas has endeavoured to make his own addresses good, using as a means of loosening her hold on virtue the insinuation that her husband—De Mauprat himself—has *connived* at the king's suit, and facilitated the means of pressing it. This completely overwhelms her, even while it strengthens her horror of her courtly suitors, and of the position she is placed in; and when she

is at last relieved from the presence of her tormentor, she immediately demands and obtains access to the queen, from whom she gains permission to quit the palace, and flies on the wings of terror straight to the feet of her guardian, the Cardinal, where she pours out her despair in very affecting and eloquent language. He endeavours to comfort her as he best can, and has just quitted the chamber with her, when De Mauprat enters it, bent on vengeance and slaughter. Richelieu returns, and a striking scene is presented—the avenger, clad in mail of proof from crown to heel, and his intended victim, old, unarmed, surrounded by traitors instead of guards, and yet taking the tone of habitual and almost contemptuous command from the first moment, so as to make the assassin quail, even before he has time to reason with him. At last De Mauprat avows himself, and raises his arm to strike, when Richelieu exclaims,

"To thy knees, and crawl
For pardon; or, I tell thee, thou shalt
live

For such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I
Would bid thee strike, that I might be
avenged!—

It was to save my Julie from the King,
That in thy valour I forgave thy crime;
It was, when thou—the rash and ready
tool—

Yea, of that shame thou loath'st—did'st
leave thy hearth

To the polluter—in these arms thy bride
Found the protecting shelter thine with-
held.

(*Goes to the side door.*)

Julie de Mauprat—Julie!

Enter Julie.

Lo! my witness!"

An explanation ensues, and De Mauprat, once more devotedly the Cardinal's, reveals with emotion the imminence of his danger, surrounded as he is with armed foes, who have complete possession of the castle, and are led by Huguet himself. In this predicament we can pardon the Cardinal much more readily than the author, for making use of a trick, pretty nearly as natural, and quite as necessary as that suggested by Dangle in the Critic, "exeunt kneeling." Sir Lyton Bulwer, in the person of Mauprat, makes the Cardinal deliberately lie down on a bed, and marches the co-

spirators by, each of whom is intended to be, and of course is, able to swear on a table that he has seen with his own eyes the mangled corpse of the obnoxious minister. We can fancy the chuckling of the trio, De Mauprat, Julie, and my lord Cardinal, as the latter rises safe and sound from his "gory bed," and peeps after the exulting rascals roystering home in the moonlight.

Huguet proceeds at once, of course, to Orleans and Baradas with the news of the assassination.

"My Lords,
The deed is done. Now, Count, fulfil
your word,
And make me noble!

BARADAS.

Richelieu dead?—art sure?
How died he?

HUGUET.

Strangled in his sleep:—no blood,
No tell-tale violence.

BARADAS.

Strangled? monstrous villain!
Reward for murder! Ho, there!

[Stamping.

Enter Captain, with five Archers.

HUGUET.

No, thou durst not!

BARADAS.

Seize on the ruffian—bind him—gag him!
Off

To the Bastile!

HUGUET.

Your word—your plighted faith!

BARADAS.

Insolent liar!—ho, away!

HUGUET.

Nay, Count;

I have that about me, which—

BARADAS.

Away with him!

[*Exeunt Huguet and Archers.*

Now, then, all's safe; Huguet must die
in prison."

This is well done, and unites nature to a moral with a force, that is rarely discoverable in this author's productions. How rarely, indeed, are they separated in reality! A strict attention to her movements, a rigid adherence to her rules, and the *morale* is as sure to discover itself, as ultimate reward to follow virtue. Authors know this, but the difficulty lies, not in being moral, but in being natural; it is *this* height that is inaccessible to any flight less powerful than that of *genius*:

once the proper altitude is attained, all the clouds that obscure the face of moral justice are *beneath* it.

The king is languidly concerned to hear of Richelieu's death. He has always looked upon him as a necessary evil, and seems to feel about as much personal relief as political embarrassment from the event.

It becomes evident before this stage of the piece, that the *denouement* is to be brought about through the medium of the *despatch*. We have "the despatch," tolled ever and anon in our ears, as it may be supposed the last vibration has begun to be inaudible, and care is taken that we shall never forget for an instant what pains his Eminence's spy, François, is taking to redeem his honour and get hold of it. No sooner has the king passed on through the gardens of the Louvre, than this youth appears, anxiously searching for De Mauprat, whom he has discovered to be the person who snatched the precious document from his hands at the porch of Marion's house.

The very individual he is on the look out for, just crosses his path, himself burning with vengeance against Baradas, whom he considers the origin of all his misfortunes, and prepared to attack him,

"————— Albeit the King
Should o'er him cast the purple!"

François has already asked the question, and Mauprat is on the point of answering him, when Baradas appears; and the infuriate husband, leaving the word unsaid, rushes on his foe. They are separated by the king himself, who on hearing it is De Mauprat, orders him to the Bastile, under a writ which Baradas has already induced him to sign. Just at this moment, when the king is in the act of exercising the first piece of authority he had ventured upon since his fancied emancipation from the surveillance of his minister, the gates open, and *Richelieu* enters, with Joseph, and his customary guard. The king, however, prompted by the Orleans party, and urged by his wishes as to Julie, declares his intention of governing for himself for the future, and in despite of the haughty and impassioned eloquence of his old servant, who narrates the attempt at assassination of the preceding night,

and the service done him by De Mau-
prat, persists in sending the unhappy
knight to prison, though not before
François has contrived to ascertain
that the *despatch* is in *Huguet's* pos-
session.

"Enough!

Your Eminence must excuse a longer au-
dience,

To your own palace:—For our confer-
ence, this

Nor place—nor season.

RICHELIEU.

Good my liege, for *Justice*

All place a temple, and all season, sum-
mer!

Do you deny me justice? Saints of
Heaven!

He turns from me! *Do you deny me
justice?*

For fifteen years, while in these hands
dwelt Empire,

The humblest craftsman—the obscurest
vassal—

The very leper shrinking from the sun,
Tho' loathed by Charity, might ask for
justice!

Not with the fawning tone and crawling
mien

Of some I see around you—Counts and
Princes—

Kneeling for *favours*; but, erect and loud,
As men who ask man's rights! my liege,
my Louis,

Do you refuse me justice—audience even,
In the pale presence of the baffled Mur-
derer?

LOUIS.

Lord Cardinal—one by one you have se-
ver'd from me

The bonds of human love. All near and
dear

Mark'd out for vengeance—exile or the
scaffold.

You find me now amidst my truest
friends,

My closest kindred; you would tear them
from me;

They murder *you* forsooth, since *me* they
love.

Eno' of plots and treasons for one reign!
Home! Home! and sleep away those
phantoms!

RICHELIEU.

Sire!

I—patience, Heaven! sweet Heaven!
Sire, from the foot

Of that Great Throne, these hands have
raised aloft

On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
And worshipp'd by their awe—before the
foot

Of that high throne—spurn you the
grey-hair'd man,
Who gave you empire—and now sues for
safety?

LOUIS.

No:—when we see your Eminence in
truth

At the foot of the throne—we'll listen
to you."

The king departs, and the minister
learns for the first time what it is to
baffle in an object.

Meantime Julie hears that her
lover-husband is in the Bastille, and
in the next scene, displays to her
worldly and wondering guardian,
with what willingness the devotedness
of genuine affection can forego every
earthly comfort, and brave every
earthly suffering to console, support,
and benefit the beloved object. As
she rushes in, he exclaims,

"What dost *thou* here?

Home!

JULIE.

Home! is *Adrien* there? you're dumb,
yet strive

For words; I see them trembling on your
lip,

But choked by pity. *It was* truth—all
truth!

Seized—the Bastille—and in your presence
too!

Cardinal, where is *Adrien*? Think—he
saved

Your life:—your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his!

RICHELIEU.

Be sooth'd, child.

JULIE.

Child no more;

I love, and I am woman!

RICHELIEU.

Whither wouldst thou?

JULIE.

Stay me not. *Fie!* I should be there
already.

I am thy ward, and haply he may think
Thou'st taught *me* also to forsake the
wretched!

RICHELIEU.

I've fill'd those cells—with many—traitors
all.

Had *they* wives too? Thy memories,
Power, are solemn!

Poor sufferer!—think'st thou that yon
gates of woe

Unbar to love? Alas! if love once enter,
'Tis for the last farewell; between those
walls

And the mute grave—the blessed household sounds
Only heard once—while, *hungering at the door,*
The headsman whets the axe.

JULIE.

O, mercy ! mercy !
Save him, restore him, father ! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King ? the Lord of life and death—
Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow ?
Art thou not Richelieu ?

RICHELIEU.

Yesterday I was !—
To-day, a very weak old man !”

In the midst of her agony, a messenger from the king arrives, directed to pray the presence of Madame de Mauprat—Richelieu refuses to give her up, and is departing with her, when Baradas and De Beringhen appear on the king's part, putting the mandate in a more peremptory form. Richelieu, finding the Minister no longer avail, assumes the Cardinal.

“ Mark, where she stands !—around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church !
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome !

BARADAS.

I dare not brave you !”

The fact is, *the despatch* goes between Baradas and his rest, and the idea that it *may* be in the Cardinal's hands paralyses his energies, in proportion as the hope that it *will* be, sustains the Ex-minister's.

The fifth act commences with the recovery of this same despatch by François, who, admitted into the Bastille, disguised as Huguet's son, finds very opportunely that Messire De Beringhen is there for the same purpose, so that he has only to waylay the worthy conspirator as he comes out with the damning document, to “ retrieve his honour,” and secure the *dénouement* of the play.

In the mean time, the king has formally installed the Orleans party in office, and is about to sign the warrant for De Mauprat's execution, under the idea that it is only to be hung in *ter-*

rorem over him, when Julie herself is announced. The king receives her with courtesy.

“ What would'st thou ?

JULIE.

A single life. You reign o'er millions.
What
Is *one man's* life to you ? and yet to me
'Tis France—'tis earth—'tis everything !
a life—

A human life—my husband's

LOUIS (*aside*).

Speak to her,
I am not marble,—give her hope—or—

BARADAS.

Madam,
Vex not your King, whose heart, too soft for justice,
Leaves to his ministers that solemn charge.”

The new minister now takes advantage of the king's injunction to urge his own suit, and, exhibiting the death warrant, hints to the lady that *he has the power of cancelling it*. This scene is admirably managed throughout, and we would gladly give it entire, if our limits would permit it. She appeals once more to the king, who placidly recommends her to consent to have the marriage annulled, and, by wedding with Baradas, give him the privilege of casting himself at her feet. In the midst of her despair and bewilderment, Baradas stamps his foot, and De Mauprat himself is brought in guarded, and placed before her.

“ Adrien, speak !

But say you wish to *live* !—if not your wife,

Your slave,—do with me as you will ?

DE MAUPRAT.

Once more !—

Why this is mercy, Count ! Oh, think, my Julie,
Life, at the best, is short—but love immortal !

BARADAS (*taking Julie's hand*).

Ah, loveliest—

JULIE.

Go, that touch has made me iron.
We have decided—death !

BARADAS (*to De Mauprat*).

Now, say to whom
Thou gavest the packet, and thou yet shalt live,

DE MAUPRAT.

I'll tell thee nothing !

BARADAS.
Hark—the rack !
DE MAUPRAT.

Thy penance
For ever, wretch !—What rack is like the
conscience ?

JULIE.
I shall be with thee soon.
BARADAS (*giving the writ to the Officer.*)
Hence, to the headman."

The doors are thrown open, and Richelieu enters, pale and feeble, with his whole retinue, together with three secretaries of State, with their attendants, papers, &c., and he once more makes a formal request for De Mauprat's life. It is refused by Baradas, and Richelieu, appearing like a dying man, acquaints the king that he will forestall his wishes, and resign his office. He has the secretaries, he says, in attendance,

" ————— to render up
The ledgers of a realm."

and then drops back on a sofa, as if in the last agonies. The secretaries advance in turn, and relate the condition of their several departments, with the actual state of domestic policy and foreign relations, exhibiting the vigour and efficiency of Richelieu's management ; and, in advising on the present juncture in each, the king himself unable, to suggest any thing decisive, and applying to those about him for advice, discovers not without uneasiness, the utter incapacity of his new minister, made ridiculously manifest as it is by the few observations Richelieu contrives to throw in as they proceed. This interlude is confessedly borrowed from a chapter in *Cinq Mars*, and is very appropriately and strikingly brought in in this place. Just as the third secretary has produced from his portfolio the *secret correspondence*, including a list of spies, assassins, schemes against the royal person, (which last item at once arrests the attention of the king,) François steals in behind Richelieu, bleeding, and gives him *the Despatch*, just in time for him to place it amongst the other papers of this sort in the hands of the king.

LOUIS (*reading*).
"To Bouillon—and sign'd Orleans !—
Baradas, too !—league with our foes of
Spain !—"

Lead our Italian armies—what ! to Paris !
Capture the King—my health requires
repose—
Make me subscribe my proper abdica-
tion—
Orleans, my brother, Regent !—Saints of
heaven !
These are the men I loved !
Richelieu !—Lord Cardinal ! 'tis I re-
sign !—
Reign thou !

JOSEPH.
Alas ! too late !—he faints !

LOUIS.
Reign, Richelieu !
RICHELIEU (*feebly*).
With absolute power ?—

LOUIS.
Most absolute !—Oh ! live !
If not for me—for France !—
RICHELIEU.

FRANCE !
LOUIS.
Oh ! this treason !—
The army—Orleans—Bouillon—Hea-
vens !—the Spaniard !—
Where will they be next week !—
RICHELIEU (*starting up*).
There,—at my feet !"

In fact, that tonic, Power, makes a complete cure of the Cardinal, who, the moment before almost in *articulo*, now issues prompt orders to the secretaries in their several departments, directs that the duke de Bouillon be arrested at the head of his army, dismisses Baradas to the Bastille, banishes de Beringhen, civilly gives his *congé* to Orleans, and finally destroys De Mauprat's death warrant with his own hands.

The king remarks, naturally enough,
"One moment makes a startling cure, Lord
Cardinal !"

but, the historical fact is, as we are informed in a note, this strange man has been known to be one moment so "*semi mort*," that he seemed about to give up the ghost, and the next, full of animation, energy and life. Julie and De Mauprat, of course, are once more made happy, and the play concludes with a beautiful passage, the image and sentiment of which, we are told, are borrowed from one of Richelieu's own writings :—

RICHELIEU.
"Alas !
Our glories float between the earth and
heaven

Like clouds which seem pavilions of the
sun,
And are the playthings of the casual
wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen
crag

The dews the wild flower feeds on, our
ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness
down
On unsuspected virtue :—and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd
away!"

ROMAN CATHOLIC DEVOTION—THE ORDER OF CARMEL, AND THE SCAPULAR OF
DR. STOCK.*

WITH the character and genius of the devotion common among Roman Catholics, Protestants are but too little acquainted. We hear, indeed, of their long prayers, their various repetitions, their invocations of saints, their homage to images, and their painful and rigid austerities; we believe something too of the evasions by which they escape the requisitions of true piety, by complying with the imposed penances of superstition; but, after all, after every allowance for the additions they have made, after every deduction of the doctrines they hold, which we reject, we are accustomed to believe that, in the main, the Christianity which they hold is the same as our own, that the Christian history which is received by them is that which we believe to be true, that the personages and incidents of that history are known to them as they are to us, however different, in some respects, may be the deductions which they may derive from the story. This, we regret to say, is very far from being the case. The Christian history of the Roman Catholic is degraded into a demi-Christian mythology, which bears but a very indistinct resemblance to the story of the Bible—a mass of fictions, founded, indeed, on the scriptural narrative, but utterly and entirely unlike it—so unlike, indeed, that but for the names we never could recognize our venerable acquaintances of the holy Scriptures—a mythology bearing probably the same relation to the events recorded in the Bible as Ovid's *Metamorphoses* do to the real history of antiquity.

For instance, it will probably surprise many of our readers to know that there are thousands, and ten thousands of our countrymen, and these too the comparatively educated, who believe that Elijah, the prophet, was the founder and first general of the Carmelite order of monks—that he was succeeded by Elisha, who was succeeded by Jonadab the son of Rechab, and the prophet Jonas—that the Blessed Virgin was educated by these monks, and that the order has continued without change to the present day.

Yet all this, and much more than this, is actually believed by the reading portion of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. We purpose to introduce to our readers a little work of high character and extensive circulation among them; a work which, with others of its class, displaces the holy Scriptures as the religious reading of Roman Catholics. It may, perhaps, be necessary solemnly to pledge ourselves, that the work is a genuine one; indeed, we believe, there is little difficulty in purchasing it at any of the Roman Catholic book-shops.

On the nature and history of the different religious orders in the Church of Rome, it is not our intention now to dwell. The order of Carmelites to which this little treatise refers, is one that embraces within itself a large mass of the population of this country. It is not, perhaps, known to many of our readers, that all the religious orders of the Church of Rome admit of lay associates. It is said, we be-

* A short Treatise on the Antiquity, Institution, Excellency, Indulgences, Privileges, &c. of the most Famous and Ancient Confraternity of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, commonly called The Scapular: with a brief account of the Design, Rules, and conditions thereof. To which are added a short Relation of some of the many notable Miracles wrought by Divine Power in favour of them that were vested with that honourable and sacred Badge. Also, the Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary. 18mo. Dublin: Grace and Son, 45, Capel-street. 1833.

lieve with truth, that a high legal functionary in Ireland is a lay associate of the order of Jesuits; to the same order belongs another distinguished Roman Catholic gentleman, lately advanced to a high office under the crown. The order of Mount Carmel, or of the Scapular, (of which more anon,) is by far the most prevalent in Ireland. Its members are distinguished by wearing a small bit of cloth called a scapular, tied round their neck, and falling down over the breast or shoulders; this once put on, is never taken off during life, and possesses a miraculous power to preserve from sin and danger, and from eternal damnation. Of the hold which this superstition has got upon the minds of the people, it is difficult for those who have not witnessed its indications to form an idea. We are sure that the history of St. Matthew, of the life of our blessed Lord, is by no means regarded with the same feeling of veneration as the legends we are about to quote.

Without further preface, we proceed to quote from the little work before us. The copy in our possession, fell accidentally into our hands, having been purchased at the sale of a deceased priest's library; but as we have already said, we believe, there is no difficulty in procuring it at the printer's, unless, indeed, in consequence of our exposure of its contents it may be concealed.

To the writer we must accede the praise of sincerity; he appears evidently in earnest, and seems implicitly to believe the wonders he narrates. Of his skill in the legendary lore of his church, we are scarcely competent to speak, but our readers will be able to form their own judgment of his knowledge of Bible history. Be the merits or demerits of the history what they may, it is, however, the work to which the multitude of Scapularians throughout Ireland, are taught to look for the authoritative exposition of the history and principles of their order. Of his motives in undertaking the work, after a general declaration of the great advantage of religious confraternities, he gives the following account:—

“The singular prerogatives of this holy Confraternity of the Scapular, above all others, are first, that it is no human inven-

tion, but as the divines say, *de jure Divino*; having its institution immediately from heaven. Secondly, that it is favoured with the singular protection of the Queen of Heaven, who is the patroness and advocate of this Confraternity. Thirdly, that it hath the promise of eternal salvation. Fourthly, it avails much to abbreviate the expiating flames of Purgatory. Finally, ever since its first institution it hath been favoured by Almighty God with many graces and miracles, inasmuch, that by means of the sacred Scapular, the sick hath frequently been restored to their former health, persons bewitched, and possessed by the devil, have been delivered. Women in travail have been miraculously assisted. This sacred habit hath also appeased violent tempests, when it hath been cast into the sea by those that were in danger. Briefly, it is known by daily experience, that the Scapular is a sovereign preservative and remedy against all the evils of this life, both spiritual and temporal; inasmuch that the devils many times have been heard to howl and cry most miserably, saying, wo to us, by reason of the sacred Scapular of the blessed Virgin Mary, of Mount Carmel.

“These are the motives that induced me to publish this little treatise on the effects of the holy Scapular, to the end that I might hereby communicate so great a treasure to the Catholics of England, to whom the devotion of the Scapular, or habit of the sacred Virgin seemed particularly to appertain, though at present they are totally ignorant of it. For of all the kingdoms of Europe, England was the first that admitted the religious men of the order of the blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, when the persecutions of the Saracens obliged them to fly from Palestine, their native soil. Secondly, it was to an Englishman that the sacred Virgin gave the Scapular with her own hand. Thirdly, the apparition of the blessed Virgin appeared in England, in the Carmelite's Convent at Cambridge. Fourthly, it was in England that the Scapular wrought its miraculous effect. Finally, it was in England that the devotion of the Scapular had its beginning, the Confraternity of the most blessed Virgin being erected there before any other place in the world, with such a general concourse of people of all sorts, that even the king himself, Edward I., procured himself to be enrolled in it, together with Henry, Duke of Lancaster, Henry, Earl of Northumberland, and many others of the chief nobility. The devotion and piety of our ancestors was continued by their successors; and the English did ever signalize themselves by their singular affection towards the immaculate and ever blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and towards her holy order, and Confraternity of Mount Carmel, until the general revolution of things, which happened during the reign of Henry VIII., when the nation banished true religion, and obedience to the

See Apostolic, did also cherish all sentiments of piety and devotion towards the most glorious Queen of Angels.

"To the end, therefore, that this holy Confraternity of the blessed Virgin, so ancient and profitable a devotion may at least, after so long an exile, be revived and called to its native soil, I will first of all declare briefly the origin, progress, and succession of the order of the Carmelites, to whom the Scapular was given by the blessed Virgin. Secondly, I will relate the institution of the Confraternity erected in this order for all sorts of persons who will receive the Scapular. Thirdly, the privileges, favours, and indulgences of this Confraternity shall be set down, together with the obligations of those that do enter into it.

"God of his infinite mercy grant that this small labour may succeed for his glory, to the honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, and Patroness of Mount Carmel, and finally to the eternal salvation of our souls."

The following account of the first institution of the order will, we doubt not, be a novelty to some of our readers:—

"The ancient and most famous order of the blessed Virgin, was begun and founded on the Mountain of Carmel, about nine hundred and thirty years before the coming of our Saviour Jesus Christ; for which cause the professors of the order are commonly called Carmelites, taking their denomination, (as it hath happened to other orders,) from the place where their institutes were first founded. The institutor of it was the great prophet Elias, who three times made fire to come down from heaven to punish the idolaters; who by his prayers, hindered rain for the space of three years—who was carried away in a fiery chariot, and is yet preserved alive, to come and preach before the day of judgment, the faith of Jesus Christ, against Antichrist and his adherents.

"This holy prophet praying on Mount Carmel, (as is related, Kings iv. 18,) saw a little cloud arise from the sea, which he knew from a prophetic notion to signify the glorious Virgin Mary, who was to spring forth out of the infected bitter sea of our corrupt nature without any corruption; and like an auspicious cloud, being resolved with the force of the Holy Ghost's descent on her, she was to water this barren world with the heavenly dew of the expected Messiah. Wherefore, by the express command of Almighty God, he presently began to institute a religious congregation, which was to be dedicated to the honour of this sacred Virgin, as it is at large related by John, the forty-fourth Patriarch of Jerusalem, *de ortu monachorum*, chap. 32."

When it is recollected that the people who read this history, have not the Bible in their hands, to compare with

it the account referred to in the book of Kings, there can be no doubt whatever, that they believe that reference to Kings, implies, that the whole story is to be found in the pages of the inspired historian. Our author proceeds to give to the Carmelites thus instituted by Elijah, all that is recorded in sacred or profane history about the sons of the prophets, or the Esseni among the Jews, along with much that is not to be found in any history, sacred or profane:—

"These disciples and successors of Elias are named in the holy Scriptures, sons of the Prophets. And they so much multiplied in a short time, that their glorious founder, before his translation, (it is thought,) into the *terrestrial paradise*, had the consolation to see convents erected in *Bethel, Jerico, Gilgal, and Samaria*; as may be seen in the fourth book of Kings, chap. 2.

"Elias been taken away in a whirlwind, Eliseus succeeded him; not only in the double spirit of prophecy and miracles, but also in the government of the prophetic order, as it is sufficiently expressed in the second chapter of the fourth book of Kings, which he much augmented by his authority. In 4 Kings, chap. 4, special mention is made of the miracles that he did in favour of those that lived in Galgala; and in the 6th chapter of the same book, we read how he went to erect a new house near the river Jordan, *the order been grown so numerous*, that their former houses would not satisfy to lodge them conveniently.

"After the death of Eliseus, Jonas the Prophet is affirmed by many to have had the general government of the order. *This Jonas was the son of the widow Serepta, in Sidon, whom St. Elias restored to life*, and afterwards he was his follower and individual companion, but according to others, Elias left the command to *Jonadab, the son of Rechab*; and this is the cause that the sons of the Prophets are sometimes called in Scripture Rechabites, of whom you may see honourable mention made. Jeremy, chap. 35. But whoever governed, this is certain, that the successors of St. Elias remained on Mount Carmel until the coming of Christ, and even this very day they preserve in God's church, in the person of the religious Carmelites, who, by hereditary and never interrupted succession, descended from them, as most grave authors that have written do affirm."

This short extract will enlighten our readers upon many points with which they are unacquainted; such as the translation of *Elijah to the garden of Eden*, and the fact, that Jonas the prophet was a general of the Carmelites.

The most curious point of the entire is, however, the parentage of Jonas. "THIS JONAS WAS THE SON OF THE WIDOW SAREPTA, IN SIDON, WHOM ELIAS RESTORED TO LIFE." We hope it is not necessary to tell our readers that Sarepta, or Zarephath, happens to be the name of a city in which the widow dwelt; the good city, however, is here put down as the mother of Jonas. Upon what authority poor Jonas is identified with the boy whom Elijah restored to life, we are not told. It is equally amusing to see how Jonadab, the son of Rechab, is pressed into the service of the Scapular. The account of the Rechabites will be found in the 35th chapter of Jeremiah, they were a tribe not of Jews, but of Kenites or Midianites. "Modern travellers have discovered their descendants in a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, near Mecca. They continue to obey to this day the injunctions of Rechab. 'To this moment they drink no wine, and have neither vineyard nor field in seed, but dwell like Arabs in tents, and are wandering nomades. They believe and observe the law of Moses by tradition, for they are not in possession of the written law.'"* Thus furnishing in the long continuance of their pastoral life, a striking testimony to the truth of the promise unforgetten after the lapse of twenty-five centuries, "Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever."

This Jonadab, the son of Rechab, the father of a fine family, and the ancestor of a whole tribe, is by the learned Scapularian set down as a monk—perhaps an appropriate example of the celibacy of the Carmelite fathers. Certainly, however, we never expected to see the poor Rechabites identified with the Carmelite friars or the Scapularians.

Among the Jews there was a sect of ascetics called the Essenes, and these again are identified with the order of Carmelites:—

"These sons of the Prophets, (for as much as concerns their life and conversation,) were so alienated from the world, so assiduous in prayer, so rigorous in their mortifications, and so exemplary and laudable in their actions, that from the sanctity of their lives, they were

in process of time named Esseni as Philo writes in his book *quod omnis prebus sit liber*, and St. John Chrysostom, 45, in Act. Apost. by these words: *Esseniid est sancti dicuntur, hoc enim vult nomen, Essenorum, a vita honestate*. Others call them *Assidui*, and under this title mention is made of them, 1 Mechab. 2, which name took its rise from their assiduoussness, and constancy to God's service, according to the opinion of Lyranus, who says, *assidui dicti sunt ad assidue cultus divini*. Joseph, the famous historian of the Jews, lib. 6. Antiquit. cap. 13, says that they all observed rigorous poverty, and had all things in common; he makes mention of their chastity, obedience and silence. Plinius in the 5th book of his natural history, says the same; and speaking of their chastity, relates, it is a wonder that they should persevere so many years without marriage or generation. And also the Prophet Jeremy, cap. 35, saith much in praise of the Rechabites, for their poverty, obedience, and abstinence. Now that the Rechabites did appertain to the order and institute of Elias, 'tis learnedly proved by Lazena, tom. 1, anal ad annum mundi, 1189. Finally, Joseph, (the Jew,) affirms that these Esseni, (as he calls them,) were in so great veneration among the people, for their admirable virtues, and piety and perfection of life, that they were commonly esteemed to have something above human nature. And Herod himself, who was grown to that height of impiety, that he seemed to condemn all other things how holy soever, nevertheless he held these sacred persons in a great deal of honour and veneration: and this is the cause, (as I suppose,) that when the rest of the Jews were led captives to Babylon, in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, these devout successors of Elias were permitted to retain their ancient habitation of Mount Carmel, where they happily and religiously lived and preserved till that time whereon God choose to redeem the world, by the incarnation and death of his beloved Son, whose Virgin Mother lived at Nazareth, three miles only distant from Mount Carmel; she did often visit these religious hermits, and honor them with her friendship and conversation, as the following chapter will relate."

At last, however, the time came when the goddess of the Carmelites was really to come to them.

"This joyful news of our approaching redemption was by divine Revelation made known to some of the religious followers of Elias and Elieus, then living in the solitude of Mount Carmel, who, (above all others,) did most earnestly desire, and expect the nativity of that sacred Virgin, who was to be

* Horne's Introduction, vol. iii. p. 286. Wolf's Missionary Journal, p. 257. Carnes' Recollections of the East, pp. 95 and 96.

the mother of the desired Messiah, as they had been instructed by the holy Patriarch Elias : and it was kept as a certain tradition amongst them, that their order was founded in honor and imitation of the most pure and immaculate Virgin, who was to be the sovereign princess and protectress of it ; so that they had reason to aspire after the time of her birth. These happy tidings of Christ's approach was, by the sons of the Prophets, communicated to Emmerantiana, mother of St. Anne, and they gave her also assurance from heaven, that of her race should be born the Virgin, who was to be the mother of the Messiah. This motive induced her to embrace the state of marriage which before she rejected, and God Almighty was pleased in verification of what he had revealed to her by the religious of Mount Carmel, to bless her marriage with two daughters, Sobe and Anne; which Sobe was the mother of St. Elizabeth, of whom was born St. John Baptist; and St. Anne was the mother of the most sacred Virgin, Mother of God, St. Cyril, Palianidorus, Carthageana, and others, tom 1, Annals.

"St. Anne had her house at Nazareth, which is distant only three miles from that part of Mount Carmel, where the sons of the Prophet, (named Esseni or Assidui,) had their habitation. Wherefore the most blessed Virgin, together with her mother, were wont oftentimes to return thither; and by reason of their virtue and sanctity, she took a singular delight in conversing and discoursing familiarly with them. She instructed them in many things that concerned our Saviour; she comforted them in their adversities; she exhorted them to perseverance, and assured them of her assistance, protection, and prayers. On the other side, those hermetical fathers, knowing assuredly, that this was the Virgin whom the holy patriarchs, and Prophet Elias had foreseen above nine hundred years before she was born, under the figure of a little cloud rising out of the sea, *in the form of a man's footstep*, and whom he had assigned for the advocate and protectress of their most holy order; they dedicated themselves wholly to her, as her perpetual servants, children, and devotees, considering her as the only refuge, advocate and mother of their congregation. Tritemius de laudibus Carm. cap. 7, Carthageana, and others.

"A little after the birth of our Saviour, St. Elizabeth, fearing the tyranny of Herod, who had slain many thousands of infants, she fled with her son, St. John Baptist, into the Desert, where he joined himself to the successors of Elias, and embraced the institute, as St. Ambrose expressly says, Epist. ad Varcel. cap. 14. From whom they being more fully instructed of the dignity and excellency of the blessed Virgin, Mother of God, they much augmented their love and devotion towards her, and were the first of all mortals that built a chapel or temple to her honor while she was yet alive, about the year of our Lord 38, and that on Mount Carmel, near the

place where their father, St. Elias, had seen the little cloud mount up out of the sea, by which she was represented; and in this chapel they daily met, and there offered up their sacrifices, prayers, and petitions to the divine Majesty, in honor, and under the invocation of the blessed Virgin, their mother; singing continually their praises, and wholly addicting themselves to her devotion; whereupon they were called brothers of the blessed Virgin Mary, of Mount Carmel, which honorable title the sacred Queen of Angels has approved of by miraculous demonstrations, as shall be related in the chapter following."

We had always before understood from St. Luke that the first intimation of her high destiny was conveyed to the blessed Virgin by an angel. Our author's testimony, however, assures us that she had been long the patroness and queen of the good friars of Mount Carmel. He tells us, too, that the Carmelite friars were the men mentioned in the 2nd of Acts, as the "religious men at Jerusalem of every nation under heaven."

"The occasion of their being in Jerusalem, was, that they had there two convents; the one on the part of Mount Sion, which was called Milio, not far distant from the place where our blessed Saviour instituted the blessed sacrament; the other was in the golden port, which is the place where Joachim and Anne, father and mother of the blessed Virgin first met, and consented to their future marriage. To these two houses the sons of the Prophets that lived at Mount Carmel, and other places of Palestine, were wont to resort at certain times of the year, that they might, (according to the law of Moses,) observe the solemn feast of the Jews."

From the many miracles connected with this order, which our author records, we will be able only to detail one or two. First, however, we must give an account of the Scapular. This is a sacred habit that is worn by the associates of the order, by the express command, and after a pattern furnished to one Dr. Stock, by the Virgin Mary. Dr. Simon Stock was an Englishman; we make no doubt, although this is not recorded in our history, a relative of his worthy namesake, Dr. Simon Stock, member for Cashel, and whilome Scapularian candidate for the University. The account of the Scapular we must extract at length:—

"But the ever blessed Virgin never favoured more her Carmelite order than when she gave

them her holy livery, or habit of the scapular, by which she declared them her domestics and favourites. The thing happened as followeth :

"In the year 1245, St. Simon Stock was chosen general of the order of the blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. This holy man was born in the county of Kent, the year 1163. When he was twelve years of age he withdrew himself into a wood, where he lived for the space of twenty years in great austerity, and in the perpetual exercise of celestial meditations, having for his house the trunk of a hollow oak, from whence he was named Stock, and had for his food roots, herbs, and sometimes bread, which a dog brought him in his mouth, especially on festival days.

"In this solitude, Simon received many supernatural graces from the Almighty God, and especially he enjoyed the familiar conversation of the blessed Virgin, who, one day appearing to him, told him that shortly some religious men who were under her protection, were to come from Palestine to England, and that he should embrace their institute.

"This prediction of the sacred Virgin was verified in the year 1212, when Sir Richard Grey, and Sir John Viscoy, returning from Palestine with the English fleet, that was sent thither to succour the Christians against the Saracens, they brought with them from Mount Carmel, two religious men, Rodolphus and Yno, who admitted Simon into their order; where he so well employed his time, that Anno Domini, 1245, he was chosen general of the whole congregation, which he governed with a great deal of prudence and sanctity until the year 1265, when visiting the convents of his order in France, he ended his happy days in the city of Bourdeaux, where he lies buried in the cloister of the Carmelite's convent.

"Of this holy man, Molanus, in his Martyrology, hath these words. In the city of Bourdeaux, the nativity of the blessed St. Simon Stock, Carmelite, who was singularly dedicated to the service of the glorious Virgin Mary, whose life doth give a lustre to the church of God, by the multitude of his miracles. His life was written by Monaldus, Rolandus, Bouchier, and Nicholas Harlom, the most renowned writers of his time; and this feast is celebrated by the order the 10th of May.

"During the time that St. Simon was general, many persecutions were raised against our holy order; some opposing its privileges, others disliking the honorable title which they enjoyed, to be called the brothers and sisters of the blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel; and St. Simon suffered much for the defence of his order; all which, nevertheless, he at last overcame by the particular assistance and favor of the most sacred Virgin, to whom he had ever recourse in all his necessities, and she, as a pious mother, never frustrated him in his expectations. But at last, seeing himself decline by old age, and considering on the

other side, that the enemies of the order did daily increase, he ceased not continual tears, to beseech the sovereign Empress of Mount Carmel, that she would not forsake her beloved religious, but that she would vouchsafe to take it under her singular protection, and adorn it with her favors; seeing it was her order, which she had already honored with her sacred name, and was confirmed by several Popes, Honorius III., Innocent IV., Gregory IX., Alexander V. and others. He composed many prayers and anthems in honor of the glorious mother of God, which ejaculating very often with great fervor towards heaven, he deserved to be gratified with the precious pledge which he left to his posterity, the holy scapular of the blessed Virgin, received from her hands in the manner following—

"As he was upon his knees in the oratory, the most glorious Virgin, environed with celestial splendour in the company of many thousands of angels, appeared to him, and holding the sacred scapular in her hand, she said to him these words—*Receive, most beloved son the scapular of thy order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance.*

"Having said these words, she left the sacred habit in his hands and vanished. This happened on the 16th day of July, A.D. 1251, in the Carmelite convent of Cambridge, which, like that of London, went by the name of Whitefriars, so called, because of the white upper garment that those religious do ordinarily wear. But of this more shall be said in the chapter following."

This story of the pattern Scapular is devoutly believed by the Roman Catholic population of Ireland. In every Roman Catholic print shop are to be seen rude drawings of the delivery of the sacred habit to Dr. Stock; the reality of the transaction is as unquestioned an article of faith as the truth of the Church; hundreds of thousands wear this mystic garb as the potent preservative against all danger, and the sure passport to the favor of the Queen of heaven. And we are painfully conscious that there are many, even among educated Roman Catholics, who will feel a shrinking from our scepticism as from profaneness, if not blasphemy.

It is from no wish to hurt their feelings that we thus write; but in duty to our country, to truth, to the Roman Catholics themselves, we feel bound to shew the legends that usurp the place of Christian instruction in the

practical teaching of the Romish Church.

After the pattern miraculously given to Dr. Stock, the Scapulars are made and sold at every chapel in Ireland. The following is the way of proceeding to be admitted to the order :

"Those, therefore, that desire to put themselves under the protection of the most immaculate and ever Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and to enjoy the aforesaid privileges, by entering into the confraternity of the holy scapular, must first be admitted thereunto by some superior of the order of the Carmelites, or by some other religious of the same order, that hath commission from the superior to admit persons. The scapular must be blessed, and given with the prayers and ceremonies, which are designed for that purpose ; also, according to the laudable custom of our holy order, the names of those that receive the scapular are to be written down in the book of the confraternity.

"The scapular must be made of cloth, serge, or other stuff, and not of silk, though it may be lined with silk, or embroidered with gold or silver, it must be of a brown or tawney colour—the reason of this is, because it is worn in honor of the most blessed Virgin Mary, of whom it is attested by Baronius, tom. 1. *annal* Carthagenia, tom. 2. *homin*. 4. and by others, that she never wore silk but woollen, and that of the native colour—so Epiphanius, lib. 2. cap. 23. saith, the clothes she (the blessed Virgin) wore, were of the native colour, which doth appear by the veil of her head ; in this, therefore, it is meet, that the devoted children of the blessed Virgin Mary should imitate their good mother.

"We said even now, that when any one enters first into the confraternity, it is necessary that the scapular should be blessed ; but if that comes to be lost or worn out, another may be taken, which need not be blessed.

"The scapular is to be worn continually day and night, and never to be taken off till death ; also, it is good to be buried with it. The brothers and sisters may wear it about their necks—not in their pockets, or in their girdle, nor folded in their breasts—for it being a scapular, must be worn in the form of a scapular, that is to say, a vest, or habit, that hangs over the shoulders.

"This and no more is required to be a member of the holy confraternity of our blessed Lady's scapular, and to participate with the order of Mount Carmel in all the privileges above-mentioned ; except it be that which we speak of in the seventh chapter, so that to be a member of this confraternity, it is no way necessary to abstain from flesh on Wednesdays, or to say the office of the blessed Virgin, for this is done to enjoy the privileges of the Sabbatine bull. Neither is there any obligation at all of saying seven Paters and seven Aves, which is only to gain the indul-

gence granted by Paul V. But as I have already said, it sufficeth that the scapular be received lawfully, and worn devoutly without any other obligation.

It will be observed, that the mere wearing of the Scapular is all that is necessary to enjoy the common privileges of the order : any thing more is extra work, and will be paid for accordingly. For instance, to enjoy the privileges of the Sabbatine Bull, harder conditions are imposed :—

"1. They must observe chastity, every one according to his condition, which doth not hinder but that they may lawfully marry, but as long as they are married, to gain this privilege, it is necessary that they preserve themselves from all impurity ; if they are married, they are not only to observe carefully the fidelity and faith of wedlock, but if they are not engaged in that state, the virgin is obliged to preserve virginity, and the widow continency."

"2. If they be illiterate persons who cannot read, they must observe all the feasts of the church, and abstain from flesh Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the whole year, except the nativity of our blessed Saviour happen to fall upon one of those days, for then they may eat flesh."

We must observe, that all Scapularians are not obliged to observe this rigorous fast on Wednesdays, or the other inconvenient restrictions necessary for the Sabbatine Bull.

"Now, as for those that are well able to read, it is necessary that every day they say the great or little office of our blessed Lady, according to the custom of the holy church, which, if they perform, they may freely eat flesh on Wednesdays, and not be deprived, therefore, of any grace which the blessed Virgin hath promised to her favorites—wherefore it is a manifest error that some affirm, viz., that whosoever doth wear the scapular, is obliged to abstain from flesh on Wednesdays and Saturdays ; whereas this obligation is only for them that say not the office of the blessed Virgin, and nevertheless are desirous to enjoy the privileges of being soon freed out of purgatory, as it doth evidently appear by the words of our blessed Lady to John XXII. and related by him in the Sabbatine Bull."

To meet the incredulity that might naturally exist as to the powers of the Scapular, our author thus argues :—

"Wherefore I will conclude with what is related, 4 Kings, v. 13. Naaman the Syrian, who was infected with leprosy, was told by

Eliens the prophet: go and wash in Jordan seven times and thou shalt be clean; but he contemning to follow this advice, as a thing that would not at all avail him, was emphatically exhorted thereto by his servant, in this manner: if the prophet had bid thee some great thing, thou oughtest to have done it; how much rather then, when he said to thee wash and be clean. I say the same at present, concerning the sacred habit of the scapular. If our blessed Lady had bid us do some great act, we ought to do it; how much rather then when she saith—wear my livery, and you shall not suffer eternal fire! If she had enjoined us to make great abstinence; to undergo some rigorous mortification; or to undertake a long and tedious pilgrimage, with this condition, that we should be freed from eternal damnation—from the torments of purgatory, and from the many dangerous events which easily do befall us in this life—right reason would dictate to us, that we ought to attempt any thing for the obtaining of so great a good; how much more then, when she had annexed these and many more extraordinary graces, to the reception only, and devout wearing the holy habit of the scapular, with a final confidence in her holy protection? But you will, perhaps, with Naaman, object, what does such a weak thing avail us as the scapular is? To this I answer with the apostle—1 Cor. i. 27. The weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he might confound the strong. He that made choice of this weak element of water to wash us from original sin, which is so deeply indicated in us by the prevarication of our first father, Adam, hath made use of the weak habit of the scapular to produce those excellent effects which are mentioned in the chapter following:

“It is no new thing to Almighty God to make use of the clothes and garments of saints, in order to the effecting of prodigious things. The mantle of our holy patriarch, St. Elias, divided twice the water of Jordan—4 King 2. The shadow of St. Peter did cure all diseases—Acts v. 15.

“The handkerchiefs and napkins of St. Paul did drive away all evil spirits, and heal all sorts of infirmities—Acts xix. 12—nevertheless, our Saviour did never so frequently concur with the relics of any saints, to the effecting of such like things, as he had done with the sacred habit of his Virgin Mother; which he seems to have made choice of, that he may thereby demonstrate to the world, both the efficaciousness of her intercession and the height of her merits and glory. For during these four hundred years, ever since the time of St. Simon Stock, most miraculous and extraordinary things have been, and daily are done throughout the whole Christian world, by the intercession of the most blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and by means of her sacred scapular. Wherefore, courteous reader, seeing thou hast at hand so easy and

efficacious a way of promoting, both by the spiritual and temporal goods, thou wilt, if thou art wise, forthwith make use of it, if thou dost not, it cannot be attributed but to thy negligence of that important affair of thy salvation, which thou oughtest principally to mind; and if thou comest at last miserably to lose thyself, God will have just cause to object against thee, what he objected against the Israelites.—Osea, xiv. 9, thy perdition is on thyself.

“The last privilege of those that are enrolled in the confraternity of the sacred scapular, is contained in these words of our blessed Lady to St. Simon Stock—*Ecce signum salutis salus in periculis*; and it is a perpetual safeguard from all manner of perils, as well by sea as by land; a protection and defence against fire, thunder, and lightning; many tempests have been appeased by the scapular; many fires have been quenched; many sorts of infirmities have been cured; grievous contagions have been overcome; the devils have been put to flight; and it is the most speedy and efficacious remedy against witchcraft, fascinations, and enchantments, that can be found. All this may be manifested by several examples.

“If the pious reader desire to know of them particularly, he must repair to greater volumes, which treat of this matter. Amongst others, *Lexana de Palron Mariæ*, cap. 5, 9, and *Theophilus Raymundus*, of the society of Jesus, in the scapul. carthag. carm cap. 6, hath many examples of those that have been freed from the devils, from fire, water, wild beasts, sickness, witchcrafts, danger in child-bed, from pistol-shots, and many other ill accidents, by means of the scapular. But it may suffice to convince us, with how much reason *Laurentius a Sancto Victore* had said—happy are they that are clothed with the habit and mantle of the blessed Virgin; and so I conclude this devout treatise, which I dedicate to the glory of God.”

Added to this history of the Scapular, is a brief life of the Virgin Mary, from which we will present our readers with a few extracts.

“The Virgin Mary was the most perfect model of all other virtues. St. Ambrose, in the beginning of his sacred book on virginity, exhorts virgins in particular to make her life the rule of their conduct:—‘Let the life and virginity of Mary,’ says he, ‘be set down before you as a looking-glass, in which is seen the pattern of chastity and virtue. The first spur to imitation is the nobility of the master. What more noble than the mother of God? She was a virgin in body and mind, whose candour was incapable of deceit or disguise; humble in heart; grave in words; wise in her resolutions. She spoke seldom and little; read assiduously, and placed her confidence, not in inconsistent

riches, but in the prayers of the poor. Being always employed with fervour, she would have no other witness of her heart but God alone, to whom she referred herself, and all things she did or possessed. She injured no one, was beneficent to all, honored her superiors, envied not her equals, shunned vain glory, followed reason, ardently loved virtue. *Her looks were sweet, her discourse mi'd, her behaviour modest.* Her actions had nothing unbecoming, her gait nothing of levity, her voice nothing of overbearing assurance. Her exterior was all so well regulated, that in her body was seen a picture of her mind, and an accomplished model of all virtues. Her charities knew no bound; temperate in her diet, *she prolonged her fasts several days, and the most ordinary meats were her choice,* not to please the taste, but to support nature. The moments which we pass in sleep, were to her a time for the sweetest exercises of devotion. *It was not her custom to go out of doors,* except to the temple, and this always was in the company of her relations,' &c. The humble and perfect virtue of Mary raised in St. Joseph the highest opinion of her sanctity, as appeared when he saw her with child. 'This is a testimony of the sanctity of Mary,' says St. Jerome, 'that Joseph, knowing her chastity, and admiring what had happened, suppressed in silence a mystery which he did not understand.'—Another ancient writer improves the same remark, crying out, 'O! inestimable commendation of Mary! Joseph rather believed her virtue than her womb, and grace rather than nature. He thought it more possible that Mary should have conceived by miracle without a man, than that she should have sinned.' Yet this sanctity of Mary, which was a subject of admiration to the highest heavenly spirits, consisted chiefly in ordinary actions, and in the purity of heart and fervour with which she performed them."

Where so much information as to the life, and looks, and fasts of Mary has been obtained, we can scarcely conceive. No reference is given to St. Jerome, and we can scarcely believe the father answerable for all the nonsense that is put into his mouth—especially the flat contradiction of St. Matthew in his account of the feelings of Joseph.

One more extract, commenting on the visit of the angel, and we have done.

"The moment God had chosen her to be his mother, he exacted from her the most authentic proofs of an inviolable attachment to purity. Thus it is not in a crowd, or in idle conversation, but in retreat, that the angel finds her. It is not from the distraction of diversions and entertainments that

he calls her aside to deliver his message. No; she is alone in her house with the door shut; and, as St. Ambrose says, 'he must be an angel that gets entrance there.' Hence, according to the same holy father, it was not the angel's appearance that gave her trouble, for he will not have it to be doubted but heavenly visions and a commerce with the blessed spirits had been familiar to her; but what alarmed her, he says, was the angel's appearing in human form, in the shape of a young man. (!!) What might add to her fright on the occasion, was his addressing her in the strain of praise, which kind of words flattery often puts in the mouths of ill-designing men. (!) And how few, alas! are able to withstand such dangers? But Mary, guarded by her modesty, is in confusion at expressions of this sort, and dreads the least appearance of deluding flattery. (!) Such high commendations made her cautious how she answers, till in silence she more fully considered of the matter. '*She resolved in her mind,*' says St. Luke, '*what manner of salutation this should be.*' Ah! what number of innocent souls have been corrupted for want of using the like precautions. Mary is retired, but how seldom now-a-days are young virgins content to stay at home? Mary is silent when commended, and answered not a word, till she had well considered what she ought to say; but now it is to be feared that young women never think so little as when they are entertained by flattery. Every soothing word is but too apt to slide over the ear to the heart; and who can tell what multitudes by their unweary methods suffer shipwreck of their modesty, and then of their purity. For how can this be long-lived, after having lost all its guardians? No, it cannot be. Unless a virgin be assiduous in prayer and spiritual reading, modest in her dress, prudent and wary in her choice of company, and extremely careful in the government of her eyes and tongue, when she happens to be in conversation with the other sex, there is but too much reason to apprehend that either her heart is already betrayed, or in danger of being vanquished by the next assault of her spiritual enemy. A dread of, and a speedy flight from all dangerous occasions, is the only security from virtue and innocence. Presumption wants no other tempter. Even Mary, though confirmed in grace, was only secure by this fear and distrust in herself."

If our readers recollect the pious language of the salutation of the angel, they will probably see but little ground for any modest alarm as to the nature of the object of his visit.

We have done with our task, and our extracts from our author. They have been faithfully copied from a book enjoying immense circulation among the Roman Catholics of Ireland. This,

and books like it, are the substitutes for the Bible. The wearing of a scapular is substituted for the religion taught by the Gospel—the legends of Mount Carmel, and Dr. Stock, for the history of the Scripture narrative. It would be vain to attempt to describe the superstitious veneration with which the Scapular is regarded. This little book contains but the less monstrous of the fictions of popular belief. An unwritten tradition abundantly fills up the

written gospel of the Scapularian; and wonderful as are the legends we have quoted, we must remind our readers that these are intended for the educated portion of our peasantry; into what monstrous fictions this mythology may be still further degraded in passing to the vulgar and utterly illiterate portion of the people, it needs some acquaintance with the superstitions of the Irish peasantry, even to form a guess.

[As a fitting sequel to this article, we extract from Carleton's "Father Butler" the following Rhanh or pious hymn, in use among the peasantry. We believe it to be perfectly genuine; a fact, indeed, for which Mr. Carleton's authority is sufficient to vouch. The chronological mistakes are scarcely more ridiculous than we have quoted above.]

" THE BLESSED SCAPULAR.

A holy Rhanh composed by St. Patrick, St. Colm-Kilb, an' St. Bridged, and havin' been lost to the faithful for centhries, aftherwards revealed to a blessed friar in a dhrame.

" Och ! St. Jozeph was a carpenther iv credit and renown,
St. Pether was a fisher-man an' lived in Jeroozlem town :
St. Paul to be a tint-maker he willin'ly did choose,
And in passin' thro' the Wildherness he made them for the Jews.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.

Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !

" When first the holy Scapular St. Abraham had got,
He gave it to his daughter Madge, an' she gave id to Lot,
An' Lot bein' now a Carmelite, he gav'd id to his wife,
Who for the mere refusin' id had like to lose her life.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.

Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !

" St. Augustus meetin' Lot wan day, afore he was convarted,
Begun to scoff the Scapular an' all that Lot assarted,
Bud, says Lot, says he, id's plain that you're an Antithrinitarian,
Bud afore you die, it'll come to pass that you'll die a Scaperlaarian.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.

Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !

" Then came the flood for forty years, an' swept away the arth,
In which the chronicle does tell there was a mighty darth,
Bud all this time the Scapular was never in the dark,
Bekase that St. Mathoosalem he wore it in the Ark.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.

Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !

" Then next upon this blessed Rhanh does come St. Simon Stock,
Who the blessed Virgin did pronounce the flower iv the flock ;
'Twas he that first invinted id, as you may understand,
And recav'd the blessed patthern from the Virgin Mary's hand.

Matthew, Mark, Luke an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.

Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !

When Jonas he sojourned in the belly iv the whnle,
 'Twas he that had the Scapular upon 'im I'll be bale,
 Duv ye think that af he hadn't id the whale 'ud be so slack,
 As that he would be the customer to ever let 'im back ?

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
 Purtect the bed that we lie an.

Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !

" Then glory to the Scapular, an' may id never fail,
 May every wan that wears id be as pious as the whale,
 Whoever has the tooth-ache will meet a good reward,
 For if they ware the Scapular they'll never get it hard.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
 Purtect the bed that we lie an.

Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !

" All pious Christhens that repate this Rhan wud thrue devotion,
 They need not be asfeard iv all the wather in the ocean ;
 The blessed Virgin, too, will grant whatever they desire,
 An' they'll be always saved both from wather an' from fire.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
 Purtect the bed that we lie an.

Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !"

A LEGEND OF ULSTER IN 1641.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the commissioners came over to Ireland, appointed by the government of King James the First of England, to apportion the confiscated lands of the rebel chiefs in the province of Ulster, to the London companies; many spirited individuals also obtained similar grants though of lesser extent. Among the latter persons who accompanied them, Sir David Fitzowen came to see his grant of a thousand acres, and bethink him of the expediency of making it altogether his future home, or appointing an agent to overlook its concerns, himself and his family enjoying the security and comforts of England, till a more settled state of things had taken place. But Sir David was an old soldier and considered that his property would be turned to better account, and become sooner valuable, by overlooking its settlement himself, and with the assistance of a proper agent, residing on or near the spot.

Sir David therefore accompanied the king's commissioners, and when his portion was pointed out to him, nought met his eyes for miles around but rugged uncultivated mountains and plains, tangled brakes, and deep morasses, without one wreath of curl

ing smoke to point out the habitation of a human being, except as he stood on an insulated mass of basaltic rock, and looked eastward, where the possessions of the Macdonnell seemed to say that humanity was not quite extinct. Macdonnell alone retained his ancient residence of all the chiefs of Ulster for many miles around, for he alone had preserved his allegiance and proved himself a good subject, how different soever might have been some of his immediate ancestors. His Castle of Dunluce and its wide domain stood in solemn grandeur, overlooking and protecting the smiling expanse of cultivation amidst the barren waste.

" Here, then," said the knight, "is my lot cast." And surely a more lovely outline of country never met the ken of mortal eye. The Bann flowed in rapid and troubled swiftness to its ocean bed, at a few miles distance, having just escaped the high reef of rocks which crossed its path, except where a deep, narrow channel suffered it to flow uninterruptedly through. The river was swoln by the torrents of rain which had continued to fall with more than accustomed violence in the early part of the month of August,

and was tumbling and tossing with rapid motion until it met the foaming and overwhelming waves of the ever restless ocean. The scene was lovely in the extreme, although desolate, almost, in the same proportion; and Sir David and his followers took possession of the apportioned tract with the delight of way-worn travellers, a spot which lacked nothing but manual labour and human habitations to render it a perfect paradise.

The outline of the country over which they looked was perfect in its combinations; they stood, as I said, on the summit of a huge mass of basaltic rock, and as Sir David cast his eyes around him, the gently swelling hills, the river winding its way to the bright and boundless sea, its southern shores confined by abrupt headlands, were easily traced in bold perspective many miles to the eastward, while to the west a loftier range of mountains terminated the prospect.

"But," said the old servant who attended Sir David, "neither beast nor body have shown themselves here for this many a year, I think."

"And lucky may you be if they leave you in undisturbed possession of this land," said the commissioners, who knew the chances of such a tract being, at no distant period, again the subject of dispute if not well guarded.

Sir David Fitzowen's experience in the uncertain tenure of property obtained as his was, made him bring with him some of his old soldiers, whose serviceable age was past, but who promised, from their long experience, and well tried attachment to himself, to be good guardians of his future home, as tenants and house servants. He knew it was necessary to place persons trustworthy in so difficult a situation to guard against the incursions of the natives; but though his orders were strict to withstand claims from the wandering outcasts, he was equally positive in his commands that the powerless wanderers who came for food, medicine, or employment, should never be neglected; hoping thus to wear out the memory of hardships for which he was not otherwise accountable, although following strictly in the course of retributive justice, he could not but deplore them.

Never was a political measure so

fully justified, both by its antecedents and its consequences, as the plantation of Ulster. It terminated a period of misery and strife, for which no other adequate remedy could be found, and was the commencement of a period of order and tranquillity, unexampled in the rest of Ireland. From 1608, when the order passed, for the expulsion of the chiefs and natives, to 1613, when the new settlement was made, the province might be said to have been desolate; nor were the final arrangements concluded until the date which fixed our friend Sir David Fitzowen amongst the settlers on the spot above noticed in the year 1620.

Twelve years was a period one would think sufficient to have given an altered tone of feeling to the remnants of a race affected by such a severe decree, particularly as the chiefs not swept away by their obstinate resistance to constituted authorities, had emigrated into foreign lands, and many with their followers were become loyal subjects of foreign powers. None had appeared among their ancient haunts; the lands were lying in their rank luxuriance of herbage, which no cattle browsed, and the towns with their ruined walls, in which no hearth had blazed; the churches unroofed, their doors and windows destroyed, and no signs that their hallowed precincts, either within or without, had been trodden on, or even the last rites of humanity to a departed friend been exercised by making for him here a grave. Such was the state of the province, particularly near the devoted city of Derry, when Ulster was re-peopled by a new race of more peaceable subjects from other parts of the kingdom. Spirited individuals from Scotland, England, and Wales had grants of land, either as rewards for past services, or by purchase; and with the London companies who undertook so large a proportion of the northern settlements, formed a compacted body of strength which gave confidence and good hopes to the smaller undertaker: soon all was smiling and thriving around these colonies. Well cultivated and abundantly stocked farms, surrounded the newly repaired churches in the country districts, while large and populous towns sprang from the ashes of former

habitations, with renovated beauty and increased convenience, re-peopled as they were by a new and motley race of inhabitants, mutually depending on each other for assistance in distress and danger, and mutually exercising the rites of hospitality with cheerful hearts throughout the province.

Sir David Fitzowen was a widower, and the father of two sons, the eldest about ten years, and the youngest a child of little more than three, when he accompanied the commissioners to Ireland. He planned his own and his tenant's residences, and of course left his children in England till he could ensure for them a more settled home. The eldest was placed at a good school, and the youngest under the care of an amiable young lady who had lately married one of Sir David's early friends, and for whom he had procured the appointment to the little dilapidated parish church near where his own house was designed to be erected. Mr. Morgan, the clergyman above mentioned, accompanied the commissioners, and the party who were appointed to apportion the church property, as well as that belonging to the other settlers; and by his steady interference in defence of her rights, saved much of her income. The very scanty records and ill-defined boundaries left by the hands of the spoilers, made this a difficult operation, and little satisfactory to many of the new settlers, particularly those from Scotland, who brought over with them their religious prejudices against episcopacy, and therefore were not quite satisfied with any order of things which should place a ministry out of the power of popular jurisdiction. With Sir David, and such enlightened settlers, the claims of the church were easily adjusted; they were even more than met. Brought up in the bosom of the church of England, with the reminiscences of his youth, and the tradition of his ancestors, he needed not to be reminded of the influence which a little worldly property gives to the clergyman, that no abject want may make him miss that due respect from his humbler parishioners, or exclude him from participating in the society of his wealthier neighbours as a companion and a friend.

Sir David could scarcely be called a settled inhabitant of his beautiful resi-

dence, until the summer of the year 1626, though he spent much of his time there, but his eldest son, Hilary, being to be transferred from one of the great schools in England, to the important business of active life, as an officer in the royal corps of Life Guards, he now came over, accompanied by him, to make him feel the pleasures of his Irish home, and cement his love for his little brother, before the cares and pleasures of his new career should have wiped them too roughly away from his young mind. Owen was still left with his kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and was now a fine lively boy nearly eleven years old, when the delightful event of his father and brother's return was announced. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan had been unfortunate in their own offspring, and except one little girl, now an infant, they had seen all, six in number, deposited in the grave as soon as the light had met their eyes. But Owen was one of the most robust and hardy little fellows in the country, and with his restless impatience was wearying all who came in his way to know how long it would be until his father and soldier brother, Hilary, should arrive at Owenstone Hall. At length the long looked for time came; it passed as the happy time still passes in a summer vacation in happy families, met after long absences; but it made its usual advances in the life of the actors, and with a few more such meetings and partings, left Hilary a manly soldier, and little Owen, first a school-boy, and then a young soldier, visiting his home for the last time before he entered on his military career.

In the meantime Sir David and the Morgans had settled themselves with as little to disturb their peace as, in the state of their newly acquired property, could be expected; and after a slight alarm of fire, never quite accounted for, near the mansion house, nothing had occurred, to give them distrust of the ancient inhabitants. It was curious, but the planner and executor of the burning above-mentioned, could not be traced beyond a child, whose love of *eclat* alone excited him to the deed. He was fed and clothed, and assured that a place at a good fire, with a plentiful board, should never be wanting to greet him, if he would come and live among the settlers. Thus en-

couraged he at length came often; others emboldened by his success, also came; had food and raiment given them, for themselves and their relatives in the mountains, till they also, cheered by the kind treatment they experienced, came and made their abode near the Sassenach's dwelling. By degrees suspicion on the part of the stranger's families wore away; the natives appeared to live in peace amongst them; and their miserable cabins were suffered to be erected on one pretence or another, at the back of every hillock or clump of trees, not otherwise occupied, or not readily available by the settlers for tillage. The plough and the mill-clack did its usual work; the sword rested in its scabbard; hope animated the bosoms of all; and peace seemed to be the handmaid of industry and hospitality. Tenants from England, Scotland, and Wales, of more than ordinary respectability, had taken the farms on the Owenstone estate; and the readier to reconcile the natives, who had settled, to the new state of things, Sir David encouraged them to intermarry with them, and did not object even to his household servants mixing themselves up with them in the same sacred bonds, hoping thereby to strengthen their interest in the country, and give the natives more confidence among them; but alas, he and others who acted thus liberally, as it is called, sowed the seeds of discord and discontent they did not anticipate.

The cordial hospitality of the loyal chiefs who retained their possessions, soon placed our friends at the hall and the glebe in friendly terms with them. But they were a small and scattered remnant. The Macdonnell of Dunluce was, however, a host in himself; valiant, loyal, and hospitable, he early hailed the settled strangers as neighbours and friends; and so, until the summer of 1636, little occurred to mark the time. Sir David was verging on that term of life when the sweet Psalmist of Israel tells us, that "the life of man is but labour and sorrow." His sons, both soldiers, whose annual visits to enliven the hall had been, by some causes, delayed for a longer space than usual, were now announced as likely soon to arrive, under circumstances of peculiar interest; no less, in short, than the

marriage of the eldest son, who was about to introduce his bride to his father at the hall.

Hilary, now a Colonel in the army, was one of the king's life-guards; his good temper and good disposition alone had preserved him from the serious scrapes into which his good looks and easy circumstances might have brought him. His talents were neither shining nor despicable; but his love of ease made him a less conspicuous person than from his rank and fortune might have been expected. Owen, the youngest, who, from the fostering care of kind Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, had been turned over to the tender mercies of a public school, with high and ardent spirits, soon after fighting his way through it, and making the best of a good capacity, so as to take his stand in learning as well as in feats of arms, was as a younger brother, with less of fortune's goods, early consigned to the army also; but instead of remaining in England, as an ornamental soldier, to dress and look gay on parade, he was sent from the first on foreign service, where he became as much distinguished in the camp for a good officer, as amongst his associates for a good man and a gentleman. His visit at this time was a most delightful addition to the pleasure of all parties, and though his duties would not permit his remaining to partake of all the gay scenes prepared for their reception at Owenstone Hall and neighbourhood, it served to refresh his memory with early associations, strengthen his warmth of feeling to old friends, and endear him to new ones. The Morgans felt for him as a son; and little Alice, now a child of 12 years old, clung to him, as the brother whose absence she had deplored, and whom she scarcely knew how enough to value on his return home. When his departure took place, her silent tears, as any thing obtruded itself on her recollection, such as a book which he had been reading and left behind, a glove, even a broken spur, but too clearly shewed the interest which she took in him, and Owen Fitzowen loved to witness the warmth of feeling evinced by this child of nature, the playmate of his early days. Sad and eventful were the times which were past ere they met again. But I will not anticipate.

When the Colonel and his lady arrived, all seemed determined, amongst

the good old knight's neighbours, as well as himself, that nought but joy and merriment should await them, and welcomes and general rejoicings ushered the introduction of the expected bridal party. It is always a fit subject for widely diffused pleasure in every land; and in Ireland, where the native sociabilities are so warm, and the widely spread hospitalities so general, it could not but be a time of general hilarity. The nobility though but few, and widely scattered, with the gentry, all round paid their early compliments, and their reception and return of civilities were according to the then hospitable mode. Of those who assembled on this occasion, I need say little, as they have but little to do with the main story. The lords of the Ards, and lords of the Pale, inhabited districts too remote from Owenstone Hall, to be upon very sociable terms; yet even some of these stretched a point, and accepted the invitation to greet the new married pair. The times, as I said, and the sociable nature of the inhabitants, brought together distant neighbours on less stirring occasions than the present; little sometimes was required to gather a social band of remote and now almost unapproachable families over mountains and moors hardly practicable to any but really good natured persons, determined to use all exertions to join such a social throng. The laws of "limitation to two or three days," were then not inserted in the visiting ticket. Many days of festivity were consumed in home recreations, which were relieved by fishing, hawking, and hunting, the otter and the fox, by the male part of the company; amusements which, in those days, were partially partaken by the females also, who, with the embroidery frame, the toilet, and games of chance, contrived to divert much of the morning, while the dance and song, with merry games, long banished to the nursery or servants' hall of modern days, helped to keep these large assemblages of persons in tolerably good humour with themselves and their neighbours, until the time of parting drew near, when new excuses were found to renew these social meetings. A family of handsome daughters, whose loveliness might have withered on the "virgin thorn," but for these assemblages at each others houses, always kept the country alive, for it must in-

deed be a stupid party which could not produce another wedding or two, to keep up the neighbourly round of conviviality. Too frequently the little bickerings of national prejudice would spring up, particularly amongst the attendants of the settlers and those of the ancient nobility; the former composed of the mixed company already mentioned, and the latter exclusively retaining the services of the Irish domestic, who, in many instances, had been the foster brother of the chief himself, and therefore little brooked the scorn of less favoured individuals.

The arrival of the young couple was a stirring epoch in this distant portion of the British empire. Report said that Mrs. Fitzowen was a beautiful woman, which observation confirmed on her arrival. The wear and tear of a court life had faded the early blush of youth, and mellowed down her loveliness to the matronly charms of a wife of 28; sufficiently young to enter into the amusements of her youthful acquaintances, as well as old enough to listen to and profit by the sage precepts and housewifely advice of her elder neighbours, assembled at Owenstone Hall to greet her arrival, and admire her wedding clothes. These were, of course, of the costly and substantial texture and shape which formed the wardrobe of a fashionable bride of the seventeenth century.

The Macdonnells of Dunluce and the Lords of the Ards were amongst the first to offer their friendly congratulations to Sir David, and await the arrival of the young married couple with kindly welcomes to the Irish shores. The good clergyman and his wife were not the least forward in their attentions, for none more cordially rejoiced in the arrival of the happy pair; and, notwithstanding that the noble, the courteous, and the gay were assembled to do them honour, the unpretending homebred Mr. and Mrs. Morgan lost nothing in the comparison, but gained a full share of the regard they merited, by their everyday attentions, unrestricted by servility and flattery.

The Macdonnells of Dunluce were descended from that bold bad man, whose faithless conduct to the unsuspecting Irish chief, M^cQuillan, had made himself master of a large tract

of country in the county of Antrim, reaching from the banks of the beautiful river Bush to the foot of the Dall Mountains. The story of this outrageous transaction is too well known to require here to be again recorded; suffice it to say, that, however the land was originally wrested from its ancient possessors, this marriage with the daughter and sole heiress of the Irish chieftain, M'Quillan, had secured to their descendant, Randal Macdonnell, the possession of the property, with general satisfaction, whether the story of its acquirement by the famous Sorly Boy gained credence or not, for he was a man universally beloved. No one had more eminently distinguished himself by loyalty to his sovereign, or for promoting the English interests and *language*, and endeavouring to civilize his countrymen, than the Randal Macdonnell who early made friends with the newly-arrived Colonel and Mrs. Fitzowen. Sorly Boy had resisted all accommodation with the English government, except for a time, now and then, when it better suited his crafty politics; but repeated rebellions made him be regarded as a froward and uncertain subject. His son Randal constantly and steadily pursued a different line of conduct, which while it was beneficial to his Irish neighbours and dependents, advanced him to the good graces of his sovereign, who, in 1618, called him to the peerage as Viscount Dunluce; and, in the autumn of 1620, by a fresh creation, made him Earl of Antrim. His being thus ennobled, flattered the vanity of his mother's powerful partizans, and made him a linking chain between the Irish discontents and the loyal settlers. He was the leader, in short, of all good subjects in the North of Ireland, from his station and character.

The Lady Macdonnell was a fashionable woman, who had lived in the English Court in her younger days, and hospitably aided her lord in his efforts towards sociability amongst the surrounding neighbourhood.

The visit from this last named chieftain was most gratifying to the good Sir David and his newly-arrived interesting family. Arrangements were soon made for the visit being returned; and in order to increase the amusement of the visit it was settled

that the Fitzowen family should join the Macdonnells at their ancient Castle of Dunluce, and from Dunluce proceed to enjoy the more refined hospitalities of the newly-improved Castle of Glenarm, situated on the eastern coast of Antrim.

Thus early in their intercourse, I must not omit to remark that the good clergyman and his wife had gained much by the arrival of the newly-married couple; for Mrs. Morgan, many years younger than her husband, found in Mrs. Fitzowen that friendly and elegant associate which the north of Ireland at that time rarely presented. Mrs. Morgan had a cultivated mind, which knew how to appreciate the value of such neighbours, and the hope of seeing an only daughter imbibe the more refined manners of the lady of the mansion, as well as partake of the information which the secluded spot had denied them, previous to the arrival of the new married pair.

Mrs. Morgan was in ill-health, too, and the melancholy thought of what might be the result of her illness was less painful, when as she noticed the kind interest Mrs. Fitzowen seemed to take in all that concerned her gentle Alice, she was cheered by thinking her protecting kindness might save her child from many an orphan's pang, when her own meek head should be laid in its kindred clay. Mr. Morgan, from one of the southern counties of Wales, might well feel the comforts of the newly-arrived train of followers, who brought with them more congenial habits than the hardly reconciled population which of yore composed the congregation of the neat little parish church, early erected on the site of the ancient ruins, which had been one of Sir David's first acts, even before his own wide mansion was completed. Few indeed were the converts; and the scattered few who might have swelled the peal of praise and thanksgiving within those hallowed walls, contented themselves with the *name* of Protestant, or denied the efficacy of Mr. M.'s ministry, tinctured, as all ranks were, by the growing severities of Puritanism, now beginning to rage with the fury of rebellion all over the British dominions. Who can paint the *humble* pride, may I say? of a minister so situated, at

meeting, in his half-deserted church, the addition of a few, say sixteen or eighteen, new faces, all eagerly turned towards him for instruction, after joining in the beautiful prayers of our English Liturgy. Mrs. Fitzowen seemed to be the centre, round which all turned; for she was most observant of her public duties, and careful that as few should lose the privilege of joining the congregation at church as it was possible, at all times. In her house she never omitted the smallest attention to the good pastor and his gentle, sickly wife, who repaid it by that ever penetrating manner which cannot be resisted. She had known much sorrow in the loss of a numerous family of lovely children, and her Alice seemed the only tie to make her wish not to follow them till her tender years were past, or some better hope should cheer her, that she might be a useful member of society, and more able to cope with the cares of the world, should any thing deprive her of her excellent father. Of her own life Mrs. Morgan had but faint grounds to hope it could be of long continuance. The sweetness with which Mrs. Morgan proffered the common, useful information to the lady, endeared her greatly: from a longer residence in Ireland she could give information; recommend, and caution, where necessary; and as all was done with charity and kindness, Mrs. Fitzowen found her neighbours at the parsonage almost indispensable to her happiness at all times. The little Alice, too, was a strong link in the endearing chain which bound the Fitzowens and Morgans together. I think I can no better show my readers the friendship which subsisted between the families, than by recounting the conversation which passed when Mrs. Fitzowen called at the parsonage to bid her friends adieu, before she set off on her intended excursion. Mrs. Morgan had been, for some days, suffering from increased indisposition, so that she had not been able to go to the hall as usual; Alice had, therefore, been more than commonly Mrs. Fitzowen's companion.

The poor invalid and the child seemed to feel the parting, though but for a short time, as quite an affliction.

"My dear Mrs. Fitzowen," said the affectionate girl, "I wish you were

not going just now; it will be so dull without you; for I am beginning to love you so very much I shall miss you every where; for dear mamma, since this last sad cold of her's, cannot walk about with me as she used to do."

"Fie! Alice," said Mrs. Fitzowen; I did not expect to hear you express regret at being left alone with your dear papa and mamma."

"O no, indeed! Mrs. Fitzowen, it is not that," said the almost weeping girl, turning to her mother with eager and affectionate look, and taking both her hands; "indeed it is not being left alone with them I feel; it is that you are not to be here for a long while, and I am sure dear mamma will miss your society more than I can; for I cannot talk of England, and King James, and King Charles, and his beautiful Queen, Henrietta Maria, as you do. When I read to her, I want so many things explained, that I make her cough more troublesome, by the exertion: but you talk to mamma, and are so good as to explain all my puzzling questions, which are for ever presenting themselves to me in my books and work, that I think you save her as much trouble, and give her as much pleasure almost as you do me."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Morgan, "Alice has expressed my sense of our obligations to you, though not perhaps in the most courteous terms to either of us. She has forgotten however, how much we shall be benefitted by your excursion on your return, when you describe to us the beauties of that wonderful coast, where I have heard the marks of the workmen's chisel may be traced, though who the workmen were, has been left for the lovers of the marvellous to suggest. But assuredly the Great Architect of all which we behold required no assistance from human hands, to enable him to accomplish his most stupendous earthly wonders."

"To be permitted to admire and enjoy the beauties and wonders with which the earth is full," said Mrs. Fitzowen, "is to me not the least of the bounties of Providence; 'For, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou regardest him?'"

"My dear Mrs. Fitzowen, you always turn our thoughts the right way, I think," said Mrs. Morgan; "and as

Alice says, I do not know what we shall do without you for a whole fortnight: Alice and I shall watch for your return with less patience than we ought; but our prayers and good wishes will follow you."

"I am sure I shall long for your return, and so will all the people about us, poor creatures," said the weeping Alice; "and I have a long story to tell you about poor Denny: but do dear Mrs. Fitzowen, remember to tell me all you see, and if you should hear any thing about the giant, which is not wicked, do remember and tell me all about them."

Notice was now brought, that the boat waited to take the lady, with her

party, on the purposed excursion to Dunluce. All seemed to feel the moment as one of pain, and the adieus of each were tinged with various indications of regret. Tender pity and kindness was imprinted on the features of Mrs. Fitzowen; a tear trembled in the languid eye of Mrs. Morgan, while a desponding shade crossed its look, as she said farewell: right as her heart was, firm as was her trust in the mercies of God, she could not but feel that she was not long for this world, and that her Alice, with only an aged father to watch over her, must soon, in all probability, be left to the kind sympathies of comparative strangers.

REMEMBRANCES OF A POETIC CHILDHOOD.

My Childhood! there is music in the sound!
Those syllables of sweetness lead the hours
Of Innocence, and Life's enchanted ground,
Softly upon the Memory. Pleasant Bowers,
Green with your summer leafage, where my heart
First learned to feel the Beautiful, nor knew
To speak its kindling thought; ye shall not part
From me, for I would linger still with you!
Oh, bless with dreams of old, of happy years,
My Memory still—that land whose rivers are of tears!

Yes, often when my rapt soul, heavenward soaring,
Swells even yet with ecstasie divine,
Or bends in silent ravishment, adoring
The Spirit of Beauty in her loveliest shrine,
Gleams of my glorious Childhood glance again
Their arrowy flashes on the dark of Thought;
I wake from Death to Life, from dungeoned men
To bowered angels,—like the Patriarch caught
In golden clouds to Paradise, and borne
From Time to Eternity—to Heaven's unfading morn!

And as a Mother folds a weeping child
Softly yet thrillingly upon her breast,
Hushing its cries until she hath beguiled
That burst of infant sorrow into rest;—
So, in the veriest hour of my despair,
When my heart asks in every beat, to break,
When Death would be a Life, and this our air
Is loathed as stifling—then, oh! then—in meek
And matron garb, with love-effusing eyes,
A Form of Light descends, and soothes my struggling cries.

Changed, yet the same ! She who embraced at first
 My youth, the Mystic SPIRIT of LOVELINESS,—
 Whate'er that be, which bids the full heart burst
 Its bonds in fearful joy, the big distress
 Of a soul panting to disclose its thought !
 The invisible Glory and the Power unnamed.
 Changed, yet the same ! still as when first She sought
 My dungeon, and in thrilling voice proclaimed
 Me free, She comes, too faithful minister !
 Forsaken of all beside, I still can weep with Her.

But of my Boyhood ;—o'er the sunny hill
 To wander, not alone, but with the aid
 Of gentle Contemplation ; in the still
 And dream-like hush of noon, to watch the shade
 Lazily darkening half the distant slope ;
 To joy amid the valley streams ; to form
 Torrents and armies from the clouded cope
 Of the red sky at eve ; to dread the storm
 That marred its beauty and my happiness ;
 Such sports—such dreams—sufficed my strange still youth to bless.

What marvel then if I was not as those
 Whose childhood blossomed round me ? if at heart
 I yearned not for their happiness, and rose
 From their light laugh of joyaunce to depart
 To my lone grove and fancy-dream ? Alas !
 There were but few who loved me, or with whom
 My heart could link its joys ! I learned to pass
 Already as that fabled One whose doom
 Is Life and Wandering, whose seared heart hath known
 What Death it is to Live with men and Love not one !

There was a Silence that none understood
 In my unjoyous childhood. Like a stream
 Down-sunk amid the wild glens of a wood,
 And peeping through the coppice with the gleam
 Of shooting stars at twilight, but unheard
 Amid the thunder of the struggling trees
 That battle with the storm above,—unstirred
 By all that pealed around me, the sweet breeze
 Of Summer was my company, the glow
 Of Sunset was my joy—and why, why *now* not so ?

Alas ! I cannot dream as I did then !
 No rushing fires of Thought—my brain is cold !
 The fitful gleams of Heaven come not again,
 The Jov, the Majesty, the Power of old,
 The reinless tempest of the soul ! 'Tis past,
 And, vanishing, bequeaths but one dark boon,
 The bitter boon of Memory ! Could I cast
 That Scorpion of the Spirit off, how soon
 Should all these echoes of youth's music be
 Silenced, and Lethe's wave alone my Castaly !

But those around him left the musing Boy
 Whose thoughts were not as theirs ; and I was glad.
 Aye—my heart leaped within my breast for joy
 That I was thus alone, and might be sad
 With fainting soul and far-upturning glance

Upon the mournful night-sky,—or delighted,
 Those eyes all rapture, and that soul all trance—
 With none to dread or shrink from ! They had frightened
 The innocent wildness of a changeful heart,
 And now it beat again. I lived---I loved apart !

Thus silent as a voiceless Star, my mind
 Gave not itself to others ; it was free
 Of their communion ; sought not, nor could find
 In such, responses for its melody.
 The music of its thoughts was like the trill
 Of an unmated nightingale, when clear
 And full its thickly-gushing note—as still
 As Time—floats out at night with none to hear !
 For some sounds have a *silence* in their tone,
 Deepening the stillness more, when they are heard alone !

Hills, streams, and rocks ! was not my fellowship
 A mute communion of the heart with you,
 And you almost alone ? No mortal lip
 Taught my young soul to love you, yet it flew
 To the companionship of Solitude,
 As the wild eagle to his stormy hold,
 A cloud-borne wanderer ! Still no temper rude
 Marked nature's youthful eremite ; if cold
 To some perchance appeared the lonely Child,
 Yet aye to those he loved that Silent One was mild !

For there is chastening power in loneliness,
 And awe in Nature's Mystery, best felt
 With few or none around us to oppress
 The heart immersed in beauty ! Who hath knelt
 On the rude crag, intranced in drowsy thought,
 Or held deep converse with the watchful stars,
 Or loved the quiet hush of woods, or wrought
 From his exhaustless soul those CHILMINARS
 Of wild but glorious fancy-forms the Mind
 Can build, and leave even Nature's loveliness behind,—

Oh, *who* that loves to seek for living wells
 Of thought in every lifeless thing, and knows
 What food for gentle meditation dwells
 In Nature's silent treasures,—who goes
 O'er the lone cliffland with a joyous gait,
 Hailing the Bright Ones of the skies as friends,
 As old familiar friends,—who yearns to sate
 His burning soul with glory, as he bends
 Above the cataract whose monotonous roar
 Lulls—till he hears those waves upon some dreamland shore,—

Who, that thus vowed to nature breathe amid
 That better world of thoughtful love, but feel
 How its mild images will steal unbid
 Even o'er the darker *truth* of life, and steal
 To purify ?

Nor joyless the stern gloom
 Of fiercer fancies ! trembling heart and limb
 Spoke my young terrors as beside the tomb
 The fiends of Fable rose in twilight dim,
 While the dread Sorcerer laughed, and hideous mirth
 Broke the still hour, and mocked the place of hallowed earth !

But gentler visions—Night's lone universe,
 Morn's burst of glories, spoke yet more of God,
 For these were Love developed ; these immerse
 The soul in streams that issue from the abode
 Of Love enthroned Omnipotent ! In HIM
 (Methought) the Primal Beauty lives, and all
 Attired in beauty are but transcripts dim
 Of His unuttered thoughts, that coldly fall
 On dull material essence, yet declare
 How rich that Light whose *shade* our world is given to share !

Fond hope ! I dream'd man's Eden won again,
 His majesty regain'd of spotless soul,
 When linked to nature's Lord in nature ; when,
 Charm'd—awed—by glimpses of the wond'rous whole,
 He dallies with Infinity, he hails
 The name of God upon the beaming sky
 Written in stars ; and, till the tired wing fails,
 Strains, urges still beyond the daring eye
 The Soul more daring :—and when Fancy felt
 Such wild faith, *thus* she told the TEMPLE where she knelt !

There is a Shrine—thus Fancy spake—to God
 Upraised for every creed in every land,
 By saint or savage, Jew or Gentile, trod,
 A Fane whose columns own no human hand.
 There kneel the whole wide world, in voiceless prayer,
 To the whole world's one Father ! Him, who bade
 The temple rise, and shrined His Spirit where
 Himself His sole befitting shrine had made.
 Nature's Shechinah ! where the Omnific Lord
 Seen thro' the cloud of Sense, is still through clouds adored.*

The pillars of that Fane are sunken deep
 Where the far sea-line faints upon the sky,
 Mid caverns sunless, and the sullen sleep
 Of the unfathom'd ocean-world. But high
 Swells the huge Dome, earth-grasping and eterne,
 Hung with ten thousand lamps—each lamp a world—
 That 'neath the Temple's vail of sunbeams burn
 The long bright hours, till night the vail has furled,
 The vail of beams inwove in beams, and given
 To sight the arch august, the symmetry of heaven !

And is that Temple silent ? Doth no sound
 Inform the giant frame with soul, and make
 Oblation voiceful to the One around,
 Above, beneath ? List, o'er the breezy lake
 A creeping murmur ! List, the woods of June
 Alive with Song ! the far rill's spirit moan,
 The mingling melodies of Summer noon,
 And solemn Night's majestic monotone !
 The fast waves, knit in close-*in*folded dance,
 To their own choral song for evermore advance,

A multitudinous symphony !—

Forbear

The specious dream ! the soft idolatry
 Of pensive souls, too feebly falsely fair
 For the stern hour of man's true agony !
 Not *thus* FAITH wakes to life her worse than dead,—

* "I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy seat," &c.—Levit. xvi. 2.

Misnured thoughts ! begot in Solitude,
 From the heart's lingering hopes that *will* be fed,
 And frame of things insensate a false food
 To still their own deep wants, till—half adored—
 The gorgeous World is throned the Rival of its Lord!

And *yet*—ah, yet! though *holier* thoughts may shower
 O'er me the bright calm of yon slumbering sea,
 Glowing and glittering in the moon-light hour,
 Mid ceaseless murmurs of lone harmony,
 The deep hush'd sighings of its mystic dream,—
 Though heavenlier visions winning, wildering pour
 Around my hope-raised soul this gushing gleam
 Of purest peace and joys unknown before,—
 Even *yet* Remembrance hath a spell to cast,
 And tears for Future joy flow sometimes for the Past!

W. B.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

I read in books that Youth is gay—
 A sparkling, bounding, joyous thing;
 The laughing sunshine of the brook,
 The lightning of the eagle's wing,
 The rainbow in the stormy sky,
 The bursting riches of the Spring—
 Such thoughts bards image boyhood by,
 And old hearts soften as they sing.

Fond memory's faith—a blessed creed!
 For my experience all too blest!
 Methinks this joy, the guest of all,
 Forgot its mission to one breast.
 I live even now these magic years,
 I walk this ground by fairies prest,
 These joys show poorly seen through tears—
 These *joys*! ah, grant me only rest!

"Youth's heaven!" oh, were this all that earth
 Could bring to whisper me of heaven,
 Might I not cast adrift my "hope
 Of Glory," nor stand unforgiven?
 My barque of life is launched a wreck,
 Or, like that mighty ship o'er waven,
 Whose throng'd and storm-defying deck
 Was sunk before it left the haven!

Are these the vaunted years of bliss
 That Age recalls with pensive weeping,—
 That laid in Memory's cells, like wine,
 Grow milder, mellower by the keeping?
 Age, age! if hourly more to feel
 O'er soul and sense, a chillness creeping,
 Be Thou, on boyhood Age *can* steal,
 Life's spring its wintriest harvest reaping!

Oh for that thirst of Wealth and Fame,
 The joy that wilder bosoms know ;
 The rapture high of Enterprise,
 Ambition's hot and fever'd glow.
 Alas! too keen this practised breast,
 Too well I pierce the paltry show ;
 I feel it could not make me blest
 Though thousands joined to call me so!

As Hope expires, Remembrance turns
 Torturer or traitor to the mind,
 That sun must blaze *before* our path,
 Or beamless are the clouds behind!
 Even Childhood's dreams are now forgot
 As youth's first maddening spells unwind ;
 The dull, dark, Present folds a knot
 Nor Past nor Future can unbind!

.

Thou bid'st me pray: I can but weep.
 Too faintly pure the Light Divine
 To pierce a soul's abyss, so deep,
 So dark, so desolate as mine.
 No, from such hell of grief, the eye
 First turns to heaven for prayer and prays ;
 But fell Despair comes lightening by,
 And blinds and blasts the withered gaze!

That stream is dry; that healing wave
 Bathes not these parched and pallid lips.
 'Tis vain to strive—let Sorrow rave!
 Let twilight darken to eclipse!
 The heart hath fountains cool and clear
 That dew men's eyes with laughing gleam,
 But mine are those whose every tear
 Is, geyser-like, a burning stream!

Then cease—oh! dark must be the hour
 Which Thou—even Thou—canst not illumine ;
 And fell the Fiend Tormentor's power,
 If thine can fail to chase his gloom.
 But this is such ; beloved, depart,
 Such depths of pain I shame to show ;
 Ask heaven to still the mourner's heart—
 Leave me my solitude of woe!

1831.

W. B.

THE BRIDAL:

They hastened the bridal, that gloom might not throw
 Its shade o'er the light of affection's young glow ;—
 Lest, in ominous contrast, one sad widowed bride,
 Even then borne on o'er the lone ocean wide,
 Too mournfully soon should return once more,
 Ere another gay bridal's fond farewells were o'er.
 Far, far she had left her own dead bridegroom's grave
 Beneath India's hot suns—by the deep moaning wave ;—
 And oh ! not with marriage-rejoicings—as when
 She had left them—that home should be ringing again
 On her startled heart's throbbings when bitterly now
 She returned released from each parting-breathed vow.

They hastened the bridal,—then why now delay
 The destined, the longed-for, and fate-sealing day ?
 They are waiting for only a few fleeting morns
 Till the rosebud of Hope shall be reft of its thorns ;
 They are waiting for only that fond human dream,
 A day in which death, sorrow, sickness shall seem
 As a fiction forgotten—and thought-clouding care
 Pass away, with all gloom, from their young visions fair.
 And that day is coming—is named—and the guests
 To the bridal are bidden, in meet marriage-vests,
 So the robes of their mourning are all cast aside,
 When, lo ! who is 'midst them ? the lone widow-bride !

Clad in funeral sable—with cheek whereupon
 The sun of a tropical summer has shone—
 She is 'midst them :—but one—he who bore her so late
 O'er a hemisphere's realms from forth that same gate—
 Oh ! where, where is he ?—let the still tomb reply,
 And the bright deadly smile of an Eastern sky.
 Now hasten the bridal, since evermore grief
 Is lasting and certain—bliss doubtful and brief !

Nay, remember not that !—life and love lie before,
 Nor so swift are Death's wings, save on that fatal shore—
 That, unbidden, the silent and terrible guest
 Should stand by the lovers or sit at the feast,
 Or for one marriage sealed should another dissolve,
 And from all its sworn fondness the cold heart absolve :—
 Nor goeth the widowed one midnight-like there,
 To darken the scene that her soul could not bear ;
 Let the nuptials proceed !—look around—is there one
 Like a thing to be coffined ere set of the sun ?

Hath the pastor enjoined them, with faltering breath,
 To remember, in life we are circled by death ?
 Hath he spoke of a marriage, mysterious and high,
 Of the soul with a bridegroom whose footsteps draw nigh ?
 Be still ! Are such questions for seasons like this—
 To make solemn the smile, and the blush, and the kiss ?
 Let the nuptials proceed !—and begone every thought,
 Save the bright ones with life and expectancy fraught !

The bridal is over :—the pastor has laid
 His hand on the reverent head of the maid,
 Whom he loved as a child, and on whom, as a wife,
 He has breathed the kind blessing to end but with life ;
 There are fervent caresses, the fondest and last,
 Ere her spring-time of life into summer has past :—
 But what do I gaze upon ?—woe, woe is me !
 They hastened the bridal, that gloom might not be—
 They deferred it, that gloom might not shadow it o'er,—
 In vain !—a hearse stands, dark and still, at the door !

One bridal is o'er—now be hushed every breath !
 Make way for another—the bridal of Death !—
 “ Like a thief in the night ” hath the dark-mantled king
 Entered there with *his* icy and blood-freezing ring—
 (His ring of betrothment that plights to the clay
 The hand that in terror shrinks vainly away)—
 Cold, cold grow the fingers that feel it, and stopped
 Are the pulses of life—and the pale brow has dropped—
 And in midst of the marriage-guests, swiftly and soon
 Both bridals are ended, ere well it is noon.
 Heaven shield the true lovers so awfully wed,
 The kind lips that bound them lie breathless and dead !
 Now hasten the bride's waiting chariot away,
 For Death's ebon chariot may brook no delay !

In paleness and silence the guests have dispersed—
 The wedded are gone—the cold pastor is hearsed—
 The grave hath divorced from his bosom the wife
 Who watched him go forth in the fullness of life—
 Who watched him return in his shroud to her home,
 As he voicelessly passed on his way to the tomb !

E. M. H.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM COUL GOPPAGH

A SNOWDROP.

O, fair delusion ! may I deem
 So delicate a thing,
 Some passing smile within her dream,
 That stirs the sleeping spring.

So pale upon its stem, so thin,
 So unsubstantial, trembling—
 Some fancy of the earth within,
 Some beautiful dissembling !

O, let me listen ! surely near
 Are faintest echoes falling,
 For through the Heavens the World doth hear
 The distant Summer calling.

If I be sleeping where I go,
 Or waking, as doth seem,
 Or if the world doth sleep, I know,
 It is most like a dream.

FANCY—THE LADYE AND THE HARP.

BY COUL GOPPAGH.

Straitway the golden harp she leant
 Upon her shoulder fair,
 And a hum of angel-wings there went
 A-murmuring through the air—
 Forth from the strings the prisoners went,
 Her fingers loosed them there.

Be still! oh! still! and hear
 The secret of the strings;
 Breathe soft and low, for thou art near
 The ever-weeping springs,
 The fountains of the blessed tear—
 The gentle ladye sings!

* * * * *

The broad sun-gladdened sea
 Swells up upon the shore;
 Afar within a cave to be
 It never sought before,
 Cometh a billow, dyingly,
 With all the bells it bore,
 The hollow cave, replyingly,
 Keeps murmuring of it o'er.

*My soul is like the cave
 Beside the chaunting sea;
 Those swelling strings, most like the wave
 Within my soul they be.*

Beneath a sycamore,
 Beside a meadow stream,
 With its broad shadow covered o'er
 I hide from summer's beam.

The gray plume of the grass
 Is waving not at all;
 The breezes speak not if they pass,
 And, aye, the lapsing fall
 Of the small silver streamlet, has
 A cadence musical:
 O! in the calm, the streamlet has
 A cadence musical!

*Say, is the harping o'er?
 Or are the leaves all still?
 Or comes it from the sycamore
 That ever-dying thrill?
 Is it the harp-string utters more?
 Is it the running rill?*

But lo! the grass-plume sways
 Upon its stalk so thin;
 The broad leaf o' the sycamore plays,
 That silent all hath been,
 And the singing brook from its flowery ways
 Dreamily murmurs in.

Up from the far south-west
 A breath begins to move,
 From Heaven to earth the rich behest,
 Of ever-living Love.
 And see ! the corn-field heaves
 In broad, green billows up,
 The startled bee, a-singing, leaves
 The nodding butter-cup !

*O, sweetly, very solemnly,
 A sound grows on my ear ;
 Is it the brook ? is it the bee ?
 Is it the Harp I hear ?
 Say, is it Harp, or Brook, or Bee,
 Or the Breeze in the cornfield near ?*

Deep in a glen of willows
 To meet my love I go,
 Where the sound of distant billows
 Comes sighingly and slow,
 And down among the willows
 Comes the waterfall in snow.

Beneath the waterfall
 I linger for my love,
 The voices of the willows all
 Discoursing soft above,
 Ever and aye the cuckoo's call
 Is floating through the grove.

*My love ! I hear her song
 Among the willows winding !
 It is no harp—she stayeth long
 To hide her from my finding.*

Beside the rapid river
 There is an old grey stone,
 A silent signal, ever,
 To one, and one alone.
 And here she cometh never,
 Save when the shade is thrown
 Of the willow stem on the river
 Over that old grey stone.

*O ! tell me why she stays—
 For see ! the shade is falling
 I hear sweet sound a thousand ways
 Of leaves, and linnets calling.*

Those fingers cease—it dies !
 I have been fondly dreaming.
 The light is gone from my true love's eyes—
 Ah, woe ! it was but seeming.
 Thick steals the snow from the winter skies,
 Oh ! Harp, restore my dreaming !

Be still, oh still, and hear
 The secret of the strings ;
 Those fingers dip, O ladye dear !
 Once more within the springs—
 The fountains of the holy tear
 Oh ! hush thee while she sings !

SONNET—THE WESTERN HILL.

BY COUL GOPPAGH.

Ah ! long ago, or ever the Sun of Youth
 Departed from Life's saddening firmament,
 What longing eyes, uplifted, I have bent
 On that blue hill-top ; deeming that, in truth,
 If I might journey there, deep I should dwell
 Within the sunset's glory, clothed with beams
 Like holy angels, pictured in day dreams
 Before the throne. A needless tale to tell
 How oft, since then, on many a mountain sod
 I looked in vain for glories where I trod.
 But never on THAT HILL-TOP* let me tread !
 For every step were blasphemy. O ! never.
 The dreams of childhood linger round its head,
 It is an holy thing, and consecrate for ever.

[We beg to state that our well beloved cousin, Coul Goppagh, is very innocent of the present appearance of these versicles. He has, for a year or two, fallen into a lethargy, and has been living in a kind of half-cave half-cottage dwelling, on the coast under the cliffs at Portmuck. He is never seen by day-light, and, only rarely by the night patrol of the coast-guard, when he sometimes appears fitting by them like the ghost of a departed mariner, with a long, spectral pipe, from which a spiritual cloud flies ever and anon over the waves in the moonlight. We paid him a visit at new-year's day, and found him sitting on the rocks at the eastern side of the island ; and, after spending a day or two in his retreat, and in smoking with him round the cliffs at night, left him, as we can surely testify, in utter ignorance of the accession to the throne of our Sovereign Lady Victoria. How long his fit may last it were hard to say, though, when he pleases to come among the ongoings of men, there is no easier man of the world. On leaving, he presented us, as a great favour, with a large paper of negro-head—the real stuff ; on opening which, we found written thereon, and much defaced, the above rhymes. Pray let him know nothing of the matter, and, wishing you a happy new year, believe us sincerely yours,

GLENSTYACHEY.

THOM DRU.

Anthony Poplar, Esq.

* The "Sallagh braes," near Larne, above whose heads, as seen over the water from Isle Magee, the long summer sunsets are extremely beautiful.

SCOTTISH SONGS. BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

MY JOHNNIE LAD.

Tune—"Cock up your Beaver."

When first my dear Johnnie cam' into my sight,
 My heart and my e'en gat a stound o' delight,
 Sae kind were his words and sae comely his favour—
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.
 Nane o' the lave daured to stand by his side,
 His air was sae manly, it dang a' their pride;
 Kings might tak tellin's frae him in behavio'r—
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Down by the bank where the lang willow sproots,
 We twa sat and look'd in the burnie for troots;
 But sma' was the share that they had in the matter,
 We but gazed on ilk other's face in the water.
 I railed at the wind for a fop-and a fule,
 When it cam' to put curls on the tap o' the pule;
 For it made my laddie's dear image to waver—
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Around me his arm he softly conveyed,
 Just to see how 'twad look in the water, he said;
 By right I suld maybe hae stoppit and chid him,
 But in troth nae heart had I to forbid him.
 Boulder he grew syne, and rievit a kiss,
 And, nae doubt, to let him was sairly amiss;
 But his breath than new hay was sweeter in flavour,
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

He tauld me to look in the pule at my shade,
 And vowed that as it in my absence wad fade,
 Sae wad his heart sink when I was na mair near him,
 Wi' a kindly blink o' my e'e to cheer him.
 A promise I gied, and it's ane I'll no break,
 To gang to the kirk some guid day for his sake;
 I'll never find ane better wordy the favour,
 Sae hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

TURN THE BLUE BONNET WHA CAN.

Tune—"Turn the Blue Bonnet."

By norlan' knowes and by lawlan' howes,
 Atween the Mull and John-o'-Groats,
 There wons a race, unkent to disgrace,
 My bauld, my leal, and my kindly Scots.
 They are the men, that ance and again
 For country and king hae bled in the van;
 Gie them a plea, and fair let it be,
 Then, turn the blue bonnets wha can, wha can.

Wha on the earth, o'er its hale braid girth,
 But kens that the Scot is gallant and brave?
 Gie him fair play, and gang where he may,
 He will speel ere lang abune a' the lave.
 Ne'er did he stint, or ance look ahint,
 In his onward way for the face o' man,
 Let him but brace his thewes for the race,
 Then, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

In peace or in war, at hame or afar,
 It's a' the same to the manly Scot;
 He plays his part wi' a dauntless heart,
 And fights till he wins or fa's on the spot.
 Mony may strive, but few will thrive,
 That cross him where fame's the prize to be wan;
 Show him a cause, and his sword he draws,
 Then, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

KISSED YESTREEN.

Tune—"Kissed Yestreen."

The lasses a laugh, and the carline fiate,
 But Maggie was sitting fu' ourie and blate;
 Her silly auld auntie she couldna' conteen,
 How brawly she was kissed yestreen.
 Kissed yestreen, kissed yestreen,
 How brawly she was kissed yestreen;
 She blether'd it round to her fae and her frien',
 How brawly she was kissed yestreen.

Young Maggie had keepit her tryst by the tree,
 And aye she had ferlied where Patie could be;
 But now she was tauld how the silly auld quean,
 By Pate himsel' was kissed yestreen;
 Kissed yestreen, &c.
 By Pate himsel', &c.
 If fause to his promise the lad hadna been,
 How was the carline kissed yestreen?

Sair dung wi' their daffin', puir Maggie she rase,
 And down the green loaning she dander'd her ways,
 Where nae ane could see her, or hear her compleen,
 That gawkie had been kissed yestreen.
 Kissed yestreen, &c.
 That gawkie, &c.
 Where nane could mak light o' the tears in her een,
 For carline being kissed yestreen.

Beside the white birk she stood dowie and wae,
 Till a voice at her lug made her jump like a rae;
 "O dinna gang frae me," it whisper'd, "my queen,
 Nor do as you did when kissed yestreen;
 Kissed yestreen, &c.
 Nor do as you did, &c.
 A sair heart, Maggie, to me ye hae gi'en,
 By leavin' me sae when kissed yestreen."

The lassie was doubtfu' and dour for a wee,
 But she cried in the end, wi' a smile in her e'e—
 "I believe my ain laddie, and carena a preen,
 Altho' the carline was kissed yestreen.

Kissed yestreen, &c.

Altho' the carline, &c.

Sin' ye took her for me, what for should I grene,

Altho' the auld jaud was kissed yestreen?"*

BONNIE LAD THAT I LOE DEAR.

Tune—"Louis, what reck I by thee?"

Bonnie lad that I loe dear,
 If ye maun cross the billow,
 Dinna gang and leave me here
 To wear the waefu' willow.
 Tak the hand ye've yearned to win—
 For you frae a' I'll sever;
 Fareweel hame, and kith and kin—
 I'm Willie's ain for ever!

Far ayont Ontario's shore,
 We will hae our dwallin';
 Strife shall never dit our door,
 Nor care come near our hallan.
 They wi' love ne'er gree ava,
 And love will quit us never;
 Frien's and faes, fareweel to a'—
 I'm Willie's ain for ever!

* The first verse of this song is a fragment left by Tannahill, one word only being changed in it, to render the sequel clearer.

CURIOSITIES OF LAW BOOKS.

THERE is no profession of the studies of which the majority of the community are so utterly ignorant, as they are of the pursuits of a Lawyer. Men may, and frequently do, for their amusement, acquire a smattering of medicine, or, for their improvement, a smattering of divinity; and even if they do not, the pursuits of both the divine and the doctor, are such common subjects of conversation that every one knows something about them. But not one in a thousand studies law for his improvement; fewer still read it for amusement; and none but professional men converse about it. Black letter and law calf, in fact, present obstacles which not even the inquisitive D'Israeli ventured to overcome, and from no species of literature have fewer "Curiosities," been brought before the public, than that in which, perhaps, most are to be found viz.—law books. Any thing indeed which would, by itself, be amusing in a law book, is generally so surrounded with dry technicalities as to be rendered, if not wholly unintelligible, at least uninteresting to the generality of readers. The following scraps therefore, selected from among many more, are divested of all technicalities, so that even those, which are too familiar to be curiosities to professional men, may have at least this recommendation to general readers, that they would be tolerably certain never to find them out for themselves.

DISPUTES WITH PARLIAMENT.

It is remarkable, that the second year of the reign of our last Queen gave rise to a "privilege question," very similar to that which has excited such attention so early in the reign of her present Majesty. The former discussion, which was alluded to in one of the debates on Mr. Stockdale's case, arose out of the following circumstances:—A gentleman of the name of Ashby, had brought an action against the returning officer, at an election in Buckinghamshire, for refusing to admit his vote. Several objections were made, on the part of the defendants; among others, that this being a case involving a question about the elective

franchise, was a parliamentary matter, over which the judges had no jurisdiction. The court, which happened to be the Queen's Bench, at first, decided in favour of the objection; but the decision was reversed in the House of Lords. So great was the indignation of the Commons at this proceeding, that they ordered Mr. Mead, who had been Ashby's attorney, to be arrested, along with the plaintiffs in several similar actions. An application made by one of the parties thus taken into custody, gave rise to a question precisely the same as that which occurred in the case of the present Sheriffs of London, viz.:—whether the Court of Queen's Bench could discharge a prisoner committed on the warrant of the Speaker of the House of Commons. This, the court determined against the prisoners; but one of them, whose name was Paty, determined to appeal from their decision, and proposed to bring a writ of error. This proceeding provoked the House of Commons beyond measure: they not only committed Mr. Cæsar, the cursor, for neglecting to inform them that writs of error had been applied for, but even ordered the sergeant-at-arms to apprehend *all the barristers* who had been counsel for the prisoners. Two of them, Mr. Montague and Mr. Denton, were accordingly taken into custody; and another, Mr. Letchmere, who was afterwards Attorney-General, had, it appears, a narrow escape, as the sergeant-at-arms informed the House that "he had also like to have taken Mr. Nicholas Letchmere, but that he had got out of his chambers, in the Temple, two pair of stairs high, at the back window, by the help of his sheets and a rope." A furious dispute followed between the House of Commons and the House of Lords; and, after two conferences, which only made matters worse, the Queen prorogued the Parliament. A full account of this extraordinary dispute is given by Mr. Gale, in his note to Lord Raymond's report of the case—p. 597 &c. It, however, falls short of its modern copy; for the attorney's clerks were not imprisoned.

It were to be wished, that every dispute of this kind had arisen under cir-

cumstances as honorable to the gentlemen of the long robe; but such, unfortunately, is not the case—though, certainly, instances to the contrary are only to be found very far back in our judicial history, when the fear of violence had more influence on the court than it can ever have now. The most disgraceful occurred in the disturbed reign of Richard II. A commission of a very extraordinary nature had the sanction of Parliament, giving to the Chancellor, and some other nobles who were named as commissioners, unusually large powers, controlling the authority of the king's ordinary ministers. This commission was thought derogatory to the royal prerogative, and, consequently, immediately after the dissolution of the Parliament, the king and his ministers set about endeavouring to defeat it. For this purpose, the judges were summoned to attend the king at Nottingham, and the two chief justices and three puisne judges did attend; and, in order to establish themselves in the royal favour, gave the most extravagant answers to questions proposed concerning the legal validity of the commission. Amongst other things, they gave it as their opinion, in direct opposition to the most known principles of the constitution, that all who were concerned in procuring the offensive statute and commission, and they who moved the king to consent to it, should be put to death: that the king only had power to direct what the Parliament were to consider, and in what order; and any who contradicted his pleasure in this, ought to be punished as traitors: and that no person could legally impeach any of the king's officers or servants without his permission, and if any one did so, he should be punished as a traitor. This gross prostitution of the sacred character of a judge, as might be expected, did not pass unnoticed when the Parliament re-assembled. The chief justice and one of the king's counsel were executed, and all the rest severely punished. A full account of the consequences of this transaction is given in the proceedings against Chief Justice Trevelyan and others, in the 1st vol. of the State Trials.

The anxiety of the members of the legislature to preserve their privileges inviolate, has occasionally betrayed them into odd mistakes. Lord Claren-

don mentions one instance in the reign of Charles II., in which the House of Lords refused to sanction a bill "for the more effectual restraining of thieves from stealing timber," without the insertion of a clause saving *their own* privileges.

ANCIENT CAUSES.

Some of our old law books abound in extraordinary actions brought for what would now be considered most trivial and ridiculous causes of complaint. There is one case in the reign of Henry IV. of a man who brought an action against a cook for selling him a fowl which gave him a sick stomach. "Let William Milburn," says the record, "recover on his sworn bill of complaint, in which he complains against John Cutting cook, of this, that he, the said John, at Westminster, sold to the said William one capon, boiled, unwholesome and re-heated, which capon having been dressed four days for the inn of our lord the king, and then again heated and boiled, was produced for him, of which when he had eaten, he had a horrible fit of vomiting, so that he remained sick for two weeks: he recovers twenty shillings for his damages." Willielmus Milburn recuperat per juratam billam suam in qua queritur versus Johannem Cutting, cook, de eo quod ipse Johannes apud Westmonasterium vendebat dicto Willielmo unum caponem, pistum, corruptibilem, et recalefactum, qui capo assatus per quatuor dies in Hospicium domini Regis et iterum calefactus et pistus exstitit, de quo postquam edit vomitum horribilem fecit ita quod infirmatur per duas septimanas; recuperat viginti solidos, pro damnis. (Trin. 8. H. iv. Rot. 47.) Rolle, who quotes this curious case, (Abrad. 9th, p. 89) adds, that the judges afterwards increased the damages. "Et jeo aye estre informe que appiert sur le record a large que les justices encrease les damages."

It may be a query for the curious, whether the following case from Siderfin's reports, is the only instance on record of a lady's exercising the supposed privilege of leap year, in asking her lover to marry her. Cooper brought an action against Wither and his wife "for that the wife, maliciously intending to marry him, did often affirm that she was sole and unmarried, and importuned and eagerly entreated

(*strenue requisivit*) him, the plaintiff, to marry her. To which affirmation he gave credit, and married her, when in fact, she was the wife of the defendant, so that the plaintiff was much troubled in mind, and put to great charges, and much damnified in reputation." (see 1 *Siderf.* 375.)

In some of these cases it is difficult to say whether the reader is more amused with the trivial nature of the complaint, or the nicety which the court required in the pleadings. There is a case, in which the guardian of an infant brought an action against a barber for cutting off the child's hair. The defence made was, that the child was more than sixteen years of age, and had agreed with him, the defendant, for six-pence, that he should have license to take two ounces of her hair. This plea was adjudged to be bad in point of law, because an infant could not give a license, though she might agree with the barber to be trimmed. (3 *Keb.* 369.)

It may be observed, that the most curious cases are not the oldest. In very ancient times, all the forms of action then in use, were preserved in the register of writs; and a plaintiff seldom ventured to bring his cause into court, if it did not come within a precedent to be found in that venerable collection. But after the statute of Westminster, 2, directing the clerks in Chancery to issue new writs adapted to whatever new case might be brought before them, numbers of new and strange causes began to be tried, and the species of action brought into use by the statute, became one of the most frequent of all. Custom has now prescribed forms for most of the varieties which have arisen in consequence; and modern books of precedents in a manner begin to supply the place of the *registrum brevium*, so that it is soon after the passing of the statute that we find the most novel and amusing law suits.

But the most interesting to the general reader are criminal cases. The following is from *Moor*, p. 754. A man and his wife had lived a long time together; and the man, having at length spent his substance, and living in great necessity, said to his wife that he was now weary of his life, and that he would kill himself. The wife said that she would die with him; where-

upon he prayed her that she would go and bring some ratsbane, and they would drink it together; which she accordingly did, and she put it into drink, and they both drank of it. The husband died; but the woman took salad oil, which made her vomit, and she recovered. Query—Is this murder in the wife?

The leading case upon this subject, —the distinction between murder and manslaughter—is *Mawgridge's* given in *Kelyng*, p. 119. The circumstances were—*Mawgridge* and *Cope* were in the guard-room of the Tower, with a woman of *Cope's* acquaintance, whom *Mawgridge* affronted; *Cope* thereupon desired *Mawgridge* to forbear; but he refused to do so, and demanded satisfaction from *Cope*, for his interference. *Cope* told him it was not a convenient time or place; upon which *Mawgridge* rose up and was leaving the room, when he turned round and flung a bottle at *Cope's* head, and immediately after rushed on him with his sword and stabbed him, in consequence of which he died. But the jury further found that between the blow with the bottle and the stabbing with the sword, *Cope*, who had no sword in his hand, had flung another bottle, which hit *Mawgridge* and broke his head. And, upon this circumstance, arose the question, whether it was murder or manslaughter committed by *Mawgridge*. After very long deliberation, it was determined it was murder.

Among the legal proceedings once frequent, but now disused, are indictments for scolding. The punishment for this offence was the "tumbrel" or "cucking stool," corrupted into "ducking stool," because it was used to duck the women convicted of scolding in a miry pond. One of the compilers of *Ruffhead's* dictionary, mentions having seen one of these instruments in Warwickshire. It consisted of a long beam, on a fulcrum, with one end extending to the centre of a pond, to which the stool, on which the condemned scold was seated, was attached. The instrument was also called a "castigatory."

OUR BARBAROUS CUSTOMS.

No person, who has visited the Tower of London, can have failed to remark the many instruments of torture now shewn there as curiosities;

but, notwithstanding the opinions of many great lawyers, and among the rest, Blackstone, there seems to be very good reason for believing that their use was not always regarded in the same light in which it is at the present day. The presence of some of these in the Tower is, indeed, accounted for—having been brought to England by the dukes of Exeter and Suffolk, ministers of Henry VI., who made an attempt to introduce the civil law into England; and the rack, which is there still, was called in derision “the duke of Exeter’s daughter.” (Black, 4. 321.) They were, however, used as instruments of law, in that reign; for Fuller, in his *Worthies*, (p. 317) mentions the case of one Hawkins, who was then tortured to extort evidence; and some arguments, which shew, that their use was more general than is usually supposed, may be found in Barrington’s *Observations on the Statutes* (p. 56). It is commonly supposed that torture is one of the evils guarded against in *Magna Charta*; but the only reason for the supposition is Sir Edward Coke’s interpretation of a passage in that celebrated statute. The words are, that “no free man shall be destroyed except by the legal judgment of his peers, or by law”—“nullus liber homo destruaturs nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum aut per legem terræ;” and “destroyed,” according to Sir Edward Coke, means tortured, as well as killed or maimed (2nd *Instit.* 48).

But whether judicial torture, properly so called, was ever a part of our judicial system, or not, there cannot be the least doubt of the existence of a practice just as barbarous, called “*peine fort et dure*.” This, which is vulgarly called “pressing to death,” consisted in placing the accused, in case he refused to plead, naked, on his back, with a hollow under his head, in a low dark chamber in the prison, and putting on his body as great a weight as he could bear and more, (so ran the sentence) and feeding him alternately with the coarsest bread and the most filthy water that could be procured. There are many instances of men having undergone this savage punishment, in order to save their estates for the benefit of their children, as they would be forfeited, if the prisoner, by pleading, submitted to a trial, and was con-

victed. The sentence was, originally, that the delinquent should be thus kept “till he pleaded,” but it was afterwards altered to pressing “till he died” (2 *Hawk. pl. cr. c.* 30. s. 16.) Blackstone’s very laudable zeal for the purity of the English constitution, leads him into a strange contradiction on this subject. After very justly exposing the absurdity of the theory of the civilians, that judicial torture originated in the mercy of the judges, he gives identically the same reason for this diabolical practice of pressing to death, “that it was intended as a *species of mercy* to the criminal, to deliver him the sooner from his torture!!” (*Com.* 4, 320.)

This barbarous practice, no doubt, originated in the avarice of the feudal lords, to make the only means by which the accused could save the forfeiture of his lands, as frightful as possible. From the same source arose the following indecent brutality, given in *Co. Littleton* (390 n.):—“In an appeal of death, the defendant waged battle, and was slain in the field; yet judgment was given that he should be hanged, for otherwise the *Lord could not have a writ of escheat*.”

To the honor of our judges, however, *peine fort et dure* was never inflicted, till every other means of making the prisoner plead had been tried in vain; nor do they seem to have been very scrupulous as to the means they employed for this humane purpose, as appears by the following note, in *Kelyng* (p. 27):—“At the same sessions, George Morley, being indicted for robbing, refused to plead, and his two thumbs were tied together with whipcord, that the pain of that might compel him to plead; and he was sent away so tied, and the minister persuaded to go to him and persuade him, and an hour after he was brought again and pleaded; and this was said to be the constant practice at Newgate.” It may be added, that the whole process is now abolished by statute, and the court empowered to enter a plea of “not guilty,” if the prisoner himself stands mute.

It is not generally known, that the punishment of sending to the galleys was also once practised in England, as appears from a statute of Elizabeth (48 *Eliz. c.* 14); and Lord Coke, in his third *Institute*, mentions it, without

remarking its being uncommon. The practice was, probably, discontinued from its inconvenience, as galleys such as are in use in the Mediterranean, are unfit for the navigation of our seas. The word "gallimaufry," now used to signify a jumble of nonsense, originally meant a meal of coarse victuals, such as was given to galley slaves (see Ruff. dict.) The nearly synonymous word, "hotchpot," (vulgarly hotchpotch) is well known to have a similar origin.

Two other barbarous customs which once formed a part of our law, were ordeals, and trial by battle. The last instance of the former occurred, it is believed, in king John's reign (see Hale 149); though Barrington remarks, that a vestige of it was retained in the formal phrase, used by a criminal on his arraignment, when asked how he would be tried; the answer, "by God and my country," being a corruption of "by God or my country," i.e., by ordeal, or by jury. But the equally absurd trial by battle, was not abolished till late in the reign of George III. (Stat. 59, G. III. c. 45.) Two instances, in which it was attempted to be put in actual practice, occurred in the reign of Charles I., and are given at length by Rushworth, in his historical collections.

One was an appeal of treason (An. 7mo. Chas. 1st.) between Lord Rea and Mr. David Ramsay, which was conducted with an immensity of ceremony. The parties were to fight with two swords, a spear, and a dagger, "each," as the chronicle informs us, "with a point." They might also have defensive armour if they pleased. Lord Rea, who was plaintiff, was further allowed a surgeon with ointments, a pavilion to rest himself, and wine to refresh himself: beside an armourer in attendance with nails, hammer, and file, and last of all scissors, bodkin, needles and thread, and a tailor! In addition to all this, his counsel were to be with him in the field, and it is remarkable, that the counsel in this last great judicial duel were mostly Irishmen. Their names are given by Rushworth, and among them are one Irish peer, Lord Mayo; two sons of Irish peers, Maurice Roch and Donnough McCarthy, and another gentleman, whose name indicates his country, Donnough O'Connor, Sligo; among his counsel was also the cele-

brated legal antiquarian Selden. After nearly as much pleading as would be found in a modern chancery suit they join issue, each by telling the other that "he lies falsely," whereupon they are bound over to keep the peace, and stay at different parts of the city till the day appointed for the duel. However, before the day arrived, the king put an end to this farrago of solemn absurdity by revoking the commission of the Lord Marshal, before whose court of chivalry the battle was to have been fought, and committing both plaintiff and defendant to the tower, and no further steps appear ever to have been taken in the matter.

The other attempt to have a legal duel, in the same reign, was in a civil case, (Lilburn v. Claxton,) and the champions were hired, to fight with sandbags, and batons; but this also was put a stop to by the good sense of the king, who wrote to the judges to prevent it if possible, and the clerk purposely made a mistake in the record, so that it could not immediately take place, in consequence of which the parties to the suit seem to have let the matter drop.

From this time it is believed trial by battle was totally disused, till revived in the case of a most atrocious murder, a short time before the passing of the statute for its abolition. A man of the name of Thornton, had abused and murdered, under circumstances of the greatest aggravation, a girl of the name of Mary Ashford. Though the evidence for the prosecution was supposed to be irresistible, the ingenuity of his counsel saved him, and he was acquitted on the indictment. However, as the public in general had no doubt of his guilt, a subscription was entered into to bring the matter again forward, which it was allowable to do by the old form of an appeal of murder, to be prosecuted by William, the brother of Mary, Ashford. This was one of the modes of proceeding in which wager of battle had been formerly permitted. Ashford was very weak and delicate, while Thornton was an immensely powerful man, and as there was no doubt of the case going against him if it was brought to a second trial, he availed himself of this antiquated right, and challenged the appellant; the judges, though exceedingly unwilling to allow the right, especially in a case of such atrocity,

were obliged to admit that it was still legal; and as it would have been the height of madness in Ashford to accept the challenge of one so much his superior in bodily strength, the murderer was suffered to depart without further molestation. This was in the year 1818, the facts of the case may be found in the *Newgate Calender* (vol. 4, p. 227).

This practice would certainly not have continued so long the letter of the law, if the good sense of the nation had not practically discontinued it. When the court of chivalry was in its palmy days, circumstances must, indeed, have frequently occurred to show its utter absurdity. Barrington in his comment on the statute, "*de magnis assisis et duellis*," quotes from Grafton's Chronicle, a story of a citizen of London, in the time of Henry VI., who was very tall and strong, but a great coward, while his opponent was very short and weak, but whose courage was as great as his body was small. The big man's friends fearing his little modicum of courage might ooze, like Acre's, through the points of his fingers on the day of trial, determined to make him drunk, and so dosed him with wine, that his diminutive antagonist with ease threw him down, and beat away till the judges decided the cause in his favour.

Coke speaks most harshly of the illegality and impropriety of private duels, but does not think so ill of public ones, especially between crowned heads, as may appear from the following catalogue of royal challenges:—King Edward III. in the sixteenth year of his reign, having war with the French King, for his right to the kingdom of France, out of the greatness of his mind, for the love of his subjects, the saving of their blood and in speedy trial of the right, offered the single combat with the French King; but he refused it. So, after long and chargeable wars between the crowns of England and France for the right of the kingdom of France, it was an honourable offer which King Richard II. made to Charles the French King; first, either a single combat between the two kings; second, or a combat between the two kings and three of their uncles on either side; third, or that a fit day and place might be assigned when under the universal con-

flict of both their armies, an end might be put to the war. The Duke of Lancaster, according to his commission, made these offers from the King of England to King Charles of France; but he was "*auditus sed non exauditus*;" for King Charles liked none of these offers. And A.D. 1196, Philip, King of France, sent this challenge to one Richard I.: that King Richard should choose five for his part, and he, the King of France, should appoint five for his part, which might fight in the lists for all matters in controversy between them, for the avoiding of shedding of more guiltless blood. King Richard accepted the offer, with condition that either king might be of the number; but this condition would not be granted.—3 *Instit.* 159.

Among barbarous practices might be mentioned several of the punishments formerly in use in England, especially the disgusting mutilation of the bodies of persons executed for high treason.

MISTAKES.

There is no science in which "vulgar errors" are more common than law, many people seeming to take a positive pleasure in deceiving themselves in whatever relates to law and lawyers. It would be utterly impossible to account for many extravagant notions, concerning legal matters, entertained by otherwise well-informed people. There are, however, a few for which probable reasons may be found: *ex.gr.* The common opinion that butchers and surgeons are precluded from sitting on juries from the cruel nature of their pursuits, seems to have originated in the statute 5, Henry VIII., exempting medical men from compulsory attendance on juries, which privilege was given to them to prevent interference with their attendance on their patients. The belief that the corpse of a debtor may be seized under a common execution, appears to have arisen from the words used in the writ of *capias*, that the sheriff should seize the body of the defendant, &c., which, it is almost unnecessary to say, means only the living body, and not his corpse. The belief that it is penal to carry an air gun or dark lanthorn, (more common in England than in Ireland,) probably owes its origin to the statute of Henry VII. against carrying cross-

bows, and to Guy Fawkes having been detected with a dark lanthorn. It was very generally thought that the lately abolished ceremony of a common recovery consisted in selling an estate to the crier of the court for a sparrow-hawk. It is true, the crier generally, and the sparrow-hawk very frequently, formed a part of the fiction; but neither were indispensable, and, at any rate, they appeared in very different parts of the ceremony, and the estate was not supposed to have been sold to the crier, but by him.

It must be admitted, that the credulity of the non-professional on legal matters is fully equalled by the simplicity of some of our older lawyers on other subjects. Every one knows that the substance called whalebone is found in the jaws of the whale. When a whale is found on our coasts it does not go, like other royal fish, entirely to the king, but the head only belongs to his majesty, and the tail to the queen, the reason of which division is said to be to furnish the royal wardrobe with whalebone! (See 1 Black. Com. 223.) In the greatest of law books, Co. Littleton, it is said, that protections may be allowed to a woman as being a necessary attendant on a camp, if she be a midwife. (Co. Litt. 130.) What in the name of common sense could an army on the campaign want with midwives? The solemn simplicity with which trifles are recorded in the older reporters cannot fail often to amuse the reader. When all the judges in England were summoned to attend the trial of Lord Morley before his peers, for murder, (An. 18, Car. 2,) they met to consider the points of law likely to arise in that most important case; their resolutions are given by Kelyng, (Rep. p. 54,) among which the following is recorded with the utmost gravity:—"We were to attend at the tryal in our scarlet robes, and the chief judges with their collars of SS. which I did accordingly; but my Lord Bridgeman was absent, being suddenly taken with the gout; the Chief Baron had not his collar of SS. having left it behind him in the country; but we were all in scarlet; but nobody had a collar of SS. but myself for the reasons aforesaid."

But as an instance of simplicity, if the author believed it himself, the following

extract from an old continental work, not a law book, defies competition:—"The English," says the writer, "are not dragged to the place of execution, but run there themselves and die laughing and singing, cracking jokes, and quizzing the bystanders. When the executioners are absent they frequently *hang themselves!*" "*Ad loca supplicii non ducuntur Angli sed curunt, ridendoque cantando facitiss spagendo et circumstantibus insultando moriuntur; ubi desunt carnifices seipsos sæpe suspendunt.*" Holbergii op. t. 2, 118.

Apology of mistakes. It may be worth mentioning, that the real nature of the court of star-chamber is very generally mistaken, and the error is not a little encouraged by the tone in which many of our English historians speak of it. This court was in reality not nearly so bad as is usually supposed. No doubt its powers, which were very ill defined, were, especially in its latter days, exercised by unprincipled judges in a most arbitrary manner; but nevertheless, many of its decisions are law at the present day, and quoted as the very first authorities on the different points to which they may relate; (ex. gr. Twynne's Case, 3 Co. 80) and it may be added, that Lord Bacon in his life of Henry the Seventh, commends it most highly. Its abuses seem to have been chiefly in the exercise of its criminal jurisdiction which was very large and indefinite. The statutes (3 H. VII. c. 1, and 21 H. VIII. c. 2) confirming its authority after reciting that "the king remembereth how by reason of unlawful maintenances, giving of living signs and tokens, retainers by indenture, promises, oaths, writings, and other embraceries of his subjects, untrue demeanings of sheriffs in making pannells, and untrue returns by taking money by juries, the policy of the realm is much subduced," gives the court power to punish all "rouls, riots, forgeries, maintenances, embraceries, perjuries, and other such misdemeanors;" and it is evident, that under such a catalogue, the judges might include whatever offence they pleased. They used the license pretty freely, as it appears (per C. J. Richardson, Hetly 149, &c.) that spitting in the face was one of the crimes of which they took cognizance.

INGENUITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

From the time when the priesthood first obtained a footing in England, under William the Conqueror, till the Reformation put an end to their authority in the days of Henry VIII. ecclesiastical prerogatives were a fertile source of dispute with the crown and lay nobility. With the political encroachments of the clergy, every reader of English history is familiar; but there are several minor matters which do not fall so much within the province of the political as the legal historian, which are yet very curious, as exhibiting the exercise of different weapons in the same struggle, and which have left much more lasting traces of their existence. All that the threats and power of prelates and legates effected has passed away, and our kings are not likely ever again to do homage at a priest's tomb, or hold the Pope's stirrup; but many things which the subtlety and ingenuity of the priesthood originally introduced have become so incorporated with the main body of our laws, that it has been found impossible entirely to remove them. The quibble which justifies the recent assumption of the title of "Archbishop of Tuam," by a Roman Catholic, that it avoids the penalty which the law imposes on a Romish priest for assuming the title of a Protestant dignitary, because there is now no Protestant Archbishop of *Tuam*, is a modern sample which might find many a precedent in the history of ecclesiastical encroachment, for as Sir E. Coke said, so long since, the priesthood "were always in this to be commended that they ever had of their counsel the most learned men they could get." (2 Institut. 75.)

One remarkable innovation which was thus engrafted upon our criminal code was the well known privilege called benefit of clergy. This was first claimed as being a scriptural command, and the authority quoted for it was the text "touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm," from this was derived the maxim, "*sacerdotes a regibus honorandi sunt non judicandi*," under which the clergy claimed to be exempted from all subjection to a lay tribunal; but as they could escape punishment just as well by first submitting to a trial

and then claiming their privilege, they generally thought it wiser to avail themselves, in the first instance, of the chance of clearing their character by acquittal, and if they failed in this, have recourse to the benefit of clergy, to avoid the penalty of their offence. Originally this privilege was claimed by those only who were actually in orders, but for obvious reasons, it was soon found convenient to have it extended to the servants and lay brethren connected with religious houses, and afterwards to all who could read—the latter change, at the period when it was made, adding but little to its extent, as few, except ecclesiastics were then instructed even in reading. As the people became a little better educated, and consequently more persons enabled to claim this right, a new change was introduced in favor of the Priesthood who were allowed their claim as often as they were accused, while the laity were permitted to pray benefit of clergy but once, and were then branded on the hand, as a mark by which they might be known, if they attempted to avail themselves of it a second time. This distinction was introduced in the reign of Henry the VII. but the following reign brought the Reformation, and it was abolished and all who escaped under the prayer of clergy were branded alike.

The ceremonies with which benefit of clergy was accompanied, underwent similar changes. Originally when it was confined to those actually in orders, if the criminal was guilty, he objected to the authority of the lay tribunal, and was accordingly handed over to his clerical superior to punish him. Then followed the ceremony called "Purgation," which consisted in the criminal swearing that he was innocent, and getting twelve others to swear that they believed him, after which if he had a witness he produced him, and if not it was of no consequence, as he had merely to be acquitted by a jury of his own friends, and then absolved by the ordinary as a matter of course. This mockery, which amounted to securing impunity for the offences of ecclesiastics became modified as the right to benefit of clergy became more extended, but was kept up in some form till the reign of Elizabeth, when Purgation by the ordinary was finally abolished. During all this time women

were excluded, as they could never have been supposed to be in orders, which was the fiction on which the right had been extended to all men who could read; they were allowed elergy first in the reign of William and Mary. The last change was allowing clergy to all prisoners charged with particular offences, whether they could read or not, and with this alteration was abolished, the ceremony of sending a clergyman with a book to examine the accused in reading. The sentence chosen for this purpose was generally the text "*miserere mei Deus*" which was thence called "the neck verse." The statutes effecting these improvements, empowered the judges to inflict different punishments instead of death, for all offences where the privilege was allowed, technically termed "clergyable felonies;" so that benefit of clergy had in fact become a mere relaxation of the rigor of the law, equally open to all men, before it was finally abolished, which was not till the 9th year of George IV. An accurate account of all these changes may be found in Mr. Chitty's book upon Criminal Law page 666, &c. and the authorities he cites to which the curious may refer. During the long period for which benefit of clergy was allowed, it is believed there occurred but one instance of a prisoner's refusal to avail himself of the means of escape it offered, and that one is the case of the Duke of Somerset, mentioned by Hayward, (page 137.)

The privileges which the ecclesiastics had assumed in criminal proceedings, it appears occasionally tempted the less scrupulous to turn these advantages to a profitable account. Such an opportunity offered in the instance alluded to in Foster's *cr. l.* p. 257, of guaranteeing the property of thieves. Anciently if stolen goods were found upon any one and he alledged that he had bought them from some other person, whom he named and asserted to have guaranteed his right to him, or as it was technically called "vouched to warranty," if the person whom he thus called upon appeared, and entered into the warranty, he was obliged to stand in the place of the original defendant for better or worse. Men used accordingly to be hired, who, if the thief was detected, would warrant his goods for him, and run their

chance of conviction, which would be less of course in their case, than in that of the original thief. Our older legal writers (Bracton and Fleta,) speaking of this ancient law, put the case of a person in holy orders, thus entering into warranty for hire, and then endeavouring to escape by refusing to take his trial before lay judges, "*propter privilegium clericale.*" It seems however that such a piece of ingenuity was not allowed to succeed, for the author gives it as his opinion, that the warranty is void, and that the truant ecclesiastic, should be sent to prison for his malicious attempt, or, as he barbarously expresses it, "*goalæ pro malitia committetur.*"

But the branch of our law on which the Roman clergy have left the most permanent proofs of their ingenuity, is the system which regulates the transfer of land, which owes to them almost all its fictions. It had always been a favourite principle to prevent land getting into the possession of religious houses, because it not only prevented the free circulation of property, and the exercise of the feudal services ordained for the defence of the kingdom, but, what was much worse in the eyes of our ancestors, deprived the lord of the soil of all chance of regaining the land by escheat, besides losing the profits which wardships, reliefs, esignories, &c. were continually putting into his pocket in ordinary cases. To these reasons were added the jealousy of the laity, who were fearful of the power which the possession of landed property must necessarily confer upon the clergy. Hence all the statutes against granting land for religious purposes, or, as it was called, "alienation in mortmain," which the clergy were always so eager to evade. A sketch of their efforts is given in the second volume of Blackstone. All that was originally necessary to enable a religious body to hold the lands was a license from the crown; but as this could not generally be obtained, they had a simple contrivance to dispense with it; for the rule was, that when the tenant forfeited his estate, it went, in the first place, to his immediate landlord, so that all he had to do, if he wished to give his property to the monastery, was first to convey it to them, and then immediately take it back again, and hold it as tenant to the monks, and then, when he forfeited it, they got

possession of it, as his next immediate landlords. This trick was put an end to by the second of King Henry the Third's great charters, which enacted that all such attempts should be utterly void. But the prohibition in the charter was held to extend only to religious houses, and bishops, &c. were not included in it; so the ecclesiastical bodies soon found means to evade it; one of which was, by taking very long leases for years, which first introduced those immense terms for a thousand, or the more holy number of 999, years, which are now so common, instead of the simpler method of conveying away the land for ever. These subtleties produced the statute "*de religiosis*," passed in the reign of Edward I. which was so comprehensive in its terms, that the lay lords flattered themselves they had put an effectual stop to all ecclesiastical encroachments on landed property. But they soon found that they reckoned without their host, for the words used in the statute included only gifts and conveyances to the clergy, and a plan was easily devised to elude it, which was as follows:—The clerical body brought an action, under pretence of a prior title, against the tenant of the land they wished to get into their possession, who, by fraud or collusion, made no defence, and judgment was therefore given in favour of the religious house, which thus *recovered* the land by the sentence of the court. Hence arose the fiction in such universal use, till abolished within the last few years, called "*a common recovery*." But the poor monks did not long enjoy the fruits of their ingenuity, for in the latter years of the same reign of Edward I., who appears to have been their particular enemy, several other statutes were passed, so carefully worded that it was found impossible ever after to evade them, so as to give a good title in a court of law. But the monasteries had one resource still left—the courts of equity—and though their next invention could hardly have succeeded before a lay tribunal, yet, as the chancellors in those days were invariably in orders, they were glad to catch at any thing which would help their holy brethren; and, accordingly, they decided, that though a man could not give his estate directly to a religious body, he might do so indirectly,

by giving it to a layman to hold for the use of the religious body, and though he would be its nominal owner, the chancellor would compel him to suffer the monks, for whose use he held it, to have all the real enjoyment. Out of this subtlety, as is well known, have grown the present complicated system of conveyancing, and the jurisdiction of the court of chancery over landed property. But the inventors did not long enjoy this, their last contrivance, for in the reign of Richard II. a statute was passed, directly aimed at it, which made these "*uses*," like other estates, subject to the statutes of mortmain.

Apropos of their innovations on the law of real property, it seems the Romish clergy have the honour of being also the first absentees, as one of the statutes passed in the 35th of Edward I. was enacted to prevent sending the proceeds of monastic property to ecclesiastics residing abroad.

But the most important object which the Popish clergy aimed at, was one in which they never completely succeeded, which was establishing the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical in opposition to that of the temporal courts. The distinction between the two was first introduced by the sacerdotal supporters of William the Conqueror, and the theory on which it was founded was, that the lay courts ought to have jurisdiction over whatever were matters of strict law, while the clergy should regulate matters of morals, cognizable "*in foro conscientie*." This was a most cunning division; for it is evident, that while the power of the former must be perfectly defined from the outset, no definite limits could ever be prescribed for the latter. Accordingly, the spiritual courts had encroached so far at one time as to take cognizance of the crime of perjury, considering a breach of faith as a mere moral offence; and Hale mentions, that in Stephen's reign, appeals to the Pope were not only allowed, but had even become most frequent. But these usurpations were too open and obvious to be suffered to succeed, and each new assumption evoked some charter or statute to correct it. Among the enactments directed to this object, the celebrated constitutions of Clarendon hold a conspicuous place. However, the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical

courts, when once established, though afterwards curtailed, was never abolished, and they form a part of our judicial system to the present day.

LAW LATIN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH.

The strange French, and still stranger Latin, which composed the ancient language of the law, is a fertile subject of amusement to critical readers. Of these, however, it may be said that the former, though not exactly the language of modern Paris, is strictly correct as ancient Norman; and most of the barbarisms of the latter originated in the necessity of inventing new words to signify things which were totally unknown among the Romans—such were “seisina,” a seisin—“assiza,” an assize—“triare,” to try by jury, &c. This applies to several words which, though now used to signify things known in Rome as well as England, were, when first invented, employed differently: such, for example, is the word “murdrum.” It is true, murder in the sense of killing with malice prepense, was a crime as well known to the compilers of the twelve tables as to us. But this was not the original meaning of the word, which was invented in the reign of Canute, on a particular occasion. It appears that after he had established himself in England, the barons met to request of him to send back his Danish army into Dacia, whereupon a law was made for the greater security of the Danes who continued in England, and who were hated by the Saxons, rendering the killing of one of them more penal than the killing of a native. The law was as follows:—“That if any Englishman should kill any of the Danes that he had left behind, if he were apprehended, he should undergo the ordeal trial to clear himself; and if the murder were not found within eight days, and after that a month was given, then, if he could not be found, the ville should pay forty-six marks, which, if not able to pay, it should be levied upon the hundred.” This law ceased on the expulsion of the Danes from England, but William the Conqueror revived it for the protection of his Normans, and the word “murder” was then used as distinguishing the killing of a Frenchman from the death of an Englishman. The question w

always left to the jury to say to which country the dead man had belonged; when, if he was found to be an Englishman, the county was discharged, which was signified by another barbarous word, “*Engleshire*.” (See Kelyng's Rep. 121.)

It is true, this defence cannot be made for all the barbarous Latin words which ignorance afterwards introduced—*ex. gr.* the definition of a curtilage, “*curtilagium est pecia gardinii*.” Better Latin might, no doubt, have been found for “a bit of a garden;” nor, perhaps, will it extend to Sir Thomas More's famous question, “*utrum averia carucæ sunt irreplegibilia*,” with which he is said to have puzzled the pragmatical doctor of Leyden, who challenged him to dispute, “*de omni scibile et quolibet alio* ;” but it may be fairly said, that no law Latin could be more barbarous than the words, such as “*aminalitas*,” “*corporietas*,” &c. &c., so copiously employed in the discussions of the old logicians.

This apology will, however, apply to many of the legal English phrases at present in use. Thus the sentence used in making up a judgment of *nil dicit* that “the said — comes and defends the wrong when &c., and says nothing, &c.” though exquisite nonsense, if understood in the present meaning of the words, is, as Blackstone remarks, very intelligible understanding “defend” in its ancient sense. Many of these phrases too, are literal translations of old Norman or Latin sentences, which, though they sound strangely in another language, were sufficiently correct in the original: *ex. gr.* the Norman “*sans ceo que*,” when put into Latin, “*absque hoc quod*,” or English, “without this that,” is not a very correct form of expression to signify “not,” though so used in modern pleading. Several of the phrases thus translated and continued by us are still in use in the country from which we borrowed them—*ex. gr.*, the phrase “to wit,” so frequently introduced in legal language; the corresponding “*savoir*,” is used in the same manner in France. Another source of the strange expressions occasionally met with in law English, is continuing to employ words disused in ordinary conversation, such as jetsam, flotsam, sokam, sakam, waifs, estrays, infang thef, outfang thef, &c., which, though

now antiquated, were once understood as well as any other words in the language.

Perhaps the most amusing specimens of legal diction are to be found in law poetry. The following form of a grant from William the First is referred to in Rolle's Abridgment, (vol. 2, p. 181,) and given at length in Speed's Chronicle (p. 424) :—

"I, William, King. in the third year of my reiga,
Give to thee, Norman Hunter,
To me that are both life and deere
The Hap and the Hopton,
And all bounds up and downe,
Under the earth to hefl and above the earth to
heaven ;
From me and mine
To thee and thine,
As good and as faire,
As ever they were,
To witnesse that this is soothie,
I bite the white wax with my tooth,
Before Juggo Maude and Margery,
And my youngest son, Henry,
For a bow and a broad arrow
When I come to hunt on Yarrow."

The form of words used by a widow who by improper conduct, had forfeited her free bench, (which in copyhold estates was equivalent to dower,) affords a still quainter specimen of versification. She came into court, backwards, mounted on a ram, singing the following :—

"Here I am
Riding upon a black ram,
And for my crinum crancum
I have lost my bincum bancum,
And for my game
Have done this worldly shame,
Therefore pray, Mr. Steward, give me
back my land again."
(See Ruffh. dict. tit: Free bench.)

The following is curious, not only as a specimen of Norman French, but for containing a description, written so long ago as the eleventh century, of what were then considered the necessary qualifications of a good lawyer. It is quoted in the notes to Stephen's Pl. from the assizes of Jerusalem :—
"Il convient a ce lui que qui est bon pliedoir et soutill, que il soit sage de son naturel, et que il ait esprit sein, et soutill engin, et que il ne soit dontif, ne esbay, ne houtous, ne hatif, ne nonchallant el plait, ne que il ait s'entente ne sa pensee ailleurs tant com il pleidoie, et que il se garde de se trop corrouer, ne agrier, ne ehmourvoir en pleidoiant," cxxiv. "A good pleader ought to have good sense, sound understanding, and a subtle genius; he should be free from the faults of indecision, timidity, false modesty, haste, and nonchalance; while he pleads he should keep his attention from wandering to any other subject, and should also take care to avoid impetuosity, heat, and asperity."

DR. COOKE, THE SYNOD OF ULSTER, AND THE NATIONAL BOARD.

At no time within our memory has the public anxiety been more intense, respecting the conduct of a public body, in whom, hitherto, in all things relating to the interests of religion, great confidence was reposed, than is felt, at the present moment, concerning the Synod of Ulster. The agreement, in many essentials, between that body and the Church of England, could not fail to be gratifying to the lover of scriptural truth; and that they should have concurred, as it was thought they did, respecting the merits, or demerits, of the Education Board, so as to repudiate all connection with it, as a trespass against light and knowledge, also augured favorably for the interests of true religion. But that agreement no longer prevails. The Synod and

the Board are now united. And, it is our painful duty to add, a shock has been given to public confidence by, what we must call, this monstrous union, such as it has seldom been our lot to witness. We proceed, with as much temper and calmness as we can command, to offer such comments upon this strange transaction, as may serve to exhibit it in its true light, and enable our readers to judge, how far the members of the Church of England should look upon it as a warning, or an example.

And here, we must expressly state, that we have no intention whatsoever to criminate the Synod, as though, in consenting to bring their schools under the National Board, they were guilty of any departure from either the letter

or the spirit of their own propositions of 1833. We take our stand upon higher ground, and ask ourselves the question, will the union of the Synod with the National Board, upon the terms stated by Dr. Cooke, conduce, generally, to the advantage of a sound system of instruction throughout the whole of the country? That is, surely, the way in which a religious man, or a religious body, ought to consider this important question. It is not enough that such a body should be able to assent to it, without any compromise of its own consistency, as regarded former declarations. We would not hear the enemies of the Synod of Ulster say, that they are willing to look to the interests of their own schools alone; and, provided *that* is secured, to be indifferent to the general good of the Irish people. And therefore it is that we put the question upon higher ground than that of the agreement or non-agreement of what has lately been done, with certain propositions formerly laid down as the basis of an arrangement; and we ask, supposing there is no reason whatever for insinuating a doubt respecting the consistency of the Presbyterian body in this transaction, is the system of instruction to which the Synod has thus given its sanction, one of which an enlightened Christian can approve? and are the modifications which have taken place in it, (for we are willing to concede, for the sake of the argument, that the Board have come into the terms of the Synod, instead of the Synod having come into the terms of the Board,) such, as to render it safe and expedient for the clergy of the Church of England to "go and do likewise."

Now, in the first place, it is to be observed, whatever is to be conceded by the Board to the Presbyterians, must be understood as conceded by them to every other religious body with whom they are connected. The Synod lay claim to no superiority above any other religious sect. Their stipulations for themselves imply the obvious reasonableness of similar stipulations in favour of any other Christian community which may seek to form a similar connection. This being admitted, we can bring the matter at issue to a very simple test. Let us take the fourth demand of the Synod, viz.—"That their school-rooms may be used for a

lawful purpose," *e.g.* for Presbyterian worship on Sundays:—does it not follow directly from this, *that the school-rooms of the Roman Catholics may be used in a similar manner, namely, for the celebration of the Romish service!* Is Doctor Cooke, is the Synod of Ulster, prepared to sanction such a proceeding as that? And, can any advantage which they may derive to themselves, either expiate the national sin, or compensate the national mischief, of turning four-fifths of the national schools into popish chapels, and providing, by a national grant, for the dissemination of the popish superstition throughout Ireland?

Again, if the Presbyterians, as managers, may so arrange the business as to include suitable instruction in the catechism and the Bible, the Romish priest, where the Romanists are numerous, may make corresponding arrangements, agreeable to his peculiar views. Dr. Cooke knows well the sort of books and the kind of instruction which he may thus have an opportunity of introducing. Is it desirable to give him that opportunity? And, upon the principles lately acted upon by the Synod, how could it be refused? How could they deny to others, the same liberty which they contended for, as meet to be conceded to themselves? And that liberty being once admitted, what, we would ask, is to prevent the priest turning the school to account as a mere lecture-room for inculcating upon his youthful flock the dogmas of popery, and indoctrinating them in the vitiating theology which has lately been detected, and exposed to the indignation of the empire? Is Dr. Cooke, is the Synod of Ulster prepared to sanction such a system as that? If not, let them retrace their steps; for assuredly their adhesion to it makes them partakers in its abominations.

Another mighty triumph of the Synod over the scruples of the Board appears to be, that the Presbyterians may ingraft their schools upon the Board, fixing their *own regulations*. But what is that but to contend that Romanists may have the same privilege;—the privilege of being governed by just such rules and regulations as may be entirely satisfactory to themselves! Does not the reader, at one single glance, see the latitude which would thus be afforded to every mischievous evasion? The rules, hitherto, have

not been stringent enough, to prevent the most mischievous abuses. What will not be the case when such abuses are legitimatised, and the rules so altered, that they can no longer be complained of, or prevented?

Upon the whole, the effect of this Presbyterian movement is, to give a bad system the adhesion of a religious body, upon terms which make it positively worse than it was before. The advantage of the arrangement to the Presbyterians is, that a certain small sum of money is secured to themselves, for the education of a small fraction of the people. The disadvantage of it is, that it perpetuates, for the great majority of the people, a system vicious in principle, and rendered, by the laxity of the new regulations, ten times more vicious in practice than it was before.

The Church of England is now left alone to contend against this great evil. We trust she will be found faithful in this hour of trial, and not, for any paltry individual advantage, compromise the truth of God. Dr. Cooke would, perhaps, tell us, that neither he, nor the Synod, are guilty, because of the consequences which flow from the new arrangement between them and the Board. But our view of the matter is very simple. Does the connection thus formed, or does it not, tend to give the Board *a stability and a consequence* which it had not before? Does it, or does it not, tend to guarantee its continued existence? If it do, then justly are the parties to that arrangement chargeable with all the consequences which may follow from it, when, without their active co-operation, it must have been, comparatively, without reputation, and powerless. When modified according to their wishes, *they set to their seal that it is a good system*; and that, although the modifications, which, in one sense, favour them, must, in another, prove still more extensively favourable to the disseminators of a foul and pestilent superstition! In this respect, we humbly trust that the clergy of our pure and scriptural church will never follow their example.

And now, respecting the propositions of the Synod in 1833, to which Dr. Cooke refers as the justification of the step which he and his brethren have taken, we entreat the attention of the reader to his own evidence given before a committee of the House

of Commons, on June the 26th, 1837. He is asked whether a certain individual referred to is prepared to abide by the principle and the substance of these resolutions. His answer is, "I take that for granted; *though I confess I would not now make the offer myself of these propositions*; AND I BLESS GOD THAT THE COMMISSIONERS DID NOT ACCEDE TO THEM; BECAUSE WE SHOULD THEN HAVE MADE OURSELVES PARTIES TO WHAT I BELIEVE TO BE A GREAT ERROR; AND I THINK WE COULD NOT HAVE OBTAINED THE BLESSING OF GOD UNDER IT, IF THERE HAD BEEN A DECIDED PROPOSAL, OR A WRONG PRINCIPLE, MADE BY OURSELVES, AND ACCEDED TO." Such was Dr. Cooke's opinion *then*; and is it possible for words to convey more strongly a condemnation of the conduct which he has been induced to pursue on the late occasion? Assuredly we remain of the Doctor's opinion, that it will not obtain the blessing of God. When asked whether he did not think that a different system was impracticable, his answer is, "I would not exactly say that; BUT I BELIEVE EVERY GOOD THING IS PRACTICABLE, IF THOSE WHO DESIRE IT ARE TRUE TO THEIR PRINCIPLES; AND I DARE NOT SAY THAT A BETTER SYSTEM IS NOT PRACTICABLE." Such is the ground which Dr. Cooke has abandoned; and such is the ground which the clergy of the Church of England will, we trust, never abandon.

But, perhaps we will be told, that, as the system *was* in operation, the Presbyterians were only bound to consider, how they might make the most of it;—that they could not control it, for the purposes of evil for which it was employed; and that they were at liberty, and, indeed, bound to take advantage of it, for any good to which it might be converted. Be it so. We judge not for them. They are the best judges of what is suitable to their own principles. But we rejoice to say, such is not the view which has been taken of the subject by the clergy of the Church of England. *They will not accept of a boon to themselves, when its acceptance implies the recognition of a system which they believe to compromise the truth of God, and to be deeply injurious to the spiritual interests of the great majority of the people.* Nobly has Hugh McNeile expressed the sentiments of that great body, when ap-

plied to by a brother clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Drew, of Belfast, for directions how to act, in the bewildering circumstances in which he was placed by the conduct of Dr. Cooke and the Synod of Ulster.

"My view of the Irish Education Board has, from the first, been very simple, and such as rendered all discussion in detail wholly superfluous, so far as my own convictions were concerned.

"It was, and is, a part of a system to promote instruction in what I believe to be falsehood; consequently, I never could even parley about terms of connection with it. To say that it is, also, part of a system to promote instruction in what I believe to be the truth, is nothing to the purpose. It may be said of every heresy which has distracted the Christian church, that it contained some truth; but this, instead of an excuse, only made the falsehood more dangerous, because more subtle and deceptive."

Dr. Cooke may tell us, that whether he consents to accept of its aid or not, there it is, and he cannot change it. Aye; *there* it is, at the bar of public opinion, awaiting the judgment which will be pronounced upon it by a people who are every day opening their eyes more and more to its abominations. *And the difference between its present and its former position is, that Dr. Cooke and the Presbyterians, instead of bearing their testimony against, are cited as witnesses in its favour.* Aye, there it is, and when assailed by Church of England Protestants, as affording encouragement to the spread of popery, Dr. Dens Murray calls up Dr. Cooke, for the purpose of showing that it is an excellent system, and deserving of all approbation! He is asked, is this the system to which he alluded in his evidence, as requiring a compromise of principle, upon which it was his deliberate opinion that there could descend no divine blessing? He answers, *it is*; but that, as there was no chance of its becoming better, he overcame his repugnance, and joined it. He is asked whether the terms upon which he has joined it, do not require a greater laxity of regulations than existed before; by means of which, those who before used it *furtively* as an instrument for the promotion of popery, will be enabled now, openly, and, as it were, legitimately, to sow

superstition and infidelity broadcast over the surface of society? He says, no doubt, all that is very true; but that he, also, will be enabled by it to pepper the North with a smart sprinkling of Presbyterians. He is asked, is not the system, now, for any purposes, whether of evil or of good, to which it may be turned, more firmly rooted by his junction with it than it was before? He answers, that it surely is, or he would not have made such a move; and that *that*, in fact, was the consideration for which he hopes to derive from it any advantage. So that, he has contributed to the spreading of it over parallels of latitude, for purposes of evil, in order to be able to spread it over a few square miles, for purposes of good! Oh! Doctor Cooke! Doctor Cooke! Not merely Anthony Blake and Dr. Murray, but his satanic majesty himself, would be but too willing to make with you such a bargain as that! But will this go down with the Ulster Presbyterians? Are they prepared,—for thirty—or any other number of pieces of silver, which might be procured from this motley sanhedrim of Popery, Socinianism, and malignant radical dissent, either to lend their countenance, or forbear their opposition, to a system fraught with fraud and delusion, the only certain effect of which must be, that, in proportion as it prevails, the light of true religion must be extinguished? And yet, accepting the grant, how could they oppose the board by whom it is made? Coming as supplicants to Dr. Murray and Anthony Blake, and soliciting from them aid for *their* schools, in which Presbyterianism is to be taught, how could they object to these commissioners giving aid to popish clergymen, for teaching all the superstitions of that church of which they profess to be members? Let them put the question to themselves in that way, and no mystification can mislead them. *How does their new position affect their opposition to the principles of this National Board?* Are they as free as they were before to bear their testimony against them? Would they, could they, dare they, renounce, abhor, and repudiate, the principles and the proceedings by which God's truth is compromised, and national countenance and encouragement given to the teaching of the most pernicious delusions?

Alas! alas! Have they not been taken by "the crafty williness" of the Board? and does not their recent conduct render them wholly incapable of making any vigorous opposition to the dissemination of those unscriptural errors, against which they before bore their testimony, as Protestant Christians?

We have before us a letter signed "Robert Stewart," professing to come from a fellow-deputy of Dr. Cooke, to the memorable conference which ended in the adhesion of the Synod of Ulster to the National Board; and who thus disposes of the objection, that by consenting to a union with that body, they became partakers of their sins. This objection, he observes, "would be considerably more at home in the mouth of a Cameronian, or a Covenanter;" "but sounds strangely from the lips of a staunch prelatist," who knows "that the bishops of his 'own loved communion' "are nominated by the very cabinet who appoint, support, and encourage the Board, and from the composition of which cabinet there is no law to exclude Romanists." Now, if this was said for the purpose of pointing out an abuse, which ought to be remedied, and stimulating those whom it concerns to find a remedy for it, it would be all very well. For, we fully admit, that a very great evil is involved in the mode in which our prelates are appointed at present; and that our church cannot be safe, until that mode is altered. We believe the individual, the Rev. Mr. Drew, of Belfast, to whom the above impertinence was addressed, is very sensible of this, and ready to fall in with any wise and scriptural plan that may be proposed, for rescuing the church, to which he belongs, and of which he is an ornament, from profane, or secular, or incompetent appointments; nor does his acting under the present ecclesiastical authorities, and acquiescing in present arrangements, until better may be found, imply, in the slightest degree, an approbation of that system, where it is defective or injurious; or debar him, in the least, from using his best exertions to procure a remedy for its admitted evils.

But can the same be said of the Protestant supporters of the National Board? Are they, having consented to receive its aid, free to act against

it as a system for the dissemination of a foul and leprous superstition? Will the author of this letter say so? and will he prove his saying by his acts? Will he come forward and denounce the National Board, as Mr. Drew would not fail to come forward and denounce the College of Maynooth, as a seminary which should never be supported by a Protestant state, and which is prodigious of innumerable evils? No. The sneaking sophist would never do so; nor can we believe that he was otherwise than convinced in his heart of the utter unfairness of the analogy which he instituted, when he compared the *endurance* of an evil, until a remedy for it may be found, with that *co-partnership with iniquity* by which evil becomes established, and all attempts to find a remedy for it must prove fruitless.

And here, we are most anxious not to be misunderstood, when we talk of men "being partakers of other men's sins." Do we say, or do we think, that a sincere and zealous Romanist is guilty of sin, in seeking, by all allowable means, to forward the spread of popery? Or, that a Socinian, being conscientiously such, is guilty of sin, in seeking to disseminate the pestilent heresy, of the truth of which he is persuaded? Assuredly not. Doctor Murray and Mr. Holmes are but acting according to "the light that is in them," when they avail themselves of their present opportunities, to favour the advancement of those religious views to which they are respectively attached. To them, being what they are, it is no sin so to do; whatever may be the guilt or the error, to which, unhappily, it is owing, that they are, at present, so far estranged from the truth. But to those who believe that they are woefully in error, and who yet consent to be parties with them to a system which contributes largely to the diffusion of that error, TO THEM IT IS SIN. Dr. Cooke and Dr. Stewart are both of them convinced of this; and yet they are both of them subscribing parties to the system which enables Dr. Murray to propagate popery, without stint or limit; and Mr. Holmes to disseminate Socinianism to his heart's content; and they are totally disabled, by their own voluntary act, from uttering any protest, or taking any active measures against it! Is this a case which any honest man could describe as re-

sembling the acquiescence of a clergyman of the Established Church in an objectionable mode of episcopal appointment, until a better has been found? Would any one but a sordid sophist thus disingenuously seek to mislead his reader respecting the real point at issue; or to equivocate with his own conscience respecting his bounden duty? The real question is, can Dr. Cooke, taking the money of the Board, be active, as he was before, in denouncing the principles upon which it was founded, and stirring up that opposition to it, by which, sooner or later, it must be put down? Having, as a Presbyterian, accepted its grant, can he bear a Christian's testimony against it? Is he not lock-jawed and paralytic, as long as he wears its livery? And are not he and his fellows pointed at as constituting the tail of the procession in which it now makes its royal progress over the length and the breadth of the land?

But we have shown that the case is still worse; and that not merely has a bad system received the sanction of professing Protestants; but, that the alterations which they have caused to be made in it render it far more pernicious than it was before. According to its first constitution, it might be perverted, but now it may be legitimately used for purposes of evil. Before the mischief was done by a practical laxity respecting its rules; now the rules themselves will be so fashioned, that all that is reprehensible will be the direct result of their observance.

The system was, in point of fact, rapidly going down. M'Hale and his Connaught "subjects" were outrageous against it. The Romish prelate of the West bellowed against it like one of the bulls of Bashan. Dr. Murray, and his Dublin accomplices, were described as the favourers of heretical pravity, by which the catholicity of Romanism was compromised;—and both parties had their agents with the Pope, each representing his employer's case, and moving heaven and earth to procure against his adversary an apostolical denunciation. M'Hale contended for the plenary authority of the ancient church, and spurned the notion of submitting the national schools in his diocese to any other than ecclesiastical authority. He contended for the free and unfettered use of Romish books,

catechisms, and formularies, that the schools might be, in reality, nurseries for the popish superstition. Murray was content with a more moderate course, and willingly submitted to restraints, which might be used as blinds, to deceive Protestants as to the real working of the system, while, in reality, they were practically disregarded. He, in fact, was willing "to stoop" in order "to conquer." M'Hale would not be satisfied without erecting the banner of the Vatican, and, in the conduct of the schools, openly professing and acting upon the principles of the Church of Rome. Had they been only left to fight amongst themselves a little longer, the whole system would have been so exposed to the indignation of this Protestant empire, that it must, in a short time, have come to the ground.

But now, see how the case stands, by the intervention of the blameless Presbyteriana. The war between the Romish belligerents is suddenly brought to an end; and Murray and Anthony Blake are but too happy to have been enabled to put the whole system upon such a footing that M'Hale's most extravagant demands may be fully complied with. Romanism, in all its glory, will be again revived. The popish priests will now no longer clandestinely introduce the teaching of popery into their schools, by a neglect or an evasion of standing regulations. They will do so openly, and upon the express ground, that they are entitled to the same concessions which have been made to the Synod of Ulster. Thus, by the intervention of Doctor Cooke and his confreres, the strife has been composed by which this accursed system must have been destroyed, and the Board have got a new lease of their powers and privileges, and upon terms which render them infinitely more injurious, when, by a little further perseverance in a righteous resistance to them, their influence must have terminated for ever!

We turn with delight and refreshment to the letter of Hugh M'Neile, to which we have already directed the attention of our readers. Indeed, we have seldom seen principle and expediency so strikingly contrasted,—the wisdom that is from above, and the wisdom that is from below—as in the two letters at present before us; the one, in which Dr. Cooke attempts to

explain and justify what he had previously admitted involved a clear dereliction of principle; and the other, in which a faithful Church of England minister gives utterance to those strong convictions which are not to be affected by the accidents of the hour, and by which he is prepared to abide in every extremity which may befall him.

"Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum serient ruinæ."

"The line adopted by the Synod of Ulster seems to embarrass you. But why should it? Your opposition to the board was never grounded on the fact, that the Synod of Ulster also was opposed to it. Their coalition on having obtained, as it would appear, *their own* objects, does not affect your unchanged Catholic duty. It may render the performance of your duty more arduous, depriving you of valued countenance, and powerful co-operation and advocacy, but it does not, in my opinion, touch the foundation.

"You will probably be accused of ultra and incorrigible bigotry in holding out still, and you may find (though I do not apprehend much) increased difficulty in procuring funds to maintain and multiply your church schools; but none of these affect Christian duty. Let the lawful means within your reach be sedulously and perseveringly exercised, the result is in higher hands; and in the end, it is better, if the will of God be so, to have no school at all, than to purchase support for thousands by becoming partakers in a system which treats truth and falsehood as if it were impossible for men to determine which is which; in other words, as if we had no revelation from God, and all doctrines were equally good, and, of course equally good for nothing.

"It is argued that the Synod of Ulster had a right to a share of the public funds voted for education; but I think their claim ought to have been urged upon the government, not upon the board. I understood all along that their negotiations were with the government, and I thought them quite right in continuing to press their application. But when the government referred them to the board, I think they should have declined, and pleaded that the objects and constitution of the board were, in their judgment, so essentially unscriptural, they could not treat with it. I am sorry they saw it right to act otherwise—for their own sake, rather than for any injury it can inflict on you and your good cause.

"Only be united among yourselves; explain the principles, and urge the claims of the Church Education Society. There you have the true line drawn between latitudinarianism as regards Christianity, and bigotry as regards any human formula. There you teach Scriptural Christianity to all without exception, and *you teach nothing else*. There you enforce Scriptural Christianity, by means of the church formularies, upon all, except when protested against by any parent; in which case you are content to teach Scriptural Christianity without such special enforcement, but you give no sanction, direct or indirect, to the teaching of any falsehood whatever.

"This is the line we have adopted for our collegiate institution in this town, and we feel assured of its truly Christian, and, therefore, legitimately Catholic, operation. It is equally removed from the narrow intolerance which would elevate any human composition, even our Church Catechism, into an equality with the Word of God; and from the infidel indifference which would degrade the Word of God down to an equality with the mass book, or any human composition."

While we write, the following notice has been issued by the Church Education Society for Ireland, to which we beg leave to call the special attention of our readers:—

"Resolved—That in consequence of the arrangements lately made between the National Board of Education and the Synod of Ulster, it be notified to our diocesan associations, through their secretaries, that this Society neither has, nor ever has had the remotest intention of applying for assistance from the National Board; inasmuch, as that Board appears to have made no approximation whatever to the fundamental principle of Christian education, from which this Society *never will depart*."

This is as it should be. We like the spirit which has prompted our clergy, in the very hour of their destitution, to nail their colours to the mast. The Presbyterians, who sneeringly upbraid us with "prelacy," have made common cause with the Popish enemy, while we have still a flag flying at the mast-head, which never shall go down, until we ourselves go down along with it.

Yes, brethren of the Church of England! it is now your duty to bestir yourselves, and act with re-

doubled zeal in the cause, the championship of which has been left to you alone. We trust that on this trying occasion, they will not be found wanting. We trust that they will not be like the children of Ephraim, who, being harnessed, and carrying bows, turned themselves back in the day of battle. They have, hitherto, made a noble stand against this great iniquity ; and that, under circumstances which rendered the course which they felt obliged to take most painful. We trust that they will persevere in their righteous determination, and not "start aside like a broken bow." Let others love the wages of unrighteousness, and follow the example of the son of Borsah. We inquire not how far it may or may not suit the convenience, or comport with the principles of others to do so ; but, clearly, *they* would not be justified in availing themselves, for their own purposes, of a system which they acknowledge to be most pernicious in its effects upon four-fifths of the entire population. If they did so, they would feel, to use Dr. Cooke's words, that "no divine blessing could attend such a course." No. Through evil report and through good report ; supported or forsaken, the clergy of the Church of England will fearlessly discharge their painful and difficult duty ; and abstain from affording any countenance,

direct or indirect, to a system which consigns four-fifths of the population to guides who are blind, or worse than blind ; who "put a bridle into the jaws of the people, teaching them to err." It yet remains to be seen how far the Presbyterian body will adopt the proceedings of their leaders. We will prejudice no extensive class of men ; and, least of all, will we prejudice the sturdy and intelligent Presbyterians of the North, who have always had a habit of judging for themselves, and who undoubtedly will require a reason for the change, before they acquiesce in the recent recommendations. Will they accept of a boon to themselves, at the expense of an injury to the country ? Will they accept of the means of educating their own children in a scriptural faith, at the cost of being instrumental in consigning the great majority of the people to the darkness palpable of the Romish superstition ? These are the questions which they have to decide ; and may God so enlighten their consciences and direct their understandings as that they may be enabled to form a true judgment ; and to eschew the perilous example of those who are "seeking, with all deceivableness, and in unrighteousness, to pervert the right ways of the Lord."

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.

NO. XI.—SWIFT.—PART II.

It was impossible that such a man as Swift should subside into a mere country clergyman. From the time of his first reception into Sir William Temple's family, he had enjoyed more or less, the conversation of the wits and statesmen of the age. It was not then to be supposed that he could forsake the long habitual pleasures of society without regret. But beside the intellectual superiority and cultivation which prompted him to desire, and fitted him to adorn the brilliant intercourse of the first spirits of the time, there were other qualities which neither art nor education had created, restless energies, and impetuous longings which imperiously demanded the excitement, the crush and turmoil of ardent activity. He cast his eye, then over the vast and

hazardous sea of troublous politics, and in the rush and roar of its waves, he felt there was something for his sinew and heart to contend with, and he saw, mayhap floating far far away in the misty horizon, we know not what cloudy glorious visions. He felt that he was strong and intrepid, and strength and courage he knew must burst their way to greatness. Swift has been charged with political apostasy. To test the justness of this accusation, we must ascertain the opinions which, at the commencement of his career, he entertained as to government, and as to religion ; and his acquittal or condemnation must depend upon the accordance of his acts and writings, throughout his life with these opinions. Swift had moulded his political code after

no party model. In describing his views, he said of himself, "I am a Whig and one who wears a gown;"* intimating that in state politics, his principles were those which were then called *revolution principles*, and so far in accordance with the maxims of the Whig party, while in all measures relating to religion, and the provisions for its support his sentiments were those of an uncompromising Protestant, and of a high churchman; doctrines which necessarily allied him with the Tory party. Swift had thus framed for himself a political creed, whose articles were to be found indeed, indiscriminately scattered among the various political schools of the day, but which nevertheless formed no incongruous medley of contradictions, but a consistent and intelligible system, worthy of a Protestant and a freeman. If the conduct of Swift be measured by these principles, it will be found that all his political acts may be accounted for by a strict adherence to one or the other; and throughout the whole course of his public life, it may be seen that his great characteristics were a determination to see the constitution of England liberally administered, the Protestant religion maintained, the interests of the Church of which he was a member, protected, and if possible improved, and an ardent resolution to vindicate the independence of the Irish Parliament, and to labour for the prosperity of his native country.

In 1701, Swift visited London when the impeachment of Lords Somers, Halifax, Oxford, and Portland, gave occasion to his first political tract, entitled 'the contests and dissensions in Athens and Rome.' This pamphlet was eminently successful, but Swift did not avow the authorship until 1702, when he again visited London, and in consequence of his publicly admitting himself to be the author, he was at once received with the friendship of the statesman whose cause he had so ably pleaded. He had thus introduced himself to the notice of the great. It remained for him to make acquaintance with the poets, pamphleteers and wits of London, among whom were classed Steele, Arbuthnot, Addison, Pope and other writers, whose names are high in English literature. Button's Coffee-house was the trysting

place at which these gentlemen assembled, and Sheridan has given an amusing account of Swift's early visits to this literary tavern, which after the example of Scott we shall transfer.

"Though the greatness of Swift's talents were known to many in private life, and his company and conversation much sought after and admired, yet was his name hitherto little known in the republic of letters. The only pieces which he had then published were 'The battle of the books,' and 'The contests and dissensions in Athens and Rome,' and both without a name. Nor was he personally known by any of the wits of the age, excepting Mr. Congreve, and one or two more, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance, at Sir William Temple's. The knot of wits used at this time to assemble at Button's Coffee-house, and I had a singular account of Swift's first appearance there from Ambrose Philips, who was one of Mr. Addison's little senate. He said that they had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it; and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to any thing that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name he went by among them, was that of 'the mad parson.' This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advancing towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner without any previous salute asked him, 'Pray sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?' The country gentleman after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered 'Yes sir.' I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time."

'That is more,' said Swift than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold; too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, that at the end of the year 'tis all very well.' Upon saying this he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene, staring after him and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad."

The appearance of "The Tale of a Tub," which he published about this time necessarily made him acquainted with whatever was desirable in the Literary Society of London; and at this period were formed many of the friendships whose firmness, devotedness and ardour, elicited and proved the virtues of his heart; and whose memory survived the dissolution of their objects, and remained dearly cherished until all trace of recollection, was lost in utter mental darkness. "The tale of a Tub," although its chief object was to sustain the interests, and to vindicate the doctrines of the Established Church, and to laugh to scorn the errors of her enemies, yet failed to call forth the applause of the high church party. On the contrary, Doctor Sharpe, Archbishop of York, and the great majority of the Tories, were much offended at the boldness of the satire, a great deal of which they pronounced to border upon profaneness; and it is undeniable that this great masterpiece, while at once raised its author to the highest position as a writer and a wit, and surrounded him with the men of rank and letters, whose acquaintance, or even whose notice, was generally coveted, and gave to him the power, out of that distinguished throng to choose whom he pleased for his friend, was, nevertheless the real barrier which blocked the avenues to the highest church preferment, against the ambition of Swift. It does not appear even at the time when he stood upon the most confidential terms with the Whig administration, that he ever fully or cordially supported them. On the contrary, many of his most energetic efforts were directed to thwart their schemes. His "Letter upon the Sacramental Test," was an instance of this; and how thoroughly he despised the power and aggrandisement of the party with whom he had in some de-

gree connected himself, and by whom he had been flattered with unequivocal confidence and respect, in comparison with the assertion and promotion of the principles which formed the foundation of his political character. By a strange coincidence, it has happened that the Whigs have at all times considered their own interests at variance with those of religion; and that those principles which tend towards republicanism in politics have been universally found to be more or less intimately connected with infidelity in religion.

The Whig party which supported the government of Godolphin, undoubtedly contained, among its ingredients, enough of what was latitudinarian in religious and state opinions, to excite the jealousy, or at least, to alarm the vigilance of the nation, whose attachment to the Established Church, the sustainment of which it justly and habitually identified, with the permanence of its own constitutional liberties, was steady and warm. Godolphin's administration unavoidably borrowed its tone from the opinions of the party who sustained it, and upon whose support alone it rested; for the tyranny which procured the extorted dismissal of Harley, and the no less compulsory elevation of Somers, and of other Whig leaders, had irrecoverably alienated the affections of the Queen; while the gradual decline and final extinction of the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough, and the elevation in her stead, of the new favourite, Mrs. Masham, had severed the last link which so long bound the cabinet and the court together. The people of England clearly saw that the ministers, deprived of the confidence and affection of the throne, were forced to seek, from their hitherto uncertain adherents, extraordinary support, by extraordinary concessions; and a negligence of the interests of the established religion was a marked and necessary result of the prosecution of their newly modified policy. The keen eye of Swift soon detected the symptoms of the essential disease; and neither the hopes of that elevation, so dear to his ambition, nor the flattering distinctions and abundant promises so richly bestowed upon him, by powerful men in that administration, could purchase his silent acquiescence in perilous and unworthy schemes.

Swift soon felt the difficulty of his

position. His political opinions were such, as suited neither of the great parties who divided the country. In the liberality of his views upon state politics, he was a Whig, while in high church principle, he stood with the Tories; and thus we find, that his pen was not, at any time, exerted for the support of the Whigs, with the devotedness of a thorough partizan, but either employed in the advocacy of an intermediate policy, or more boldly wielded in direct hostility to the measures of the government. As an effort belonging to the latter class, we have already noticed his "Letter upon the Sacramental Test," published in 1708—9; a tract, whose publication and success eventually deprived him of the favour, and excluded him from the patronage of the Whig government.

As the tenets of Swift differed essentially from those of each of the prominent parties in the state, he naturally desired, as the greatest national blessing, the formation of a government, whose structure might include the more moderate of both parties; selecting from the ranks of the Tories, those, who rejecting the high prerogative doctrines of divine right and passive obedience, maintained the Church principles to which he was attached; and, from the array of the Whigs, the men who held the political maxims of the revolution of 1688, without suffering the liberality of their politics to be tainted by the infidelity, or even by the laxity of religious opinion, generally attributed to the party among whose members they were found. Such a combination, Swift clearly saw to be possible; and, with a view to effect it, he had published, in 1708, "The Sentiments of a Church of England Man, with respect to Religion and Government," in which the extremes of both parties are warmly and powerfully reprobated. In 1709, he published his "Project for the Advancement of Religion;" a work which, in spite of the impracticability of most of its suggestions, produced no ordinary sensation upon the public mind. The necessity so strongly inculcated of removing the wicked from before the throne, and of making the government both a pattern of national morality and religion, and a means of enforcing them, were doctrines not unnaturally distasteful to men, whose negligence of religion was acknowledged; and was, in an eminent degree, calculated to awa-

ken the suspicions of a cabinet, who had recently sent such a man as Wharton, to administer the Viceroyalty of Ireland. The government dreaded also, and not without cause, the effect which such an appeal must necessarily produce upon the mind of the Queen, which they well knew to be deeply impressed with the awful importance of religion. It is not strange then, that Swift should have been accused of having written this pamphlet with a sinister design; particularly, as he was already suspected of meditating a separation from those who chose to claim him as a partizan, and of seeking the approbation, and supporting the views of a party who were determined, at the least, to maintain the religious views which he justly considered as paramount to all mere political interests. His absence from his benefice, and continued residence in London, were not without the sanction of his spiritual superior, or unconnected with the immediate interests of the church, of which he was so zealous a member. The English clergy had obtained, in the year 1703—4, from Queen Anne, at the instance of Bishop Burnet, a grant of the tenths and first fruits, a tax upon all church benefices, and which, up to the time of Henry VIII, had formed part of the papal revenues; it was then transferred to the crown, and employed, for the most part, in pensioning the favourites of the court, from which unworthy use it was, as we have stated, diverted into its legitimate channel. The clergy of Ireland naturally desired a participation in the advantages of this equitable concession, and the Irish convocation resolved to empower a fitting delegate to solicit on their behalf, a boon so considerable. It was advisable to select a man of active and energetic mind and habits, and one whose attainments and connections were such, as to give him an influence among those who stood high in power. Swift possessed the intimacy of the leading Whigs; and his success as a writer, was known to command the respect of many eminent statesmen; and besides, he was excellently skilled in the ways of the world, of courts, and of great men;—all which qualifications naturally led to his being chosen as the advocate of the interests of the Irish Church. His solicitations were, however, fruitless; for he found Godolphin prepossessed with the conviction, that

the Irish clergy, like the majority of the English, were, in their hearts, attached to Tory principles; and it was not until the accession of Harley and St. John to office, that the grant was made to the Irish Church, when it was conceded, at the instance of Swift, at the very moment, when the convocation, fearing that his intimacy with the former administration would prejudice him with the new, were in the act of recalling the commission which authorised him to act on their behalf.

During the ascendancy of Godolphin's government, many hopes were held out to the ambition of Swift, and promises were not spared. He had, at one time, serious thoughts of throwing up his Church provision in Ireland, and accompanying his old patron, Lord Berkley, in the capacity of secretary of embassy to Vienna; and doubtless he would have done so, had that nobleman's age permitted the effort and fatigue of the undertaking. It was also mooted among the political friends of Swift to send him out to the province of Virginia, as Bishop, to superintend and, with supreme authority, to control the clergy of that colony. But this project, if it was ever seriously entertained, certainly did not terminate in his appointment. However chagrined at these failures, he was not without hopes of speedy and considerable promotion. The noblemen who had been loudest in their professions of friendship, were now high in office; and Addison, his most ardent and intimate friend, had accompanied Lord Wharton to Ireland, as secretary. All his hopes, however, though apparently as well grounded as any which probability could suggest, were doomed to beget only total disappointment; and in no small degree, embittered by the hypocritical delusions which had been practised upon him, he left London, and during the greater part of Lord Wharton's viceregal administration, he remained in the seclusion of Laracor.

A keener pang, however, than any which disappointed interest can inflict, was reserved for Swift; for, in May, 1710, he received the sorrowful intelligence of his mother's death, and with a bitterness of pathetic grief, the more touching in a nature so proud and stern; he lamented her death as "a loss which removed the barrier between him and death." His affection for this parent was the cherished and solitary feeling

which preserved in his heart the capabilities of love and sympathy; capabilities which would otherwise soon have either perished through the want of exercise, or been killed by the coldness, or by the insult of repulse. This was the first, and not the least bitter, of the many stern and sorrowful lessons to which his spirit had to submit. He was not, however, without his consolation; besides the sublime assurances of religion, he had with him whatever comforts are to be derived from gentle sympathy and warm affection. He had the society of Stella, of her who was to be henceforth the nearest to his heart, dear to him in proportion as other objects of affection were removed by alienation, or by death.

Dissatisfied as Swift was with the policy of the Whigs, and reasonably offended at what he considered their undeserved neglect of all the promises of advancement made by them to himself, he regarded with sullen indifference the approaches of that political ruin, which now unequivocally threatened the government of Godolphin. The outburst of high Tory enthusiasm which convulsed the nation from end to end, now shook to its deep foundations the power of the Whigs. The immediate cause of this paroxysm of national excitement, is to be found in the famous sermon of Dr. Henry Sacheverel, a man without influence, birth, wealth or talent, but pre-eminently endowed with that wonder-working political quality—courage. The intenseness of the national excitement, which the dull extravagance and not unmerited prosecution and conviction of this man elicited, was a shock under which the government, having tottered for a time, finally tumbled into headlong ruin. Previous to this event, however, the clergy of Ireland made another effort to procure the grant of the first-fruits, and Swift along with the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, was commissioned to solicit the much-desired concession. He reached London, in accordance with his appointment, upon the 9th of Sept., in the year 1710, and was received with every demonstration of respect and welcome, which a consciousness of his power and of their own danger, could induce the Whigs to exhibit. They crowded about him, eager to conciliate the able and offended churchman; but their explanations and apologies were received with the stern coldness of

utter contempt. Godolphin only, of all that government, scorned to purchase by humiliation and falsehood, the support of one, whose just claims in the season of his power he had despised; and his reception of Swift was rude and supercilious in the extreme. This insult was, however, unnecessary. The Irish parson was resolved against supporting, by any interference whatever, a government to which he owed neither political nor personal allegiance. He determined to hold himself aloof from the struggles of the contending parties, and almost vowed to mingle no more in politics. These resolutions, however, were not abiding. The reception which he had experienced at the hands of the Whig minister was not easily forgotten or forgiven by Swift, and he resolved to make the insolent noble, who had wantonly affronted him, feel, alike politically and personally, the weight of his vengeance. In obedience to this impulse, with ready severity he wrote a lampoon upon Godolphin; and almost immediately afterwards, upon the 4th of October, as if to decide whatever doubt may have still rested upon his mind, he was introduced to Harley.

It is remarkable that, upon the very same day, he refused an invitation from Lord Halifax; thus intimating that his choice between the antagonist parties was made. Harley received him with distinguished marks of admiration and respect; and at once introduced him to St. John, who eagerly vied with the intriguing ex-secretary in heaping upon their new ally every expression of regard, confidence and esteem. Nothing could equal the rapidity with which this acquaintance grew into friendship and intimacy the closest and the most complete; and nothing could be more marked than the steady progress of that moral ascendancy which he gradually but unequivocally acquired over the minds of these remarkable men. He became, in an inconceivably short time, the adviser, almost the originator, of their political measures; and the effectual reconciler of those occasional disagreements and alienations, which interrupted that cordiality which it was evident could not cease to unite the two statesmen without the dismemberment and dissolution of their administration.

The aspirations of Swift, as to personal aggrandisement, were moderate in the extreme; but his thirst for power

was almost unquenchable. The prebend of Westminster or the post of Historiographer were the boundaries of his views of emolument; but the protectorship of Britain would hardly have satisfied his ambition. The gates of power were now thrown open to him, and with a prophetic spirit he felt that he was to tread the height of his most glorious wishes. With a spirit exulting with this first success—mad with the grand and mighty hopes which it inspired—he turned his first thoughts to the punishment of those who had first betrayed and then insulted him. He published his lampoon upon Godolphin, another upon Wharton, another upon Sunderland, until having, as it were, once fleshed his fangs, he rushed among the party with whom he had once taken his stand, and smarting with resentment for recent slights, and wrongs, and mad with the excitement of coming power, he made each and all indiscriminately feel the vengeance of his rabid and terrific satire. In the vehemence and ferocity of political encounter, he forgot all respects, all ancient ties. Marlborough was not spared; and former friendship did not protect Lord Somers. There is nothing to justify, and little to palliate the licentious violence of the satire of Swift. Wharton, and others of the ruined administration, no doubt deserved the utmost severity of bitter condemnation; but the shafts of Swift were not directed solely against those who merited the dreadful wounds which they inflicted. They were launched undistinguishingly among all the little and the great—the good and the evil, who had banded themselves with Godolphin. The scourge was wielded by the hand of a partizan, and the sins and shames of those who suffered under his satire, were less the causes, than the instruments of their punishment.

All the members of the Whig government, with the solitary exception of Marlborough, whose final removal, however, was determined upon, were now dismissed from office. Harley was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and St. John succeeded Mr. Boyle as secretary of state. These new ministers had been, like Swift, early imbued with revolution principles; while, at the same time, the consciousness that they had been floated into power, and must be maintained in office

by the influence of the Tory party, gave to their policy a high church tone, which combined with their state principles, formed a compound nearly identical with that which Swift had so long hoped for in vain; and which he had so strongly recommended in several of his tracts, as a consummation to be effected only by a union of the more moderate of both parties. Conscientiously approving, therefore, of the principles upon which this government was based, with vanity and friendship as well as all the darker passions of his character, enlisted in their behalf, it is not wonderful that the ardent nature of Swift abandoned itself thoroughly and devotedly to the support of Harley's administration. His adhesion was no sooner secured, than his labours were required. The Examiner, a weekly paper, had been set on foot with a view to supply the new ministry with an organ, for the expression of their sentiments, as also to furnish them with the means of influencing the public mind as they desired, and of answering all charges or insinuations made against them. This periodical had not been committed to the charge of any responsible editor, and the consequence was, that after a few numbers, it ceased to express the opinions of ministers, and actually committed them to the monstrous and absurd doctrines of divine right, principles which they had never held, and upon which, to avoid collision with the more violent of their Tory supporters, they were most anxious to preserve a silence. Swift's first service was the conduct of this paper; and never was a political party supported by a more devoted adherent. Never were political measures more ingeniously defended, or political antagonists more unscrupulously and terribly assailed. "The Whig Examiner" was the recognised organ of the defeated party, and had been for some time conducted by Addison. He, however, on hearing that Swift was about to undertake the management of "The Examiner," retired from a position which must have placed him in continual and angry contact with his friend, and three weeks before Swift entered on his labours, his former intimate had ceased to be connected with the Whig paper. For the space of seven months the Examiner was conducted by Swift with unaided and unexampled energy; and during that time his pen was ceaselessly employed,

through every channel, in appeals, sometimes to the reason, sometimes to the prejudices, sometimes to the passions of the public, for the support of the government and the discomfiture of their enemies. Besides the papers in the Examiner, he abundantly supplied the town with tracts, satirical poems, and lampoons, all suited to the popular taste, and quaint, pungent and humorous; some too of a sterner character, for instance, "The short character of Lord Wharton."

In the midst of this exciting controversy, Swift did not forget or neglect the object of his mission. His great influence with the ministry, combined with their own policy, which was to conciliate the clergy by all practicable means, easily procured for the Irish church the desired grant, which was conceded at the very moment when a letter reached the successful delegate recalling his commission, on the plea that the clergy had confided the conduct of their cause to the Duke of Ormond, but in reality, because the bishops had adopted the opinion, that the terms of intimacy upon which Swift had stood with the members of the former administration, would render his advocacy rather injurious than favourable to the cause which he pleaded, with the new government. Swift had now achieved a most important measure for the emolument of his church, but neither verbally, nor practically by promotion, did he experience any, the smallest token of gratitude from the order to whose service he had so successfully devoted himself.

Swift was now upon a footing of the most thorough intimacy, confidence and friendship with Harley and St. John; he shared their hours of gaiety, reconciled their temporary alienations, suggested their measures, and forewarned them of dangers. There was not a state secret reserved from his knowledge, or a political measure adopted without his approval. Sheridan has given a kind of summary of the evidence by which the unlimited confidence reposed in Swift by Harley's administration is established; and as the power of Swift has been questioned, alike by Lord Orrery and by the Edinburgh Review, and by others who are willing to utter any absurdity rather than allow Swift to have been anything but a fool and a scoundrel, we transcribe the passage:—

"We have already seen with what rapidity and eagerness, contrary to his usual procrastinating and reserved disposition, Harley rushed into his acquaintance, and besought his friendship. That soon after their first conversing together, he told St. John he could keep nothing from him, Swift had so much the way of getting into him. That after closer intimacy, though the most reserved man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed, that uttering his mind to Swift, gave him ease. And that he continued ever after, to repose his trust in him, may be seen in a letter from Lewis, in the year 1713, supposed by the world to be the most confidential man with Lord Oxford, where he says,—'His mind has been communicated more freely to you than to any other.' In two months after their first acquaintance, he was admitted to the Saturday's private party, or Minister's Cabinet Council, consisting of the Lord Keeper Harcourt, the Earl Rivers, the Earl of Peterborough, and Mr. Secretary St. John; where, after dinner, they used to discourse, and settle matters of great importance; and Swift was always one of the number. It has been shown, that he stood in an equal degree of confidence with Lord Bolingbroke; and no man living, no, not of the ministry, stood so high in the opinion of Lady Masham, the second greatest favourite of the Queen, and latterly the first; of which the most unequivocal proofs have been produced, in her shedding tears openly, upon the talk of sending him to Ireland, and her last earnest letter to him before the Queen's death. All the great officers of state connected with the ministry, followed their example, in paying him homage. Lord Keeper Harcourt told a placeman of inferior rank, who had treated Swift with some incivility, to take care of what he did, for the Doctor was not only the favourite of all the ministry, but their governor also. We have seen that Lord Rivers told the printers, for whom Swift had demanded several places in his department, of considerable value, that the Doctor commanded, and he must obey. We find too, that when any of the ministry themselves had a favour to ask of Lord Oxford, it was through him they made their application. It was the same too, with regard to the foreign ministers. In what light he stood with the Spanish Ambassador, may be seen from the following extract from his journal, December 21, 1712 'This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with Sir William Wyndham, the Spanish Ambassador came to him, and said he heard that was Doctor Swift, and

desired him to tell me that his master, and the King of France, and the Queen, were obliged to me more than to any man in Europe. So we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him.' All state writings were either entirely drawn up by him, or submitted to his correction. He had a considerable share in the famous representations of the Speaker's Sir Thomas Hanmer, which made such a noise at that time, and was considered as the finest that ever was penned. In short, there was not a move made of any kind, with relation either to public affairs, or party matters, in which he was not consulted; and the greatest share of labour in the executive part, was thrown upon his shoulders. In all this plenitude of power, he was so far from *being elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence*, that he used his best endeavours to conceal it from the world in general, though it could not be a secret to those of his own party. With this view, he absented himself from Lord Treasurer's levees, having never appeared there but twice, during their whole acquaintance. And at court, he always avoided him, whenever he made towards him; nor would he ever be seen speaking to him there. But it was impossible long to conceal that superior degree of favour in which he stood with the ministers. His writings, in the cause he espoused, had rendered him too conspicuous; and the adverse party were too much galled by them, not to make them watchful of all his motions. He was accordingly considered by the leaders of the opposite party, as the first mover in all the ministerial measures; and many virulent speeches were made against him by name, both in the house of Lords and Commons, *as one who was in the secret of all affairs, and without whose advice or privy, nothing was done, or employment disposed of.*"

Others, however, have gone farther than the noble Duncce, who fawned upon Swift with clumsy adulation while he lived, and libelled him in his grave. The Edinburgh Review has represented Swift as a kind of court buffoon, whose pert sayings, eccentricities and antics, amused the statesmen of Queen Anne, in their hours of levity and feasting; and that Harley and St. John, kept about them by promises and cajolery, more economically than did the great men of old, a professed jester and a witless gull, whose apish tricks and indecent extravagancies they enjoyed with the perverted glee of feudal bar-

barity. The candid Reviewer has sought, by whatever puny influence a now forgotten "article" could command, (and only noticed here, because it embodies the feelings of a certain faction, to ruin,) in every part, the reputation of Swift; and towards this object he has marched over the ruins of truth, reason, and every thing like probability, trampling candour, honesty and honour, under his feet. The slightest acquaintance with the character of the great Irishman at once stamps that paper as the most monstrously improbable of all libels. Swift had a spirit so high and proud that, so far from submitting to a habitual system of insult, it was notorious that he would not bear the most trivial slight or neglect, even from the most powerful and exalted, without inflicting punishment, or compelling submission. He had a political vision, so clear and strong, that nothing could be securely concealed from him; and an ever wakeful jealousy, which would have keenly resented a reserve which his sagacity must have at once detected. His stupendous and never equalled power as a popular writer—a power which, again and again, saved the government from ruin, gave him a right to that confidence which undoubtedly was never withheld. Besides all which, Swift was not a man to be safely trifled with; there was an energy in his wrath, a blasting scorn in his sarcasm, a searching fiery scrutiny in his satire, and withal, he had a presence noble at all times, but in the excitement of aroused indignation, actually awful; a presence before which, we venture to say, an Edinburgh Reviewer would have turned pale, even behind his mask.

The ministry, with which Swift had thus ardently and devotedly identified himself, occupied a position of no ordinary difficulty. Carried into power by the vehement movements of an ultra party, whose favourite doctrines they felt it to be impossible, both in conscience and expediency, to carry out, uncertain of the support of that very political body, whose exertions had invested them with office, doubtful even of the favour of the Queen, whom the bitter recollection of recent and compelled subjection to the command of ministers, too powerful to be controlled or dismissed, had rendered jealous, of even the legitimate influence which the responsible counsellors of royalty ought

to possess, regarded with intense hatred by one of the great state parties, and with a certain degree of suspicion by the other; and compelled, owing to the continuance of the war, to maintain the Duke of Marlborough, the great leader of their inveterate enemies, the Whigs, in all his offices; the difficulties of the new administration soon made themselves felt. The more violent of the Tory party regarding Harley and St. John with suspicion as *clees* of the Whig faction, formed themselves into an association, known by the name of the October Club, consisting of nearly one hundred members, (a formidable amount,) and determined, if possible, to push the government on to the utmost extremity of party violence; and demanding, amongst other measures, the impeachment of some of the leading Whigs. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary for the safety to the ministry, that something should be done to moderate the violence of this powerful Club, and, if possible, wholly to dissolve the combination. Swift undertook the task. He commenced by effecting a meeting with some of the leading members at a tavern, where he succeeded in thoroughly convincing them of the impracticability of their designs; a division soon took place among its foremost men, in consequence of this discussion, and soon afterwards, by the publication of a short tract, entitled, "Some Advice to the Members of the October Club," he completed this important undertaking, by procuring the final dissolution of the confederation. But an object more important still remained to be accomplished. It was a maxim with Swift, that it was impossible for Harley's administration to exist, unless a peace were immediately effected; and it was apparent, that unless the clamour for such a measure originated with the people themselves, the government dared not even hint at it. The nation, however, were, in their present mood, enthusiastically warlike; and this disposition was heightened by the Whigs, by every agency and argument in their power to employ, with a view to defeat the plans, and embarrass the measures of their political antagonists, and at the same time, to strengthen and enhance the influence of the Duke of Marlborough. It was absolutely necessary, then, to mould the public mind to suit the necessities of the ministry; and in order to do so,

the magic pen of Swift was to be employed. He prepared, during the interval that intervened between the formation of the government, and the meeting of parliament, (upon the result of which event its fate was supposed to depend,) his famous "Conduct of the Allies," and "Remarks upon the Burten Treaty." To these labours he first alludes, (October 26, 1711,) in his journal, to Stella. "We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have written a paper, which the ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas, it is certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction."

The event which was to test the stability of the Tory administration, the meeting of parliament, took place upon the 7th December, 1711. Swift had looked forward to this occurrence with certain misgivings, by no means ill-founded. The indolence of Harley, who systematically and in defiance of his repeated warnings had neglected all the usual arts whereby majorities may be procured, or at least the temper of Parliament may be easily ascertained, and the consciousness that the Duchess of Somerset, who more than shared with Mrs. Masham, the court favour which had belonged to the Duchess of Marlborough, exercised a powerful influence upon the mind of the Sovereign, combined to render the issue of the approaching struggle a source of intense anxiety and doubt. The parliament met, and in the house of Lords the ministry, to their infinite surprise, were defeated upon the question of peace by a majority of six, a clause having been inserted in the address to the Queen, notwithstanding their strenuous and vehement opposition, to the effect that no peace could be safe or honourable, if Spain and the Indies, should be allowed to remain with any branch of the house of Bourbon." But the disappointments of the government did not stop here. A more astounding and ruinous disaster was reserved for the discomfited Tories, we shall relate the occurrence in the words of Swift. "When the Queen was going

from the House of Lords, where she sat to hear the debate, on the 7th December, 1711, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Chamberlain, asked her Majesty, whether he, or the great Chamberlain Lindsay, ought to lead her out, she answered short, 'neither of you,' and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house against a peace." This striking mark of Royal displeasure, left nothing remaining to consummate the defeat of the Ministry; the *coup de grace* was struck, panic and dismay took the place of overweening and indolent confidence, and despair was at the heart of every Tory; while on the contrary, nothing could exceed the undisguised triumph and exultation of the Whigs, and as each leading man amongst the ministry successively addressed the House in the course of the debate, the wretch Wharton sat smiling, and with grim significance drawing his hand across his throat. Instant dismissal, disgrace and impeachment, hovered over the heads of the defeated Ministers, and it was supposed that ten days at the farthest, would see the victorious return to office of the now enraged and formidable Whig faction. We have allowed Swift to speak for himself, as far as we could do so consistently with our limits, and with pleasure we again turn to the vivid sketches, afforded by the pages of the journal to Stella, for an account of his first meeting with the Lord Treasurer after these disastrous occurrences. "Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because Lord Treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, how? I said I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments, and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked, how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scriptural expression, *that the hearts of Kings are un-*

searchable. I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to; he stuck a little, but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet." Swift's private sentiments on the occasion are thus expressed in his Journal, December, 8, 1711. "This is a long journal, and of a day, that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph. they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they say the Parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may. This is all your d—d D— of S—'s doing: I warned the ministers of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since. The secretary always dreaded it. I told Lord Treasurer I should have the advantage of him, for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave. December 15, 1711.—Here are the first steps towards the ruin of an excellent ministry, for I look upon them as certainly ruined. Some are of opinion the whole ministry will give up their places next week: others imagine, when the session is over. I do resolve, if they give up or are turned out soon, to retire for some months; and I have pitched upon the place already. I would be out of the way, upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things upon me, even some I have never read."

With an activity proportioned to his former indolence and security, Lord Oxford now applied himself to retrieve the calamities which his negligence had produced; and by an extraordinary exertion of that courtier-like address, to which he owed his unparalleled success as the most accomplished intriguer of his day, he succeeded in recovering the favour of the Queen, and in enlisting her warmly in favour of his favourite measures. His first object was to recover the influence which he had lost in the House of Lords; and, in order to effect it, he prevailed upon the Queen to create twelve new peers upon whose attachment he could implicitly rely. This was a daring violation of the principles of the constitution; and although the number of the newly created peers was inconsiderable, the effect of their elevation was to *swamp* the house, and to establish a dangerous precedent, which might be appealed to in after times by bad and daring men,

to the utter ruin of the independence and of the very political existence of that body; and which, if not perhaps acted upon again, might at least be employed as a threat, tyrannically to silence discussion and to compel obedience. This startling measure was rapidly followed by another if possible more astounding, and that was the dismissal of the Duke of Marlborough from all the high offices which he had filled with so much glory. This step, although absolutely necessary to the existence of the ministry, greatly enhanced their difficulties; for the removal of so great a general, during the continuance of the war, led the nation to suspect that a ruinous and disgraceful peace was intended to be forced upon them. The excitement of the country was tremendous. The emissaries of the Allies and the agents of the Whigs improved the occasion to lash the nation into actual phrenzy; and all England, with one voice, denounced the proposition of a Peace, and clamoured for war. It was when this tumultuous uproar was at its height and maddest fury that "the conduct of the Allies" appeared, and the effect was immediate, almost sublime. Never was their achieved by human agency, a revolution in national opinion so instantaneous and complete. Eleven thousand copies of the work were sold and circulated in less than a month, and seven editions were purchased almost as soon as printed; conviction, indignation and shame were carried with it to every quarter of the land, and the belief that the nation had been duped and well nigh ruined by the fraud of the Allies, and by the rapacity of Ministers, thus suddenly and appallingly impressed, produced a re-action in the national mind in favour of Peace, such as no power could resist. Its effects were immediately visible in the proceedings of the House of Commons, whose members had had time, during the recess to study the pamphlet; and a succession of resolutions were passed, as Swift observed, in effect little more than verbal extracts from its pages. This famous tract was in the hands of all men, and while its reasoning and style were suited to the capacity of even the most illiterate and the merely popular reader, the facts and deductions which it contained, furnished their most cogent and pointed arguments to the Council and the Senate.

The great object of the ministry, the favorite project of whose accomplishment they had almost despaired, was now effected; the mighty tide of national feeling had been rolled back, the schemes of almost triumphant hatred, the devices of grey-headed policy, the strong battle of a great party, were all defeated, the position of Britain completely changed, and the fortunes of all Europe altered, perhaps for centuries, and all by some hundred lines written by the pen of a poor parson, the incumbent of an obscure petty prebend.

The government applied themselves immediately to the task upon which they had so long desired to enter; and while they employed themselves with the details of the peace, Swift found occupation for his unresting energy in reducing to the clearness and order of a practical proposal, a project which had long engaged his mind. This was his "Proposal for an Academy to correct, enlarge, and ascertain the English Language;" and it is worthy of remark, that at a juncture when his influence with the administration was all but omnipotent, he sought not to exert it for his personal advancement, but employed it solely for the accomplishment of what he believed to be a great public benefit. His letter upon the subject, although unfortunately written with unusual negligence of style, and in support of a scheme which, at the least, was a wild one, attracted considerable attention. He tells us himself that he had conversed with many of the most "ingenious" men of the day upon the topic, and that from these he had received opinions highly favourable. Harley and St. John expressed themselves also warmly in its support; and it is not improbable that had the government been less engrossingly occupied at the time, the plan would have been actually attempted. A little reflection is however sufficient to show that the success of such a project would be the most grievous calamity which a national language could sustain, and a

very moderate acquaintance with the history of human language, and indeed with the dispositions of human nature is sufficient to prove that the scheme is wholly impracticable.

While this plan was in agitation, Swift was strongly recommended to the queen by her ministers to fill the vacant bishoprick of Hereford; and there cannot be a doubt that he would have been appointed, had it not been for the unfavourable influence exercised upon her mind by the Duchess of Somerset. At her entreaty, the Archbishop of York interposed to advise his sovereign to make herself "sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop was a Christian"—a warning which he thought warranted by the supposed authorship of the "Tale of a Tub." This interference, however, failed, and as a last resource the Duchess herself, bathed in tears of mingled spite and mortification, crawled to the foot of the throne, and by agonies of importunity, succeeded in prevailing upon the queen to pass Swift by, and to appoint another. The publication of "The Public Spirit of the Whigs" exposed Swift to another mark of royal displeasure. The Scotch lords, in a body, obtained an audience of the queen, in which they bitterly complained of certain passages which reflected upon the honour of their country, and demanded that exertions should be made to bring the author to punishment. Three hundred pounds were forthwith offered as a reward for his detection, and court friends began to look coldly upon Swift. He, however, was undismayed, and thoroughly conscious of his power, he was altogether unmoved, and in a few weeks appeared at court, and in favour as high as ever. The peace was now proclaimed, and in April, 1713, he was appointed to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, a provision which was intended but as the avenue to the highest church preferment; and in the month of May, in the same year, Ireland again received her illustrious son.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

KIND PUBLIC,

Having so lately taken my leave of the stage, in a farewell benefit, it is but fitting that I should explain the circumstances which once more bring me before you—that I may not appear intrusive, where I have met with but too much indulgence.

A blushing *debutant*—*entre nous*, the most impudent Irishman that ever swaggered down Sackville-street—has requested me to present him to your acquaintance. He has every ambition to be a favourite with you ; but says—God forgive him—he is too bashful for the foot-lights.

He has remarked—as, doubtless, many others have done—upon what very slight grounds, and with what slender pretension, my Confessions have met with favour at the hands of the press and the public ; and the idea has occurred to him, to indite his *own*. Had his determination ended here, I should have nothing to object to ; but, unfortunately, he expects me to become his Editor, and in some sort responsible for the faults of his production. I have wasted much eloquence and more breath in assuring him, that I was no tried favorite of the public, who dared take liberties with them—that the small rag of reputation I enjoyed, was a very scanty covering for my own nakedness ; that the plank which swam with one, would most inevitably sink with two ; and lastly, that the indulgence so often bestowed upon a first effort, is as frequently converted into censure on the older offender. My arguments have, however, totally failed, and he remains obdurate and unmovable. Under these circumstances I have yielded ; and, as happily for me, the short and pithy direction to the river Thames, in the Critic, “to keep between its banks,” has been imitated by my friend, I find all that is required of me, is to write my name upon the title—and go in peace. Such, he informs me, is modern Editorship.

In conclusion, I would beg, that if the debt he now incurs at your hands remain unpaid, you will kindly bear in mind, that your remedy lies against the raver of the bill, and not against its mere humble indorser.

HARRY LORREQUER.

Brussels, February, 1840.

CHAPTER I.

THE rain was dashing in torrents against the window panes, and the wind sweeping in heavy and fitful gusts along the dreary and deserted streets, as a party of three persons sat over their wine, in that stately old pile which once formed the resort of the Irish Members, in College Green, Dublin, and went by the name of Daly's Club House. The clatter of falling tiles and chimney-pots—the jarring of the window-frames and howling of the storm without, seemed little to affect the spirits of those within, as they drew closer to a blazing fire, before which stood a small table covered with the *débris* of a dessert, and an abundant supply of bottles, whose characteristic length of neck indicated the rarest wines of France and Germany ; while the portly magnum of claret—the wine, *par excellence*, of every Irish gentleman of the day—

passed rapidly from hand to hand, the conversation did not languish, and many a deep and hearty laugh followed the stories which every now and then were told, as some reminiscence of early days was recalled, or some trait of a former companion remembered.

One of the party, however, was apparently engrossed by other thoughts than those of the mirth and merriment around ; for, in the midst of all, he would turn suddenly from the others, and devote himself to a number of scattered sheets of paper, upon which he had written some lines, but whose crossed and blotted sentences attested how little success had waited upon his literary labours. This individual was a short, plethoric-looking, white-haired man, of about fifty, with a deep, round voice, and a chuckling, smothering laugh, which, whenever he indulged in,

not only shook his own ample person, but generally created a petty earthquake on every side of him. For the present, I shall not stop to particularise him more closely; but, when I add, that the person in question was a well-known Member of the Irish House, whose acute understanding and practical good sense were veiled under an affected and well-dissembled habit of blundering, that did far more for his party than the most violent and pointed attacks of his more accurate associates, some of my readers may anticipate me in pronouncing him to be Sir Harry Boyle. Upon his left sat a figure the most unlike him possible; he was a tall, thin, bony man, with a bolt-upright air, and a most saturnine expression; his eyes were covered by a deep green shade, which fell far over his face, but failed to conceal a blue scar, that, crossing his cheek, ended in the angle of his mouth, and imparted to that feature, when he spoke, an apparently abortive attempt to extend towards his eyebrow; his upper lip was covered with a grizzly and ill-trimmed moustache, which added much to the ferocity of his look, while a thin and pointed beard on his chin gave an apparent length to the whole face, that completed its rueful character. His dress was a single-breasted tightly-buttoned frock, in one button hole of which a red ribbon was fastened, the decoration of a foreign service, which conferred upon its wearer the title of Count; and, though Billy Considine, as he was familiarly called by his friends, was a thorough Irishman in all his feelings and affections, yet he had no objection to the designation he had gained in the Austrian army. The Count was certainly no beauty, but, somehow, very few men of his day had a fancy for telling him so; a deadlier hand and a steadier eye never covered his man in the Phoenix; and though he never had a seat in the House, he was always regarded as one of the government party, who more than once had damped the ardour of an opposition member, by the very significant threat of "setting Billy at him." The third figure of the group, was a large, powerfully-built, and handsome man, older than either of the others, but not betraying in his voice and carriage any touch of time. He was attired in the green coat and buff vest, which formed the livery of the Club; and in his tall, ample forehead, clear

and well-set eye, and still handsome mouth, bore evidence that no great flattery was necessary at the time, which called Godfrey O'Malley the handsomest man in Ireland.

"Upon my conscience," said Sir Harry, throwing down his pen with an air of ill-temper, "I can make nothing of it; I have got into such an infernal habit of making bulls, that I can't write sense when I want it."

"Come, come," said O'Malley, "try again, my dear fellow. If you can't succeed, I'm sure Billy and I have no chance."

"What have you written? Let us see," said Considine, drawing the paper towards him, and holding it to the light, "why, what the devil is all this? you have made him 'drop down dead after dinner, of a lingering illness, brought on by the debate of yesterday.'"

"Oh, impossible."

"Well, read it yourself; there it is, and, as if to make the thing less credible, you talk of his 'bill for the better recovery of small debts.' I'm sure, O'Malley, your last moments were not employed in that manner."

"Come, now," said Sir Harry, "I'll set all to rights with a postscript. 'Any one who questions the above statement, is politely requested to call on Mr. Considine, 16, Kildare Street, who will feel happy to afford him every satisfaction upon Mr. O'Malley's decease, or upon miscellaneous matters.'"

"Worse and worse," said O'Malley. "Killing another man will never persuade the world that I'm dead."

"But we'll wake you, and have a glorious funeral."

"And if any man doubt the statement, I'll call him out," said the Count.

"Or, better still," said Sir Harry, "O'Malley has his action at law for defamation."

"I see I'll never get down to Galway at this rate," said O'Malley; "and as the new election takes place on Tuesday week, time presses. There are more writs flying after me this instant, than for all the government boroughs."

"And they'll be fewer returns, I fear," said Sir Harry.

"Who is the chief creditor," asked the Count.

"Old Stapleton the attorney, in Fleet Street, has most of the mortgages."

"Nothing to be done with him in

this way," said Considine, balancing the cork-screw like a hair trigger.

"No chance of it."

"May be," said Sir Harry, "he might come to terms if I were to call and say—you are anxious to close accounts, as your death has just taken place. You know what I mean."

"I fear so should he, were you to say so. No, no, Boyle, just try a plain, straight-forward paragraph about my death. We'll have it in Falkner's paper to-morrow; on Friday the funeral can take place, and with the blessing of God, I'll come to life on Saturday at Athlone, in time to canvass the market."

"I think it wouldn't be bad, if your ghost were to appear to old Timmins the tanner, in Naas, on your way down; you know he arrested you once before."

"I prefer a night's sleep," said O'Malley; "but come, finish the squib for the paper."

"Stay a little," said Sir Harry musing, "it just strikes me that if ever the matter gets out, I may be in some confounded scrape. Who knows if it is not a breach of privilege to report the death of a member, and to tell you truth, I dread the serjeant and the speaker's warrant with a very lively fear."

"Why, when did you make his acquaintance?" said the Count.

"Is it possible you never heard of Boyle's committal?" said O'Malley, "you surely must have been abroad at the time; but it's not too late to tell it yet."

"Well, it's about two years since old Townsend brought in his enlistment bill, and the whole country was scoured for all our voters, who were scattered here and there, never anticipating another call of the House, and supposing that the session was just over. Among others, up came our friend Harry, here, and the night he arrived, they made him a 'Monk of the screw,' and very soon made him forget his senatorial dignities.

"On the evening after his reaching town, the bill was brought in, and, at two in the morning, the division took place—a vote was of too much consequence, not to look after it closely—and a castle messenger was in waiting in Exchequer-street, who, when the debate was closing, put Harry with three others, into a coach, and brought them down to the House. Unfortunately, however, they mistook their

friends, voted against the bill; and, amid the loudest cheering of the opposition, the government party were defeated. The rage of the ministers knew no bounds, and looks of defiance and even threats, were exchanged between the ministers and the deserters. Amid all this poor Harry fell fast asleep, and dreamed that he was once more in Exchequer-street, presiding among the monks, and mixing another tumbler. At length he awoke and looked about him—the clerk was just at the instant reading out in usual routine manner, a clause of the new bill, and the remainder of the house was in dead silence. Harry looked again around on every side, wondering where was the hot water, and what had become of the whiskey bottle, and above all, why the company were so extremely dull and ungenial. At length, with a half shake, he roused up a little, and giving a look of unequivocal contempt on every side, called out 'pon my soul, you're pleasant companions—but I'll give yon a chaunt to enliven you.' So saying, he cleared his throat with a couple of short coughs, and struck up, with the voice of a Stentor, the following verse of a popular ballad:

'And they nibbled away, both night and day,
Like mice in a round of Glo'ster;
Damn'd rogues they were all, both great
and small;
From Flood to Leslie Foster.'

Chorus boys. "Damn'd rogues all."

If he was not joined by the voices of his friends in the song, it was probably because such a roar of laughing never was heard since the walls were roofed over. The whole house rose in a mass, and my friend Harry was hurried over the benches by the Sergeant-at-arms, and left for three weeks in Newgate, to practice his melody."

"All true," said Sir Harry, "and worse luck to them, for not liking music; but come now, will this do?—It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Godfrey O'Malley, Esq. late member for the county of Galway, which took place on Friday evening at Daly's Club house. This esteemed gentleman's family—one of the oldest in Ireland, and among whom it was hereditary not to have any children—"

Here a burst of laughter from Considine and O'Malley interrupted the

reader, who with the greatest difficulty could be persuaded that he was again bullying it.—“The devil fly away with it,” said he, “I’ll never succeed.”

“Never mind,” said O'Malley; “the first part will do admirably, and let us now turn our attention to other matters.”

A fresh magnum was called for, and over its inspiring contents all the details of the funeral were planned; and, as the clock struck four, the party separated for the night, well satisfied with the result of their labours.

CHAPTER II.—THE ESCAPE.

WHEN the dissolution of Parliament was announced the following morning in Dublin, its interest in certain circles was manifestly increased by the fact, that Godfrey O'Malley was at last open to arrest—for, as in olden times, certain gifted individuals possessed some happy immunity against death by fire or sword, so the worthy O'Malley seemed to enjoy a no less valuable privilege, and for many a year had passed among the myrmidons of the law, as writ-proof. Now, however, the charm seemed to have yielded, and pretty much with the same feeling as a storming party may be supposed to experience on the day that a breach is reported as practicable, did the honest attorneys retained in the various suits against him, rally round each other that morning in the Four Courts.

Bonds, mortgages, notes of hand, promissory notes, in fact every imaginable species of invention for raising the O'Malley exchequer, for the preceding thirty years, were handed about on all sides; suggesting to the mind of an uninterested observer, the notion that, had the aforesaid O'Malley been an independent and absolute monarch, instead of merely being the member for Galway, the kingdom over whose destinies he had been called to preside, would have suffered not a little from a depreciated currency and an extravagant issue of paper. Be that as it might, one thing was clear, the whole estates of the family could not possibly pay one-fourth of the debt; and the only question was one which occasionally arises at a scanty dinner on a mail-coach road, who was to be the lucky individual to carve the joint, where so many were sure to go off hungry.

It was now a trial of address between these various and highly-gifted gentlemen, who should first pounce upon the victim, and when the skill of their caste is taken into consideration,

who will doubt that every feasible expedient for securing him was resorted to. While writs were struck against him in Dublin, emissaries were despatched to the various surrounding counties, to procure others, in the event of his escape. *No crests* were sworn and water bailiffs engaged to follow him on the high seas; and, as the great Nassau balloon did not exist in those days, no imaginable mode of escape appeared possible, and bets were offered, at long odds, that within twenty-four hours, the late member should be enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in his majesty's gaul of Newgate.

Expectation was at the highest—confidence hourly increasing—success all but certain—when, in the midst of all this high-bounding hope, the dreadful rumour spread, that O'Malley was no more. One had seen it just five minutes before, in the evening edition of Falkner's paper—another heard it in the courts—a third overheard the chief justice stating it to the master of the rolls—and, lastly, a breathless witness arrived from College-green, with the news that Daly's Club House was shut up, and the shutters closed. To describe the consternation the intelligence caused on every side is impossible; nothing in history equals it, except, perhaps, the French army's entry into Moscow, deserted and forsaken by its former inhabitants. While terror and dismay, therefore, spread amid that wide and respectable body who formed O'Malley's creditors, the preparations for his funeral were going on with every rapidity—relays of horses were ordered at every stage of the journey, and it was announced that, in testimony of his worth, a large party of his friends were to accompany his remains to Portumna Abbey—a test much more indicative of resistance in the event of any attempt to arrest the body, than of anything like reverence for their departed friend.

Such was the state of matters in

Dublin, when a letter reached me one morning at O'Malley Castle, whose contents will at once explain the writer's intention, and also serve to introduce my unworthy self to the reader. It was thus :—

"DEAR CHARLEY—Your uncle Godfrey, whose debts, [God pardon him,] are more numerous than the hairs of his wig, was obliged to die here last week. We did the thing for him completely ; and all doubts as to the reality of the event, are silenced by the circumstantial detail of the newspaper 'that he was confined six weeks to his bed, from a cold he caught ten days ago while on guard.' Repeat this, for it is better we had all the same story, till he comes to life again, which maybe will not take place before Tuesday or Wednesday. At the same time, canvass the county for him, and say he'll be with his friends next week, and up in Woodford and the Scariff barony ; say he died a true Catholic ; it will serve him on the hustings. Meet us in Athlone on Saturday, and bring your uncle's mare with you—he says he'd rather ride home ; and tell Father Mac Shane to have a bit of dinner ready about four o'clock, for the corpse can get nothing after he leaves Mountmellick. No more now, from yours, ever,

HARRY BOYLE.

Daly's, about 8 in the evening.

"To Charles O'Malley, Esq.
"O'Malley Castle, Galway."

When this not over clear document reached me I was the sole inhabitant of O'Malley Castle, a very ruinous pile of incongruous masonry, that stood in a wild and dreary part of the county of Galway, bordering on the Shannon ; on every side stretched the property of my uncle, or at least what had once been so ; and indeed so numerous were its present claimants that he would have been a subtle lawyer who could have pronounced upon the right owner. The demesne around the castle contained some well-grown and handsome timber, and as the soil was undulating and fertile, presented many features of beauty ; beyond it all was sterile, bleak, and barren. Long tracts of brown heath-clad mountain, or not less unprofitable vallies of tall and waving fern were all that the eye could discern, except where the broad Shannon expanding into a tranquil and glassy lake, lay still and motionless beneath the dark mountains ; a few islands, with

some ruined churches and a round tower, alone breaking the dreary waste of water.

Here it was that I had passed my infancy and my youth, and here I now stood at the age of seventeen quite unconscious that the world contained aught fairer and brighter than that gloomy valley, with its rugged frame of mountains.

When a mere child I was left an orphan to the care of my worthy uncle. My father, whose extravagance had well sustained the family reputation, had squandered a large and handsome property in contesting elections for his native county, and in keeping up that system of unlimited hospitality, for which Ireland in general, and Galway more especially, was renowned. The result was, as might be expected, ruin and beggary ; he died, leaving every one of his estates encumbered with heavy debts, and the only legacy he left to his brother was a boy of four years of age, entreating him, with his last breath—"Be any thing you like to him, Godfrey, but a father, or at least such a one as I have proved."

Godfrey O'Malley, some short time previous, had lost his wife, and when this new trust was committed to him, he resolved never to remarry, but to rear me up as his own child, and the inheritor of his estates. How weighty and onerous an obligation this latter might prove the reader can form some idea ; the intention was, however, a kind one ; and, to do my uncle justice, he loved me with all the affection of a warm and open heart.

From my earliest years his whole anxiety was to fit me for the part of a country gentleman, as he regarded that character—viz : I rode boldly with foxhounds : I was about the best shot within twenty miles of us ; I could swim the Shannon at Holy Island ; I drove four-in-hand better than the coachman himself ; and from finding a hare to hooking a salmon, my equal could not be found, from Killaloe to Banagher. These were the staple of my endowments ; besides which, the parish priest had taught me a little Latin, a little French, and a little Geometry, and a great deal of the life and opinions of St. Jago, who presided over a holy well in the neighbourhood, and was held in very considerable repute.

When I add to this portraiture of my accomplishments that I was nearly

six feet high, with more than a common share of activity and strength for my years, and no inconsiderable portion of good looks, I have finished my sketch, and stand before my reader.

It is now time I should return to Sir Harry's letter, which so completely bewildered me, that but for the assistance of Father Roach I should have been totally unable to make out the writer's intentions. By his advice I immediately set out for Athlone, where, when I arrived, I found my uncle addressing the mob from the top of the hearse, and recounting his miraculous escapes as a new claim upon their gratitude.

"There was nothing else for it, boys; the Dublin people insisted on my being their member, and besieged the clubhouse. I refused—they threatened—I grew obstinate—they furious. I'll die first, said I, Galway or nothing! 'Hurrah' from the mob! 'O'Malley for ever!' And ye see I kept my word, boys—I did die; I died that evening at a quarter past eight. There, read it for yourselves; there's the paper; was waked, and carried out, and here I am after all, ready to die in earnest for you—but never to desert you."

The cheers here were deafening; and my uncle was carried through the market, down to the mayor's house, who being a friend of the opposite party, was complimented with three groans; then up the Mall to the chapel, beside which Father Mac Shane resided; he was then suffered to touch the earth once more, when, having shaken hands with all of his constituency within reach, he entered within the house, to partake of the kindest welcome and best reception the good priest could afford him.

CHAPTER III.—MR. BLAKE.

Nothing but the exigency of the case could ever have persuaded my uncle to stoop to the humiliation of canvassing the individual to whom I was now about to proceed as envoy extraordinary, with full powers to make any, or every *amende*, provided only his interest, and that of his followers, should be thereby secured to the O'Malley cause. The evening before I set out was devoted to giving me all the necessary instructions how I was to proceed, and what difficulties I was to avoid.

"Say your uncle's in high feather

My uncle's progress homeward was a triumph; the real secret of his escape had somehow come out, and his popularity rose to a white heat. "An it's little O'Malley cares for the law—bad luck to it; it's himself can laugh at judge and jury. Arrest him!—na bocklish—catch a weazle asleep," &c. Such were the encomiums that greeted him as he passed on towards home; while shouts of joy and blazing bonfires attested that his success was regarded as a national triumph.

The west has certainly its strong features of identity. Had my uncle possessed the claims of the immortal Howard—had he united in his person all the attributes which confer a lasting and an ennobling fame upon humanity—he might have passed on unnoticed and unobserved; but for the man that had duped a judge and escaped the sheriff, nothing was sufficiently flattering to mark their approbation. The success of the exploit was two-fold; the news spread far and near, and the very story canvassed the county better than Billy Davern himself, the Athlone attorney.

This was the prospect now before us; and, however little my readers may sympathise with my taste, I must honestly avow that I looked forward with a most delighted feeling. O'Malley Castle was to be the centre of operations, and filled with my uncle's supporters, while I, a mere stripling, and usually treated as a boy, was to be entrusted with an important mission, and sent off to canvass a distant relation, with whom my uncle was not on terms; and who might possibly be approachable by a younger branch of the family, with whom he had never any collision.

with the government party," said Sir Harry, "and that he only votes against them as a *ruse de guerre*, as the French call it."

"Insist upon it, that I am sure of the election without him; but that for family reasons he should not stand aloof from me; that people are talking of it in the country."

"And drop a hint," said Considine, "that O'Malley's greatly improved in his shooting."

"And don't get drunk too early in

the evening, for Phil. Blake has beautiful claret," said another.

"And be sure you don't make love to the red-headed girls," added a third.

"He has four of them, each more sinfully ugly than the other."

"You'd be playing whist too," said Boyle, "and don't mind losing a few pounds. Mrs. B., long life to her, has a playful way of turning the king."

"Charley will do it all well," said my uncle, "leave him alone; and now let us have in the supper."

It was only on the following morning, as the tandem came round to the door, that I began to feel the importance of my mission, and certain misgivings came over me as to my ability to fulfil it. Mr. Blake and his family, though estranged from my uncle for several years past, had been always most kind and good-natured to me; and, although I could not with propriety have cultivated any close intimacy with them, I had every reason to suppose, that they entertained towards me nothing but sentiments of good will. The head of the family was a Galway squire of the oldest and most genuine stock; a great sportsman, a negligent farmer, and most careless father; he looked upon a fox as an infinitely more precious part of the creation than a French governess; and thought that riding well with the hounds was a far better gift than all the learning of a parson. His daughters were after his own heart—the best tempered, least educated, most high-spirited, gay, dashing, ugly girls in the country—ready to ride over a four-foot paling without a saddle, and to dance the "Wind that shakes the barley," for four consecutive hours against all the officers that their hard fate and the Horse-guards ever condemned to Galway.

The mamma was only remarkable for her liking for whist, and her invincible good fortune thereat; a circumstance, the world were agreed in ascribing less to the blind goddess than her own natural endowments.

Lastly, the heir of the house was a stripling of about my own age, whose accomplishments were limited to selling spavined and broken-winded horses to the infantry officers, playing a safe game at billiards, and acting as jackall-general to his sisters at balls, providing them with a sufficiency of partners,

and making a strong fight for a place at the supper-table for his mother. These paternal and filial traits, more honoured at home than abroad, had made Mr. Matthew Blake a rather well-known individual in the neighbourhood where he lived.

Though Mr. Blake's property was ample, and, strange to say for his county, unencumbered, the whole air and appearance of his house and grounds betrayed anything rather than a sufficiency of means. The gate lodge was a miserable mud hovel, with a thatched and falling roof; the gate itself, a wooden contrivance, one half of which was boarded, and the other railed; the avenue was covered with weeds, and deep with ruts, and the clumps of young plantation which had been planted and fenced with care, were now open to the cattle, and either totally uprooted, or denuded of their bark and dying. The lawn, a handsome one of some forty acres, had been devoted to an exercise ground for training horses, and was cut up by their feet beyond all semblance of its original destination; and the house itself, a large and venerable structure of above a century old, displayed every variety of contrivance to exclude the weather from the windows, as well as the usual one of glass. The hall-door hung by a single hinge, and required three persons each morning and evening to open and shut it; the remainder of the day it lay pensively open; the steps which led to it were broken and falling; and the whole aspect of things without was ruinous in the extreme. Within, matters were somewhat better, for though the furniture was old, and none of it clean, yet an appearance of comfort was evident: and the large grate, blazing with its pile of red hot turf, the deep-cushioned chairs, the old black mahogany dinner-table, and the soft carpet, albeit deep with dust, were not to be despised on a winter's evening, after a hard day's run with the "Blazers." Here it was, however, that Mr. Philip Blake had dispensed his hospitalities for above fifty years, and his father before him; and here, with a retinue of servants as *gauche* and ill-ordered as all about them, was he accustomed to invite all that the country possessed of rank and wealth, among which the officers quartered in his neighbourhood were never neglected, the Misses

Blake having as decided a taste for the army as any young ladies of the west of Ireland. And while the Galway squire, with his cords and tops, was detailing the last news from Ballinasloe in one corner, the dandy from St. James's-street might be seen displaying more arts of seductive flattery in another, than his most accurate *insouciance* would permit him to practise in the elegant saloons of London or Paris : and the same man who would have "cut his brother," for a solecism of dress or equipage, in Bond-street, was now to be seen quietly domesticated, eating family dinners, rolling silk for the young ladies, going down the middle in a country dance, and even descending to the indignity of long whist, at "tenpenny" points, with only the miserable consolation that the "company were not honest."

It was upon a clear frosty morning, when a bright blue sky and a sharp but bracing air seem to exercise upon the feelings a sense no less pleasurable than the balmiest breeze, and warmest sun of summer, that I whipped my leader short round, and entered the precincts of "Gurt-na-Morra." As I proceeded along the avenue, I was struck by the slight traces of repairs here and there evident ; a gate or two that formerly had been parallel to the horizon, had been raised to the perpendicular ; some ineffectual efforts at paint were also perceptible upon the palings, and, in short, every thing seemed to have undergone a kind of attempt at improvement.

When I reached the door, instead of being surrounded, as of old, by a tribe of menials frieze-coated, bare-headed, and bare-legged, my presence was announced by a tremendous ringing of bells, from the hands of an old functionary, in very formidable livery, who peeped at me through the hall-window, and whom, with the greatest difficulty, I recognised as my quondam acquaintance, the butler. His wig alone would have graced a king's counsel, and the high collar of his coat, and the stiff pilory of his cravat, denoted an eternal adieu to so humble a vocation as drawing a cork. Before I had time for any conjecture as to the altered circumstances about, the activity of my friend at the bell had surrounded me with "four others worse than himself," at least, they were exactly similarly attired ; and, probably, from the novelty

of their costume, and the restraints of so unusual a thing as dress, were as perfectly unable to assist themselves or others, as the Court of Aldermen would be, were they to rig out in plate armour of the fourteenth century. How much longer I might have gone on conjecturing the reasons for the masquerade around, I cannot say ; but my servant, an Irish disciple of my uncle's, whispered in my ear—"It's a red breeches day, Master Charles—they'll have the hoith of company in the house." The phrase, needed little explanation to inform me, that it was one of those occasions on which Mr. Blake attired all the hangers-on of his house in livery, and that great preparations were in progress for a more than usually splendid reception.

In the next moment, I was ushered into the breakfast-room, where a party of above a dozen person were most gaily enjoying all the good cheer for which the house had a well-deserved repute. After the usual shaking of hands, and hearty greetings were over, I was introduced in all form to Sir George Dashwood, a tall, and singularly handsome man of about fifty, with an undress military frock and ribbon. His reception of me was somewhat strange, for as they mentioned my relationship to Godfrey O'Malley, he smiled slightly, and whispered something to Mr. Blake, who replied, "Oh ! no, no, not the least ; a mere boy—and, besides,—" what he added I lost, for at that moment, Nora Blake was presenting me to Miss Dashwood.

If the sweetest blue eyes that ever beamed beneath a forehead of snowy whiteness, over which dark brown and waving hair fell, less in curls than masses of locky richness, could only have known what wild work they were making of my poor heart, Miss Dashwood, I trust, would have looked at her tea-cup, or her muffin, rather than at me, as she actually did on that fatal morning. If I were to judge from her costume, she had only just arrived, and the morning air had left upon her cheek a bloom, that contributed greatly to the effect of her lovely countenance. Although very young, her form had all the roundness of womanhood ; while her gay and sprightly manner indicated all the *sans gêne*, which only very young girls possess, and which, when tempered with perfect good taste, and accompanied by beauty, and no small

share of talent, form an irresistible power of attraction.

Beside her sat a tall handsome man of about five-and-thirty or perhaps forty years of age, with a most soldierly air, who, as I was presented to him, scarcely turned his head, and gave me a half-nod of very unequivocal coldness. There are moments in life, in which the heart is, as it were, laid low to any chance or casual impression, with a wondrous sensibility of pleasure, or its opposite. This to me was one of those; and, as I turned from the lovely girl, who had received me with a marked courtesy, to the cold air, and repelling *hauteur* of the dark-browed Captain, the blood rushed throbbing to my forehead; and as I walked to my place at the table, I eagerly sought his eye, to return him a look of defiance and disdain, proud and contemptuous as his own. Captain Hammersley, however, never took further notice of me, but continued to recount, for the amusement of those about, several excellent stories of his military career, which, I confess, were heard with every test of delight by all, save me. One thing galled me particularly; and how easy is it, when you have begun by disliking a person, to supply food for your antipathy; all his allusions to his military life were coupled with half-hinted and ill concealed sneers at civilians of every kind, as though every man not a soldier was absolutely unfit for common intercourse with the world—still more, for any favourable reception in ladies' society.

The young ladies of the family were a well-chosen auditory, for their admiration of the army extended from the Life Guards to the Veteran Battalion, the Sappers and Miners included; and, as Miss Dashwood was the daughter of a soldier, she, of course, coincided in many, if not all his opinions. I turned towards my neighbour, a Clare gentleman, and tried to engage him in conversation, but he was breathlessly attending to the Captain. On my left, sat Matthew Blake, whose eyes were firmly rivetted upon the same person, and heard his marvels with an interest, scarcely inferior to that of his sisters. Amazed, and in ill-temper, I eat my breakfast in silence, and resolved that, the first moment I could obtain a hearing from Mr. Blake, I should open my negotiation, and take my leave at once of "Gurt-na-Morra."

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We all assembled in a large room, called, by courtesy, the library, when breakfast was over; and then it was that Mr. Blake taking me aside, whispered, "Charley, it's right I should inform you that Sir George Dashwood there is the Commander of the Forces, and is come down here at this moment to ——" What for, or how it should concern me, I was not to learn; for at that critical instant, my informant's attention was called off by Captain Hammersley asking, if the hounds were to hunt that day.

"My friend Charley here, is the best authority upon that matter," said Mr. Blake, turning towards me.

"They are to try the Priest's meadows," said I, with an air of some importance; but, if your guests desire a day's sport, I'll send word over to Brackley, to bring the dogs over here, and we are sure to find a fox in your cover."

"Oh, then, by all means," said the Captain, turning towards Mr. Blake, and addressing himself to him—"by all means, and Miss Dashwood, I'm sure, would like to see the hounds throw off."

Whatever chagrin the first part of his speech caused me, the latter set my heart a throbbing; and I hastened from the room to despatch a messenger to the huntsman, to come over to Gurt-na-Morra, and also, another to O'Malley Castle, to bring my best horse, and my riding equipments, as quickly as possible.

"Who is this Captain, Matthew?" said I, as young Blake met me in the hall.

"Oh! he is the aide-de-camp of General Dashwood. A nice fellow, isn't he?"

"I don't know what you may think," said I, "but I take him for the most impudent, impudent, supercilious ——."

The rest of my civil speech was cut short by the appearance of the very individual in question, who, with his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth, sauntered forth down the steps, taking no more notice of Matthew Blake and myself, than of the two fox terriers that followed at his heels.

However anxious I might be to open negotiations on the subject of my mission, for the present the thing was impossible; for I found that Sir George Dashwood was closetted closely with Mr. Blake, and resolved to wait till

evening, when chance might afford me the opportunity I desired.

As the ladies had entered to dress for the hunt, and as I felt no peculiar desire to ally myself with the unsocial Captain, I accompanied Matthew to the stable to look after the cattle, and make preparations for the coming sport.

"There's Captain Hammersly's horse," said Matthew, as he pointed out a highly bred but powerful English hunter, "she came last night, for, as he expected some sport he sent his horses from Dublin on purpose. The other will be here to-day."

"What is his regiment?" said I, with an appearance of carelessness, but in reality feeling curious to know if the Captain was a cavalry or infantry officer.

"The ——th Light Dragoons," said Matthew.

"You never saw him ride?" said I.

"Never; but his groom there says he leads the way in his own country."

"And where may that be?"

"Leicestershire, no less," said Matthew.

"Does he know Galway?"

"Never was in it before; it's only this minute he asked Mosey Daly, if the ox-fences were high here."

"Ox-fences! then he does not know what a wall is."

"Devil a bit; but we'll teach him."

"That we will," said I, with as bitter a resolution to impart the instruction, as ever schoolmaster did to whip Latin grammar into one of the great unbreeched."

"But I had better send the horses down to the mill," said Matthew, "we'll draw that cover first."

So saying, he turned towards the stable, while I sauntered alone towards the road, by which I expected the huntsman. I had not walked half a mile before I heard the yelping of the dogs, and, a little farther on, I saw old Brackely coming along at a brisk trot, cutting the hounds on each side, and calling after the stragglers.

"Did you see my horse on the road, Brackely?" said I.

"I did, Misther Charles, and troth I'm sorry to see him; sure yourself knows better than to take out the Badger, the best steeple-chaser in Ireland, in such a country as this; nothing but awkward stone-fences, and not a foot of sure ground in the whole of it."

"I know it well, Brackely; but I have my reasons for it."

"Well, maybe you have; what cover will yer honor try first?"

"They talk of the Mill," said I, "but I'd much rather try 'Morrana-Gowl!'"

"Morrana-Gowl! do you want to break your neck entirely?"

"No, Brackely, not mine."

"Whose then, alannah?"

"An English Captain's; the devil fly away with him; he's come down here to-day, and from all I can see is a most impudent fellow; so Brackely ——"

"I understand; well, leave it me, and though I don't like the ould deer-park wall on the hill, we'll try it this morning with the blessing; I'll take him down by Woodford, over the 'Devil's Mouth,'—it's eighteen feet wide this minute with the late rains; into the four callows, then over the stone walls, down to Dangan; then take a short cast up the hill, blow him a bit, and give him the park wall at the top, you must come in then fresh, and give him the whole run home over Sleibhmich, the Badger knows it all, and takes the road always in a fly; a mighty distressing thing for the horse that follows, more particularly if he does not understand a stone country. Well, if he lives through this, give him the sunk fence and the stone wall at Mr. Blake's clover-field, for the hounds will run into the fox about there; and though we never rode that leap since Mr. Malone broke his neck, last October at it, yet upon an occasion like this, and for the honor of Galway——"

"To be sure, Brackely, and here's a guinea for you; and now trot on towards the house, they must not see us together, or they might suspect something. But, Brackely," said I, calling out after him, "if he rides it all fair, what's to be done?"

"Troth then, myself doesn't know; there's nothing so bad west of Athlone; have ye a great spite agin him?"

"I have," said I fiercely.

"Could ye coax a fight out of him?"

"That's true," said I, "and now ride on as fast as you can."

Brackely's last words imparted a lightness to my heart and my step, and I strode along a very different man from what I had left the house half an hour previously.

TRINITY COLLEGE—THE CELIBACY STATUTE.

THE discussions which have, during the last month, occupied so many columns of the Dublin newspapers, have more forcibly turned our attention to a statute, which has always appeared to us as among the most unaccountable in a University which not only is, but always was Protestant. That a statute should have been enacted, enjoining celibacy on the fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, is in perfect conformity with the spirit of the age in which those universities were founded; nor is it impossible that a statute, which has now been for a long period in force, should have become so intimately connected with the very essence of their institutions as to render it difficult, or even perilous, to repeal it. Still we are surprised that after all other monastic institutions have been for so long a time demolished, no means have yet been devised for removing from those universities this their most objectionable characteristic; but far more unaccountable is it that a college, founded by a Protestant monarch, and designed for the support of the Protestant faith, should have adopted this prominent mark of the apostacy of the Romish church. Yet such is the fact. How this was brought about we will not now stop to explain. Queen Elizabeth was free from from all blame. No such enactment was in her charter. It first appears in the statutes of King Charles, of which we need only say that they were framed by Archbishop Laud, and that even the statute framed by him, was far from being compulsory, and, in fact, fell into disuse as soon as the spirit of the age had dissociated the ideas of learning and monastic habits, which had been connected by the prejudices of so many centuries.

In no part of King Charles's statutes were the fellows forbid to marry: it was only provided that if it should be legally proved that any of the fellows or scholars had married, he should be deprived of all right of fellowship. In this state the statutes continued for one hundred and seventy-five years, during which time, though any of the fellows who felt so disposed married, regardless of the statutable consequence; yet we believe there were only two instances of the crime of matrimony

being so clearly proved as to cause the enforcement of the penalty. The last of these occurred in the year 1709, and it is probable that no other instance would ever have occurred if all possibility of evading the statute had not been removed in the year 1812, by prohibiting the admission of any man to a fellowship until he had sworn that he was unmarried, and that if he should at any time marry he would announce the fact, within three months, to the provost, who was then compelled to deprive him. This rigorous enforcement of a statute, which had deservedly become obsolete, was, as might be expected, exceedingly unpopular among all who either had obtained, or expected to obtain fellowships. And no argument appears to have been given for the measure, except the scandal which arose from letting one of the statutes of the college be openly and notoriously evaded by those whose duty it was to maintain them. Since then, from time to time, have memorials been forwarded to all successive governments, praying for a repeal of this statute, but chiefly from lukewarmness of the seniors, who were freed from its operation by a special exemption, there seems to have been no great attention paid to these memorials until within the last few months, when the prayers of the memorialists were supported by the strong recommendation of the provost and senior fellows, *all of whom were free from the operation of the statute*, but all of whom had twenty-seven years' experience of the evils which it was calculated to produce. To their statement the government appear to have attended, and, as we understand, they resolved immediately to free all existing fellows from the restriction, and, as soon as some collateral measures should be agreed upon, to repeal the statute totally. The first step, we suppose, was looked on as an act of grace, suited to the occasion of the Queen's marriage—the latter as an act of evident utility to the university. To this design of the government objections have been made on two grounds, both of which appear to us so perfectly untenable, that we should not have thought them worth answering, but for the perseverance with which

they have been brought forward, day after day. The first is, that if the statute be repealed, no fellow will ever accept a college living, and so there will be fewer vacancies, and less encouragement to young men to read the long and difficult course requisite for obtaining fellowships. Now, (premising that if the repeal of this statute would so greatly enhance the value of a fellowship, we do not think that this should render candidates less zealous in their efforts to obtain it,) we would rather call attention to the monstrous principle on which this argument rests. It is this: that twenty-one parishes—all of them containing large congregations—are to be looked on in no other light than as prizes for the study of mathematics! That, for this end, men who feel themselves wholly unqualified for the awful responsibility of such a charge, are to be compelled to undertake it, or else to be excluded from the comforts of social life; and this for no other motive than to prevent the possibility (for, after all, it is only a possibility) of an inducement to the study of the Calculus being withdrawn! We hope to show, before we have done, that the direct contrary will be the result of the measure under the consideration of government. But supposing that this was the necessary result, will any man, who calls himself a Protestant, or a Christian, say, that the institutions of our church are to be made subservient to the culture of mathematics? that a whole parish is to be given to the care of a man who knows himself to be unequal for the task, and who proves himself unworthy of it, by undertaking it for so low a motive as his personal comfort, and all for fear that Messrs. Poisson and Lacroix might lose one or two of their readers? The proposition is so monstrous that we can hardly believe it was ever seriously put forward. We know persons who have obtained fellowships, but who felt themselves unfit, both from their habits and the nature of their studies, to discharge effectively the duties of a clergyman: and for such there are lay places provided in the college. We have known others who were admirably adapted, by their habits of patient study, and accurate and close reasoning, to instruct and assist in his studies the candidate for the ministry, but whose talents would be wholly thrown away, and their most carefully prepared ser-

mons probably unintelligible to the majority of a country congregation. For such persons as these there is abundant and most useful employment in the divinity school. But the celibacy statute is said to be useful, because it may compel men of both these classes to leave the occupation in which they are profitably employed, and to *commit the sin* of taking on themselves an office in the ministry, for which they feel themselves unfit. Any one who knows the solemn blasphemies which such an one is obliged to repeat, may judge whether this is a subject to be judged of by rules of expediency and in what respect it is less guilty than actual simony.

We saw a statement in one of the evening papers of several livings having recently been refused by all the fellows, although two of them had formerly been taken by senior fellows. The gross incomes of these parishes were given very accurately. The net incomes are a little more than half as much—small sums to induce men to resign incomes so large as this journal states to belong to senior fellowships; *and yet these senior fellows resigned before the enforcement of the celibacy statute.* Some motive, then, must have operated different from any dreamed of by this journalist. What this motive was will not be doubted by any one who had the privilege of knowing Dr. Stopford and Archdeacon Usher, the late rectors of these two parishes, and why may we not expect to find such men still among the fellows of our university, who would, through conscientious motives, devote their talents, rather to the duties of a parish minister than of a college lecturer. If there are none such it were better that the parishes should be supplied otherwise than that bad rectors should be appointed to them against their will; but from what we know of the fellows of our college we apprehend no such result. They were not accepted at the time alluded to, on account of the insecurity to life and property apprehended in the county in which they are situated, but they have since been accepted by junior fellows, and though their incomes are not large, they might at any time be taken by some of the juniors without any loss, even in a pecuniary sense. In fact, the average income of the college parishes is about the same as of the fellowships, so that if all restrictions were removed there seems to

be no motive to influence their choice, except their qualifications for the respective duties. Surely these are the motives most conducive to the interests both of the church and the university; both of which have been wholly overlooked by these zealous advocates of the *public* interest of two or three young men, each of whom is frantic at the notion, that one of the fellows who has actually committed matrimony should not be forthwith expelled to make way for one of them. Nor are they ashamed to state in plain terms, that such is their object. "Fellowships," say they, "were established in the college as prizes for literary merit, and the great object of the founder was to cause a rapid succession among them, so that all the youthful aspirants after literary fame might take them in turn." Now, in reply to this statement, we would merely say, that it does not possess even the semblance of truth. Fellowships were not intended as mere literary prizes; they were established solely for the purpose of educating others. For this end many arduous and responsible duties have been attached to them, for the discharge of which persons are selected after a most careful and rigorous examination, not for the purpose of allowing them to display their talents, but in order to select those best qualified for the office, and so far was it from being the intention of the founder of the statutes to cause a rapid succession among the fellows, that he abrogated a provision which had been made for that purpose, "*utpote inimicam non solum studiosis et Collegio; sed revera regno etiam, et ecclesiæ.*" These are the very words of the man who first introduced the celibacy statute, not (as is evident) in order to compel fellows to resign, but to prevent them from marrying; and indeed we do not think it necessary to prove that it would be inimical to the college, as we have already shown it to be to the church, for our teachers to leave their posts as soon as they have acquired experience in the art of teaching. Doubtless it might be useful to hold out inducements of resignation to *superannuated* fellows, but we are not so sure that the celibacy statute is the best adapted for this end: as far as our experience extends it has operated rather on the young and active members of the college, inducing them to desert the post of their useful labours.

Let not the aspirant for literary honors mistake us. None wish more ardently than we do, that prizes of more value than the honorable but useless distinction of a medal or a scholarship, were set before him; we only say, that such was not, and cannot be the object of a fellowship in our University. We would be sorry to see all the talent of our country thus buried within the walls of our college; for buried it must be, where the daily business is not to advance in philosophical investigations, or in the cultivation of literature, but to communicate to generation after generation of students, the first principles of many and dissimilar subjects. We would rejoice as much as any student in our college, if any wealthy patron of literature would found another class of fellowships, more like to those at Oxford and Cambridge, to be held for a limited time, by those who have distinguished themselves in their undergraduate course, and to whom such a provision would be most valuable during the first few years of their professional course. No such prizes now exist in this University. The laborious course of reading required for obtaining fellowships, exhausts too much both of the time and energy of a student in law or medicine; and the duties of a scholar of the house interfere greatly with his endeavours to advance himself in any of the learned professions. If it is at last acknowledged that there should be valuable prizes for literary merit, let them be given without either of these drawbacks, to those who have most distinguished themselves in their undergraduate course. The moderatorship examination might, perhaps be a convenient test. It occurs exactly at the most convenient time for one who wishes to relax his literary, in order to commence his professional studies; and it is at present more public even than the fellowship examinations, as it is conducted in English. Let the fellows thus elected, have small salaries, to continue until with due diligence, they should have acquired an independence. In this, or some such way, prizes really useful, would be afforded; and in this way we would suggest, that at the same cost, far more good might be effected, than by a measure which we understand is in contemplation, of increasing the number of fellows on the present system. They are appointed for the performance of certain duties. If there

are enough to perform those duties, (and we have never heard this questioned), it seems to be a waste of funds to appoint more, and a misdirection of the time and talents of those to be appointed. We do not think the present incomes of the Fellows too high: we wish to see sufficient inducements for men of the highest order of talent to compete for the office, and, when they have attained it, to discharge its duties cheerfully and contentedly; and we know that war or many other accidents might, by diminishing the number of students, considerably lower their income; but, if it be too high, let (we would say) the fund arising from the proposed reduction be applied either as we have suggested, or in the separate endowment of professorships, at present held in *commendam* with Fellowships, and some of which might, from their nature, be more efficiently filled by men who never read the Fellowship course. And here we must record the fact, that the Junior Fellows have, with the greatest promptness and liberality, expressed their willingness to be taxed to the entire amount proposed, *provided that the fund thus raised be applied to some such purpose as we have suggested, and not to the appointment of additional tutors*; thus assenting to the reduction of income, but refusing the diminution of labour. It is scarcely necessary to say, that they could have had no object in this proviso, except their desire to supply defects which they knew to exist, and not to increase the number of tutors, already more than enough for the wants of the present number of resident students. But this (whatever way it be decided) does not affect the question of celibacy.

The other argument which has been given for this statute is, the danger of favour being shewn to Fellows' sons. If this argument have any weight, it should apply to prevent any of her Majesty's subjects from marrying. Queens can do no wrong; but surely there is no other person within the kingdom who has not more power of shewing undue favour to a son, than a father who is not allowed to take any part either in the examination, or election to the place for which his son is a candidate; when also the examination is public, and the electors are sworn. Such objections deserve no other answer than one we have seen in an amusing letter from a witty law

student to a morning newspaper, proving, on the same principles, but far more satisfactorily, that no married man should ever be raised to the Bench of Judges.

Another objection has been made to the proposed repeal, on which, however, the objectors themselves have laid but little stress; namely, that the married Fellows would not sleep within the walls of college, and thus that college discipline would be relaxed. Surely discipline is still more necessary within the walls of a barrack; yet, even there, no celibacy statute is found necessary. If all the Fellows were married, might not a sufficient number be obliged to stay within the walls of college, either with their families, or, if that should be inconvenient, they might mount guard in turn. We have resided for several years within the walls of college, and never yet knew an instance of any of the Fellows, except the Junior Dean, being called on to maintain internal discipline; nor can we conceive it easily possible, for any such to arise. The Junior Dean should, of course, be compelled to reside entirely in college, during his year of office, or else, to provide a deputy from among the Fellows, if compelled to be absent. Such is the law at present, and there is no reason why it should be changed.

We have dwelt at greater length than we intended on the arguments in favour of the statute, through fear of omitting any. The arguments on the other side do not require so much space; none of them have ever yet been answered, nor can we see how they can be.

First, then, although through the whole of this controversy, no actual instance has been, nor, as we firmly believe, could be adduced, of the evil moral effects which are the natural results of this statute; still, it cannot be denied, that it gives rise to such suspicions; and, that such must be looked on as peculiarly injurious, when it is remembered, that the persons whom they effect, are appointed to be the instructors of youth—the absence of any actual charge is not the result of the statute. We hope that the moral and religious principles of the Fellows may never be lowered; but we are not entitled to calculate on the perfection of human nature. This is the great, and, in our mind, conclusive argument, that the statute which could in any way

tend to demoralising the fountain from which the religious instruction of our country originally flows, should be at once annulled. But, as arguments have been brought in favour of it, from expediency, we will consider the matter in that light also. And we would ask, what principle of expediency is consulted, in rendering undesirable a situation to which it is thought necessary to attach a considerable income in order to induce able men not only to accept it, but to labour hard to render themselves fit for it. If it be desirable to produce able Fellows, why exclude, capriciously, a large class from ever being candidates, and that a class too, which would be more likely to discharge its duties well, than roving Bachelors. Why, again, should we drive out those who are elected, as soon as they have learned their duty; or, if it be as necessary, as we conceive it to be injurious, that they should be driven to country parishes, why should not this be done by rendering their incomes

lower than those of the parishes, and so a fund be created for founding literary prizes the *summum bonum* of the objectors, and the only part of their wishes in which we heartily concur.

Again, we have always had one consolation in our most gloomy reflections on the impoverished state of the Irish Clergy—it was, that no man would hereafter be induced to seek the duties of a parish from any other than a religious motive. Why then should an unworthy motive be forced on the Fellows of Trinity College? But really it is needless to pursue the subject further. The arguments against the statute, both on the grounds of morality and expediency, are clear and undoubted; while the arguments in favour of it, are wholly founded on the theory, that it is useful to lavish money in rendering a situation desirable, and then to add some useless annoyance to render it undesirable; and to this end, the supporters of the statute would sacrifice the best interests of the University and the Church.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Three Months in the North; including excursions in Tellemark and Ringerike, with Itinerary, by George Downes, M.A. M.R.I.A. &c. 12mo. 1830.

WE should and do take some shame to ourselves for not having sooner called the attention of our readers to this unpretending, but truly interesting little volume, which affords a creditable specimen of the typography of the Dublin press, and is the work of one of our own resident literati, who is no less generally respected for his learning and various accomplishments, than esteemed for his high moral worth. In addition to the tour, of which we have given the title, the volume contains, in an appendix, several papers which the author had previously published in periodical journals, as well as a paper on northern literature, recently read at a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy; and it is in these papers that the mind of the author is most exhibited, and the most interesting matter will be found. As a travelling companion to the scenes which the author visited, the tour will, indeed, be found most useful, but as a volume of travels it has no claim of very high importance, and not only the tour, but indeed, the whole volume is marked by peculiarities of sentiment

and opinion which are by no means calculated to excite the attention or please the tastes of most readers. But its author has obviously had no expectation of popular success. The work is not written for the many, but for the kindred few—the benevolent, pious, and simple-minded—and to all of that class its pages will afford much to gratify, and nothing to offend. Mr. Downes is one of those who prefer the book or pencil in the country walk to the fishing-rod or gun, the beauties of natural scenery to those of the artificial park, the quiet sermon of the country pastor of known piety and sincerity, to the more ambitious eloquence of the popular city preacher, peace to war of any kind, liberty to slavery, and a glass of water to one of wine! He is, in short, an inveterate enemy to field sports and cruelty to animals, an abominator of war and negro slavery, and, what we cannot altogether approve of, a determined teetotaler. But while, reckless of the sneer or laugh of the scoffer, he advocates his opinions with all the ardour of an enthusiast, he never uses language unworthy of the scholar, gentleman, and Christian.

Goethe's Faust. Part II. Translated from the German. With other Poems. By L. J. Bernays, Scholar of St. John's College, Oxford. London; Low. 1839.

It is probably known to many of our readers, that the last years of Goethe's life were passed in arranging a new edition of his works in volumes periodically issued. In that edition from time to time, appeared some additions to "Faust," which it was not very easy to connect together, or to unite in any intelligible manner with Goethe's great poem. Pagan and Papal Rome were not more unlike than the giant fragments of the one, and the dreamy allegories of the other. The second part of Faust might almost as well be called the second part of Wilhelm Meister. Faustus the First, and Faustus the Second are men as different as George III. and George IV.

The year before his death Goethe wrote some scenes connecting these fragments together; and what is called the Second Part of Faust, was in the next year published by his executors, and is now, we believe, for the first time, translated into English.

Mr. Bernays's translation is, in general, faithful and spirited. It is, we are sorry to say, however, almost a strictly verbal translation, which must have greatly increased the difficulties of Mr. Bernays's task, with no correspondent advantage. We have now and then expressed our opinion, that in a free translation it is more easy to convey the precise meaning of an author than where his very words are copied. In strictness of language, such a thing as verbal translation is impossible, as any one may satisfy himself who will take the trouble of thinking of any familiar phrase, and the form which he finds it necessary to use in expressing the same thought in a foreign language. Translate, for instance, the phrase of "*How are you?*" into any other language—a verbal translation will, in all probability express a different thought.

Some original poems of considerable beauty, are printed in this volume, and some translations from other German poets.

Treatises on Poetry, Modern Romance, and Rhetoric. Being the Articles under those heads contributed to the Encyclopedia Britannica. Seventh Edition. Edinburgh: Black, 1839.

THE separate publication of these essays is well calculated to sustain the high character of the work in which they were first published, and the reputation of their authors, Mr. Moir and Mr. Spalding.

Mr. Spalding's essay on rhetoric we have read with attention, and think some service might be done in printing it by itself, for the higher classes of schools and colleges, as a very useful introduction to a study, in our times too much neglected.

Something in Mr. Spalding's essay led us to look at Taylor's translation of Aristotle's Rhetoric, which we were surprised to find absolutely unintelligible, and this in passages where nothing can be more clear than the meaning of the original. Mr. Spalding's essay is one which we advise the student to read before he takes up Aristotle or Whately.

A Comparative View of Ancient History, with a Review of the Ancient and Modern Systems of computing Time. By J. T. Smith. London: Souter. 1839.

THIS work seems carefully compiled, and will be found a useful class-book.

Poetical Works of Robert Montgomery. Vd. V. Oxford. Glasgow. 1839.

WE have noticed former volumes of this edition of Robert Montgomery's poems. It is neatly printed, and we hold it cheap.

Zarafa. A Tragedy by J. C. Cockran. Dublin: 1839.

A Work of great power and promise. In representation the tragedy was perfectly successful. We augur considerable success to the author of this drama, not so much from the way in which his story is told, though that exhibits much skill, as from the boldness of his imagery and language, and a spirit-stirring music in his verse, which, in a young poet, is the strongest evidence of his being gifted by nature for his high calling.

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CHARLES O'MALLEY THE IRISH DRAGOON.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HUNT.

ALTHOUGH we had not the advantages of a "southerly wind and clouded sky," the day, towards noon, became strongly overcast, and promised to afford us good scenting weather, and as we assembled at the meet, mutual congratulations were exchanged upon the improved appearance of the day. Young Blake had provided Miss Dashwood with a quiet and well trained horse, and his sisters were all mounted, as usual, upon their own animals, giving to our turn-out quite a gay and lively aspect. I myself came to cover upon a hackney, having sent Badger with a groom, and longed ardently for the moment, when, casting the skin of my great-coat and overalls, I should appear before the world in my well-appointed "cords and tops." Captain Hammersly had not as yet made his appearance, and many conjectures were afloat as to whether "he might have missed the road or changed his mind," or forgot all about it, as Miss Dashwood hinted.

"Who, pray, pitched upon this cover?" said Caroline Blake, as she looked with a practised eye over the country, at either side.

"There is no chance of a fox, late in the day, at the mills," said the huntsman, inventing a lie for the occasion.

"Then of course you never intend us to see much of the sport, for after you break cover, you are entirely lost to us."

"I thought you always followed the bounds," said Miss Dashwood timidly.

"Oh, to be sure we do, in any common country; but here it is out of the question—the fences are too large for

any one, and, if I am not mistaken, these gentlemen will not ride far over this; there, look yonder, where the river is rushing down the hill—that stream widening as it advances, crosses the cover nearly mid-way; well, they must clear that, and then you may see these walls of large loose stones, nearly five feet in height, that is the usual course the fox takes, unless he heads towards the hills, and goes towards Dangan, and then there's an end of it; for the deer park wall is usually a pull up, to every one, except, perhaps to our friend Charley there, who has tried his fortune against drowning more than once there."

"Look, here he comes," said Mathew Blake, "and looking splendidly too—a little too much in flesh, perhaps if anything."

"Captain Hammersly!" said the four Miss Blakes in a breath, "where is he?"

"No it's the Badger I'm speaking of," said Mathew laughing, and pointing with his finger towards a corner of the field where my servant was leisurely throwing down a wall about two feet high to let him pass.

"Oh, how handsome—what a charger for a dragoon," said Miss Dashwood.

Any other mode of praising my steed, would have been much more acceptable. The word dragoon was a thorn in my tenderest part that rankled and lacerated at every stir. In a moment I was in the saddle, and scarcely seated when at once all the *mauvaise honte* of boyhood left me, and I felt every inch a man. I often look back to that moment of my life, and com

paring it with many similar ones, cannot help acknowledging how purely is the self-possession which so often wins success, the result of some slight and trivial association. My confidence in my horsemanship suggested moral courage of a very different kind, and I felt that Charles O'Malley curveting upon a thorough bred and the same man ambling upon a sheltly were two and very dissimilar individuals.

"No chance of the Captain," said Mathew, who had returned from a *reconnaissance* upon the road, "and after all it's a pity, for the day is getting quite favourable."

While the young ladies formed picquets to look out for the gallant *militaire*, I seized the opportunity of prosecuting my acquaintance with Miss Dashwood; and even in the few and passing observations that fell from her I learned how very different an order of being she was from all I had hitherto seen of country belles. A mixture of courtesy with *naïveté*—a wish to please, with a certain feminine gentleness, that always flatters a man, and still more a boy that fain would be one—gained momentarily more and more upon me, and put me also on my mettle to prove to my fair companion that I was not altogether a mere uncultivated and unthinking creature like the remainder of those about me.

"Here he is, at last," said Helen Blake, as she cantered across a field, waving her handkerchief as a signal to the Captain, who was now seen approaching at a brisk trot.

As he came along, a small fence intervened; he pressed his horse a little and as he kissed hands to the fair Helen, cleared it in a bound, and was in an instant in the midst of us.

"He sits his horse like a man, Mister Charles," said the old huntsman, "troth we must give him the worst bit of it."

Captain Hammersly was, despite all the critical acumen with which I canvassed him, the very *beau idéal* of a gentleman rider, indeed, although a very heavy man, his powerful English thoroughbred, showing not less bone than blood, took away all semblance of over weight; his saddle, well fitting and well placed; his large and broad reined snaffle; his own costume of black coat, leathers and tops, was in perfect keeping, and even to his heavy handled hunting-whip, I could find

nothing to cavil at. As he rode up he paid his respects to the ladies, in his usual free and easy manner, expressed some surprise, but no regret, at hearing that he was late, and never deigning any notice of Mathew or myself, took his place beside Miss Dashwood, with whom he conversed in a low and undertone.

"There they go," said Mathew, as five or six dogs, with their heads up, ran yelping along a furrow, then stopped, howled again, and once more set off together. In an instant all was in commotion in the little valley below us. The huntsman, with his hand to his mouth, was calling off the stragglers and the whipper-in following up the leading dogs with the rest of the pack. "They're found!—they're away!" said Mathew; and, as he spoke, a great yell burst from the valley, and in an instant the whole pack were off at speed. Rather intent that moment upon showing off my horsemanship than anything else, I dashed spurs into Badger's sides and turned him towards a rasping ditch before me; over we went, hurling down behind us a rotten bank of clay and small stones, showing how little safety there had been in topping instead of clearing it at a bound. Before I was well seated again, the Captain was beside me. "Now, for it, then," said I, and away we went.—What might be the nature of his feelings I cannot pretend to state, but my own were a strange melange of wild boyish enthusiasm, revenge, and recklessness. For my own neck I cared little—nothing; but as I led the way by half a length, I muttered to myself—"Let him follow me fairly this day, and I ask no more."

The dogs had got somewhat the start of us, and as they were in full cry, and going fast, we were a little behind. A thought therefore struck me, that by appearing to take a short cut upon the hounds, I should come down upon the river where its breadth was greatest and thus at one coup might try my friend's mettle and his horse's performance at the same time. On we went, our speed increasing, till the roar of the river we were now approaching was plainly audible. I looked half around, and now perceived that the Captain was standing in his stirrups, as if to obtain a view of what was before him; otherwise his countenance was calm and unmoved, and

not a muscle betrayed that he was not cantering on a parade. I fixed myself firmly in my seat, shook my horse a little together, and with a shout whose import every Galway hunter well knows, rushed him at the river. I saw the water dashing among the large stones, I heard its splash, I felt a bound like the *ricochet* of a shot, and we were over, but so narrowly, that the bank had yielded beneath his hind legs, and it needed a bold effort of the noble animal to regain his footing. Scarcely was he once more firm, when Hammersly flew by me, taking the lead, and sitting quietly in his saddle, as if racing. I know of nothing in all my after life like the agony of that moment; for, although I was far, very far, from wishing real ill to him, yet I would gladly have broken my leg or my arm if he could not have been able to follow me. And now there he was actually a length and a half in advance; and worse than all, Miss Dashwood must have witnessed the whole, and doubtless his leap over the river was better and bolder than mine. One consolation yet remained, and while I whispered it to myself I felt comforted again. "His is an English mare—they understand these leaps—but what can he make of a Galway wall?" The question was soon to be solved. Before us, about three fields were the hounds still in full cry; a large stone wall lay between, and to it we both directed our course together. Ha! thought I, he is floored at last, as I perceived that the Captain held his horse rather more in hand, and suffered me to lead "Now then for it!" so saying I rode at the largest part I could find, well knowing that Badger's powers were here in their element. One spring, one plunge, and away we were, galloping along at the other side. Not so the Captain; his horse had refused the fence, and he was now taking a circuit of the field for another trial of it.

"Foundered, by Jove," said I, as I turned round in my saddle to observe him. Once more he came at it, and once more baulked, rearing up at the same time, almost so as to fall backward.

My triumph was complete, and I again was about to follow the hounds; when, throwing a look back, I saw Hammersly clearing the wall in a most splendid manner, and taking a stretch

of at least thirteen feet beyond it. Once more he was on my flanks, and the contest renewed. Whatever might be the sentiments of the riders (mine I confess to,) between the horses it now became a tremendous struggle. The English mare, though evidently superior in stride and strength, was still overweighted, and had not besides that cat-like activity an Irish horse possesses; so that the advantages and disadvantages on either side were about equalized. For about half an hour now the pace was awful. We rode side by side, taking our leaps exactly at the same instant, and not four feet apart. The hounds were still considerably in advance, and were heading towards the Shannon, when suddenly the fox doubled, took the hill side, and made for Dangan. Now, then, comes the trial of strength, I said half aloud, as I threw my eye up a steep and rugged mountain, covered with wild furze and tall heath, around the crest of which ran, in a zig-zag direction, a broken and dilapidated wall, once the enclosure of a deer-park. This wall, which varied from four to six feet in height, was of solid masonry, and would, in the most favourable ground, have been a bold leap. Here, at the summit of a mountain, with not a yard of footing, it was absolutely desperation.

By the time that we reached the foot of the hill, the fox, followed closely by the hounds, had passed through a breach in the wall, while Matthew Blake, with the huntsmen and whipper-in, were riding along in search of a gap to lead the horses through. Before I put spurs to Badger, to face the hill, I turned one look towards Hammersly. There was a slight curl, half-smile, half-sneer upon his lip, that actually maddened me, and had a precipice yawned beneath my feet, I should have dashed at it after that. The ascent was so steep that I was obliged to take the hill in a slanting direction, and even thus, the loose footing rendered it dangerous in the extreme. At length I reached the crest, where the wall, more than five feet in height, stood frowning above me, and seeming to defy me. I turned my horse full round, so that his very chest almost touched the stones, and, with a bold cut of the whip and a loud halloo, the gallant animal rose, as if rearing, pawed for an instant to regain his balance, and then with a frightful struggle fell

backwards, and rolled from top to bottom of the hill, carrying me along with him. The last object that crossed my sight, as I lay bruised and motionless, being the Captain as he took the wall in a flying leap, and disappeared at the other side. After a few scrambling efforts to rise, Badger regained his legs, and stood beside me; but such was the shock and concussion of my fall, that all the objects around me seemed wavering and floating before me, while showers of bright sparks fell in myriads before my eyes. I tried to rise, but fell back helpless. Cold perspiration broke over my forehead, and I fainted. From that moment I can remember nothing, till I felt myself galloping along at full speed upon a level table land, with the hounds about three fields in advance, Hammersly riding foremost, and taking all his leaps coolly as ever. As I swayed to either side upon my saddle, from weakness, I was lost to all thought or recollection, save a flickering memory of some plan of vengeance, which still urged me forward. The chase had now lasted above an hour, and both hounds and horses began to feel the pace they were going. As for me, I rode mechanically; I neither knew nor cared for the dangers before me. My eye rested on but one object; my whole being was concentrated upon one vague and undetermined sense of revenge. At this instant the huntsman came alongside of me.

"Are you hurt, Mистер Charles? did you fall?—your cheek is all blood, and your coat is torn in two; and, Mother of God, his boot is ground to powder; he does not hear me. Oh, pull up—pull, for the love of the Virgin; there's the clover field, and the sunk fence before you, and you'll be killed on the spot."

"Where?" cried I, with the cry of a madman, "where's the clover field?—where's the sunk fence? Ha! I see it—I see it now."

So saying, I dashed the rowels into my horses flanks, and in an instant was beyond the reach of the poor fellow's remonstrances. In another moment, I was beside the Captain. He turned round as I came up; the same smile

was upon his mouth—I could have struck him. About three hundred yards before us the sunk fence lay; its breadth was about twenty feet, and a wall of close brick-work formed its face. Over this the hounds were now clambering; some succeeded in crossing, but by far the greater number fell back howling into the ditch.

I turned towards Hammersly. He was standing high in his stirrups, and, as he looked towards the yawning fence, down which the dogs were tumbling in masses, I thought (perhaps it was but a thought,) that his cheek was paler. I looked again, he was pulling at his horse; ha! it was true then, he would not face it. I turned round in my saddle—looked him full in the face, and as I pointed with my whip to the leap, called out in a voice hoarse with passion, "come on." I saw no more. All objects were lost to me from that moment. When next my senses cleared I was standing amid the dogs, when they had just killed. Badger stood blown and trembling beside me, his head drooping, and his flanks gored with spur marks. I looked about, but all consciousness of the past had fled; the concussion of my fall had shaken my intellect, and I was like one but half awake. One glimpse, short and fleeting, of what was taking place, shot through my brain, as old Brackeley whispered to me, "By my soul ye did for the Captain there." I turned a vague look upon him, and my eyes fell upon the figure of a man that lay stretched and bleeding upon a door before me. His pale face was crossed with a purple stream of blood, that trickled from a wound beside his eyebrow; his arms lay motionless and heavily at either side. I knew him not. A loud report of a pistol aroused me from my stupor; I looked back. I saw a crowd that broke suddenly asunder and fled right and left. I heard a heavy crash upon the ground, I pointed with my finger, for I could not utter a word.

"It is the English mare, yer honor; she was a beauty this morning, but she's broke her collar bone, and both her legs, and it was best to put her out of pain."

CHAPTER V.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

On the fourth day following the adventure detailed in the last chapter I made my appearance in the drawing-room; my cheek was blanched by

copious bleeding, and my step tottering and uncertain. On entering the room I looked about in vain for some one who might give me an insight into

the occurrences of the four preceding days, but no one was to be met with. The ladies, I learned, were out riding; Matthew was buying a new setter; Mr. Blake was canvassing; and Captain Hammersly was in bed. Where was Miss Dashwood?—in her room; and Sir George? he was with Mr. Blake.

“What! canvassing too?”

“Truth that same was possible,” was the intelligent reply of the old butler, at which I could not help smiling. I sat down therefore in the easiest chair I could find, and, unfolding the county paper, resolved upon learning how matters were going on in the political world. But somehow, whether the editor was not brilliant, or the fire was hot, or that my own dreams were pleasanter to indulge in than his fancies, I fell sound asleep.

How differently is the mind attuned to the active busy world of thought and action, when awakened from sleep by any sudden and rude summons to arise and be stirring, and when called into existence by the sweet and silvery notes of softest music, stealing over the senses, and while they impart awakening thoughts of bliss and beauty scarcely dissipating the dreary influence of slumber; such was my first thought, as with closed lids, the thrilling cords of a harp broke upon my sleep, and aroused me to a feeling of unutterable pleasure. I turned gently round in my chair, and beheld Miss Dashwood. She was seated in a recess of an old fashioned window; the pale yellow glow of a wintry sun at evening fell upon her beautiful hair, and tinged it with such a light as I have often since then seen in Rembrandt's pictures; her head leaned upon the harp, and, as she struck its cords at random, I saw that her mind was far away from all around her; as I looked, she suddenly started from her leaning attitude, and, parting back her curls from her brow, she preluded a few chords, and then sighed forth, rather than sang, that most beautiful of Moore's Melodies,—

“She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.”

Never before had such pathos, such deep utterance of feeling, met my astonished sense; I listened breathlessly as the tears fell one by one down my cheek; my bosom heaved and fell; and, when she ceased, I hid my head between my hands and sobbed aloud. In an

instant she was beside me, and placing her hand upon my shoulder, said,

“Poor dear boy, I never suspected you of being there, or I should not have sung that mournful air.”

I started and looked up, and, from what I know not, but she suddenly crimsoned to her very forehead, while she added in a less assured tone,

“I hope, Mr. O'Malley, that you are much better, and I trust there is no imprudence in your being here.”

“For the latter I shall not answer,” said I, with a sickly smile; “but already I feel your music has done service.”

“Then, pray let me sing more for you.”

“If I am to have a choice, I should say, sit down and let me hear you talk to me; my illness and the doctor together, have made wild work of my poor brain, but, if you will, talk to me.”—

“Well then, what shall it be about?—Shall I tell you a fairy tale?”

“I need it not: I feel I am in one this instant.”

“Well, then, what say you to a Norse legend, for I am rich in my stores of them?”

“The O'Malleys have their chronicles, wild and barbarous enough without the aid of Thor and Woden.”

“Then, shall we chat of every day matters?—Should you like to hear how the election and the canvass go on?”

“Yes; of all things.”

“Well, then, most favourably. Two baronies, with most unspeakable names, have declared for us, and confidence is rapidly increasing among our party. This I learned by chance yesterday—for Papa never permits us to know anything of these matters; not even the names of the candidates.”

“Well, that was the very point I was coming to, for the government were about to send down some one, just as I left home; and I am most anxious to learn who it is.”

“Then I am utterly valueless; for I really can't say what party the government espouses, and only know of our own.”

“Quite enough for me, that you wish it success,” said I, gallantly; “perhaps, you can tell me if my uncle has heard of my accident?”

“Oh yes; but somehow, he has not been here himself; but sent a friend, a Mr. Considine, I think; a very strange

person he seemed. He demanded to see Papa, and, it seems, asked him if your misfortune had been a thing of his contrivance, and whether he was ready to explain his conduct about it; and in fact, I believe he is mad"—"Heaven confound him," I muttered between my teeth.

"And then he wished to have an interview with Captain Hammersly, but he is too ill; but as the doctor hoped he might be down stairs in a week, Mr. Considine kindly hinted, that he should wait."

"Oh then, do tell me how is the Captain?"

"Very much bruised, very much disfigured, they say," said she, half smiling; "but not so much hurt in body as in mind."

"As how, may I ask?" said I, with an appearance of innocence.

"I don't exactly understand it; but it would appear that there was something like rivalry among you gentlemen chasseurs on that luckless morning, and while you paid the penalty of a broken head, he was destined to lose his horse, and break his arm."

"I certainly am sorry—most sincerely sorry, for any share I might have had in the catastrophe; and my greatest regret, I confess, arises from the fact, that I should cause you unhappiness."

"*Me*—pray explain?"

"Why, as Captain Hammersly."

"Mr. O'Malley, you are too young

now, to make me suspect you had an intention to offend; but I caution you, never repeat this."

I saw that I had transgressed, but how, I most honestly confess, I could not guess; for though in years I certainly was the senior of my fair companion—I was most lamentably her junior in tact and discretion.

The gray dusk of evening had long fallen as we continued to chat together beside the blazing wood embers—she evidently amusing herself with the original notions of an untutored unlettered boy; and I drinking deep those draughts of love that nerved my heart through many a breach and battle field.

Our colloquy was at length interrupted by the entrance of Sir George, who shook me most cordially by the hand, and made the kindest inquiries about my health.

"They tell me you are to be a lawyer, Mr. O'Malley," said he; "and if so, I must advise you taking better care of your head-piece."

"A lawyer, Papa; oh dear me, I should never have thought of his being anything so stupid."

"Why, silly girl, what would you have a man be?"

"A dragoon, to be sure, papa," said the fond girl, as she pressed her arm around his manly figure, and looked up in his face, with an expression of mingled pride and affection.

That word sealed my destiny.

CHAPTER VI—THE DINNER.

WHEN I retired to my room to dress for dinner, I found my servant waiting with a note from my uncle, for which, he informed me, the messenger expected an answer.

I broke the seal and read:—

"DEAR CHARLEY,

"Do not lose a moment in securing old Blake—if you have not already done so, as information has just reached me that the government party has promised a cornetcy to young Matthew, if he can bring over his father. And these are the people I have been voting with—a few private cases excepted—for thirty odd years!

"I am very sorry for your accident. Considine informs me that it will need explanation at a later period. He has been in Athlone since Tuesday, in hopes to catch the new candidate on his way down, and get him into a little

private quarrel before the day; if he succeed, it will save the county much expense, and conduce greatly to the peace and happiness of all parties. But, "these things," as Father Roach says, "are in the hands of Providence." You must also persuade old Blake to write a few lines to Simon Mallock, about the Coolnamuck mortgage. We can give him no satisfaction at present, at least such as he looks for, and don't be philandering any longer where you are, when your health permits a change of quarters.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GODFREY O'MALLEY."

"P.S.—I have just heard from Considine; he was out this morning and shot a fellow in the knee, but finds that after all he was not the candidate, but a tourist that was writing a book about Connemara.

"P.S. No. 2—Bear the mortgage in mind, for old Mallock is a spiteful fellow, and has a grudge against me, since I horsewhipped his son in Banagher. Oh, the world, the world!—G. O'M."

Until I had read this very clear epistle to the end, I had no very precise conception how completely I had forgotten all my uncle's interests, and neglected all his injunctions. Already five days had elapsed, and I had not as much as mooted the question to Mr. Blake, and probably all this time my uncle was calculating on the thing as concluded; but, with one hole in my head, and some half-dozen in my heart, my memory was none of the best.

Snatching up the letter, therefore, I resolved to lose no more time; and proceeded at once to Mr. Blake's room, expecting that I should, as the event proved, find him engaged in the very laborious duty of making his toilette.

"Come in, Charley," said he, as I tapped gently at the door; "it's only Charley, my darling; Mrs. B. won't mind you."

"Not the least in life," responded Mrs. B. disposing at the same time, a pair of her husband's corduroys, tippet fashion across her ample shoulders, which before were displayed in the plenitude and breadth of colouring we find in a Rubens. "Sit down, Charley, and tell us what's the matter."

As, until this moment, I was in perfect ignorance of the Adam and Eve-like simplicity in which the private economy of Mr. Blake's household was conducted, I would have gladly retired from what I found to be a mutual territory of dressing-room, had not Mr. Blake's injunctions been issued somewhat like an order to remain.

"It's only a letter, sir," said I, stuttering, "from my uncle, about the Election. He says that, as his majority is now certain, he would feel better pleased in going to the poll with all the family, you know, sir, along with him. He wishes me just to sound your intentions—to make out how you feel disposed towards him; and—and, faith, as I am but a poor diplomatist, I thought the best way was to come straight to the point and tell you so."

"I perceive," said Mr. Blake, giving his chin at the moment, an awful gash with the razor, "I perceive, go on."

"Well, sir, I have little more to say; my uncle knows what influence you

have in Scariff, and expects you'll do what you can there."

"Any thing more?" said Blake, with a very dry, and quizzical expression, I didn't half like, "any thing more?"

"Oh, yes, you are to write a line to old Mallock."

"I understand, about Coolnamuck, isn't it?"

"Exactly; I believe that's all."

"Well now, Charley, you may go down stairs, and we'll talk it over after dinner."

"Yes, Charley, dear, go down, for I'm going to draw on my stockings," said the fair Mrs. Blake, with a look of very modest consciousness.

When I had left the room I couldn't help muttering a "thank God," for the success of a mission I more than once feared for, and hastened to despatch a note to my uncle, assuring him of the Blake interest, and adding that, for propriety's sake, I should defer my departure for a day or two longer.

This done, with a heart lightened of its load, and in high spirits at my cleverness, I descended to the drawing-room. Here a very large party were already assembled, and, at every opening of the door, a new relay of Blakes, Burkes, and Bodkins, was introduced. In the absence of the host, Sir George Dashwood was "making the agreeable" to the guests, and shook hands with every new arrival, with all the warmth and cordiality of old friendship. While thus he inquired for various absent individuals, and asked, most affectionately, for sundry misses, aunts, and uncles, not forthcoming, a slight incident occurred, which, by its ludicrous turn, served to shorten the long half hour before dinner. An individual of the party, a Mr. Blake, had, from certain peculiarities of face, obtained, in his boyhood, the sobriquet of "shave the wind." This hatchet-like conformation had grown with his growth, and perpetuated upon him a nick-name, by which alone was he ever spoken of among his friends and acquaintances; the only difference being, that, as he came to man's estate, brevity, that soul of wit, had curtailed the epithet to mere "shave." Now, Sir George had been hearing frequent reference made to him, always by this name, heard him ever so addressed, and perceived him to reply to it; so that, when he was himself asked by some one, what sport he had found that day among the wood-

cocks, he answered at once, with a bow of very grateful acknowledgement, "Excellent, indeed, but entirely owing to where I was placed in the copse; had it not been for Mr. Shave, there,——"

I need not say that the remainder of his speech was drowned in one universal shout of laughter, in which, to do him justice, the excellent Shave himself heartily joined. Scarcely were the sounds of mirth lulled into an apparent calm, when the door opened, and the host and hostess appeared. Mrs. Blake advanced in all the plenitude of her charms, arrayed in crimson satin, sorely injured in its freshness by a patch of grease upon the front, about the same size and shape as the Continent of Europe, in Arrow-smith's Atlas; a swansdown tippet covered her shoulders; massive bracelets ornamented her wrists; while from her ears descended two Irish diamond earrings, rivalling in magnitude and value the glass pendants of a lustre. Her reception of her guests made ample amends, in warmth and cordiality, for any deficiency of elegance; and, as she disposed her ample proportions upon the sofa, and looked around upon the company, she appeared the very impersonation of hospitality.

After several openings and shuttings of the drawing-room door, accompanied by the appearance of old Simon the Butler, who counted the party at least five times before he was certain that the score was correct; dinner was at length announced. Now came a moment of difficulty; and one which as testing Mr. Blake's tact, he would gladly have seen devolve upon some other shoulders; for he well knew that the marshalling a room full of mandarins, blue, green, and yellow, was "cakes and gingerbread" to ushering a Galway party in to dinner.

First then was Mr. Miles Bodkin, whose grandfather would have been a lord if Cromwell had not hanged him one fine morning. Then Mrs. Mosey Blake's first husband was promised the title of Kilmacud if it was ever restored, whereas Mrs. French of Knocktumnor's mother was then at law for a title; and lastly, Mrs. Joe Burke was fourth cousin to Lord Clanricarde, as is, or will be every Burke from this to the day of judgment. Now, luckily for her prospects the lord was alive; and Mr. Blake, remembering a very sage adage, about, "dead lions," &c.

solved the difficulty at once, by gracefully tucking the lady under his arm, and leading the way; the others soon followed; the priest of Portumna, and my unworthy self bringing up the rear.

When many a year afterwards, the hard ground of a mountain bivouac, with its pitiful portion of pickled cork-tree, yeleft mess-beef, and that pyroligneous aqua-fortis they call corn brandy, have been my hard fare, I often looked back to that day's dinner, with a most heart-yearning sensation. A turbot as big as the waterloo shield; a sirloin that seemed cut from the sides of a rhinoceros; a sauce-boat that contained an oyster bed. There was a turkey which singly would have formed the main army of a French dinner, doing mere outpost duty—flanked by a picquet of ham, and a detached squadron of chickens, carefully ambushed in a forest of greens: potatoes not disguised, *à la matre d'hôtel*, and tortured to resemble bad macaroni, but piled like shot in an ordnance yard, were posted at different quarters; while massive decanters of port and sherry stood proudly up like standard bearers amid the goodly array. This was none of your austere "great dinners," where a cold and chilling "*plateau*" of artificial nonsense cuts off one half of the table from the intercourse with the other; when whispered sentences constitute the conversation, and all the friendly recognition of wine drinking, which renews acquaintance and cements an intimacy, is replaced by the ceremonious filling of your glass by a lacquey—where smiles go current in lieu of kind speeches, and epigram and smartness form the substitute for the broad jest and merry story. Far from it; here the company eat, drank, talked, laughed, did all but sing, and certainly enjoyed themselves heartily. As for me, I was little more than a listener, and such was the crash of plates, the jingle of glasses, and the clatter of voices, that fragments only of what was passing around reached me; giving to the conversation of the party a character occasionally somewhat incongruous. Thus, such sentences as the following ran foal of each other every instant:—

"No better land in Galway"—"where could you find such facilities"—"for shooting Mr. Jones on his way home"—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—"kiss"—

"Miss Blake, she's the girl with a foot and ankle"—"Daly has never had wool on his sheep"—"how could he"—"what does he pay for the mountain"—"four and ten pence a yard"—"not a penny less"—"all the cabbage stalks and potatoe skins, with some bog stuff through it"—"that's the thing to"—"make soup, with a red herring in it, instead of salt"—"and when he proposed for my niece, ma'am, says he"—"mix a strong tumbler, and I'll make a shake down for you on the floor"—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul"—"and now, down the middle and up again"—"Captain Magan, my dear, he is the man"—"to shave a pig properly"—"it's not money I'm looking for, says he, the girl of my heart"—"if she had not a wind-gall and two spavins"—"I'd have given her the rights of the church, of coorse," said Father Roach, bringing up the rear of this ill-assorted jargon.

Such were the scattered links of conversation I was condemned to listen to, till a general rise on the part of the ladies left us alone to discuss our wine and enter in good earnest upon the more serious duties of the evening.

Scarcely was the door closed, when one of the company, seizing the bell-rope, said, "with your leave, Blake, we'll have the 'dew' now."

"Good claret—no better," said another: "but it sits mighty cold on the stomach."

"There's nothing like the groceries after all—eh, Sir George?" said an old Galway squire to the English general, who acceded to the fact which he understood in a very different sense.

"Oh, punch you are my darlin'," hummed another, as a large square half-gallon decanter of whiskey was placed on the table—the various decanters of wine being now ignominiously sent down to the end of the board, without any evidence of regret on any face, save Sir George Dashwood's who mixed his tumbler with a very rebellious conscience.

Whatever were the noise and clamour of the company before, they were nothing to what now ensued. As one party were discussing the approaching contest, another was planning a steeple-chace; while two individuals, unhappily removed from each other the entire length of the table, were what is called "challenging each other's effects" in a very remarkable manner; the por-

cess so styled being an exchange of property, when each party setting an imaginary value upon some article, barters it for another, the amount of boot paid and received being determined by a third person, who is the umpire. Thus a gold breast-pin was swopped, as the phrase is, against a horse; then a pair of boots, then a Kerry bull, &c., every imaginable species of property coming into the market. Sometimes as matters of very dubious value turned up; great laughter was the result. In this very national pastime, a Mr. Miles Bodkin, a noted fire-eater of the west, was a great proficient, and, it is said, once so completely succeeded in despoiling an uninitiated hand, that after winning in succession his horse, gig, harness, &c., he proceeded *seriatim* to his watch, ring, clothes, and portmanteau, and actually concluded by winning all he possessed, and kindly lent him a card cloth to cover him on his way to the hotel. His success on the present occasion was considerable, and his spirits proportionate. The decanter had thrice been replenished, and the flushed faces and thickened utterance of the guests evinced that from the cold properties of the claret there was but little to dread. As for Mr. Bodkin, his manner was incapable of any higher flight when under the influence of whiskey, from what evinced itself on common occasions; and, as he sat at the end of the table, fronting Mr. Blake, he assumed all the dignity of the ruler of the feast, with an energy no one seemed disposed to question. In answer to some observations of Sir George, he was led into something like an oration upon the peculiar excellencies of his native county, which ended in a declaration that there was nothing like Galway.

"Why dont you give us a song, Miles? and maybe the general would learn more from it, than all your speech-making."

"To be sure," cried out several voices together; to be sure: let us hear the 'Man for Galway,'"

Sir George having joined most warmly in the request, Mr. Bodkin filled up his glass to the brim, bespoke a chorus to his chaunt, and, clearing his voice with a deep hem, began the following ditty, to the air which Moore has since rendered immortal, by the beautiful song "Wreath the bowl" &c. And

although the words are well known in the west, for the information of less favoured regions, I here transcribe the

MAN FOR GALWAY.

"To drink a toast,
A proctor roast,
Or balliff, as the case is;
To kiss your wife,
To take your life
At ten or fifteen paces.
To keep game rocks—to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway.
With debts galore, but fun far more,
Oh, that's 'the man for Galway.'
Chorus—With debts, &c.

"The King of Oude
Is mighty proud;
And so were onst the Caynars;—(Cannars.)
But could Gilles Eyre
Would make them stare,
As he had them with the Blazers.
To the devil I fling—could Rungret Sing,
He's only a Prince in a small way;
And knows nothing at all of a six foot wall.
Oh, he'd never do 'for Galway'.

"Ye think the Blakes
Are no 'great shakes';
They're all his blood relations,
And the Bodkins sneeze
At the grim Chinese.
For they come from the 'Phenacyans';
So fill to the brim, and here's to him
Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
With debts galore, but fun far more,
Oh! that's 'the man for Galway.'
Chorus—With debts, &c."

I much fear, that the reception of this very classic ode would not be as favourable in general companies as it was on the occasion I first heard it; for certainly the applause was almost deafening; and even Sir George, the defects of whose English education left some of the allusions out of his reach, was highly amused and laughed heartily.

The conversation once more reverted to the election, and although I was too far from those who seemed best informed on the matter, to hear much, I could catch enough to discover that the feeling was a confident one. This was gratifying to me, as I had some scruples about my so long neglecting my good uncle's cause.

"We have Scariff to a man," said Bodkin.

"And Mosey's tenantry," said another "I swear that tho' there's not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or devil a stone of the court house they'll leave standing, on another."

"And may the Lord look to the

Returning Officer," said a third, throwing up his eyes.

"Mosey's tenantry are droll boys, and, like their landlord, more by token—they never pay any rent."

"And what for shouldn't they vote?" said a dry looking little old fellow in a red waistcoat: "when I was the dead agent——"

"The dead agent," interrupted Sir George, with a start.

"Just so," said the old fellow, pulling down his spectacles from his forehead, and casting a half angry look at Sir George, for what he had suspected to be a doubt of his veracity.

"The General does not know, maybe, what that is," said some one.

"You have just anticipated me," said Sir George; "I really am in most profound ignorance."

"It is the dead agent," says Mr. Blake, "who always provides substitutes for any voters that may have died since the last election. A very important fact in statistics may thus be gathered from the poll-books of this county, which proves it to be the healthiest part of Europe—a freeholder has not died in it for the last 50 years."

"The 'Kiltopher boys' wont come this time—they say there's no use trying to vote, when so many were transported last assizes for perjury."

"They're poor spirited creatures," said another.

"Not they—they are as decent boys as any we have—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings worth of spirits; besides, if they don't vote for the county, they will for the borough."

This declaration seemed to restore these interesting individuals to favor, and now all attention was turned towards Bodkin, who was detailing the plan of a grand attack upon the polling booths, to be headed by himself. By this time all the prudence and guardedness of the party had given way—whiskey was in the ascendant, and every bold stroke of election policy, every cunning artifice, every ingenious device, was detailed and applauded, in a manner which proved that self respect was not the inevitable gift of "mountain dew."

The mirth and fun grew momentarily more boisterous, and Miles Bodkin who had twice before been prevented proposing some toast, by a telegraphic signal from the other end of the table,

now swore that nothing should prevent him any longer, and rising with a smoking tumbler in his hand, delivered himself as follows:

"No, no, Phil. Blake, ye needn't be winkin' at me that way—It's little I care for the spawn of the ould serpent." (Here great cheers greeted the speaker, in which, without well knowing why, I heartily joined.) "I'm going to give you a toast, boys—a real good toast—none of your sentimental things about wall-flowers, or the vernal equinox, or that kind of thing, but a sensible, patriotic, manly, intrepid toast; a toast you must drink in the most universal, laborious, and awful manner—do ye see now?"—[Loud cheers.] "If any man of you here present, doesn't drain this toast to the bottom—(here the speaker looked fixedly at me, as did the rest of the company,)—then, by the great gun of Athlone, I'll make him eat the decanter, glass, stopper, and all, for the good of his digestion—d' ye see now."

The cheering at this mild determination, prevented my hearing what followed; but the peroration consisted in a very glowing eulogy upon some person unknown, and a speedy return to him as a member for Galway. Amid all the noise and tumult at this critical moment, nearly every eye at the table was turned upon me, and as I concluded that they had been drinking my uncle's health, I thundered away at the mahogany with all my energy. At length, the hip hipping over, and comparative quiet restored, I rose from my seat to return thanks—but strange enough, Sir George Dashwood did so likewise, and there we both stood amid an uproar, that might well have shaken the courage of more practised orators; while from every side came cries of hear, hear—go on Sir George—speak out General—sit down Charley—confound the boy—knock the legs from under him, &c. Not understanding why Sir George should interfere with what I regarded as my peculiar duty, I resolved not to give way, and avowed this determination in no very equivocal terms. "In that case," said the General, "I am to suppose that the young gentleman moves an amendment to your proposition, and as the etiquette is in his favour, I yield."—Here he resumed his place, amid a most terrific scene of noise and tumult, while several

humane proposals, as to my treatment, were made around me, and a kind suggestion thrown out to break my neck, by a near neighbour. Mr. Blake at length prevailed upon the party to hear what I had to say—for he was certain I should not detain them above a minute. The commotion having in some measure subsided. I began—"gentlemen, as the adopted son of the worthy man, whose health you have just drunk,"—Heaven knows how long I should have continued—but here my eloquence was met by such a roar of laughing, as I never before listened to; from one end of the board to the other it was one continued shout, and went on too as if all the spare lungs of the party had been kept in reserve for the occasion. I turned from one to the other—I tried to smile, and seemed to participate in the joke, but failed—I frowned—I looked savagely about to see if no where I could see enough to turn my wrath thitherward; and, as it chanced, not in vain, for Mr. Miles Bodkin, with an intuitive perception of my wishes, most suddenly ceased his mirth, and assuming a look of frowning defiance, that had done him good service upon many former occasions, rose and said—

"Well, Sir, I hope you're proud of yourself—you've made a nice beginning of it, and a pretty story you'll have for your uncle. But if you'd like to break the news by a letter, the General will have great pleasure in franking it for you; for by the rock of Cashel, we'll carry him in against all the O'Malleys that ever cheated the Sheriff."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when I seized my wine glass, and hurled it with all my force at his head; so sudden was the act, and so true the aim, that Mr. Bodkin measured his length upon the floor, ere his friends could appreciate his late eloquent effusion. The scene now became terrific, for though the redoubted Miles was *hors de combat*, his friends made a tremendous rush at, and would infallibly have succeeded in capturing me, had not Blake and four or five others interposed. Amid a desperate struggle, which lasted for some minutes, I was torn from the spot, carried bodily up stairs, and pitched headlong into my own room, where having doubly locked the door on the outside, they left me to my own ebull, and not over-agreeable reflections.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—NO. VII.

MARTIN DOYLE,

Author of "A Cyclopædia of Practical Husbandry," &c.

Yes, reader! that is the veritable Martin Doyle. You have now before you the pink of agriculturists; the great practical improver of the horticulture of Ireland; the benefactor of our peasantry, who has done much both towards relieving them from want, and weaning them from turbulence, by teaching them to make two heads of cabbage grow, where but one grew before.

But look a little closer at him, and say whether something is not discernible in his countenance, higher and better than the talents, (excellent though they be,) by which he has so honourably distinguished himself as the reformer and the enricher of our kitchen gardens? Is there not there, sly humour, refined taste, and a stirring, practical, untiring benevolence, which appropriates every faculty which he possesses, with a jealous scrupulosity, to the moral and physical well-being of all around him?

Little does the farmer know that his teacher, who assumes the frieze, and directs him not only *when* but *how* he is to till his land with most advantage, is a gentleman, by birth, by education, by manner, by attainments; whose accomplishments add grace to the drawing-rooms of the most elegant, while his mental and moral qualities impart an additional value to the instruction to be derived from the society of the most enlightened.

The Rev. Wm. Hickey is the son of a clergyman of great respectability, and of much literary taste, who was, for nearly half a century, the possessor of a valuable benefice in the South of Ireland. His son, the subject of this notice, was educated, partly in our University, and partly in the University of Cambridge; and obtained some distinction in both.

We know not the motives which led Mr. Hickey to take his degree in the English University; but it is not unlikely that his residence in the sister country gave that peculiar turn to his thoughts which has since rendered him so largely a benefactor to Ireland. He could not but observe the strong contrast between the husbandry of the English and that of the Irish farmers; nor fail to perceive that the superior comfort and respectability of the former was mainly traceable to his superior skill as a cultivator of the soil. Could Paddy be but taught and induced to attend to his rotation of crops with the steadiness of plodding John, he would soon, he thought, experience a vast improvement in his condition, which would not only be a positive blessing in itself, but furnish the basis for all other improvement. Accordingly, with the ardour and benevolence characteristic of his nature, he applied himself to the acquisition of such knowledge respecting the most improved and beneficial modes of husbandry, as might be communicable, in a cheap and simple form, to the occupants of a few acres; and the first little work in which his studies eventuated, was successful beyond his most sanguine expectation. Edition after edition rapidly disappeared; and such was the sale, that the "Hints" were stereotyped in order to meet the demand, and now constitute a text-book to all those of the farming class who are actuated by a spirit of improvement.

He had been in holy orders for some time before his little manual of husbandry



Martin Doyle

Engraved by Charles Gray A.R.S.

AUTHOR OF A CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL JURISPRUDENCE

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Published by William Gorton, 1844

appeared; and it is probable that the dread of being thought unprofessional was amongst the motives which led him to adopt his, *nom de guerre*, Martin Doyle; as well as the belief that the advice which he tendered would be taken better by the Irish cultivators, if it appeared to come from one of themselves. Martin now became an established authority. His maxims were read and pondered by hundreds in his own neighbourhood who little suspected the source from which they came. We cannot entirely vouch for the truth of the story that is told of a colloquy which he had with his own gardener; but it has the character of veresimilitude, and may be given as exemplifying the popularity of his little treatise, and at the same time how little he was himself suspected as its author. "John," he said, "why did you not observe my directions respecting the succession of peas?" "Because, your reverence, they were not right." "Not right! What do you mean?" "Oh! sir, sure here's a book," (producing Martin Doyle's "Hints" with evident marks that it had been purchased for use rather than for ornament,) "which tells us all about it; and I'm sure it can't be wrong, for the gardener at the great house told me that it has all the latest improvements." His reverence is said to have presently become placable. What he observed immediately in reply, we know not;—but doubtless it was equally dignified and forbearing; and, unless a heavy tankard of home-brewed ale, to drink the health of Martin Doyle, might have been regarded as a cause of offence, we know not that the offending functionary had any reason to complain of the weight of his indignation.

Nor let it be thought, that, in thus assuming an incognito for the purpose of communicating valuable instruction to his countrymen, in matters of a secular nature, he was at all unmindful of his higher duties. Those who know Mr. Hickey best, bear witness to his activity as a parochial clergyman, and to the zeal, not without knowledge, by which he interested himself in the spiritual concerns of all those entrusted to his charge. His attainments enabled him to impart, with peculiar grace and unction, instruction of the highest order to the very highest; while a gentle, unaffected familiarity of address, and simplicity of manner, caused him to be welcomed as the kindly monitor by the humblest and the least civilized of his people. His intelligent and directing mind was not more visible in the kitchen garden, than in the parochial school; nor were the weeds which deformed and exhausted the soil, more carefully expelled from the one, than the vice by which society is infected and character degraded, were carefully eradicated from the other.

The late Bishop of Ferns (no incompetent judge, or niggard rewarder of merit*) long esteemed and valued Mr. Hickey, as one of the most useful of his clergy; and testified his value by conferring upon him the preferment which he at present holds. We need not add, that he is beloved and esteemed by all around him.

The "Hints" were not the only contributions of Martin Doyle to the humble practical agriculturists of Ireland. Various other little works, having the same object, were, from time to time, the produce of his pen; and they were all well received, and abundantly answered the purpose for which they were intended. His latest effort in that line assumed a bulkier shape, and a more ambitious

* Why does not his distinguished son collect the works, and give the public a brief memoir of one of the most laborious, disinterested, judicious and discriminating prelates of the Church of Ireland?

character than any of the preceding ; being no less than " *A Cyclopædia of Practical Agriculture* ;" and which is well calculated to be useful, as a book of reference, in every part of the united kingdom.

He has, we understand, at present, in a considerable state of forwardness, if not actually passing through the press, a little work in which he will appear more in his strictly professional character, as a moral and religious instructor. He has taken up some of the parables of our blessed Lord, with a view to furnishing practical illustrations of them ; which he does by depicments of character, which can scarcely, we hear, fail to be interesting from their correspondence with truth and nature. His object is, to guard against a vast appropriation of scriptural promises to cases to which they do not apply ; as well as to exhibit, in a lively point of view, the vices against which our Lord would put his hearers upon their guard, and the virtues which they should cultivate and cherish. We shall only add a hope, that when the sower thus goes forth to sow, his labours may be productive of an abundant harvest.

The style of Mr. Hickey, in every thing that he has as yet written, is just what it should be, "proper words in proper places." He is neither diffuse, nor laboured, nor ambitious, nor obscure ; but, on the contrary, clear, simple, correct, and even elegant, to a degree that bespeaks the scholar and the man of taste, quite as much as the matter of his several treatises gives evidence of the skill and the knowledge of a practical farmer. We are desirous, we confess, of seeing him in the new character which he is about to assume ; and feel not a little interested in the success of an effort to do for the minds of our peasantry what he has already done for the soil of the country, and shewing them, at least, that "more excellent way" in which, if they walk, they shall have contentment and peace.

We are well aware of the many adverse influences which must obstruct the efforts of a clergyman of the Church of England in diffusing, no matter how unpolemically, or how much soever in a spirit of peace and love, those scriptural truths which might act with a reclaiming and purifying influence on the minds of the benighted peasantry of Ireland. The black sun in Indian mythology, which wells out darkness, is not an inapt similitude of that perverted system of religion which teaches its votaries to hate the light, and which will not suffer them to come into the light, lest its abominations should be discovered. But, nevertheless, we would say to our friend Martin, "Be of good cheer ;" and advise him, unhesitatingly, "to cast his bread upon the waters ;" for sure we are, that however the malice of men may cause them to rage and swell, "he will find it after many days." We now take our leave of him with a hope, that, as he begun by speeding the plough, he may end by enlightening the benighted.

LITERÆ ORIENTALES, NO. IV.

ARABIAN, PERSIAN AND TURKISH POETRY.

Φιλοσόφωτες καὶ σπουδαίοντες ποιήσεις ιστορίᾳ εἶναι.

ARISTOTLE.

THOSE intelligent and tasteful few who take an interest in the subject of the papers contributed by us to this Magazine will remember that two years ago we passed a high encomium on the Poetry of the Eastern nations, qualified by something tantamount to a declaration that that Poetry could not be translated with effect into English. With considerable experience to sustain us, we are now enabled to affirm for truth what was then mere matter of opinion. Our own translations may appear to some to establish a case against us, but the explanation which we have from the beginning professed ourselves ready to afford with respect to these is confessed by all to whom we have communicated the substance of it to be, if anything, rather a corroboration than a contradiction of our assertion—the degree of credence due to which of course must be determined in the usual way—that is by examining into the truth or falsehood of the thing asserted. Of the result we can have no apprehension. We have bestowed time and thought on this subject—we have had every facility for the acquisition of information bearing upon it—we have not allowed ourself to be biased by any predisposition of mind or temperament. Our conclusion is a matured one: we state, and we challenge the entire world of linguists and litterateurs to refute the statement, that Oriental Poetry is not fairly readable in an English translation,—that there is no practicability of idiomatically translating it with effect into our language—perhaps into any of our languages. We do not question the qualifications of the translator for his office; he may be a man—though the contingency seems remote and phantomy—to rival Anster: all that we mean to aver is that Oriental Poetry apparelled in a western dress becomes

essentially unrecognisable, forfeits its identity, ceases to be an intelligible object of apprehension to the understanding. It must be read in the original, and, *ce qui est plus et pire*, it must be studied in it; for the bare reading will not answer. The student is not to flatter himself into the belief that because he has rattled through a Persian grammar and skimmed Richardson's Dissertation the business is accomplished and he has nothing more to do but take his MS. in hand and loll on his ottoman. A severe initiation awaits him. He must for a season renounce his country, divest himself of his educational prejudices, forego his individuality, and become, like Alfred Tennyson, "a Mussulman true and sworn." Over the wide gulf by which we of Europe are severed from the Eastern nations in religious worship, modes of thoughts and habits of feeling, and in the governments, customs and social systems that spring out of these and react upon them sans intermission, no bridge is thrown—the enthusiast must plunge into its depths and scale the opposite steep, or abandon his purpose for ever. If he would appreciate Oriental Poetry, if he would even make any approach to understanding it, he must first disencumber himself of all the old rags of his Europeanism and scatter them to the winds. He must act in the spirit of Goethe's maxim—

Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichterslande gehen.*

He must be satisfied to accept sounds for symbols, influences for ideas, and dreams for tangibilities. He must in fine begin his poetical education afresh, with the Moallakat as his primer and the Koran for his *μεγας βιβλος*; and after a series of years, (industry, commentators and opium in the meantime assisting), he may perhaps be able to

* Who would the Poet understand
Must enter first the Poet's Land.

boast that he has measured the height, length, breadth and circumference of the Great Temple in which the imagination of Bakki and the soul of Hafiz are enshrined, and beyond the extreme outer porch or Ethnic Forecourt of which none save those who have served a like probationary apprenticeship to the Genius of Orientalism have ever been permitted to advance.

But our testimony to even the abstract excellence of Oriental Poetry must be taken with some limitation. There is no question that even where that poetry ceases to be incomprehensible its beauty is of a nature to be but imperfectly tested by any of those standards that we commonly apply to the merits of poetical composition among ourselves. Eastern Poetry is at the best what the old schoolmen would have called an *ens rationis*—a lawless, unfixable, ghostlike thing, irreducible to rule, unamenable to criticism, and in its constituent elements as little to be trusted for permanence as the colors of the cameleon or the tableaux of the kaleidoscope. It is occasionally graphic enough—can on most occasions be admired for euphony—and may at intervals exhibit sublimity;—but the great irradiating light of Imagination is not there;—the highest of the faculties, the very pillar of Genius, the vivifying soul of Thought, the power upon which Poetry is dependent for its ethereality, and without which it dwindles into a most monotonous and mechanical process of mind, is wanting; and the “long-resounding march and energy immense” of compound epithets and sonorous polysyllables make us but indifferent amends for its absence. It may appear singular that notwithstanding this important deficiency Eastern Poetry should be invested with an irresistible charm for most Mooslem readers. Yet it powerfully excites them; it summons to the surface every finer as well as fiercer sensibility lurking in the depths of their nature; it transports them beyond themselves with sensations which they themselves are as unable to account for as to control. Indeed, if we were to succinctly describe the difference between this poetry and our own we should say that the latter depends chiefly upon *Expression*, but the former chiefly upon *Impression*. It is true that *Expression* always proposes Im-

pression as its end, and that *Impression* is producible only through the agency of *Expression*; but what we mean to assert is that whereas in the West strict attention to the modes and accidents of *Expression* is indispensable to the production of *Impression*, in the East it seems almost wholly superfluous. How the Mohammedan poet treats his theme is a matter of slight consequence. The only thing likely to puzzle his readers would be mystification; and that he cannot employ, because he knows nothing about it: in his darkest opacities his good faith and single-mindedness are still transparent: he may be sometimes silly; he is always serious; and, being so, it is wonderful to what an extent his very *niaiserie*s will tell in his favor. He sonnetizes his mistress's face and of course compares it to the sun: so far well, but the sun probably suggests, as it did to Hamlet, the image of a dead dog; and without more ado we have “the god kissing the carrion.” Among us, with whom coherence and consistency of thought and diction are fast growing into a positive nuisance, this incongruous combination would be at once ascribed to mental imbecility; but the Turk well knows that the philosophy of *his* readers will help them to a far more liberal conclusion—and so it does: they look on the passage as mystical—it was perhaps designed to serve as a type of the alliance often subsisting where least suspected between Genius and Idiotcy—or else there may be real poetical beauty in the specimen of bathos before them—or possibly they cannot fathom the drift of the poet—or finally all is right and as it ought to be, whatever they may think or feel to the contrary. The truth is that the Mooslem has more *faith*, humanly speaking, than the Englishman. It is an easier task to satisfy him. He reverences with deeper emotion, cherishes sympathies more comprehensive, has a roomier capacity for the reception of mysteries of all sorts. He does not start objections, and moot evidences, and balance probabilities, and wrangle and “cavil on the ninth part of a hair.” Not he: of such huxtering and shabbiness his soul has an intuitive contempt. He takes higher ground. He knows that the Abstract and the Possible hold unconditional charters from the hand of Deity, and that any

attempt to circumscribe their domain is the climax of impious folly. He is a philosopher—not a pur-blind analyst of some incontrovertible axiom—not a groping investigator into noon-day facts—but a genuine, generous, downright, unsophisticated, catholic philosopher. It would never occur to him to immure himself within a given circle of petty practicabilities, and there sit down to mumble the eud of his own starveling experiences, in the belief that the world produced nothing else or better to feast upon. There is no persuading him that Infinity can be fathomed by means of a pocket-plummet, or that a pennyworth of packthread will suffice to span God's Universe. He is one of Nature's metaphysicians: with the bewildering fact of His Own Existence for ever before him—and not Kant's whole library could make *him* question that—all other miracles are comparatively commonplace; he has got indubitable hold of the first and largest link in the great chain of universal incomprehensibilities, and so long as he keeps tugging at that he knows that the rest of the chain must be somewhere or other. With that noble instinct so conspicuous in all lofty intellectual and moral natures—and which has equally with their genius contributed to establish the supremacy of the three greatest of created human minds—Plato, Shakspeare and Bacon—he casts himself on the omnipotence of Providence for the realisation of the Ideal. The voice of all ages calls out to him in the solemn language of Schiller,—

Du musst glauben, du musst wagen,
Denn die Götter leih'n kein Pfand:
Nur ein Wunder kann dich tragen
In das schöne Wunderland.*

His is a devout, dreamy, all-embracing, far-wandering, extra-mundane imagination. He “doffs the world and bids it pass:” and hence it is that he is always tranquil, always untouchable, always ready to trust both *in* and *against* appearances, to believe in a soul of Beauty beneath ribs of clay, and to construe even the apparent senilities of others into lessons of wisdom worthy the admiration of the latest

posterity. Hence it is—to come round to our starting-point—that all he reads is sacred in his estimation—his notion being that whatever its character, whether it be mean or magnificent, clear or clouded, the inspiration of an oracle or the bleating of a mooncalf, it is intrinsically valuable as developing a certain phasis of the human intellect. His prerogative, which he exercises very quietly, is, after the manner of Byron's Greek laureate, to “make mental increment of everything, from the high lyrical to the low rational;” and his conviction seems to be that he does but bare justice to the poet in diverting into the tortuous channels of his own mind those misty currents of fancy which would otherwise flow on and lose themselves in the ocean of oblivion.

From all this it will be obvious that in the translations we are about to present the reader with certain unfamiliar forms of thought and expression may be looked for, and will in fact be unavoidable. His tolerance of these is of course already bespoken; but there is another topic that we should wish to enlarge upon, if our space did not forbid us to do more than briefly advert to it—we mean the national characteristics of the diverse poetries of the East. We have for conciseness' sake included all these poetries under the general term Oriental, but it should be understood that although there are many common traits of resemblance among them, there are also a sufficient number of distinguishing qualities to confer upon each a character of its own. The Arabian, Persian and Turkish poetries do not constitute one literature. It is questioned even whether they be the offspring of the same parent literature. Augustus Schlegel it is true supposes the Turkish to be sprung from the Persian; but he rejects the assumption that there is any bond of affinity between the Persian and Arabic; and Von Hammer attempts to establish an individuality for each of the three, though he too admits that Turkish poetry derives no inconsiderable share of its beauty and excellence from its judicious imitation of first-rate Persian Models. Those great

* Thou must believe, thou must hazard, for the Gods lend no pledge, (i. e. give no security.) Faith in the Miraculous can alone transport thee into the lovely Land of the Miraculous.

Orientalists have formed their conclusions chiefly from historical data ; but it is not our purpose to enter here into any examination of the arguments they have adduced in support of them. As far however as internal evidence has assisted us in coming to a decision our views almost entirely coincide with theirs ; and we think we may calculate upon a correspondence of opinion in the enlightened reader when he shall have considered the separate characteristics by which each poetry is marked. We would state them as follows.—

I.—The characteristics of Arabian poetry are boldness of expression, irrestrainable and irregular vigour of thought, deep and passionate tenderness, elegiacal melancholy, redundancy of imagery, and great general force, too often expending itself upon trifles, and at all times hurrying the theme along with a rapidity which leaves the reader scarcely time or power to scrutinise its defects.

II.—The characteristics of Persian poetry are airiness, grace, a spirit of

triumphant joyousness, alternating with gloom and apprehension, though never verging on despair, gaiety, sadness, mingled gaiety and sadness, wit, melody of versification, bacchanalian mirthfulness ; and in the more elaborate poems metaphysical subtlety, luxuriance of descriptive power, and prodigality rather than energy of language.

III.—The characteristics of Turkish or Osmanlee poetry are a tendency to mysticism, intense devotional fervour, metaphysical obscurity, whimsical combinations of fancy, want of coherence, tenderness, plaintiveness, wit, satire, pomp of description, and sometimes a proneness in the poet to indulge in puerile abstractions and egotistical vauntings.

As a sample of the Persian the following Kasseedeh from the Deewaun of Aboul-Kazim will please at least all who have an ear for harmony in rhythm : it is strictly speaking, a *song*, and was meant for the *Kimantzee*, or lute. The festival-time of Nourouziz which it celebrates occurs in Spring.

The Days of Nourouz'iz.

PERSIAN.

“ Faaalee behar irdee yene ors eiledee ruchzar gul.”

Joy for the Joyless ! The Season of Dews is
Dropping its blooms like the pearls of Ormooz'iz.
Lo ! the bright sun, as of old, reinfuses
Life into Death, and Earth welcomes Nourouz'iz !

Chor.—Raise the glad chorus in praise of Nourouz'iz !

ALLAH be bless'd for the Days of Nourouz'iz !

Now is Earth Eden, for Nature diffuses

Love, as their soul, through the Days of Nourouz'iz !

Now, like a lover, the Nightingale woos his
Bride, the young Rose, whom he fondly accuses ;
Now the thin lily each tripping foot bruises
Sends up its tribute of sweets to Nourouz'iz.

Chor.—Raise the glad chorus in praise of Nourouz'iz !

ALLAH be bless'd for the Days of Nourouz'iz !

Time grows indulgent, and tenderly uses

Earth and her gifts in the Days of Nourouz'iz !

Holidays these, in which every one cruises
Over what Ocean of Pleasure he chooses ;
Business is banished and Idlesse pursues his
Fancies unchecked in the Days of Nourouz'iz.

Chor.—Raise the glad chorus in praise of Nourouz'iz !

ALLAH be bless'd for the Days of Nourouz'iz !

Base is the niggard who counts what he loses

While he enjoys the gay Days of Nourouz'iz !

O, ye dull doctors, who, shrouded like Druzes,*
Blind yourselves writing what no one peruses,
Drowsy-eyed chymists and poet-recluzes,
Come, and rejoice in the smiles of Nourooz'iz !

Chor.—Raise the glad chorus in praise of Nourooz'iz !
ALLAH be bless'd for the Days of Nourooz'iz !
Chill is the cell where Philosophy muses,
Therefore be fools in the Days of Nourooz'iz !

KAZIM ! each pearlet thy poesy strews is
Cheap at a diadem's value, or whose is ?
Bankrupt of taste is the dunce who refuses
Verses like thine when their theme is Nourooz'iz !

Chor.—Raise the glad chorus in praise of Nourooz'iz !
ALLAH be bless'd for the Days of Nourooz'iz !
Raise the glad chorus, for nothing excuses
Grief in the Festival Days of Nourooz'iz !

Turn we now to Arabia. The melancholy strain, and was doubtless
spirit we summon from his far-away "Of moodier texture from his earliest day"
wanderings among "Bagdad's shrines than the Kizzilbash ; yet is he not the
of fretted gold" speaks in a more less poetical.

The Kiosk of Moostanzar-Billah.

ARABIAN.

"Midjmereen zerēēnee mēēhri tshark girdāun eledi."

The pall of the sunset fell
Vermilioning Earth and Water ;
The bulbul's melody broke from the dell—
A song to the rose, the Summer's daughter !—
The lullful music of TEEGREEZ† flow
Was blended with echoes from many a mosque,
As the Moozeen chaunted the *Allah-el-illah* ;‡
Yet my heart in that hour was low,
For I stood in a ruined kiosk—
O ! my heart in that hour was low,
For I stood in the ruined Kiosk
Of the Khalif MOOSTANZAR-BILLAH,
I mused alone in that ruined kiosk
On the mighty MOOSTANZAR-BILLAH !

His eye was the cup of DJEMSHEED§—
His sword was unsheathed lightning—
His books will be treasures of wisdom to read
As long as the bones of the Just lie whitening.
The sunbeams diamonded mosque and mart,
Their fires lay bright over lake and bosk,
They flooded each gorgeous turreted villa ;
Yet they rained no light on my heart
As I gazed on that ruined kiosk ;

* The Druzes are remarkable for their secluded habits ; and both sexes alike wear veils in public. † Tigris.

‡ *Allah-el-illah, la-illah-il-Allah* ; Allah is the only god, there is no god but Allah.

§ The earliest historical king of Persia : his control was absolute over Genii and men. A hundred marvellous tales are told of his celebrated cup or goblet, which used to dazzle all who looked on it, and has often been employed by the poets to furnish a simile for a bright eye.

O! they rained no light on my heart
 As I gazed on the ruined Kiosk
 Of the Khalif MOOSTANZAR-BILLAH;
 Grief darkened my heart as I trod the Kiosk
 Of the noble MOOSTANZAR-BILLAH!

We weep not the flowret that dies,
 We mourn not the mouldering marble;
 New columns as lofty shall stand in the skies,
 To roses as young shall the nightingale warble;
 Oh no! the loss that awakes our dole
 Is the Man, the Genius, the *moral* Kolosk,*
 The nation's Deere† and Armadilla—
 These thoughts arose in my soul
 As I trod that ruined kiosk,
 Such thoughts arose in my soul
 As I paced the ruined Kiosk
 Of the Khalif MOOSTANZAR-BILLAH;
 I sorrowed, but less for the ruined Kiosk
 Than the gifted MOOSTANZAR-BILLAH.

Came Night with his congress of stars,
 And the moon in her mournful glory:
 O, Time, I exclaimed, thou art just! Nothing bars
 The Great from the Temple of Story;—
 But the Destinies ever in unison bind
 The cypress and laurel; and save in the dusk
 Of the sepulchre Fame writes no *Bismillah*!‡
 So sad was the mood of my mind
 On leaving that ruined kiosk,
 So dark was the mood of my mind
 As I left the ruined Kiosk
 Of the Khalif MOOSTANZAR-BILLAH;
 I sighed as I turned from the ruined Kiosk
 Of the vanished MOOSTANZAR-BILLAH.

"Save in the dusk of the sepulchre
 Fame writes no *Bismillah*." Not so
 fast, friend. That is the popular no-
 tion, but a very erroneous one. Every
 man of sense knows that nothing can
 be commoner than the acquisition
 during one's lifetime of even a painful
 superabundance of notoriety. Ask
 Bulwer, O'Connell, Paganini, Van
 Amburgh, Ourselves, &c. If a few
 dreamers chuse to place themselves
 two or three centuries in advance of
 their era, what is that to the purpose?

The fault is clearly their own, not
 that of the age. They are at too
 great a distance to be heard distinctly
 when they harangue. Not, after all,
 that we suppose Moostanzar-Billah,
 with his great saucer eye, to have been
 one of these; in fact, we question
 whether he was ever very famous,
 alive or dead; and we incline to think
 you have egregiously overrated him.§
 But enough, for we hear somebody
 groaning our sentiments—*le voici qui*
vient.

* Tower.

† Pillar.

‡ In the Name of God:—the usual commencement of every great Oriental poem.

§ Moostanzar-Billah was the thirty-sixth Khalif of the Abbassidian dynasty, and began his prosperous reign in 1224. "Tous les historiens," observes D'Herbelot, "conviennent que ce Khalife surpassa tous ses prédécesseurs en clémence et en libéralité." With every disposition however to do him justice, we cannot find that he left any more enduring record of his existence behind him than some public edifices and colleges, which were founded in his reign. There were two other Khalifs, both of Egypt, who bore the title of Moostanzar-Billah (i. e. Supported by God,) and one of these, the fifth Khalif of the Fateemites, appears to have acquired considerable reputation both as a poet and a warrior. An allusion to the Arabian Moostanzar-Billah may be found in the *Thousand and One Nights*—see vol. I. *Story of the Barber*.

The Howling Song of Al-Mohara.

ARABIAN.

"Ahēem sheerāree kildee tsharkēn dilinee pir tab."

My heart is as a House of Groans
 From dusky eve to dawning grey ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 The glazed flesh on my staring bones
 Grows black and blacker with decay ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Yet am I none whom Death may slay ;
 I am spared to suffer and to warn ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 My lashless eyes are parched to horn
 With weeping for my sin alway ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 For blood, hot blood that no man sees,
 The blood of one I slew
 Burns on my hands—I cry therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu !

Because I slew him over wine,
 Because I struck him down at night,
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Because he died and made no sign,
 His blood is always in my sight ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Because I raised my arm to smite
 While the foul cup was at his lips,
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Because I wrought his soul's eclipse
 He comes between me and the Light ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 His is the form my terror sees,
 The sinner that I slew ;
 My rending cry is still therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu !

Under the all-just Heaven's expanse
 There is for me no resting-spot ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 I dread Man's vengeful countenance,
 The smiles of Woman win me not ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 I wander among graves where rot
 The carcases of leprous men ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 I house me in the dragon's den
 Till Evening darkens grove and grot ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 But bootless all !—Who penance drees
 Must dree it his life through ;
 My heartwrung cry is still therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu !

The silks that swathe my hall *deewân**
 Are damaskeened with moons of gold:
 Allah, Allah hu!
 Musk-roses from my *Gulistân†*
 Fill vases of Egyptian mould;
 Allah, Allah hu!
 The Koran's treasures lie unrolled
 Near where my radiant nightlamp burns;
 Allah, Allah hu!
 Around me rows of silver urns
 Perfume the air with odours old;
 Allah, Allah hu!
 But what avail these luxuries?
 The blood of him I slew
 Burns red on all—I cry therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu!

Can Sultans, can the Guilty Rich
 Purchase with mines and thrones a draught
 Allah, Allah hu!
 From that *Nuttüliân‡* fount of which
 The Conscience-tortured whilome quaffed?
 Allah, Allah hu!
 Vain dream! Power, Glory, Riches, Craft,
 Prove magnets for the Sword of Wrath;
 Allah, Allah hu!
 Thornplant Man's last and lampless path,
 And barb the Slaying Angel's shaft;
 Allah, Allah hu!
 O! the Bloodguilty ever sees
 But sights that make him rue,
 As I do now, and cry therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu!

In contrast with this vivid picture of remorse and voluntary humiliation may be placed another—that of the well-fed, *insouciant*, self-sufficient Osmanlee Durweesh, pharisaically thanking God for his exemption from the troubles that beset the common-souled,

turmoiling, "dirt-eating" herd whom he greatly patronises when he condescends to call them fellow-creatures. Pity that (to borrow from another poet) *erderler dürweesh ishiga olub äsmi kül-khân*, even *dürweeshes* must go down to the House of Dust!

Chappel by the Durweesh Fakr-Deed, of Klish.

TURKISH.

"Minneti Chudaye ei dil her duneh minnetum yok"

I give God thanks for this, that I
 Am no low slipper-licker's debtor.
If Heaven itself were not so high
I scarce could bear to rest its debtor.

* Sofa.

† Rose-garden.

‡ Lethean.

A Dürweesh am I—nought beside—
 I might be worse, and may be better ;*
 But one thought swells my heart with pride—
 I am no man's tool and no man's debtor.
 I am sleek and stout—my face is bright—
 No cares corrode, no vices fether
 My cushioned soul ;—I snore at night
 But never yet was opium's debtor.
 I love the stars, the sun, the moon,
 When Summer goes I much regret her,
 But who holds KAF† or robs KAROON‡
 I don't much care—I'm not their debtor.
 So writeth MAHMOUD FAKRIDEED
 In this his lay, or lilt, or letter,
 Which he or she that runs may read,
 And be therefor perchance his debtor.

Has the reader any notion of a
 Stammering Ghazzel? Most prob-
 ably not. Byron's line—

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?
 is a stammerer, we admit; and the
 noble bard elsewhere says—

——I am doubtful of the grammar
 Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza
 stammer;

but stammering assumes in the East
 a much more definite character than
 this; there is far greater facility in
 detecting its individuality among the
 other forms of poetical composition—
 in short it is a different thing. Take
 the following specimen of it.

Stammering or Topsy Ghazzel by Foozooli, of Stamboul.

TURKISH.

"Oile fermetim-ki-idrak et-me-sim down-ya nedir!"§

I am so—drunk—that I ca—ca—I cannot
 Make out—what—the—fun—is—at—all!
 Ca—cannot say if—this pla—this pla—planet
 Be an—gu—lar—square—or—a ball.
 Nin—pom—cooks—nin—com—pooops—tell us that—Fancy
 And Judg—ment—are "drowned—in the—bowl;"
 All round my—turban!—'tis Necro—ma—mancy
 That—gets—the blind side of—the soul!
 Happy's the—tippler—who—stammers no—nothing,
 Whose—tongue—when he—moistens it—lags!
 I am—for one—too—too faw—fond of—clothing
 My—tipsy—ideas—in—rags.
 I am—the pote—am the poet—Foo—zooli—
 A genius—and—no mis—mis—take—
 Taking the—world—raasther coo—coo—coo—coolly,
 And com—monly wi—wide awake.
 Any—chap—dying to view—to—to see me
 Will—catch me—at Stoo—Stiss—Stamboul,
 Where,—though I—seem now—somewhat—dreamy,
 He'll find—I'm not—qui—quite a—fool!

* He was afterwards made Sheikh of one of Suleiman's Persian Convents.

† The mountain which surrounds the earth and contains the treasures of the Pre-Adamite Sultans.

‡ The Core of the Old Testament, whom the Mooslemin believe to have been a sorcerer, and to have amassed immense riches by means of his magical practices.

§ Literally, I am so drunk that I cannot tell what place the world is.

Passing over a crowd of names, and among others Sadikideed, bearing the somewhat singular title of "Beggars of the Falcon of the High Sultan and

Beggar of Beggars," (*Shah-bashee Hasrettee daver Kalender, u Kalendar Kalender*) and Lameeah, who writes to Sultan Suleiman—

*Dakel eder khuldi berine hassrimoon her sofassee,
Rakss wurur hauzoom ijinda mihr u mah ssuhb u mesa.*

Every sofa in thy palace goes before thee into Paradise ;
The sun and moon dance in thy water-bowl morning and evening ;*

and also that most harum-scarum of poets, Habshee, who having lost an eye in a scuffle, was asked by Ibrahim Pasha, "Where is thine other eye?" and making answer, "It grew tired of stopping at home in the socket, and

flew out to see the world;" was imprisoned ten years for his wit in the Tower of Hero and Leander, where he daily gave a vent to his feelings in such verses as the following—

I will groan, till every stone in this cold prison-tower shall weep,
I will cry, till Earth and Sky, and each dark-rolling hour shall weep,
I will make, that hearts shall break, and even the dewless flower shall weep,
Yea, for me, the wronged HABSHEE, both Mussulman and Giaour shall weep !

Passing over these and twenty others, with a nod of recognition to the celebrated poet and artist Penahee, who, says Aasheek, "broke the pencils of the Frank painters, and by painting a single rose-leaf could metamorphose Winter into Spring,"—we come to Ahmēdee, of whom Ssādee relates the following anecdote. The great Tartar conqueror Timour lenk,† being on his march through Anadoli, halted for a while at Amasia, where Ahmēdee lived ; and the poet took the opportunity of presenting him with a kassēdeh. This led to further intimacies, Timour being a patron of literary men ; and one day when both were in the bath the monarch amused himself by putting crotchety questions to Ahmēdee, and laughing at his answers. "Suppose now," said he, pointing to the surrounding attendants, "you were required to value these beautiful boys, how much would you say each was worth?" Ahmēdee answered with becoming gravity, estimating one at a camel-load of silver, another at six bushels of pearls, a third at forty gold wedges, and so made the circuit of the ring. "Very fair," said Timour, and now tell me, "What do you value Me at?" "Four and twenty aspers," replied the poet, "no more and no less." "What!" cried Timour, laughing,

"why the shirt I have on me is worth that." "Do you really think so?" asked Ahmēdee, with the greatest apparent simplicity—"at that rate you must be worth nothing, for I included the shirt in the valuation!" Much to his credit, Timour, instead of being angry, applauded and rewarded the wit and boldness of the poet. Of Ahmēdee's contemporary, Sheekhee, on whom Murad I. conferred a viziership, Ssādee has also recorded an amusing anecdote. In the early part of his career Sheekhee suffered much from a complaint in the eyes, and, being very poor, he was so *inconséquent* as to open a *tookyan* for the sale of eye-water. The price was an asper a bottle. One day, however, a stranger, passing by and observing the bloodshot eyes of the poet, stopped to purchase a bottle, and in paying for it laid down two aspers. "I charge but one asper," said Sheekhee, "do you not know that?" "Certainly I know it," said the stranger, "and therefore you see I give you a second." "Give me a second!" replied Sheekhee angrily, "for what?" "To enable you to buy one of your own bottles, my friend," replied the other coolly, "and cure yourself!" The poet shrugged his shoulders and shut up his *tookyan*.

Turn we now again to our songs—

* There's not a bower in Eden but thy sofas have a place in,
And the moon and sun dance night and morning in thy wash-hand basin.

† Tamerlane.

and here we have just found one by recalls to us that of our early favorite,
Baba Khodjee, by him whose simple, Metastasio—
truthful, yet not unpoetical philosophy

Siam navi all' onde argenti
Lasciate in abbandono:
Impetuosi venti
I nostri affetti sono:
Ogni diletto è scoglio,
Tutta la vite è mar.

Night is Nearing.

PERSIAN.

“ Küllün scheyin yerdahâ illa asalehi.”*

Allah Akbar †
All things vanish after brief careering;
Down one gulf Life's myriad barks are steering;
Headlong mortal! hast thou ears for hearing?
Pause! Be wise! The Night, thy Night, is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
Towards the Darkness whence no ray is peering,
Towards the Void from which no voice comes cheering,
Move the countless Doomed—none volunteering—
While the Winds rise and the Night is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
See the palace-dome its pride uprearing
One fleet hour, then darkly disappearing!
So must all of Lofty or Endearing
Fade, fail, fall;—to all the Night is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
Then, since nought abides, but all is veering,
Flee a world which Sin is hourly searing,
Only so mayest front thy fate unfearing
When Life wanes, and Death, like Night, is nearing!
Night is nearing!

There is a calm yet powerful solemnity about this: it is like a voice from the world of spirits. We think, and shudder as we think, on the lines of the English poet, borrowed from Massillon—

Our pathway leads but to a precipice,
And all must follow, fearful as it is,
From the first step 'tis known—but, no delay!
On! 'tis decreed!—We falter—and obey.‡

After such an appeal to their feelings will sympathise with the spirit of our
as immortal beings it seems almost next extract. These war-songs!—oh!
profanity to hope that our readers these war-songs!—

“ Faut-il toujours combattre et chanter sa victoire ?”

* Viz. Every thing at length returns to its first elements. This line is Arabic, being from the Koran.

† Great is God.

‡ Rogers's *Human Life*.

The Daunishmends' Lamentation.

ARABIAN.

" Her nefz halee dil-eela bunee."

Hark! the clangorous music of hoofs!
 Hark the Kheerawaïn whoop, *Ya Hu!*
 I start from a vision—and lo! the roofs
 Of BAZRA* gleam in the moonlight blue!
 Gone, gone is that dreamborn glow!
 And the urns of my eyes overflow,†
 For these juggles of Slumber send
 Me back to the Abbasseeds' reign,
 When I dwelt as a Daunishmend‡
 In the College of RHAN'GAZANE.

O! golden and riotous time!
 If Death be to-night my desire
 I charge not the guilt on my manhood's prime—
 Thou drankest the blood of my heart—which was fire!
 My soul was as buoyant as air,
 My books made the chief of my care,
 Till Love came, like Lightning, to rend
 My bosom and madden my brain,
 When I dwelt as a Daunishmend
 In the College of RHAN'GAZANE.

HABEEB was the child of the Yaour,§
 But the Wahlahees warred upon him:
 Flames rose round his home in the morning hour,
 Till the bloodshot sun waxed wan and dim!
 Accurst be that treacherous horde!
 An Arab should trust to his sword!
 No Mooslem was thenceforth *her* friend,
 And I knelt at her feet in vain—
 I was banned as a Daunishmend
 Of the College of RHAN'GAZANE.

What boots it to brood upon Wrong?
 To pine till the heart be unmanned?
 Hurrah! the world, woman-like, stoops to the Strong,
 And natural is steel to the Kheerawaïn's hand!
 No longer was Beauty my star—
 I harnessed my spirit for War,
 O, I swore by the Koran to bend
 The necks of the haughty Profane,
 While yet but a Daunishmend
 Of the College of RHAN'GAZANE.

Bear witness, GHAZAUL and KORUTH,
 If that oath was not cancelled in gore!
 But, years will exhaust the fierce fever of Youth,
 And my sword ran to rust ere I counted two-score.

* Balsora.

† *Toldi tsheshmim kadehinum kanlereeli,*
 The goblet of my eyes is full of tears.

‡ Student.

§ Unbeliever,—in Turkish *Djaour*, or *Giaour*.

I had friends,—Arabs, Kheerawauns, Greeks,—
 I had wives,—not to name odaleeks—
 They preached ; I forbore to contend ;
 I was curbed, as the steed by the rein :
 So tame grew the Daunishmend
 Of the College of RHAN'GAZANE !

How Time, as a giant, outruns
 Our wishes, our ardours, our schemes !
 Now cypresses darken the graves of my sons,
 And my own life of Life is no more—save in dreams.
*Mash masha !** Plough, deeper plough
 Thy furrows, Old Age, in my brow !
 For never till Being shall end
 Will the feelings revive again
 I had when a Daunishmend
 In the College of RHAN'GAZANE !

A ditty somewhat similar to this, as far as the Student's Lament is a commentary on the mournful truth that

There runs through all the Dells of Time
 No stream like Youth again ;

is *The Time of the Barmecides*, which we published some months back, but in such suspicious company that it probably remained unread, except by the few—very few—persons who have always believed us too honorable to

attempt imposing on or mystifying the public. We now therefore take the liberty to re-introduce the poem to general notice, embellished with improvements, merely premising that if any lady or gentleman wish to have a copy of the original—or indeed of any original of any of our oversettings—we are quite ready to come forward and treat:—terms cash, except to young ladies.

The Time of the Barmecides.†

ARABIAN.

“ Hudukabar dakkish, deelabar peeriah.”

My eyes are filmed, my beard is grey,
 I am bowed with the weight of years ;
 I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
 With my long-lost youth's compeers !
 For back to the Past, though the thought brings woe,
 My memory ever glides,—
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,
 The Time of the Barmecides !
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,
 The Time of the Barmecides.

Then Youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
 And an iron arm in war,
 And a fleet foot high upon ISHKAR's hill,
 When the watch-lights glimmered afar,

* An equivalent to the English “ No more !” or “ Enough !”

† The Barmakee, or Barmecides, were the most illustrious of the Arabian nobles for hospitality, intelligence and valor. Their downfall, which was effected by court intrigues, occurred in the reign of the celebrated Haroun Al-Rasheed, about the beginning of the ninth century.

And a barb as fiery as any I know
 That Khoord* or Beddaween rides,
 Ere my friends lay low,—long, long ago,
 In the Time of the Barmecides,
 Ere my friends lay low,—long, long ago,
 In the Time of the Barmecides.

One golden djam† illumed my board,
 One silver zhaun‡ was there ;
 At hand my tried Karamanian sword
 Lay always bright and bare,
 For those were days when the angry blow
 Supplanted the word that chides,—
 When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
 In the Time of the Barmecides,
 When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
 In the Time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
 Were free to rove and roam,
 Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky,
 Or the roof of the palace-dome—
 O! ours was that vivid life to and fro
 Which only Sloth derides :—§
 Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
 In the Time of the Barmecides,
 MEN spent Life so, long, long ago,
 In the Time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once agen,
 With its turrets of Moorish mould,
 And the Khalif's twice five hundred men,||
 Whose binishes¶ flamed with gold ;
 I call up a many a gorgeous show
 Which the Pall of Oblivion hides—
 All passed like snow, long, long ago,
 With the Time of the Barmecides ;
 All passed like snow, long, long ago,
 With the Time of the Barmecides !

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is grey,
 And I bend with the weight of years ;—
 May I soon go down to the House of Clay
 Where slumber my Youth's compeers !
 For with them and the Past, though the thought wakes woe,
 My memory ever abides,
 And I mourn for the times gone long ago,
 For the Times of the Barmecides !
 I mourn for the times gone long ago,
 For the Times of the Barmecides !

From the Deewaun of Abdul Wa- tarikhs, and fifty four rubayats, we
 heedi, comprising thirty kasseedehs, extract the following—
 two hundred ghazzels, twenty-nine

* Syrian. † Goblet. ‡ Dish.

§ Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair.—Byron.

|| His body-guard.

¶ Cavalry-cloaks.

Kasseyeh.

IN PRAISE OF THE WORLD-BEOWNED FOUNTAIN AK'BINAR, AT ADRIANOPLE.

TURKISH.

"Nourkusulur atjdee didi shebnem nesareeni."

The dark red wine of Morn is flowing ; dew-beads gem the lily.

As yet the dells are sleeping stilly,
Save where the bulbul warbles low a soulful melody ;—

Come stranger, now,—and, wouldst thou see
That glorious Fountain which not Earth can par,
Behold it at ADREEN, in AK-BINAR !

Bright streamlets rill through Paradise, and KHEES'R guards their waters

For Heaven's immortal sons and daughters,
And bright were those that gushed of old from SSALEH's rocky mount :

But wouldst thou see that brighter Fount
Whose dullest bubble sparkles like a star,
Behold it at ADREEN, in AK-BINAR !

Great Sultan AHMED, king of men, the builder of this wonder,

May spread his fame through Earth in thunder,
And bloody skulls may pave the path soft roses now bestrew ;

But, pious Moeslem, wouldst thou view
A trophy nobler than aught won in War,
Behold it at ADREEN, in AK-BINAR !

Man is a pilgrim amid worlds—a child that seeks his Father—

Few be the flowers his hand can gather ;
Yet here I gaze on sights that seem to mortal eyes divine,
And, wanderer ! wouldst thou banquet thine

Upon the fairest Fountain near or far,
Behold it at ADREEN, in AK-BINAR !

I know that Joy burns out like oil,—that after a few morrows

Grey Age will come with many sorrows,
But Skukur' ALLAH ! Thanks to GOD ! Where Destiny may lead

I reck not (saith ABDOL WAHEED)
Since Death alone—perhaps not Death—can mar
My memory of ADREEN and AK-BINAR !

We are barren of love this month to
a degree of aridity—but no matter :
we propose to handle that attractive
theme yet so as to electrify woman-

kind. Meantime, let us see what saith
our friend Foozooli, now, to his credit,
as sober as a Munsterman.

Kobe.

TURKISH.

"Esel kiatableri ushak Bachtin kara yasmiashler."

From Eternity the Course of Love was writ on leaves of Snow,
Hence it wanders like a vagrant when the Winds of Coldness blow,
And the Lamp of Love is pale and chill where Constancy is weak,
And the *Lily* comes to pine upon deserted Beauty's cheek.

From Eternity the Might of Love was writ on leaves of Fire,
Hence the Soul of Love in spiral flames would mount for ever higher,
And the vermil Sun of Eden won, leaves Hope no more to seek,
And the damask *Rose* ascends her throne on happy Beauty's cheek.

From Eternity the Fate of Love was writ on leaves of Gloom,
For the Night of its Decay must come, and Darkness build its tomb,
Then the Waste of Life, a Garden once, again is black and bleak,
And the *Raven Tresses* mourningly o'ershadow Beauty's cheek.

O! the joys of Love are sweet and false—are sorrows in disguise,
Like the cheating wealth of golden Eve, ere Night breaks up the skies.
If the graves of Earth were opened, O! if Hades could but speak,
What a world of ruined souls would curse the sheen of Beauty's cheek!

But we really must rest, or some screw in our rhythmical machinery will drop out. Hippocrene may be inexhaustible, but it flows up to Us through a pump; and pumps are frangible articles. We conclude with some half-dozen epigrammatic fragments.

Adam's Oath.

Medreamt I was in Paradise, and there, a-drinking wine,
I saw our Father Adam, with his flowing golden hair—
O, Father! was my greeting, my heart is faint with care;
Tell me, tell me, are the Mooslemin of Aälya sons of thine?
But the Noble Senior frowned, and his wavy golden hair
Grew black as clouds at Evening, when thunder thrills the air.
No! the Mooslemin of Aälya I disown for sons of mine!
Then methought I wept and beat my breast, and begged of him a sign.
O, swear it Father Adam! So, dilating out, he swore—
If the Mooslemin of Aälyastan be kith or kin of mine
Let dust for ever darken the glory of my hair!

Fronti nulla fides.

Beware of blindly trusting
To outward art
And specious sheen,
For Vice is oft encrusting
The hollow heart
Within unseen.
See that black pool below thee!
There Heaven sleeps
In golden fire,
Yet, whatsoe'er they show thee,
The mirror's deeps
Are slime and mire.

Memory.

The characters the slight reed* traces
Remain indelible through ages;
Strange, then, that Time so soon effaces
What Feeling writes on Memory's pages!

A Fowl Spect.

The Fowl are by no means as rife as the Fair
In the beautiful region of YEMEN;
I saw but six geese and three turkey-poults there
Though the markets were swarming with women.

* *Kalam*, the Roman *calamus*.

Your baggers of snipe mightn't like to exist
 In a country so gameless and sunny,
 But YEMEN's the ground for the capital-ist
 Who has made ducks and drakes of his money!

On the Imam Ebusund.

Our Moofti's—Imam can I call him?
 Holds a pleasant faith indeed!
 Most compendious, if not splendid.—
 “Omur, Olum, Allah, Aâlem”^{*}
 Comprehends, he says, his creed:
 Quære—does *he* comprehend it?

To a Turkish Author.

That none may dub thee tactless dund'rhead,
 Confine thy pen to light chit-chat,
 And rattle on as might a letter;
 For ninety-nine of every hundred
 Hate Learning, and, what's more than that,
 The hundredth man likes berresh† better.

To Sultan Murad II.

Earth sees in thee
 Her Destiny:‡
 Thou standest as the Pole—and she
 Resembles
 The Needle, for she turns to thee,
 And trembles.

To a Groaner.

Thou sighest, thou cryest, “My heart is a ruin!”
 Suppose so:—what matters it? Art thou so new in
 The Koran as not to
 Have read the old motto—
A treasure was found in the midst of the ruin?§

To Amine, on seeing her about to beth her Mirror.

Veil not thy mirror, sweet AMINE,
 Till Night shall also veil each star:—
 Thou seest a two-fold marvel there—
 The only face as fair as thine,
 The only eyes that near or far
 Can gaze on thine without despair!

Before encasing our pen we cannot
 avoid advertng with regret to the
 apathy of our contemporaries, English
 and Irish, on the subject of foreign
 literature, Eastern and Western. Is
 it not shameful that we should have

been left to fight our Oriental battle
 single-handed? According to Val-
 lancey every Irishman is an Arab. Yet,
 what Irishman has come forward to
 second our exertions? The whole of
 the reviewing press has nobly sustained

^{*} Life, Death, God, World. † A preparation of opium.
[‡] *Murad* signifies Destiny. § *Kon-tâ kenlen much/âen wec âridu in wrâfa.*
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us—indeed has lauded us altogether beyond our deserts; and we thankfully acknowledge the obligation. But what we want and demand is active co-operation. We have looked for that in vain; and why we cannot understand. What is the reason that no voice has issued from any of our academies or colleges? What spell has

paralysed among us that spirit of enterprise which led Bowring to the farthest shores of the Danube in search of pentameters, and gave Anster power to penetrate the darkest recesses—the masonic crypts—of Goethe's *dædal* mind? Where is such enthusiasm witnessable to-day?—

Where art thou, Soul of Per-Version?

Where be thy fantasies jinglish?

Why lies intact so much Prussian and Persian,

And whither has fled the phrase, 'Done into English'?

Up from thy sofa, Lord EGERTON!

Marshal the BLACKIES and GILLIESES!

Bravo, VON BROCKHAUS!—give gold by the wedge or ton!

Pay, till all Europe cry out, "What a till is his!"

O! when Translation's so feasible,

Where is the scamp would be scheming off?

BOWRING, you sponge! have you ceased to be squeezable?

ANSTER the Bland! what the deuce *are* you dreaming of?

* The great European publisher, of Leipsic, who keeps a legion of translators in pay. By the way, we are glad to perceive that one of these, our esteemed friend Baron Mac Guckin, is bringing out Ibn Khallahan in monthly parts, *a l'anglaise*. This is jolly. Mac could not have put his thumb on a work more wanted than that of Khallahan, nor could the Arabian biographer be in hands better able to take his likeness to a wrinkle than Mac's.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

NO. VI.—THE VILLAGE WONDER.

I AM one of the quietest men alive. I have a natural dislike to any kind of noise or disturbance, particularly within my own dwelling. An occasional out-door bustle is well enough; it gives a fillip to the spirits, and sets the thoughts into brisker circulation. A stir in the house where one is a visitor, is also bearable. There is a feeling that—beyond and apart from this—we have a home of our own, to which, when we please, we can retire, and be at rest. But anything which invades the quiet of that sanctuary, is altogether unendurable; or, at least, it requires the patience of Job, to bear it. I consider that I must be endued with no small portion of this quality, and a spice of Spartan heroism into the bargain, when I consent to the introduction, into my peaceful mansion, of that revolution, that reign of terror, which good housewives denominate a "thorough cleaning."

Such an infliction have I been suffering under during the last few days; and I must on this occasion have been endued with a double share of self-sacrificing fortitude, when I took upon myself the task of overhauling and setting in order that emporium of rubbish, that *ultima thule* of confusion, y'clept "the lumber-room." Are any of my readers so happy as to possess a dwelling without one of those mysterious apartments, compared to which the dark closet with the skeleton enshrined therein, or the blue chamber of Bluebeard, were mere trifles? If such there be, they will not sympathise with me, in the trouble brought upon me, by my declaration, in an unlucky hour, that "I would see to that room myself." They will feel no pity for me, as I crawled reluctantly up stairs, pausing on the landing to cast a wistful glance on the sunbeams dancing on the wall, bright tokens of the loveliness of the

day without doors. I might have retreated, you will say; but no—my penance was self-imposed, and I scorned to shrink from it. Up, therefore, I went to the place of my punishment, situated, as other such lumber rooms always are, at the top of the house; and as I opened the door, the close musty scent that issued forth might have daunted a stouter heart than mine. But I was resolved. I marched manfully in; stumbling only three times over unseen obstacles in my progress to the small window, whose shutter I unfastened, and thus let in a flood of glorious sunlight on the broken furniture, the empty boxes, the dusty, frameless pictures, and the maimed bedstead, its sacking covered with a confused heap of old hangings, tattered books, crushed hat-boxes, and such like incongruous matters, all huddled with their various defects out of sight, in the hope that they might be equally out of mind. There I stood gazing with much disgust on the scene, bitterly repenting the temerity that had led me to undertake such an office as the cleansing of this Augean stable, and wondering very much “at which end I should begin.” There were numerous letters and bundles of papers heaped together in a corner, and whilst stowing these away in a large useless chest, my eye lit on one packet that, perhaps, may form the basis of a future narrative. Not of the present one, however, for it was a frameless, half-finished portrait, the uppermost of a pile of dusty old paintings which touched the magic spring of memory in my mind, and furnished the materials of the history I am about to recount. Alas, it is a sad one; a record of blighted hope and crushed ambition. It may be thought that the general tone of these recollections is too sombre, but does not the dark predominate over the bright, in the experience of real life?

About a mile from my beloved village of Selworth, stands a farm house of a somewhat peculiar appearance. Its centre is long and low, resembling in shape a barn rather than a dwelling, but dotted with small transverse windows, the lower range of which, as well as the porch of the door, is thickly wreathed with roses and clematis. Undoubtedly, for many years, this formed the only residence attached to the farm; but the spirit of modern improvement has, at different periods, in-

duced the addition of two gables, one a little raised above the thatched roof and modestly whitened to resemble the walls of the older part of the building; while the other, much taller, and flaunting in the full glare of new brick work, looks down with something of contempt, on the humbler portion of the dwelling. This last addition, large as it is, by comparison with the remainder of the house, consists only of two rooms, one over the other, which are dignified by the title of the best parlour and bedroom. The land attached to the house is, perhaps, rather too small in extent for this roomy habitation, which stands in the midst of a large garden, whose trees and shrubberies shut out the farm yard and offices from observation.

For many years, this spot was in the occupation of a family named Brookland. A long lease, granted to an ancestor, had given the successive occupiers of the farm a feeling akin to that of ownership respecting it. Joseph Brookland, the last tenant, had obtained a renewal of this lease at a very small additional rent; and the Brooklands continued to be looked upon as part and parcel of the Garden Farm. My narrative takes me back some thirty years or more, to the time when Joseph Brookland, the then occupier of the farm, brought home a second wife, the ashes of his first being scarcely cold in her grave.

Joseph Brookland had married ten years before, a gentle and amiable woman of extremely domestic habits. They had three children, but at the time of Susan Brookland's death only one survived, a little girl of four years old, named Constantia. The widower was a man of grave deportment and retired habits, therefore the surprise of our villagers was great, when after a somewhat lengthened absence from home, he wrote to his housekeeper requesting that preparations might be made for the reception of himself and his bride, and this within a twelvemonth after the discease of his former wife. But still greater was the surprise manifested, when the new married pair arrived, and the lady was presented to the observation of her future neighbours. This took place in church, for she had only come home on the Saturday evening, and even the sacredness of the place, could scarcely check the open expression of astonishment that rose to the lips of those who first looked

on Mrs. Brookland. She was very young, certainly not more than nineteen at the most, while her husband was considerably past forty. Her dress was as simple in fashion as possible, but of very fine materials,—a snowy white gown, a bonnet of the most delicate straw, and a lace veil; but these were secondary attractions—her face and figure were of such rare and singular beauty, as to excite a general feeling of surprise and admiration. Nothing could surpass the clearness of her complexion, yet it was not fair, but of that soft brunette, which is oftenest found in the native women of Spain, or amongst the gipsy race. Yet it differed from these in the rich varying blush that ebbed and flowed in her delicate cheek, contrasting strongly with the pure white, and “set colour,” that was prevalent amongst the country *belles*, there assembled. Her eyes were magnificent—dark as midnight, yet full of life and expression. Her jet black hair clustered in rich curls over her transparent forehead, and one or two longer tresses, strayed from beneath her bonnet, and almost touched her slender waist. Her figure was not less remarkable than her face; it was slight to the very verge of fragility, yet so elastic and so gracefully rounded that it conveyed no idea of delicate health. She turned over the leaves of her prayer book with the air of one not much accustomed to use it, for she generally appealed to her husband to find the place she wanted. Some of the good people immediately set her down for a dissenter, and those who were near had thus an opportunity to remark her hands, which were as small and fairly like as hands could be, and utterly devoid of ornament, save the marriage ring, which shewed plainly that there was no mistake as to her identity, and that this beautiful being was indeed the wife of Joseph Brookland.

As soon as the service had concluded those of the congregation with whom Brookland was acquainted, crowded round him as much from curiosity as to congratulate him on his marriage. Those who had not this privilege gave vent amongst themselves to their wonder, their conversation gradually merging into a general reprobation of the folly of Brookland, in marrying a girl so young, and whose appearance bespoke her so little fitted for the station in which he had placed her. But

despite the opinion of his neighbours, Joseph Brookland and his young wife, lived happily together, and the little Constantia thrived under the kindly care of her step-mother, like a flower planted in a genial soil. She was by no means a beautiful child, but she had a warm and loving heart, and that was enough to win the affection of a young and enthusiastic woman, such as Adela. (I forgot to say that the public of Selworth had been much scandalized by the fact of Mrs. Brookland happening to bear that romantic name.) She never did one earthly thing that the neighbouring gossips accounted useful. She neither scolded her maids nor superintended the dairy, nor looked after the poultry, unless the daily scattering of crumbs amongst her guinea fowls and bantams, could be classed with the latter employment. But she never wearied of little Constantia's society, of playing with her, walking with her, working for her, and dressing her, certainly in a rather fantastic style, when compared to the other children around her, yet still it was tasteful and becoming. She made no pretensions to lady-like accomplishments, but she sometimes sung the sweetest of airs to the strangest of words; few of her songs were English, and the initiated who heard them were convinced, they were neither German, French or Italian. If any one enquired respecting them, she would say while the rich colour deepened in her cheek, “I learnt them when a child,” and this was all she could be induced to say on the subject. There seemed indeed much mystery about this lovely stranger; no parents, no brothers or sisters ever appeared to lay claim to the hospitalities of the Garden farm, and when Brookland was questioned as to her maiden name, he had replied briefly and sharply, “Adela Wilson.” Both his manner and hers, produced further enquiry on the subject, and the surmises that arose about Mrs. Brookland's origin were never entirely cleared up. Some conjectured her to be a foreigner, who for sufficient reasons wished to conceal her extraction. But the most prevalent rumour was that gipsy blood flowed in her veins, an opinion to which her dark complexion, her ignorance of household affairs, and the strange language of her songs, seemed to give some colouring of probability. I know not how the fact really stood, but surely

it was not impossible that a beautiful and warm hearted girl, should be born of such a stock ; the only marvel was that Joseph Brookland, should have married her.

Some persons did not hesitate to say, that those amongst whom her childhood had passed, had initiated her into magic arts, which she had exercised on Brookland, but in the nineteenth century, such an idea was not likely to gain any very wide spread credence, even in a remote country place ; and it was laughed to scorn accordingly by the greater proportion of the people who thought there was sufficient magic in such eyes, and such a smile as Mrs. Brookland's to render a recourse to supernatural assistance unnecessary. It is true the influence she obtained over her husband was almost unbounded. He had never been known in his generation as a very liberal man, though he was remarkable for integrity ; but his fair young wife was soon looked up to by all the poor of the vicinity, as their certain benefactress in all times of sickness and sorrow, and the stalwart form of Joseph himself, might generally be seen escorting her on her errands of mercy, one hand bearing a bundle of clothing, or basket of provisions, while the other assisted his companion over the various difficulties which abound in our rough country paths. If the poor could not entirely divest themselves of the idea that there was a touch of the superhuman about their beautiful visitant, they soon ceased to associate anything of dread with her image, but rather looked up to her as a species of guardian angel, than as one who held any communion with the powers of darkness.

Two years thus passed, and at the end of that time Mrs. Brookland gave birth to a son, a circumstance which would have completed her husband's happiness, had it not been for the extreme suffering, and subsequent delicacy of health, which were the effects of her confinement. Indeed, she never recovered her strength so far as to be pronounced well ; a painful cough with its attendant weakness, clung to her through a remarkably severe winter, and the following spring saw her laid in the grassy grave, that so few years before had received her predecessor. Her death took a strange effect on Brookland ; he did not give way to any violent demonstration of sorrow ;

but he seemed like one awakened from a pleasant dream, or as if he was suddenly released from the power of some spell as irresistible as it was delightful. He was more silent and reserved than ever ; he had generally been reckoned rather unsocial, but now he was almost misanthropic. He would wander away from home for days at a time, with no companion but his gun or his fishing rod, but he brought home little evidence that his sport had been successful. Many could not believe that he felt his loss keenly, for he never spoke about his wife after the day of her funeral ; and if others alluded to her, he either appeared unconscious of the drift of their words, or let the conversation drop altogether. But once or twice in the still midnight, he was found sitting near her grave ; and on one occasion, the old sexton declared, that groans and sobs, terrible to hear, issued from behind the head-stone that marked it, a short time before he saw Joseph Brookland quitting the church-yard, by the gate nearest to the place where her ashes reposed.

The most remarkable point of his conduct was his indifference about his youngest child. He was an infant of remarkable beauty, and already pronounced a prodigy of intelligence by his nurse and the other gossips of the vicinity ; but Brookland seldom noticed him, and sometimes scarcely seemed conscious of his existence. On Constantia he would occasionally bestow an affectionate word or a fatherly kiss ; but the boy, whom many a noble would have been proud to call his own, seemed to have little power to interest his feelings. But in the young heart of Constantia there was a growing love for the motherless boy, that promised to make up to him the deficiency of his father's. Deprived of the only mother she remembered, and whom she had loved better than any one else on earth, her affectionate nature naturally found an object for its tenderness in the helpless child whom that lost mother had loved with a kind of worship. She would sit for hours by the little Herbert's cradle—(the child's fanciful name was almost as great a stumbling-block to our villagers, as his mother's had been)—patiently watching his slumbers. If he stirred she was there to murmur her childish songs till he was lulled to culmer sleep ; if he waked, hers was the loving smile that first greeted him.

Young as she was, she stood in the place of a mother to him ; he was the pride and delight of her heart, a treasure on whose beauty and wit, she was never tired of expatiating after her childish fashion. At the school which she daily attended, her constant theme amongst her companions was her "darling little Herbert," and the moment her tasks were completed, no temptation of amusement could induce her to remain with them ; she invariably hurried home to resume her self-imposed labour of love.

As she advanced in age, and Herbert become capable of learning, it was her greatest pleasure to impart to him such knowledge as she acquired at school, and his rapid progress delighted and astonished her. He was no sooner able to read, than books became his constant amusement and occupation, and at sixteen his affectionate and unselfish sister was proud to own herself fairly outstripped by her pupil, an urchin of ten. Herbert Brookland, now went regularly to our best "classical and commercial" school, where his surprising quickness of apprehension, and extraordinary memory, caused him already to be looked upon as that which he was afterwards universally accounted, *the wonder of our village*.

Meanwhile, Constantia grew up to womanhood, a most amiable and pleasing specimen of her sex, certainly not beautiful, but endowed with a remarkably sweet disposition, and possessed of much good common sense. This last quality stood her in much stead, when her father's sudden death left her with the farm on her hands, and herself and young brother to provide for from very limited means. She did not wish, if she could avoid it, to quit the home of her childhood, but she feared her brother was not a person likely to entertain much relish for farming ; she, therefore, procured the services of a steady man, a distant relative of her own mother, to overlook the affairs of the establishment, till time should decide whether Herbert, or a certain William Musgrave, who had already won a share in her affectionate heart, should become the tenant of it.

It was Herbert's wish to learn *every thing*, and as soon as Constantia could obtain for him the advantages of education she did do it, and that at the expense of much personal com-

fort. But she soon saw with apprehension, that Herbert's mind threatened to be as volatile as it was brilliant. The great characteristics that distinguished her, steadiness and sound judgment, were sadly wanting in him. He had scarcely made any progress in a new study before he fancied himself master of it, and turned his attention to something else for which he conceived he had a more decided genius. One time he was certain that he was designed by nature for a great musician, and therefore he devoted the most part of his day to music only. Presently he thought he had a better prospect of shining in some abstruse branch of science, bought all the works that he heard of on the subject, and after vainly endeavouring to reconcile their conflicting statements, gave up the matter as frivolous and vexatious. At last he discovered that a talent for original composition was the leading feature of his mind, but he could not resolve to devote himself entirely to any one style. He would give himself exclusively to literature, but he felt, or fancied within himself, a versatility so amazing, that he could write anything and everything. Romance and poetry, indeed, formed his principal reading, and he *gorged* his mind, so to speak, with them, devouring every volume of the kind that came in his way. He really produced some very tolerable verses, not particularly original either as to style or subject, but smooth and flowing, and quite clear enough to establish him at once as the Village Wonder. People called to mind that there had always been something very strange and uncommon about his mother—to this they traced the difference that existed between him and the other farmer's sons in the neighbourhood, and the mantle of mystery and marvel that had surrounded Adela, seemed to have descended to her only child.

Had Herbert Brookland been placed in more favourable circumstances, he might, in due time, have borne no despicable name amongst the gifted of our land. Judicious criticism, and wise training, might have taught him to know where his strength and where his weakness lay ; might have checked his self-sufficiency, and laid the foundations of a character solid as well as shining. But, he had never heard a word of impartial criticism in his life.

The schoolmaster praised him beyond measure, because to have educated such a genius, reflected, as he conceived, credit on himself; the "three wise men" of our locality, the vicar, the doctor, and the attorney, praised him, because they considered that he *might* become a great man in his generation, and their own sons, his schoolmates, might in some way or other, be benefited by it. The people in general praised him, because the magnates of the village did; and poor Constantia gave him deeper and dearer praise than all the rest, because it came from the heart. She believed him to be destined by Providence for some wonderful purpose; she looked on him as the first of created beings, and she deemed it a solemn duty to strain every nerve to nurture and develop the gifts bestowed on him. May she not be forgiven, if the way in which she strove to accomplish this object was dictated rather by her partial affection than anything else?

She began to find that the profits of the farm were scarcely sufficient for their maintenance, for the education Herbert thought necessary for himself was exceedingly expensive, to say nothing of the continual purchases of books which he deemed it requisite to make. Constantia, therefore, resolved to eke out their means by letting a part of their house, that portion of it which, as I said before, consisted of a large parlour and bedroom. Several persons applied for them after her intention became known, and she finally procured a tenant, who promised to be an eligible one, who gave the most respectable references, and paid a month's rent in advance. His name was Hardman, and being in rather delicate health, he wished for a few month's retirement from London, where he was employed as private secretary to a nobleman of some celebrity, the Earl of E—. He was not handsome, but rather interesting in his appearance, and extremely prepossessing in his manners; he was about thirty-five years old, rather under than over the middle height, and slightly made; his complexion was light, his features rather small, but redeemed from the character of commonness by an ample forehead, slightly shaded with thin curling hair where a sprinkling of grey was already visible. His eyes were rather keen and expressive than hand-

some; his mouth well formed and full of character. His address was that of a man who had mixed much with the world, and seen a great deal of its higher classes; but his greatest charm was his conversation. He had travelled, had read extensively, possessed a good memory, and much acquired taste; above all, he had the art of adapting his discourse to suit the views and feelings of his listeners. He had more tact and skill than original talent; much shrewdness, quick insight into character, and an art of making the most of what he knew. What marvel that the simple natives of Selworth should set him down as almost an equal wonder with Herbert Brookland himself?

It was strange that Constantia did not like her lodger as well as others liked him. It was for no womanly reason, grounded on the trouble he gave, or the extra work he occasioned. She was the last person in the world to murmur over the increase of her household toils, especially when they were augmented in behalf of an invalid. Besides, Mr. Hardman was not by any means an exacting or troublesome person, and the servants were loud in his praises, and ready at any time to leave their regular work, in order to do his bidding. Constantia was vexed at herself for what she conceived to be an uncharitable prejudice; she tried to overcome it, the rather that her brother and William Musgrave, now her accepted lover, were delighted with the new comer. But the more she strove against her dislike, the stronger it seemed to grow. She wished fifty times a-day that Mr. Hardman had never come, or that he would go away again; yet she reproached herself hourly for the feeling, and set herself afresh to the task of subduing it. Sometimes she thought she had nearly succeeded, but the moment she heard his clear voice pouring forth his well-worded sentences, and met the glance of his keen grey eye, her antipathy revived and she shrank from him with increased disgust. He invariably treated her with marked politeness, but it would not do. The great secret of his influence over Herbert and William Musgrave, was the way in which he managed to flatter each on points wherein they were most accessible to flattery; and yet so refined and concealed was the dose

he thus administered, that it was only apparent by its effects. Woman, sensitive and gentle as she is, is often rendered by her sensibility, more keenly alive to traits in the characters of others, to which man's self-love blinds him. She has an instinctive perception of heartlessness when it exists in those with whom she is brought into contact, however plausible and smooth their manners may be. Constantia saw that Mr. Hardman's suavity did not arise from real kindness of heart. It was a habit assumed because of its convenience; it was more comfortable to a man, whose natural temper was neither irritable nor gloomy, and who valued the good opinion of the world, because he felt it to be more advantageous to him to maintain a fascinating gentleness of manner than its reverse. He never used a harsh expression to any one; he had something pleasant to say to every body, and verily he had his reward. Nobody, indeed, could find any particularly generous or noble action he had ever done to ground their praises on; but most people thought him a delightful person, so amiable, so charitable in his opinions, and so charming in his manners! The *fact* was, that a more calculating and selfish being than Wilmot Hardman did not exist. His life was a continual train of purposes and policies; no matter whether the object to be achieved was small or great, he never went straight towards it. He would have made an excellent diplomatist. The truth was not in him; he never spoke it unless it happened to serve his purpose better than falsehood. He never thought whether a thing was *right* to be said or done, but whether according to his principles it was wise. He was a practical upholder of the doctrine of expediency.

It may seem strange, that such a person as Wilmot Hardman should have taken the pains he did to cultivate the esteem of Herbert Brookland, a raw unformed youth, without either rank or wealth. But Mr. Hardman knew that Herbert possessed a commodity which, if not at all times marketable, is always in some degree valuable—a considerable share of genius—and this he resolved to make available to his own advantage. His patron, Lord E—, was fond of being thought an encourager of rising talent, and an opportunity of gratifying the great man's

leading fancy was here placed before him.

"I may oblige the Earl," thought the politic secretary, "and strengthen my interest with him, by humouring him in his whim; and I shall find a use, I doubt not, in the gratitude of this lad, who, conceited and ignorant as he is, has certainly been gifted by nature in no common degree. He may be of use to me in fifty ways, for the silly youth, silliest for this, possesses warm and enthusiastic feelings, and almost worships me already. The sister, the cold proud sister, it is very plain detests me; I dare say she does not know why herself; jealous belike, of her pretty brother's partiality to me. Well, I bear her no malice—revenge is a dangerous and troublesome passion to gratify, and if the brother is mine, I shall care little for the sister's indifference or dislike. "Ah, my dear fellow!" as Herbert entered, "I have a letter to read you that I think will please you. You must forgive me, but I could not resist sending your lines on 'Sunset,' to Lord E—. He is delighted with them, and expresses a great wish to see and serve the author. Never blush like a girl for such a matter, your cheeks will find employment enough by and by, if they are to tingle thus for every scrap of commendation bestowed on your productions."

"London must be a delightful place," sighed Herbert absently. Why did he think so? Just on account of the single breath of flattery which came from thence, as an odour from a foreign country gives a vague idea that it is a lovely place. Hardman said nothing just then, but he smiled, he saw the inclination he wished to cherish was already springing.

The time for the secretary's departure now drew near, and Constantia's pleasure at the circumstance would have been great, had not her joy been damped by the efforts her lodger daily made to persuade Herbert to accompany him. Constantia was strongly opposed to such a scheme, and yet while she opposed it, she again blamed herself as prejudiced and superstitious. Every one pronounced that a more advantageous thing could scarcely befall the Village Wonder, than to enter the precincts of London society, under the auspices of a man so highly connected and so wise as Mr. Hardman. Even our good vicar acquiesced in the gene-

ral opinion, and observed, that doubtless the opportunity afforded by this journey was a merciful arrangement of Providence to place the talents of Brookland in a sphere where they would shine to advantage. What could poor Constantia do against such a torrent of opinion? She earned but cold thanks when she ventured to interpose her cautious counsel on the occasion. William Musgrave himself seemed hurt at the manner in which she strove to prevent her brother's acceptance of Hardman's offers, and there was nothing for her to do but to follow the example of her sex in general, and to submit. Bitter, bitter were the tears that coursed down her placid cheek as she sat alone after the departure of her brother; for Herbert would go, and go he did.

Hardman was too much a man of this world, to introduce the country youth at once to his somewhat fastidious patron. He procured him lodgings near his own, for though a daily attendant at Lord E.'s, Hardman did not reside in the family. He made him acquainted first with two or three literary underling hangers on of his own, who taking their cue from him, fed the growing vanity of poor Brookland with every species of flattery, direct and implied. He was taken into parties composed principally of second or third rate authors, where he was cried up as an eighth wonder of the world, for Wilmot Hardman was a Triton amongst these minnows, and his voice, of course, ruled theirs.

There was one individual, however, who never joined in the adulation that was so injudiciously heaped upon the youthful aspirant; yet Herbert soon felt as if he would rather have had one approving word from that quarter than all the incense he was receiving. Yet this person was not, as some of my fair readers are perhaps anticipating, a young and beautiful member of their own gentle sex. Grey hairs, wrinkles, a hard sarcastic voice, a quaint dress, and a manner generally rough and unpleasant, characterised Mr. Daveril. He was the editor of a literary journal of some merit; he had been in the profession all his life; he had grown tolerably independent—a rare thing for an editor—and he valued nobody. He had one strange virtue in a critic, impartiality. With a taste refined to fastidiousness, and extreme correctness of judgment, acquired by many years

practice in the art of criticism, few works were so fortunate as to obtain his approbation. He had a temper soured by an early disappointment, and more by the sharp encounters in which he had been frequently engaged with his contemporaries. Even Hardman stood a little in awe of him. He came into the circle over which that gentleman presided, of his own accord—he could not well be excluded, for his well-known name was a constant ticket of admission into all places and companies. He seemed superior to all around him; particularly to those who, like most of Hardman's associates, could not yet afford to snap their fingers at criticism. Herbert was early informed that he must be a prodigious favourite with Mr. Daveril, for on being shown some poetry of our hero's composition, he had hummed and shrugged his shoulders as he glanced over it, pronounced it “no great things,” but concluded by saying, “if they would give him a copy he might perhaps some day fill up an odd corner in his paper with it.” Brookland was half inclined to refuse a request so ungraciously made, but was overruled by his advisers. The verses were sent to the — Gazette; they appeared in the very next number; they were copied into the country papers, with notes and comments such as Daveril would not have put in *his* journal for the world; and Herbert jumped at once to the conclusion that fortune was made, and his reputation established for ever. Constantia was delighted, when a letter from her brother, containing an account of his success and his bright anticipations for the future, reached her, accompanied by a copy of his verses actually in print. She owned to herself that she had been wrong in her former view of her brother's position; and she confessed as much to Musgrave, who, such is the pride of man, loved her all the better for the concession. She felt very proud of Herbert; and yet, even yet in her solitary hours, she did not feel quite easy about him.

It would be difficult to find a handsomer youth than Herbert Brookland looked on the evening of his introduction at E—— house. I have already said that he was remarkably beautiful in childhood, and as a young man he retained much of that beauty, expanded and ennobled, of course, by years, and the growth of the mind that gave so

much expression to his countenance. He inherited the piercing dark eyes of his mother : her raven hair, her rich complexion, and her peculiar smile ; while his height resembled his father's, though his figure was more gracefully moulded. His forehead was white and ample, and his black curls were so arranged as to display it to the best advantage. He had anticipated the fashion, since so prevalent amongst young poets, and his faultless throat was revealed above the snowy collar, left loose and open around it. Hope, and the expectation of pleasure illumined his face, and danced in his eyes ; for his was a spirit undarkened as yet by the clouds of this world's care. Hardman called for him at his lodgings, and as he looked on his protégé, a feeling akin to envy passed over his mind. How fresh and fearless and glad that unworldly being appeared ! But he stifled that visionary emotion by a thought more natural to occur to one like him. He was the very person the Earl would like to patronise ; and even though Herbert should interest more than himself for a time, was it not all to his own advantage that he should do so ? If any symptom that the youth's influence worked unfavourably for him should appear, it was easy to effect his removal from the Earl's good graces. So he greeted Brookland gaily ; congratulated him on his good looks, and they set forth together.

The Earl of E.— was a nobleman exceedingly resembling other commonplace noblemen, except that he had a shade more of *real* literary taste than is usually to be found amongst those of his class. His family consisted of his countess, his only son Lord Wilding, and three daughters. As he had his prototypes amongst other earls, so his lady had hers amongst other countesses. She was verging on fifty, tall, and rather *embonpoint*, and by the usual aids of rouge, feathers, satin, blonde, and jewellery, still passed for a fine-looking woman. She was reckoned an exemplary personage, for she had no particular vices, neither gambled nor flirted, spent no more than her allowance, and had married off two very pretty orphan nieces, and well too, just in the nick of time before her own daughters came out. Lord Wilding was a young gentleman with a good person, fierce-looking moustache, and no particular brains. The young ladies

without exhibiting any very striking difference from the common kind of well-bred, well-educated girls, were very dissimilar from each other. Lady Jane, the eldest of the graces, was a blue and a sentimentalist. She had lived twenty-five years in the world without obtaining that desirable thing “an establishment,” and she felt a good deal of astonishment, and perhaps a little mortification, in consequence thereof. Lady Frances, the next in order, was what is usually termed “a very sensible young woman.” She never read novels, she got through an immensity of useful and ornamental needle-work ; she was a great theorist about the domestic economy of the poor, and talked learnedly upon the corn-laws. She saw no advantage in over-educating the people ; she doubted whether steam was as useful an invention as many suppose, and she disliked all new projects. She was engaged to her cousin, Viscount Sterlingsham, son of the Duke of Dunderdale, with the approbation of all her relations, and not being troubled with any keen sensibilities, passed, as I have said, for a miracle of prudence and good sense. Neither of these two ladies were reckoned handsome ; the most that could be said of them was, that when dressed, they were genteel, nice-looking girls. The beauty of the family was the youngest daughter, Lady Clarissa, who was also a boundless coquette. Perhaps to call her a beauty was too much ; but she was, undoubtedly, a very pretty girl, with a peach-like complexion, a profusion of fair hair, laughing blue eyes, and a faultless mouth and teeth. She was somewhat below the middle size, and she might have been pronounced rather too plump, but her shoulders were so fair and dimpled, that nobody could find fault with their proportions. She had nothing in common with her sisters. She adored poetry, and turned over all the new novels, and hated blues and prudes above all things. She was as far removed from the pretensions of Lady Jane to “loftiness of thought and feeling,” as she was from the matter-of-fact prosing of Lady Frances. In short, she was a good-natured, inconsiderate, silly little girl, a great flirt, and possessed of unbounded vanity. She had a particular aptitude to fall in love, without any regard to the station the object of her whim might hold ; but fortunately this indiscretion was balanced by an

equal aptitude to fall out of it again, which prevented her friends feeling much anxiety on the subject. When and where she chose, she could be the most delightful of human beings, and she oftenest chose to be so to some one favoured mortal, while almost every body else in the room was setting her down as frivolous and disagreeable. She had a tolerable voice, and had been taught to make the most of it; and she had a peculiar skill in selecting such songs as suited it, and of which the words would admit the introduction of a good deal of expression. She had formed seven or eight serious attachments in succession, but as none of the happy objects of them were peculiarly eligible as matches, she had never yet permitted a swain, however favoured, to take the awful step of an application to "papa." Her lady mother, meantime, felt no uneasiness at her flirtations, which she knew well would never terminate in a serious engagement, (for the fair *Clarissa* herself was not without a spice of this world's wisdom in her composition,) but went on her own way, arranging her plans with the utmost skill for the attainment of the grand object that was uppermost in her wishes, namely, the union of her youngest daughter with Viscount *Heritage*, the richest and ugliest bachelor in the peerage. It was to this family circle, augmented only by a few very intimate friends, that *Herbert Brookland* was introduced.

The earl received the young author with a gracious air of protection and patronage, and Lord *Wilding* bowed absently to the visitant, and five minutes after, suddenly commenced staring at him through his glass, as if he were only at that moment first aware of his presence. The countess and the ladies *Jane* and *Frances* scarcely spoke to him; the former, because she did not approve altogether of her lord's way of bringing plebeians into her society, merely because they had the knack of stringing verses together; and, in their several ways, they had made up their minds *not* to like the stranger; *Lady Jane*, because his poetry, being principally descriptive, did not suit her notions of the mystical and grand; and *Lady Frances*, because she considered all poets as idle, and worthless cumberers of the earth. *Herbert* felt out of place, and was on the point of setting them all down as disagreeable,

with the exception of the earl, who had paid him two or three set compliments on his entrance; but *Lady Clarissa* interposed her sweet voice, modulated even more sweetly than usual, and her smile, that so few could resist, and in the course of an hour, *Herbert* had reversed his judgment, and registered the party in his heart as little less than angels, and the mansion in — Square as paradise itself.

How rapidly that evening fled by for *Brookland*, as he talked with *Lady Clarissa* on all his own favourite themes—books, music, pictures, and the beauty of the outer world—and read in her liquid blue eyes an assent to every proposition he put forward, while her commonest words were clothed in honied tones, that made them seem like the breathings of celestial melody. And as he sat in a lighted recess, looking, with her, over a volume of fine prints, she knelt on a silken cushion beside him, her elbow resting on the table, her rich light tresses falling over the fair hand that supported her cheek, and her beautiful eyes turned full on his, as he commented on the plates before them. Oh, moments of delicious rapture—the first bright outgushing of the fountain of passion in the youthful poet's heart! A world of enchantment seemed suddenly opened before his dazzled eyes, and he conversed with the brightest of its denizens.

"What a miserably dull evening we have had," said *Lady Jane*, when our hero had made his adieux. "How different from the feasts of reason and the flow of soul we used to have when poor *St. Kitts* was alive!"

Mr. St. Kitts was a Creole, who wrote poems after *Lady Jane's* own heart—a happy compound of the most mystic of *Shelley's* incomprehensibilities, mingled with a good deal of sneering at the world, and all that therein is, in the style of *Byron*. He had been picked up by the earl from nobody knew where, and had died of a cold winter, and two severe reviews, several months before.

"It was fully as pleasant as I expected," observed *Lady Frances*; "I did not look for rational conversation, and, therefore, I was not disappointed; besides, *Mr. Hardman* was giving me some valuable information about the game-laws, which helped to pass the time tolerably."

"Now, I think it has been a most

delightful evening," said Lady Clarissa, her blue eyes dancing mischievously as she spoke, for she had made a fresh conquest, and was quite aware of it; and without any wish to inflict pain on poor Brookland, she was pleased at this new proof of the power of her charms. She went to her pillow that night with an untouched heart, and an untroubled conscience, and she dreamt of roses and cottages, mingled with visions of diamonds and an opera box, and only awaked as she was ordering a splendid *trousseau* from the Maradon of the day. She never gave herself much trouble about the feelings of others, and she neither knew nor cared that Herbert spent a sleepless night, in tossing restlessly on his bed, and trying to conjure up her lovely image before his feverish senses.

Again and again, was Herbert a guest at E—— House, and by degrees grew into favour with the three ladies, who at first had treated him coldly. He was so *naïf* and inexperienced; so ready to oblige, and so handsome and cheerful, that it was almost impossible not to like him. But this genial thaw by no means extended to Lord Wilding, who continued as unapproachable as ever, and even began to join a hatred of Herbert to his contempt for him as an inferior. He could not help owing to himself that Brookland was "a deuced good-looking fellow, for a country booby," and this fact militated greatly against his peace. There was a certain Miss Cransley, a city heiress, lately transplanted to this more civilized quarter of the town; and for this lady Lord Wilding designed the honor of a marriage with himself.

"The fellow is such a fool, he does not see it," soliloquized the noble lordling; "but I can read the looks and sighs of the Cransley girl better than he does, and whether he makes an advantage of it or not, it is equally unlucky for me, if the foolish woman lets her fancy for him gain strength. Of course, my chance of her is not worth a stiver, in that case; for she is confounded obstinate and independent, and I know, has declared, over and over, again, that she will marry to please herself, without the least regard to either wealth or station. I must get my sisters to keep him out of her way, when she comes here."

Hardman, meanwhile, was glorying in the success of his scheme; for the

earl was perpetually praising Brookland, and thanked his secretary for introducing such a treasure to his notice.

"The girls and Lady E—— could not get on without him; he was so pleasant, so amusing, so useful; indeed, he (the earl) had been thinking whether he could not manage to serve both his young acquaintance and his older adherent at the same time. He thought of taking Brookland for his secretary and librarian, and making up the loss to Hardman, by the gift of a situation of far superior emolument, which he expected would shortly be vacant. Nothing could have given Hardman greater satisfaction than such an arrangement. He had been manœuvring to secure the promise of that very place, without plainly asking for it; and here it was actually offered to his acceptance. How he applauded himself for the sharp foresight that had detected in Brookland a stepping-stone to promotion! But the place was not at liberty yet; and for some little time, he must be contented with things as they were.

Meantime, our Village Wonder was accounted more and more of a wonder in his native place. He published a thin hot-pressed volume of poetry, which (the author being known as a protégé of Lord E——'s,) was lauded to the skies in most of the popular journals, especially in those whose politics coincided with the earl's. Not so, the periodical under the rule and guidance of Mr. Daveril. "He begged leave to differ from his respected contemporaries, who had discovered the essence of Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton in the present volume. He considered it the work of a clever young man; but of one inexperienced and unskilled in his art. He should say, that with some tolerable ideas, and smooth versification, it showed an utter want of taste, judgment, and correctness of composition. He doubted not, that painstaking, in the course of years, might enable the author to produce a volume better than the present," with more to the same effect. Herbert was inclined to be tolerably satisfied that the notice of his work contained nothing worse, when he considered who wrote it; but Lady Clarissa was vehement in her indignation when she read it, declaring it to be a most unjust and unfair criticism; and how could the poet think otherwise than she did? His whole heart was hers, and lived only in her

smile—vain and presumptuous as was that heart, she was not worthy of so unreserved a gift.

There was to be a splendid ball at E—— House, and on the preceding morning, Herbert had, as usual, been loitering away his time in the society of the young ladies, and as he quitted the room, he heard Lady Jane observe,

“What a delightful thing that Clarissa should have taken such a liking to Herbert!”

He heard no more. Had the conclusion of the sentence reached him, he would not have returned to his lodgings in such a delirium of happiness as he did. Lady Jane's words were as follows:—

“What a delightful thing that Clarissa should have taken such a fancy to Herbert! She has looked ten times prettier and more animated since she found such a flirtation to amuse her; and I do not think that that slow, stupid Lord Heritage would have proposed yet, if she had not played the poet so cleverly against him.”

There was a brilliant assemblage that evening at E—— House. In the words of the next day's paper “Some hundreds of distinguished fashionables were present. The whole of the noble suite of rooms was lighted up, and that long vista of splendour terminated at each end in an apartment fitted up as a conservatory, and crowded with the rarest exotics, whose delicious fragrance gushed liberally forth and scented the whole radiant atmosphere.” Yes, and in one of those bowers of beauty a richer incense had flowed out like those flower scents to be wasted on the faithless air. It was there that the passion of Herbert Brookland first found a voice.

Lady Clarissa had complained of heat, and Brookland having been desired by Lady E. to take her into the air, drew her hand under his arm and led her into one of the conservatories. She appeared extremely faint, and leaning heavily upon him, she murmured a request that he would open the window, which was veiled from the observation of those without the apartment by a high stand filled with plants. Behind this leafy screen they stood, and as Brookland unclosed the window, a flood of clear moonlight streamed in, and fell full on the figure of Lady Clarissa, tinging her pure white forehead, and the light curls that trem-

bled in the fresh night wind with silvery lustre. Then could Herbert no longer command his feelings. He caught her hand, and sinking on one knee, murmured—

“Brightest—loveliest—dearest—say you do not despise me!”

There is something in the avowal of a true and deep passion, which is agitating to its object, let her be heartless and selfish as she will. Lady Clarissa stood mute and abashed; the colour deepened in her cheek, and something very like tears swelled into her eyes. She liked Brookland; perhaps, her predilection for him was nearer to real affection than any she had ever known; she liked to flirt with him; she wished him to love her, but she did *not* wish him to tell her so. She feared that a crisis had come, which could only terminate in one way—the loss of his society. It was a great relief to her that some one entered the room with a message from Lady E——, who wished to speak to her daughter. Lady Clarissa's self-possession returned in a moment—the spirit of coquetry revived—she half-turned the pressure of the poet's hand ere she disengaged her own; and, alas that eyes beaming so benignly should have conveyed such deliberate falsehood!

At the time these events were proceeding, I was paying a visit to my native place, and was requested by Constantia Brookland to call on her brother in town, for the purpose of arranging with him respecting the painting of his likeness, which she much wished to possess. In consequence of this he gave me two sittings, but the portrait was doomed to remain unfinished, and at the time his family might have wished to obtain it, even in its imperfect state, I was absent from England. It would have been a useless renewing of sad memories to have sent it to them after my return.

Certainly Lady Clarissa was a practised coquette. For a fortnight after that eventful evening, she managed to deceive Herbert into the belief that his love was returned, while, at the same time she never gave him an opportunity of speaking to her alone, even for a moment. Day after day he called, in the hope that he should be able to renew his suit; for I have said before that his vanity was great, and though he saw many difficulties in his way, his

self-love taught him to believe that they were not insurmountable. His ideas of the world had been principally gathered from romances, wherein fair and noble dames were continually falling in love with knights, pages, and squires of low degree, and marrying them to boot, and he thought that the present was a similar case, and might have a similar termination. But his fair tormentor was not willing his suspense should terminate, whilst she could prevent it. Her mother and sisters, or female friends, were always with her, and she never now volunteered a song in the music room, or the inspection of a drawing in her boudoir, as she had done in days gone by. Scarcely able to judge whether he was most happy or miserable, Herbert passed day after day, still hoping when he arose in the morning, that this agitating state of things would be changed before night. He attempted two or three letters to his enchantress, but never could compose one to his satisfaction, and therefore never sent them.

He was sauntering along — street one morning a little before the time of his daily call at E—— House, when he chanced to meet Daveril. There was a cynical smile on the critic's lip, as he extended two stiff fingers towards Brookland, and yet there was an expression in his eye more akin to pity than any it had worn for years.

"So, my young gentleman," cried he, "I suppose you are going philanthropizing to his lordship's as usual. Well, well, it is all very well while it lasts; but I am afraid you will miss your amusement when the fair lady marries; but perhaps you are pretty well tired of it by this time, so it will rather be a relief than otherwise."

"Herbert gazed on him in astonishment; the words conveyed no distinct meaning to him, and yet their import was evidently disagreeable. He requested an explanation of Mr. Daveril's meaning.

"Why you don't mean to say," said the critic, astonished in his turn—"you do not mean to tell me that you do not know that the pretty Lady Clarissa, who flirts with you so outrageously, is engaged to that hideous Lord Heritage. You surely are not walking blindfold amongst the traps and pitfalls of this precious portion of the world! Surely you, with your talents, (for I

will not deny that you have talents, though you don't know how to manage them) have not seriously set yourself to chase such a rainbow as the ambition to attach to yourself such a coquette as Lady Clarissa! If you have been deluded into such a fool's paradise, be thankful to me for dispelling it for you, or, at any rate, preparing you a little for the awakening that I know must come;"—and the editor hurried away without another word.

"I cannot longer bear this suspense," said Herbert to himself, as he pursued his walk; "I must know the worst, and that immediately: this anxious uncertainty is worse than the bitterest disappointment."

In a few minutes he had entered the drawing-room, where sat Lady Clarissa, surrounded by her usual companions. He scarcely replied to the greetings of her sisters, but approaching her, managed to draw her aside for a minute. She raised her eyes towards his, with her usual winning smile, but changed colour as she looked on his flushed and agitated countenance.

"Lady Clarissa," he said, commanding his trembling voice as well as he could, "I must see you alone; cannot you contrive that I should see you by yourself for a few minutes?"

She dared not again meet his eye. She trembled, and turning pale, was about to leave him, when he caught her firmly by the wrist, and clasping it almost fiercely, said, in a thick, low voice—

"You know that you owe me an explanation of much that has happened lately: you must grant me this interview, and *you shall*. If you refuse, I will say what I have to say so loud that the whole household shall hear me."

There was a determination and sternness in Herbert's manner before which the unstable mind of the high-born damsel quailed: she felt that resistance was useless, and without another word she prepared to leave the room, merely saying aloud, as she took the precaution to turn her flushed face from those she addressed—

"Mr. Brookland has something to show me that none of you are to see, so we are going into the library, and will be back presently."

"Lady Clarissa," said Herbert, as soon as they were alone, "I have a

very few words to say to you, and your answer must determine whether I shall ever again set foot in this house. Do you or do you not know that I love you?"

She did not reply for some minutes, and then, with downcast eyes and crimsoned cheek answered—

"You never told me so."

"But you knew it; you cannot say that you attached no meaning to all my words, and all the *more than words* by which I have expressed it? You will not tell me that on that night when we stood together in the moon-light"—

"Mr. Brookland—you are too exacting, too imprudent. You are aware that if we loved each other ever so dearly, there are differences, distinctions between our situations, that—that could never be overcome."

"You did not always think so, or you did not wish I should feel such to be the case. Clarissa! Clarissa! why have you so cruelly deceived me? Why, if you are, as I am told, the betrothed of another, have you taken such pains to rivet your fetters upon me?"

There was a plaintive tenderness in his voice that moved her more than all his reproaches. She was not devoid of that superficial excitability which so often passes for real feeling. She hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

"You do love me then—you have not been deceiving me wilfully—fear not dearest and best, all will yet be well!" and he drew her to his heart, and pressed one long, fervent kiss on her beautiful lips. It was the first—it was destined to be the last.

"I must not stay," whispered Clarissa, as she withdrew herself from his embrace, for at that moment she remembered that in half an hour more she ought to be ready to ride with Lord Heritage. "Do not come again, Herbert, for three or four days at least. I have a very particular reason for requesting it—do oblige me—I really cannot see you again at present;" and without a word of explanation as to the cause of a request so extraordinary under the present circumstances, she left the room.

Could any woman really find satisfaction in the success of a deception so deep and hollow as that which Lady Clarissa was practising? How could the scene I have just described afford

her gratification, when she had no true and devoted love for Herbert, and was actually on the eve of marriage with another? She was not capable of a pure and lasting attachment, but she possessed a morbid sensibility and craving after excitement, which she delighted to feed. She deluded herself into a romantic dream that pleased her vanity and amused her fancy, and poor Herbert was the victim she sacrificed to this dangerous species of self-indulgence. There was no manner of interest in her engagement to Lord Heritage. It was altogether an affair of business and calculation on her side. Her marriage was a thing that would be very advantageous to her, and place her in the enviable position of a young, lovely, and wealthy bride; but till it was accomplished, she was glad enough to employ herself in a flirtation with Brookland; and it was a pleasure she was determined not to give up to the very last moment. That night her maid gave her a letter from the poet, full of the passionate outpouring of a heart full of the wildest romance. She took it as a matter of course, and at the very time that Herbert tried to persuade himself it was treasured next her heart, or under her pillow, it was quietly consuming in the flame of the perfumed lamp that burnt in her chamber.

Two days dragged slowly by, and on the third, unable any longer to bear this banishment from his idol's presence, Brookland presented himself in — square. But a long train of equipages extended along one side of it, and one directly opposite E—house showed by the white favours attached to the head-gear of the horses, and the jackets of the postillions, that it was destined to convey some "happy pair" on their marriage jaunt. Herbert's pulse seemed to stand still, yet he commanded himself sufficiently to inquire who the newly-wedded couple might be, and the answer fell like sudden thunder on his senses. His first impulse was to force his way through the crowd of menials, and in the presence of the company to accuse the bride of her treachery. His second was calmer, though scarcely much wiser. He turned hastily away, entered an hotel in an adjoining street, and there wrote the following note:—

"**TRAITERESS!**—It is over now. The native villainess of your mind is laid bare

at last. You have broken the heart that loved—not you, but the bright creation of gentleness and purity it bodied forth, and clothed in your form. Farewell—may you never, never, to your dying hour forget the wretched

“HERBERT BROOKLAND.”

He folded and sealed it deliberately, and returned to — square. The carriage had not yet driven off, and he delivered his missive to a servant who knew him, saying with a forced smile, it contained congratulatory lines on her nuptials. The man readily did his errand, but the moment Lady Heritage broke the seal, she swooned and fainted away.

“Does one Brookland lodge here?” enquired a supercilious voice at the door of Herbert’s residence, as, on the evening of Lady Clarissa’s marriage, he reclined weary and stupefied on a sofa. The reply was inaudible, but a step came rapidly up the stairs, the door was flung open, and the figure of Lord Wilding presented itself to the poet’s bewildered eyes.

“Are you the author of this atrocious scrawl, Sir?” demanded his lordship, holding up Brookland’s angry note—“But I need not ask—it is an undeserved courtesy,—stand up, fellow, and receive the well merited chastisement your folly and impertinence have brought upon you;” and as he spoke, he brandished a horsewhip above his head. Herbert sprang at once to his feet, he was roused to madness by the language thus addressed to him, and he felt the energy of a giant within him.

“Touch me once,” he exclaimed, “but once, and by heaven and earth, the blow shall cost you dear.”

But Lord Wilding heeded not. He seized Brookland by the arm, and struck him severely over the shoulders. Herbert wrenched himself from his grasp, snatched the weapon from his hand, and flinging himself on him with the desperation of a maniac, they wrestled for a moment, and then fell violently on the floor, Wilding being undermost. Herbert recovered his feet immediately, and placing his knee on the prostrate nobleman’s breast, demanded that he should instantly apologise for his intrusion and outrageous behaviour. There was no reply, and Herbert fearing that his adversary was hurt, was making an effort to raise him, when Lord Wilding suddenly sprang up, and flinging Brookland aside, attempted to regain posses-

sion of his whip. But as he did so, his foot slipped, he fell forward, and striking his head violently on the edge of the fender, he lay at full length, bleeding and motionless. Greatly terrified, Herbert managed to lift him up, and placed him against the sofa with his head leaning on the cushion, while he ran to the stairs, and called loudly for assistance. He sent immediately for the nearest surgeon, and also for Mr. Hardman, and the agony of his mind during the vain attempts that were for some time made to restore his foe to animation, may be easily imagined. He accused himself as a murderer; his love for Lady Clarissa seemed at once changed to a feeling of deadly hatred; he felt as if a fiend who had been suddenly stripped of the guise of an angel stood before him. His relief was unspeakable, when Lord Wilding, heaving a deep sigh, opened his eyes, and at the same moment Hardman entered. The hasty report of the terrified landlady of the house, coupled with Lord Wilding’s ghastly appearance, gave Hardman a pretty good idea of the state of affairs, but the necessity of concealing the quarrel and its cause, from the public, was the first thought that presented itself to his mind.

“This has evidently been the effect of one of his old fainting fits,” said he, turning to the surgeon with the air of a man who can at once account satisfactorily for a thing, though he never remembered the patient to have fainted in his life. “We will take him home as soon as he can bear it;” and a coach being procured, Lord Wilding, scarcely yet recovered from his insensibility, was assisted down stairs and placed in it, Hardman accompanying him. As he passed Charles he said, in a low hissing tone, choked with suppressed anger;—

“You shall dearly answer for this; you have ruined yourself; and most likely me too, by your folly and brutality.”

His threats, however, produced no further fruits than a note, in which he begged to “decline any further intercourse with Mr. Brookland, whose unjustifiable conduct alone could have caused him to come to so unpleasant a determination.” The affair was hushed up by the Earl’s family; for his fair daughter did appear, on reflection, to have “gone rather far” in her conduct, even for a fashionable flirt; and it seemed by no means desirable that her

name should be brought forward in a quarrel between his son and one of such inferior rank, as Brookland. The satellites of Hardman, of course followed the example of Hardman, and cut poor Brookland without ceremony; so that in a little while, the truth that he was actually left alone in the wilderness of London, without friends, without patron, and with very little money, glared on his mind a terrible reality.

His first impulse was to go at once to the country, but his pride revolted at the idea of returning poor, and in a manner disgraced; and he resolved to exert, and try, if it were not possible to make a living, aye, and a fortune too, by his own efforts and talents. There was something very soothing in the idea. I have said he had unbounded self-confidence, and his spirits rose again with the hope his vanity inspired. No vain man ever loved any woman on earth so well as himself; and when a few weeks had passed, Herbert was more angry than grieved at the treatment he had received from Lady Clariissa, for mortified vanity is an irritable sore—disappointed affection an aching wound. He resolved to forget her—to fling back scorn for scorn, and was only sorry that he could not meet her, face to face, and tell her so. But he could mortify her yet! He would gain fame and fortune that should raise him to her level. He would wed with one wealthier and fairer, and far dearer than she had ever been—she should bitterly repent the sacrifice of her young affection (for he *would* not believe she had not loved him,) at the shrine of avarice and ambition. How this was all to be achieved was another matter. The comparatively small sums he received from home were quite inadequate to support the expense of a life such as he had been leading. The Earl had liberally assisted him, but of course he had no further hope in that quarter, and he was seriously embarrassed when he came to reflect on what path it would be wisest to pursue. He found it necessary to remove from his lodgings to less expensive ones, in a less desirable situation; and here, with the trifle he possessed, he managed to support himself, while he composed a small stock of such literary articles as he imagined would be likely to sell.

Why detail the gradual declension of circumstances by which Herbert Brookland, sank from stage to stage,

of a poor author's existence, until he became compelled to support life by writing paragraphs for the daily papers composing flippant reviews of works, which he neither read nor cared for, for the minor magazines, and finally even feeling thankful for the office of copying and correcting the ill arranged compositions of others! In the heyday of his happiness he had written to Constantia a letter containing a flaming account of his prosperity, and begging her never to inconvenience herself to supply him with money, as he obtained sufficient for his wants from other sources. He had never liked to shew her the reverse of such a picture. She was neither aware of his breach with his patrons, or his change of residence, for his letters had always been left for him at the — Coffee House, and were still directed to be sent there. Once when in great distress, he wrote to Hardman, explaining the whole of his conduct with regard to the family of E. and begging him to afford him some temporary relief. This letter remained unanswered, and on a second being forwarded, he received a cold formal note merely repeating, "That Mr. Brookland's own conduct alone was to be blamed in the affair, and that he (Hardman) could not consistently with his own interest, render him either countenance or assistance."

Under what a different aspect did London appear to my unhappy hero, to that which it had worn on his first arrival there. *Then* it had seemed a fairy land, abounding in all that was gladdening and beautiful. *Now* it was a dreary world of strangers, where every avenue to success seemed closed at once. Day after day he toiled for his bread over his ill paid labours, and meanwhile mental anxiety and incessant application were producing their usual results. The slight cough, the sudden faintings, the hectic flush, the bright sunken eye, all bore evidence of disease that was beginning its ravages, and prophesied mournfully of future suffering.

It was at this time that the affectionate spirit of Constantia, became darkened with an apprehension that all was not well with her brother. His letters were less frequent, and not so cheerful as they had been a few weeks before, they were extremely brief and contained little intelligence about his prospects or occupations. Her forebodings

gathered and grew, until they became almost too painful for endurance. She imparted the fact of her uneasiness to William Musgrave; but he laughed at her fears. Was not Herbert full of business and taken up a good deal with his friends, and could she not easily suppose he had not time to write longer letters! He almost scolded her for her "foolish nervousness," as he called it, "did she not think a clever lad like Herbert could take care of himself? and if he were ill or anything amiss, of course he would say so." She once suggested that he, Musgrave, should go to London and see into the real state of the case; but he treated the scheme as utterly useless and ridiculous; and baffled in her attempts, to interest him in her anxieties, she resolved to seek no more counsel on the subject, but to take such steps on her own responsibility as to her simple judgment, seemed proper to be taken.

It was a dull foggy November morning, and a slight delicate looking female, without any particular beauty to attract attention, but evidently a stranger, was working her way through the densely crowded streets to one of the large thoroughfares near the West end of the metropolis, where, after enquiring her way from the passers by, she at length stood before the office of the — Gazette. Within that building in a small close room, seated in his large leathern chair, and literally "up to the knees" in books and papers, sate Mr. Daveril. He wore a peculiarly sarcastic smile, just now, for he was writing a critique *con amore*, on the first published work of a young author, who of course was utterly unknown. "Too many of these fellows," said Daveril, tossing the book contemptuously aside, "I should not notice it at all, but that we have no article on poetry for next week. Trite ideas—inflated language, want of melody—these are the main points in my charge this time. Pity that so many lads will be poets, who ought to be tailors. By the way I wonder what has become of that scoundrel Hardman's tool, Brookland! The boy did not want for brains, but his presumption was unbearable." The train of Mr. Daveril's reflections was here cut short, for one of the imps of his lower regions opened the door, and announcing, "a lady on business,"

ushered in the travel-worn and trembling Constantia.

She had taken the bold step of a journey to London, alone and unprotected, having merely left a note for Musgrave, briefly stating that she could no longer bear suspense, and, therefore, would herself visit her brother. On her arrival she had gone to the Coffee-house where his letters were called for, never for a moment doubting that she should there obtain information as to his residence; but the persons there only knew his former address, and on her applying at his old habitation, she received the astounding intelligence that he was gone from thence, and the people of the house knew not where he had removed to. She could not summon courage to apply at Lord E—'s, and Hardman was out of town. Her anguish became almost insupportable, when, on retracing her steps to the — Coffee-house, she received the further news that Brookland had not been there for many days, and that her own last letter had not yet been taken away. Her distress was so apparent and intense, that it spurred the apathetic intellects of a waiter of the establishment to recollect that he had once or twice seen Mr. Brookland in company with Mr. Daveril, with the locality of whose office the said waiter was acquainted. Hope dawned again in Constantia's mind; from Mr. Daveril she might gain a clue to Herbert's present residence; and she set forth to find him, forgetting her weariness and loneliness in the anticipation of attaining the object of her journey.

Mr. Daveril received her graciously enough for him, but when she mentioned her name and errand, he pushed his spectacles high up on his forehead, and sat staring at her for some moments in speechless astonishment.

"The girl is mad," said he at last; "her brother comes here, fancying himself a second Milton, falls in love with an Earl's daughter, half murders her brother, and very naturally hides himself from the world; the sister, not knowing a word of all this, comes to London on the strength of a dream, or presentiment, or some such trash, knowing nobody, and not even informed of her brother's residence, and then posts to me, who have not seen the precious youth these two months!

I cannot help you, young lady. I know nothing whatever of your brother."

The paleness that overspread the countenance of Constantia, as she caught the conclusion of his speech, plainly denoted the effect it produced on her, and Daveril hastened to throw in a gleam of comfort.

"Nay, do not look so ghastly, my poor child—I dare say he may be found easily enough if we may set properly about it. Let me see—yes—Morehead told me that they employed him occasionally for the *Trimmer*, and they will most likely know at the printing office, where he is to be found. At any rate, we can but try."

"O, let us go; let us go and enquire directly," exclaimed Constantia. "I cannot know a moment's rest until I see him!"; and she started up, and was half way down the narrow stairs before Daveril had taken down his hat, and buttoned his great coat, and adjusted his gloves to his mind. But, when she reached the outer door, a sudden faintness again seized her, and she leaned for support against the wall.

"It is impossible you should walk in this condition," said Daveril; and despite Constantia's impatience, she was obliged to wait while a coach was called. How slowly it seemed to move through the choked streets! She felt certain she could have walked twice as fast. At length they stopped at the office, whence the *Trimmer*, with its cutting satire and coarse jokes, was fulminated weekly; and Constantia could scarcely be restrained from springing from the coach, to seek herself the answer that should terminate her suspense. She thought the few minutes of Daveril's absence would never end; and her pale and gasping lips could scarcely frame a question, as her companion, after giving a new direction to the driver, re-entered the carriage.

"Is he—is he"—she could say no more.

"I hope we shall see him in less than a quarter of an hour," said Daveril. "But what on earth could take him to such a place!"

The residence of the unfortunate young man was now in a narrow court near Blackfriars. He was gradually declining in health and hope; but still a lingering pride prevented him from acquainting his sister with his state. He earned a scanty subsistence by his

pen, and was, indeed, on the very verge of abject poverty; but hope, eternal hope, did not quite forsake him. He had formed an acquaintance with a writer of melo-dramas, for one of the minor theatres; and, stimulated by the fact, that the said writer obtained tolerable payment for his labours, he had set about the composition of a tragedy, which, however, for the present, he kept a profound secret. If Harberry, the author in question, could make a living from the produce of his flimsy commonplaces, surely Herbert's lofty thoughts and smooth versification would ensure a higher recompense. So he argued with himself, and in his inexperience and ignorance of the world, he certainly overrated his own talents, but not half so much as he did the public taste.

It was in a small room, close, shabbily furnished, and bearing every mark of the poverty of the inmate, that the brother and sister met, after a separation of months; and the joy of Constantia, damped though it was by observing the change that illness had wrought on him so dearly loved, received no check at the evident depression of worldly circumstances in which she found him. He was with her once more—there were his home, his friends, and every homely comfort he had formerly known, awaiting him; and she resolved in her heart, that nothing but death should ever again separate them in this world. But though Herbert was undoubtedly rejoiced to hear once more the voice of kindness and affection from her lips, there was a mingling of mortified vanity amidst his pleasure. He did not wish her to have known his straitened condition, till his own genius and gifts should have bettered it for him; if she had but waited until his tragedy was performed, how different (he thought) the reception he might have given her!

For once the bluntness and unsparing candour of Daveril did real service. Herbert was bent on remaining where he was, until his present work was accomplished; and he wished Constantia to return home, and permit him to follow out his own plans. It was then, that Daveril saw the necessity of rending the veil of self delusion from the eyes of our village wonder. He told him the real value of his talents—that he was a clever young man, but inexperienced; and that his works required careful revision and pruning, before

they could be fit for the public eye. He showed him the real state of the case, with regard to the rewards of literature—how few of those who will not condescend to pander to the public taste, and who have not tact as well as talent, can make the latter profitable.

"Return to your native place, my young friend," said the critic—"First take care of your bodily health, which I see is already impaired by continual toil and excitement. Then, by a course of patient study and practice of the rules of composition, prepare yourself for literary labours, whose results will be really valuable. Come then to London—not relying on the patronage of the great, or the countenance of the designing, but on your own well weighed, and jealously measured merits. Then I will do for you, (if I am spared to see that day) what I never troubled myself to do for any one before. I will aid you in your pilgrimage to the temple of Fame, even as a father would his son."

This promise was never claimed, though a part of his advice was acted upon. The brother and sister returned to Selworth; and Herbert, seeing the folly of trusting entirely to his own natural gifts, began a course of self-education, which promised to be productive of much improvement to him. But his constitution had been severely shaken, and the memory of his early disappointments in love and ambition, preyed ceaselessly upon his mind. He found, too, that he was no longer the

great personage of his native village; for a greater, that is a newer, wonder had arisen, in the personage of a *demi-semi* lady, who had set up a boarding school in Selworth, to which all the growing damsels of the neighbourhood were allured, as if by magic; and who, having a fluent tongue, a great talent for mimicry, some wit, and unbounded impudence, swayed the reins of fashion in "our village," and fairly eclipsed poor Herbert, with his broken spirit, and infirm health.

Constantia attended her beloved invalid with weariless affection, anticipating his wishes, and soothing his irritability by her gentle cares, but all was unavailing. The flower was fading rapidly before her eyes; and a few months saw her bereft of the strangely gifted being, over whom, from his very birth, she had watched with all a mother's care.

She is now the wife of William Musgrave; and though the bereavement she experienced in the loss of Herbert long saddened her brow, and cast a gloom over her memories, she has recovered her spirits and her cheerfulness; and in the society of her still loving husband, and her fine family of children rising up around her, she is almost as happy as she deserves to be. The memory of our village wonder is fast fading away, even as his half finished portrait (too true an emblem of his shortened life,) is now mouldering to dust in the crowded recesses of my lumber-room.

BULWER'S DRAMATIC POETRY.*—PART II.

We gave our readers, in our last number, a somewhat minute detail of the plot of *Richelieu*—we shall now examine it in a more general way as a literary production. It is, no doubt, entitled to hold a high place among writings of the sort, and deserves the attentive consideration of the critic on every account; we say so wittingly, for its faults require exposure in the exact proportion that its merits ensure it celebrity. The plot, though well managed in its de-

tails, has the great defect to which we have alluded more than once; that, we mean, of throwing the chief attention of the reader or spectator upon a point which, in itself, is utterly below notice, but one on which is made to hinge the fate of *Richelieu* and France. There was surely here, if any where, room for a god himself to interfere—*dignus vindice nodus*—we ought to have had the treachery or fidelity of some character to inflame our curiosity—alter-

* The *Duchess de la Vallière*—a Drama.

The *Lady of Lyons*; or, *Love and Pride*—a Drama.

Richelieu; or, *The Conspiracy*—a Play. 1839.

The *Sea-Captain*; or, *The Birthright*—a Drama. London. 1839.

nately to raise our hopes, and move our fears—there should have been a *moral* interest excited as the prevailing one, and then the *dénouement* would have gone to the heart, instead of merely affecting the head. We are aware how easy it is to find precedents for the contrary practice, but that is the poorest argument that can be adduced for its propriety; nor would any candid mind rest upon it. *The Despatch* is rung in our ears till it almost deafens us, while we see from an early stage of the piece, the mode and the means of its termination. In fact, the author held “the despatch” in his hand, and might at the second, third, or fourth act—at any moment, in short, have “despatched” the conspirators and the play, by only producing it. He takes pains to brandish it behind the scenes occasionally, in order to show how completely he has the plot under his control. We confess, for our own part, this “Despatch” takes away much of the deeper interest we should feel in the whole performance, and throws an air of comedy into some even of the most serious scenes.

But it is in point of *style* that we have always considered Bulwer most faulty. An emasculation marks him under every disguise, and prevents his being, under any circumstances, *continuously* interesting. As long as there happens to be nothing to call forth this affectation, or while the *estro* of inspiration is actually upon him, he soars above it; but the moment he returns to himself—whenever his judgment is unwarmed by his feelings, the habitual style is resumed, and we are offended, if not disgusted.

Richelieu is described, historically, as possessing a real desire for the glory of his country in the midst, or rather at the bottom of all the selfishness and machiavelism of his distorted policy. On this point, Bulwer makes him eternally fall into raptures at the bare idea of his beloved and adored France, and apostrophize her in his unguarded moments with all the impassioned fervour of a lover—

“All the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn!
(*Huguet holds up his hands menacingly,
and creeps out.*)

JOSEPH.

The saints grant it!

RICHELIEU (*solemnly*).

Yes—for sweet France, Heaven grant it!
O my country,
For thee—thee only—though men deem
it not—

Are toil and terror my familiars!—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy
brows

Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy
feet

Bow'd nations down.—No pulse in my
ambition

Whose beatings were not measured from
thy heart!”

“All things for France!—lo, my eternal
maxim!

With her, I have entwined
My passions and my fate—my crimes, my
virtues—

Hated and loved, and schemed, and shed
men's blood.

Beyond

The Map of France—my heart can travel
not,

But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live—Richelieu and France
are one.”

This seems to us mere twaddle, and most unnatural twaddle, too. But what follows, is Bulwer to the backbone:—

RICHELIEU.

“We priests ————

————— are yet
Not holier than Humanity, and must
Fulfil Humanity's condition—Love!
Debarr'd the *Actual*, we but breathe a
life

To the chill Marble of the *Ideal*—Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract Majesty,
My France—my country, I have bodied
forth

A thing to love. What are these robes
of state,

This pomp, this palace? perishable bauls!

In *this world* two things only are im-
mortal—

Fame and a People!”

Who would not know the Euphuistic novelist in his favourite abstractions—
“The Actual” and “The Ideal?” and who is there that does not utterly lose all recollection of *Richelieu* in this stuff? It is the same mawkish affectation of philosophical sentiment which runs through every thing he has written from “Falkland” to the present day, displaying itself the more, the more feebly the current of ideas flows, as the smoothness and shallowness of water

enables us to see more clearly the slimy weeds and uninteresting round pebbles at the bottom.

A repetition of this is found in a still more awkward place, in the fourth act, where Richelieu, almost distracted by his evil fortune, indulges, while addressing the wretched Julie, in the following platitudes:—

“Art thou not pure and good?—if so,
thou art

A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—

Which in all climes, men that have hearts
adore,

By the great title of their mother country!”

—that mother country which he calls in another place, like an over-grown school-girl, his “own dear France!” Baradas’ reply is appropriate—“He wanders!”

But to return to the passage before us—could any unprincipled, but vigorous-minded statesman, we ask, plotting with the confidant of his most unholy schemes, choose that opportunity for bursting into a rhapsody upon his country, conceived in all the hyperbolic warmth of an address from a practised town gallant to a credulous village maiden? Father Joseph was no Father Paul, to relish these perpetual “*Esto Perpetuas*.” Let us transport ourselves into the study of as ostentatious, and perhaps as sincere a patriot, Mr. O’Connell, and fancy him addressing his Joseph, Father —, in such words as these: “Oh, Father, though matters press; though the “rent” fails, and “agitation” itself flags; let me not lose this opportunity of informing your reverence, how tender, how overwhelming, is the passion I feel for this sweet, this green, this beautiful, this elegant little island! ’Tis true I visit England—but beyond the map of Ireland not a league can the steam-boat avail to transport my heart! My family is broken up—its members are most of them now Members of Parliament. I am an Irishman—I must love—debarred the Domestic, I must have recourse to the Political; and now, good Father, I dream but of the hills and vallies of my own dear Emerald Isle, and wear her accent on my tongue, and her shamrock in my hat—aye, without shame, in St. Giles’s itself!”

This speech (Richelieu’s, not O’Connell’s) is appropriately closed with as vulgar a clap-trap as ever was enforced by the whisk of a mantle—

“In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame, and a People!”

Truly, we know not which to admire most, the appropriateness of such a sentiment to such a time and from such a man, or the judgment shown in putting this rhetorical flourish into the Cardinal’s mouth at all, for the benefit of poor, mitre-hunting, father Joseph, and for his alone, if indeed we except the audience at Covent Garden Theatre. But it all arises from the same cause, a shortness of breath, as it were, in sustaining the lofty tone—an impossibility of holding the note during the whole bar. He fails every here and there in the *voce di petto*, and in the intervals is obliged to have recourse to such a miserable *fulsetto* as this speech of Richelieu’s. Now there was room, in this work, for a correction of some of the ordinary faults of second-rate dramatists, which always hold them at a certain definite distance below nature and real life, such as common forms of effect, *tours de phrase*, and acknowledged and expected *coups de Theatre*; and we had looked for something of this kind, from the extreme labour which seems to have been given to the details, both of the action and of the diction, throughout. As an instance, we may mention, in addition to that great mistake of making characters blazon their own feelings and secret springs of action upon every speech they utter, as men exhibit their pride of birth by cresting every thing belonging to them, even to their walking-sticks and dog-collars—the no less serious error of making the actor, as the passions of revenge, hatred, or jealousy spring up within him, recognize them at once in their proper colours, just as an unexcited spectator might be expected to do, and describe them and their consequences with a minuteness and fidelity that negatives the idea of his being really and indeed under their blinding influence. Few men have looked upon rage, as it dilated their own eyes, and flushed their own cheek, as a fury with snakes writhing in its hair—or thought, indeed, of the passion at all, except as connected with

the object of it. So of love :— Cupids and Venuses seldom flutter between the mental eye of the enamoured swain and his *inamorata*. It would, indeed, soon cure the most intemperate of indulgence in the wilder impulses of nature, to have a true mirror held up before them at the moment, and to see the spirits of the Passions stripped of their temporary disguise, naked and raging in visible power. Yet there is nothing, we admit, more constantly recognized and acted upon.

DE MAUPRAT.

"*Ghastly vengeance!*

To thee and thine august and solemn sister

The unrelenting death! I dedicate
The blood of Armand Richelieu! When
Dishonour

Reaches our hearths Law dies, and
Murder takes

The angel shape of Justice!

And again—

"Let they (*them*) who raise the spell
beware the fiend!"

We have already remarked the worthy baronet's addiction to punning, and his singular success in small wit. Another word thereanent. He has Shakspeare's example for this sort of adornment to the mixed drama; and we cannot sufficiently applaud the taste shewn in worshipping, Balbinus-like, even the meanest part of his pattern, this kissing, as it were, of his Dramatic Holiness's toe. In the Duchess de la Valliere, we selected some admirable specimens. We rejoice to see that time has only confirmed the habit, without altering the style. Baradas says the scroll must be—

——"despatched to Bouillon,
Richelieu *despatched* to heaven!"

De Beringhen, in like vein, remarks—

——"when
We gallant fellows have run out a friend
There's nothing left—except to run him
through!"

And the same personage, who is the wag of the piece, with infinite humour exclaims, on the re-appearance of Richelieu—

"Foxes have got
Nine lives as well as cats!"

When we come upon such a *pièce* of pleasantry as this, we feel a doubt as to which the author or the creation of his brain are best entitled to the laugh, and are disposed to echo the question of the sarcastic Brichanteau to the showman carrying the monkey on his back—

"*Mon bon ami, lequel de vous deux fait voir l'autre ?*"

But there are many good things to put in the opposite scale. In the first act De Mauprat describes to the jealous Baradas the charms of his mistress—

"In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the
choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that
Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a
sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!"

This is very harmonious and classical; and we can scarcely believe it issues from the same lips that have five minutes before uttered such atrocious trochees as these—

"Death became
Desired as Daphne by the eager Day-
god!"

"Rory Rumpus rode a rawboned racer!"

And we trust, moreover, for the sake of the author's originality, that the thoughts are more his own than that pretty one in the line that immediately follows—

"Like him I chased the nymph—to grasp
the laurel!"

Waller, if we recollect right, sings—

"He grasped at love—to fill his hand
with bays."

There is much of the gracefulness, however, of this very author, infused *legitimately* into the reply of Richelieu to the desponding Julie—

"Nay, my daughter, these
Are but the blinding mists of day-break
love

Sprung from its very light and heralding
 A noon of happy summer.—Take her
 hand
 And speak the truth, with which your
 heart runs over—
 That this Count Judas—this Incarnate
 Falsehood—
 Never lied more, than when he told thy
 Julie
 That Adrien loved her not—except,
 indeed,
 When he told Adrien, Julie could betray
 him.”

We might easily find more such passages. Our objections to the piece, indeed, rather point against the general and original idea, than against the passages taken separately, which, whatever other fault may be found, are at least highly enough finished. A literary work first enters into an author's mind as a grand whole, a shadowy forerunner of something which may or may not be laboured into reality afterwards; and it is generally with some *object* that the work is undertaken—under the influence of some *feeling*—with the design of powerfully illustrating to others some *moral* or *maxim*, strongly impressed on one's own mind. We, therefore, in some measure, judge of the *author* by this the scope and drift of his labours, and commend, or otherwise, his own intention, as well as approve, or otherwise, of the tendency of the work, according as this appears dignified and consonant to the principles of virtue and morality. There are, no doubt, a few instances in which genius has broken through all rules; but even while dragged at its chariot-wheel, we would still be understood to uphold that one which places our heart in subservience to our head, and our imagination to our reason, in examining matters of this kind. Far be it from us to extort a dry *ex-cathedral* exposition of morality from mixed drama; but we do expect to find the influence of Principle running through the thread of fiction, sometimes imperceptibly, but never wholly absent. An ingenious writer has said, “with artists, and even with genius in general, principles usually exist in the form of feelings, rather than in that of communicable ideas,” and it is by the choice of subjects, and their tendency, and by unstudied natural touches, that their tone is to be recognised.

But, independent of its being morally consonant to our feelings, the exhibition of some *lesson* is always peculiarly calculated to excite general interest. Mankind will not be satisfied without an *effect*, nor will the connoisseur ever be content with accurate details, unless the sketch, or the general tone of colouring, has something decided and original about it. The most powerful dramas that have ever been written have gained their chief celebrity from the force of their moral—we need not enumerate the ancient and classical tragedies, or the English stage almost without exception. It will be enough, as forming an argument *a fortiori* in every other instance, to adduce the otherwise so objectionable productions of the modern French school. Dumas, Hugo, and the rest, scarcely ever *dare* to lose sight of this object, in the general scope of their pieces, however they may violate the precepts of morality in the details. Through a series of prurient horrors, Nature and Reason come out pure and clear, and Virtue is rewarded and Vice punished, as in our most unobjectionable dramas. The reason is clear. It is not according to *Nature* that events should not exemplify an overruling Providence; and these writers, bad as they are, tacitly admit what they would gladly keep from the eye of man, and by their system exhibit the truth not only of the *maxim*

“Nunquam aliud *natura*, aliud *sapientia* dicit;”

but also of this, that “*sapientia*” is the knowledge of a moral government, which rules the world according to the immutable principles of right and wrong. In the *Tour de Nesle*, through the revolting details of adultery, incest, and murder, there struggles the wholesome truth that crime, though successful, is followed by misery, and defeated virtue meets its reward. In *Le Roi s'amuse*, royalty receives a stern though useful hint of the dangers incurred by abusing its privileges and immunities. Even in *Marion de Lorme*, there is moral instruction, and a lesson to heedless and unenquiring lovers.

Now it has not been our fortune to detect in the play before us a single glimpse of this constraining and paramount principle. A single lesson, either by allurement or warning, seems never to have formed the author's *end* in the

primary conception. His object, apparently, was not to show the preference of the good over the bad a single degree above that which strict history should render necessary. He made, as we said before, the details accurate, but disregarded the effect—or, if he *had* an effect in view, it was of no sublimer nature than to show how accomplished cunning over-reaches mere vulgar villainy, without (as in the case of Iago) exhibiting the defeat and punishment of that craftiness itself by the grander operations of natural justice. Should it be answered that in Richelieu's case such an accomplishment was impossible; we reply, then Richelieu is not a subject for the drama. That episode in history alone is legitimately dramatic, in which, morally, the beginning, the middle, and the end are visible. Richelieu, admitted of finesse, and skill in minor parts of management, and hence the refined and ingenious novelist selected him for his hero. These are the points on which he piques himself. Here he is at home. He can work wheel within wheel with the skill of a clock-maker, and exhibit the subtler shades of character with a master-hand—but the broad light and shade escape him, and his pictures do not strike the eye at a distance. An effect of this kind is not so indispensable in the novel as in the drama. The former may be compared to a shifting panorama, in which it is sufficient that each part as it appears be correctly represented, without much reference to what has receded, or what is coming on; but a drama, like a sonnet, must be one *whole*—one simple idea borne out from beginning to end, and present in all its parts to the eye at once. Hence different qualities are required for writers in these two lines—facility in narrative and variety being the essentials for the novelist, whilst the playwright has need of a power of comprehensive view, a scope like that given by astronomers to some of their glasses, in which, for a particular object, magnifying power is sacrificed to a breadth of field. A play is not a story—hence the want of success which almost invariably attends the attempt to dramatize novels. It is a scene—an incident—complex, it may be, and divided into an infinity of minor details; but still resolvable into one maxim, or

moral, or lesson, towards which all the lines from first to last converge; and it is the truth, interest, or sublimity of this end proposed which will ever mark the rank of the drama amongst such productions.

With "The Sea-Captain," the latest of Sir Lytton Bulwer's productions, we shall not detain the reader long. It does not pretend to so much as its predecessor, and has evidently been thrown upon the stage to meet the demand of the author's popularity, which, at the present moment, would make any publication of his lucrative, and any drama successful. It is, indeed, the *second flower* of his brain, most of the thoughts and sentiments having been already given in a finer form in his other works.

Lady Arundel is a Countess in her own right, temp. Queen Elizabeth, and mother to Lord Ashdale, a spoiled sprig of nobility. This sprig is in love with Violet, a ward and cousin of the Countess's, but the sentiment is not returned, as Violet remembers with tender gratitude that her life and honour had been preserved once on the high seas by a certain gallant Captain Norman, the Sea-Captain of the piece. This hero appears in the offing just as the play begins, and having landed, instantly begins to discourse in confidence to his first lieutenant about their respective—*mothers!* Faulkner—"mine ancient"—informs him that he had just "poured his Indian gold" into the paternal lap.

NORMAN.

"That hour were worth

A life of toil!—well, and thy mother?

—I

Have never known one—but I love to see

A man's eyes moisten and his colour change

When on his lips lingers the sweet name
'MOTHER!'

Thy mother bless'd thee!

FALKNER.

Scarce with words;—but tears
And lifted hands, and lips that smiled
dear thanks

To the protecting Heaven—these bless'd
me!

NORMAN.

Friend,

I envy thee!"

"My mother" is, in short, the "*Despatch*" of the play.

Meanwhile, Lady Arundel betrays, by certain mysterious hints, that some dark tragedy has been enacted by her, or at her instigation, in times past. She is wrapt up in her son, however, and, in her bright anticipations, exclaims—

"Kings shall revere his mother!"

On such meditations Sir Maurice Beavor enters. We shall take the history of this gentleman from the "*Dramatis personæ*." "A reputed miser, and *though* but *distantly* related to Lady Arundel, the *heir-at-law* to the titles and estates, *failing* the children of the Countess."

We are surprised at Sir Lytton Bulwer's fertile invention not introducing a lawyer into the body of the play, to explain professionally the legal pretensions of this *heir presumptive*. When it is acted, it has been suggested that such a personage might appear as *Prologue*, with the family pedigree and title deeds in his hand. Enter Sir Maurice.

"Hark! he lives!

LADY ARUNDEL.

He! who?

SIR MAURICE.

The young gentleman who stands between your Percy and his inheritance! Ugh! ugh! It is very cold. . . . I tell thee,—he lives; he is at hand; no longer a babe, a child, a helpless boy; but a stout man, with a ship, and a name, and a crew,—and money, for what I know. Your son Percy is a fine youth. It is a pity his father married before, and had other sons. But for your Lordships of Ashdale and Arundel, your Percy would be as poor—as poor as old Maurice Beavor. . . . If this young man prove his case, your son, Percy Ashdale, will be very poor!

LADY ARUNDEL.

My son, my Percy! but the priest is faithful. He has sworn—

SIR MAURICE.

To keep thy secret only while thy father and thy spouse lived: they are dead. But the priest has no proofs to back his tale?

LADY ARUNDEL.

Alas! he has.

SIR MAURICE.

He has! Why did you never tell me that before? . . . Hum! she must come to me for aid now. I will get these

proofs. Under the surface of this business I see a great many gold and silver fishes. Hum! I will begin to angle!"

Sir Maurice accordingly promises Lady Arundel that he will secure the proofs, his real intention being to destroy them as soon as he gets them. The truth is, the old scoundrel hopes to make his money of service to the spendthrift heir, and lend, on the security of his lands, sums large enough in the end to place those lands in his own possession; whereas, if the inheritance were to vest in another, it needed not the attorney Prologue to inform him that his security would not be worth the skin it was drawn upon. Sir Maurice's penuriousness took fright at the idea of bribing Lord Chancellor Bacon, and hence a natural anxiety to establish Lord Ashdale's succession. In such a character, however, it is *not* natural to discover the most frightful and startling depths of villainy, to meet with wholesale schemes of murder—murder of the innocent and generous—murder of relations, undertaken in cold blood, and communicated by hints to the mother of one of the intended victims, while jests sit on his lips and insignificance attends his presence. Where is the great constraining cause to crime? He is, and always was, a baronet, and nothing more; he had no wrongs to complain of; he was *not* a poor relation; he was rich—rich enough to live where he liked, without hanging about the hall of Arundel. If he was laughed at, it was because he was a professed jester. If he was slighted by inferiors, it was because, *with the power*, he wanted the will, to purchase their opinions at the ordinary rate. If such a man were despised, it was because he was contemptible; but if he *was* contemptible, he could not have felt the deep and black resentment which instigated the actions that follow. Altogether, a more unnatural character never was represented in fiction—a gratuitous assassin, in the person of a rich old rheumatic baronet, habitually penurious and jocular. We can understand Triboulet, Richard III. &c., but why a well-born English gentleman, whose

"Manhood went
In piling wealth that age might mount to
power,"

as he says himself, should first be snubbed by every one, and then turn murderer in revenge, is what the author, and the author alone, can explain to us. A pleasant old fellow, too. Observe how merrily he touches on his own failing, avarice. "Drive the mice from thy larder," says Ashdale.

SIR MAURICE.

"Mice!—Zounds, how can I keep mice?—I can't afford it—they were starved
To death an age ago!—the last was found,
Some Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone
In that same larder—so consumed and worn
By pious fast—'twas awful to behold it!
I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To thieves and beggars."

Conceive, too, the villain who expects *that very night* to echo to the cry of a murdered cousin, talking in this way—

"Sir Maurice Beevor shall be merged to-morrow
Into Lord Ashdale;—like a drop of water
Into a glass of aqua vitæ.

GAUSSEN.

Well, Knight!
You have the monies?

SIR MAURICE (*giving a bag*).

*Little dears! you see them
Tuck'd up in bed and fast asleep—my heart aches
That such a happy and united family
Should be dispersed upon the world, and never
Come home again!—Poor things!—Now prithee man,
Don't be so rough with them!"*

Norman, meanwhile, has been introduced into the castle, and not only renewed his addresses to Violet, but had more than one interview with the Countess, who at once recognizes in him the son she had had by a former concealed marriage, and whom she had supposed removed for ever—either to foreign parts, or to another world. Captain Norman, sitting in the hall with the two ladies, thinks proper to pile out such stuff as this—

"Until my fourteenth year,
Beneath the roof of an old village priest,
Nor far from hence, my childhood wore away.

Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep.

Throughout the liberal and melodious nature

Something seem'd absent—what I scarcely knew—

Till one calm night, when over earth and wave

Heaven look'd its love from all its numberless stars—

Watchful yet breathless—suddenly the sense

Of my sweet want swell'd in me, and I ask'd

The priest, *why I was motherless!*

LADY ARUNDEL.

And he?

NORMAN.

Wept as he answered, 'I was nobly born!'

LADY ARUNDEL (*aside*).

The traitor!"

He proceeds to relate that at length he was inveigled to sea, and when there, the crew, he says,

—"bound me

To a slight plank; spread to the wind their sails;

And left me on the waves alone with God!"

He describes, stirring enough, his sufferings, and, strange as it may seem, the best passage in the play is another version of the best passage in *Richieu*, in both a *plank* and a *shark* being the *dramatis personæ*!

NORMAN.

"Day dawn'd, and, glittering in the sun, behold

A sail—a flag!

VIOLET.

Well, well.

NORMAN.

It pass'd away,
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and famine;

And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and sought

To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd

Into the flesh, and drop into the deep;
And then methought I saw, beneath the clear

And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,

With watchful glassy eyes,—the ocean-monster

That follows—ships for prey. Then life
 once more
 Grew sweet, and with a strain'd and
 horrent gaze,
 And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense
 Grew dim and dimlier, and a terrible
 sleep—
 In which still—still—those livid eyes met
 mine—
 Fell on me, and——

VIOLET.

Go on!

NORMAN.

I woke, and heard
 My native tongue. Kind looks were bent
 upon me:
 I lay on deck—escaped the ghastly death;
 For God had watch'd the sleeper!"

A marine Mazeppa, in short. Lady Arundel seeks to get rid of this superfluous son by giving him Violet, and sending him back to sea; but Ashdale will not resign his right so easily. The lovers having agreed to meet at midnight, at a ruined chapel by the seaside, in order that the *ship's chaplain* (a privateer temp. Q. Elizabeth, with a chaplain!) may unite them; the young lord consents with Sir Maurice to waylay them, and snatch the Violet from the sea-captain's button-hole. At the same rendezvous, too, a little earlier, the *other* chaplain, he who had united Lady Arundel to Norman's father, is to meet the son, to deliver to him the proofs of his birth. On his way thither he is waylaid by another instrument of Sir Maurice's, "Bully Gausson," and mortally wounded; whereupon Norman rushes in and disarms the assassin. Here then Onslow, the wounded chaplain, employs his few remaining moments in explaining the circumstances of Norman's birth—how his father "died, most foully murdered," handing him at the same time the documents necessary to substantiate his story; but dying, after the approved fashion, just before he could say the word which would have explained all. Revenge is now the order of the day; Hamlet the second examines the document, and finds that Lady Arundel is "my mother; my mother, oh, my mother!" whereupon the third act closes.

In the fourth, Gausson is hired once more by the sanguinary old joker, Sir Maurice—"no waiter but a knight

templar"—to butcher both the brothers, Norman and Lord Ashdale!

"Then, ere matins, I shall be Baron Ashdale and heir of Arundel."

A cool calculation! Of course there could be no danger of an enquiry, or Gausson's turning Queen's evidence, or any thing of that sort—the thing seemed not worth an additional beat of the heart to the cautious old baronet. Meanwhile Norman rushes to the hall, documents in hand, where he finds the old lady less inclined to welcome a new son than he expected. In fact, she orders him from her presence, but he "will not" go.

LADY ARUNDEL.

"Will not? Ho, there!

NORMAN.

Call your hirelings,

And let them hear me!

[*Goes to the hearth.*

In these halls—upon

The sacred hearth-stone of my sires—
 beneath

Their knightly scutcheon—and before
 their forms,

Which, from the ghostly canvases, I invoke
 To hail their son—I take my stand! I
 claim

My rights! They come, your menials!
 bid them thrust

From his own hearth the heir of Arundel!

Enter Servants.

LADY ARUNDEL.

Seize on! No! no! My father's lordly
 mien

Is his! *I dare not!*"

She entreats him, explains, confesses her affection for Ashdale, till, melted by her anguish, the soft-hearted sailor offers to give her up all the documents which prove his claim; and, accordingly, throwing them at her feet, he rushes out. "My mother" is still the *refrain*, and at the shrine of this term is sacrificed, as at some uncouth altar, all that is human and natural in the story.

Gausson, as we have said, has a commission from Sir Maurice to slay both Norman and Ashdale at the chapel, but he feels compassion for the latter, and determines to let him off. As, however, Ashdale has, for his own purposes, secretly changed costumes with Norman, a series of interesting mistakes ensues. Violet enters with

the peer, thinking it to be the captain—here an accomplice of Gausse's informs the lover that priest and crew are ready, thereby confirming his jealous suspicions—Faulkner drops in opportunely to second his master and friend, Norman. At this moment a cry is heard within the chapel, and Norman and Faulkner rush in, sword in hand, to the rescue; Lady Arundel, fearing, like Sin at the gates of hell, for two members of her family, appears with servants and torches; and, finally, Violet enters from the chapel, and falls at Lady Arundel's feet. She swears she has seen

"Two Normans by the altar!"

The truth was, the first, Lord Ashdale in disguise, had been set upon by Gausse, when the second, or veritable Norman, came to his assistance, and stretched the assassin at his feet, thereby preserving his brother-rival's life. Luke, the subordinate villain, peaches on Sir Maurice, and rather astonishes the party by telling them that he meant to murder them all. In the midst of this hubbub, Lady Arundel retires within the chapel, and pensively looking at the moon, removes her velvet gown, and places herself on her knees at the altar, the tomb of her first husband, for no conceivable reason but to allow the brothers to get to high words outside. When this has taken place, she advances from her devotions.

"Ay, upon the stone
Where his bones sleep I have pray'd, and
I have gain'd
The strength that is not of this world!
How, Percy?
Thy sword drawn on thy—"

NORMAN.

Hush! I have kept thy secret!

LADY ARUNDEL.

Unhappy boy!

ASHDALE.

Why turn thine eyes from him
To me? and straight again to him?

LADY ARUNDEL.

Approach,

Percy, my son!—Lord Ashdale now no more—

Behold thy brother! Ay, the conscience wrings

Out truth at last;—thine elder, the sole heir

To this ill-fated house!"

It may be supposed that Ashdale is not in the best humour when he hears this; he grumbles a little, in spite of all that his mother and Norman can say; till the latter takes the scrolls, and approaches the torches, in order to consume them and his rights together. Ashdale is softened, and falls on his breast, exclaiming—

"My brother—oh, my brother!"

NORMAN.

"A mother and a brother—both—O joy!"

LADY ARUNDEL.

"My children in each other's arms!"—

In short, a pose fit for the Critic. The rest of the scene, with one pretty sentiment, contains a tolerable share of bombast and absurdity.

ASHDALE.

"Now summon
All friends, and let them know the right-
ful heir.

LADY ARUNDEL.

True—be the justice done—an awful tale:
But ye shall hear me speak it. (*faulter-
ingly*) My poor Percy!
My father's crime too—well—

NORMAN.

You mark her, brother.
Shall we bring this upon her?—

[*Holding the papers over the torches till
they are consumed.*]

It is past!

Now, never more a bar betwixt your
hearts

And mine—ah, mother! now thine arms
embrace me—

And now thy kiss melts into my soul!—

LADY ARUNDEL.

Oh, bless thee!—

NORMAN.

Hark! she has bless'd her son—I bid ye
witness,
Ye listening Heavens—thou circumambi-
ent air:

The ocean sighs it back—and with the
murmur

Rustle the happy leaves. All Nature
breathes

Aloud—aloft—to the Great Parent's ear,
The blessing of the MOTHER on her child."

On all this sentiment, Sir Maurice bursts in, bag in hand. He forthwith discovers that all is found out,—and here—here was the place to have shown the detected wretch to advantage—to have said a word for nature—to have vindicated probability and com-

mon feeling. The pent-up agony of his long dissembling life; the tortured intensity of humbled pride and disappointed vengeance; the tearing away of that veil which had been worn so long as to have become as it were a part of himself; the annihilation of the only hope that had buoyed up a miserable and despised existence; surely all *this* might have drawn forth words of awful and tremendous strength, and opened the sluices for the burning language of despair. "Hence, and repent!" cries Norman. What is the detected murderer's reply—

SIR MAURICE.

"I thank you kindly, sir:
I am a very poor old Knight!—My Lord,
Your very humble cousin!—To my grave
A sordid, spat-upon, revengeless, worth-
less,
And rascally poor cousin!—Yes, I'll go
Bury my monies—hang myself—and make
The parish pay the funeral!—Ugh!—
I'll spite them!"

The piece ends with a promise of Norman's not to leave his wife for sea till after the honeymoon, and thereafter to pay an annual visit to England—

NORMAN.

"And for the rest, who can aspire to
more
Than a true heart for ever blent with
his—
Blessings when absent—welcome when
return'd!—
His merry bark with England's flag to
crown her,
Fame for his hopes, and woman in his
cares!"

This play is not good, even on the low ground it professes to occupy. There is little that is natural and easy, much that is forced and affected. The same damning error runs through it, that has kept down the author's other plays—making his characters parade their inmost and most sensitive feelings on every occasion, and before every audience, *without* excitement. There must be some strong constraining cause to make any expression of *feeling* becoming. Let a man *show* that he feels—let others discover his heart and his motives in his actions; but let him have some *retenué*, or we will turn away with a sort of tortured disgust, just as we would from a surgi-

cal operation; for, in truth, it is nothing less, this cool poking a knife into the heart's-blood of the passions, and watching the purple tide trickle down into a basin. Take, as an example, the passage we have already quoted, in which Norman, a sea-captain, sitting in a castle hall with two ladies, one an elderly countess to whom he had just been introduced, and another a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses, tells his tale, not in the half-unwilling and manly way which would have interested his hearers, and been true to nature, but in such language, as we have no doubt would have made a real Countess and a real Violet either burst into a fit of laughing, or rush out of the room in blushing indignation.

—"Suddenly," he says, "the sense
Of my *sweet* want *swell'd* in me, and I
asked
The priest, *why I was motherless?*"

This specimen, out of an hundred, will exhibit what we mean. No sailor—no man—no woman—unexcited and in calm and formal colloquy, could express him or herself in this way. Deep feelings do not come up unless the waters are stirred. It makes us wince to hear of "*sweet wants*" "*swelling*" within us in a drawing-room by day-light. In a soliloquy, or by night, or in the ear of our best-beloved, or in a burst of passion, the glowing words might burst forth; but—*faugh!* *not* of malice prepense.

In fine, we see every beauty and every fault of his former plays reflected here, as in a glass; the lights fainter, and the shadows deeper. The passage already quoted from the *Lady of Lyons* about the "summer Palace," where prose first ambles into rhyme, finds its correlative where this new Inkle tells his Yarico

"Of the bright lands within the western
main,
Where we will build our home, what time
the seas
Weary thy gaze;—there the broad palm-
tree shades
The soft and delicate light of skies as fair
As those that slept on Eden:—Nature,
there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth
Flings her whole treasure in the lap of
Time.—
On turfs by fairies trod, the eternal Flow

Spreads all her blooms; and from a lake-
like sea
Woos to her odorous haunts the western
wind!
While, circling round and upward from
the boughs,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous
birds,
Melody, like a happy soul released,
Hangs in the air, and from invisible
plumes
Shakes sweetness down!"

On his humour, we have seen, the
worthy Baronet evidently piques him-
self. A specimen or two, before we
lay down our pen:—

"Stockings, Sir Maurice," says a Du-
enna, "Marry come up; is that a delicate
allusion?"

"A magnificent preserve of spar-
rows," says the witty assassin, Sir
Maurice, "*which I can always sell to
the little blackguards in the street for a
penny a hundred.*"

Norman has closed the jealous eyes
of Mistress Prudence at the rate of a
guinea each, and makes the following
pithy observation:

"Faith, 'tis a mercy on a poor man's purse
That some old ladies were not born with
three eyes!"

But enough of Sir Edward Lytton
Bulwer. We take leave of him
and his dramas. We are sorry we
could not speak more favourably of the
one or the other. Where the heart is
not good, we may look in vain for the
true sublime of poetry. And when
to vitiated principle, is joined exceeding
vanity, can any one wonder that there
is something in all these pieces that
excites an unpleasant feeling towards
their author—a sentiment bordering
on personal dislike—even while we
acknowledge the CLEVERNESS of the
man?

THE VOICE OF THE SEASON.

GETHESEMANE—CALVARY—THE GRAVE.

SONNET—THE GARDEN.

The day of days draws near—ere the high sun
Shall sweep again across the gulph of heaven,
A mighty power with Satan shall have striven,
Hell's host's be vanquished, and salvation won.
Within a garden's shade, beneath a tree,
Alone, and troubled sore, a kneeling man
Prayed till the blood from his wrung temples ran.
Who was to gain that victory?—*'twas he!*
He rose and walked towards his friends, but found
The watchers prostrate—in the hour of dread
His only guards were slumbering on the ground.
Small hope from man! yet to his need there sped
Hosts of bright angels, softly bending round,
To wipe the blood-drop from his sacred head.

ODE FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

STROPHE.

Old earth had rolled about the sun
Four thousand years,
And seen enough of evil done,
And drained men's tears,
And marked their passions roll and rest,
And martyrs slain,
Yet showed no pain,
But swept her load of sinners round
In silence through the abyss profound;

From the first day a man she bore
On till they teemed from shore to shore,
A wilful, wild, and hardened race,
That cursed, raved, died upon her face,
And slept within her breast.

At length a wondrous morn upburst—
Her plains were trod
By him who laid her beams at first—
Her parent-God!
Within a human atom prest,
That atom clothed in humblest vest,
The fulness of the Godhead dwelt,
And with mean mortals moved and felt,
Accomplishing his plan;
But, scorned by the polluted brood,
And thrust aside with insult rude,
The Son of Man,
Though air, and ocean, and the dead,
Shrunk from before his kingly tread,
Found not at last, from south to north,
A spot upon the face of earth
Whereon to lay his head.

Earth's spirit saw—nor would believe,
Until her sons the Cross upheave,
And thrust it to her heart.
Then woke she with a start,
And her breast gasped, and hills gaped wide,
And temples rocked from side to side,
And rushed the sea to shore,
Howling with hideous roar,
And dashed its head among the caverns there,
Bursting to atoms in despair.
Down to her centre runs a cold affright,
And sheeted ghosts
Start like an exhalation to the light,
In grisly hosts!
The multitudes that at the last shall come,
Swarming to birth from her capacious womb,
The slumbering dead
Uplift their head,
The vaulted roof of darkness parting,
Deep from their marble chambers starting,
And in their dream,
Shrinking with terror as they fear
The end of all things drawing near,
Flit through Jerusalem.

From star to star the deed,
With shadowy stream,
Pours through all systems to impede
Light's gracious beam.
And onward into heaven doth climb
The monstrous shadow of the crime,
Till the arch-angels quail,
And look in the Almighty's face,
If there the mystery they might trace,
Yet hid within the veil.

It shone inscrutably in steadfast power—
 Oh, in the gloom of that tremendous hour
 Of purpose undivided,
 Had earth broke from the all-controlling king,
 And only shook its mane,
 As when in playful pain
 The lion spurns away an insect's sting—
 Woe for mankind!
 But there was promised mercy to fulfil;
 Ay—while God's Son was hanging there,
 An outraged corpse, 'twixt earth and air,
 That God his moderating arm,
 Spread over Nature's wild alarm,
 And said—be still!

ANTISTROPHE.

Earth's hoary eld now draweth near
 To the second thousandth year,
 Since that dark day of blood,
 And time hath made the counsel clear,
 At first misunderstood.
 The human clay of him who died,
 Laid for corruption in her side,
 She gave untainted back,
 And saw that clay ascending bright,
 In heaven's insufferable light,
 Up the celestial track.

Down that same road
 Full soon there flowed,
 Like balm upon her outraged breast,
 A spirit's power,
 Which, since that hour,
 Hath set the stormy scene at rest.
 Man's woes are still the same,
 But with far higher aim
 He lives, proclaiming wide his master's name;
 And from all nations, now
 Men at one altar bow,
 The shrine of him who died on Calvary's blood-stained brow.

STANZAS FOR EASTER-DAY.

'Twas in the middle watch of night, when darkness hung profound
 About the city of the Lord, and Judah's heights around,
 That at the portal of a tomb a Roman guard patrolled—
 A new-made grave, against whose mouth a mighty stone was rolled.

Slow tramped the guard, and hollowly the armour's clank was heard,
 For all was still upon the hill, and not a vine-leaf stirred;
 The neighbouring city silent heaved, in hushed and heavy dream,
 And sleep outspread with wings of lead hung o'er Jerusalem.

The listless soldier's heart was back to his far distant home,
 Where red the Tiber rolled along by old familiar Rome;
 A spell was cast across the past, and shapes of things gone by
 Came back distinct upon his soul, and passed portentously.

Then thoughts arose of where he was, the story of the land,
The mystic spirit here adored, the marvels of his hand,
The rumour of divinity beneath that tombstone there,
And closer to his band he drew, and his lips moved in prayer.

Whispered the palm-trees, stirred the grass, on Kedron's banks below ;
The rushes shivered ; was't a breeze that shook the mountain so ?
It gathers—strengthens ; from above a burst of thunder breaks,
And horribly beneath their feet the earth's foundation quakes !

A step is in the earthquake, and a voice upon the storm ;
Jehovah's angel hath come down, revealed in human form ;
Straight to the sepulchre he strides, rolls back the ponderous stone,
And in a flood of glory forth the Crucified hath gone !

Nor witnessed this by mortal eye, for struck with sore dismay,
The steel-clad heathens fell to earth, and like the lifeless lay ;
And when the vision disappeared, they rallied not again,
But rose and hasted from the spot, like conscience-stricken men.

'Tis past—and all hath long been hushed,—the fading stars are set,
And now the early lines of light gleam o'er Mount Olivet,
When two worn, weeping women come—rebuke them not this morn ;—
The grateful heart *will* hover near, though all should laugh to scorn.

They stop—the stone is rolled away—they look, and quake at heart—
There are the grave-clothes scattered round ; the napkin wrapped apart ;—
The tenant's fled—but in its stead One of seraphic mien
Sits smiling where the mangled corse of him they sought had been.

Why, daughters of Jerusalem, why bow ye thus the knee ?
Seek ye the man whose life-blood ran from you accursed tree ?
Go—be of comfort ; he hath left this dark and cheerless prison—
The work is done, and Mary's son—the Lord of Lords—is risen !

When man would bend in pain of heart o'er some beloved tomb,
Oh, may a voice as sweet as this make answer from the gloom—
That when the bitterness of death to dust directs the eyes,
An angel may be waiting there, to turn them to the skies !

BISHOP MANT'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.*—SECOND ARTICLE.

We have now traced the progress of the reformed church in this country, down to the reign of the first James. Our space did not permit us to dwell, in detail, upon the sad havoc of ecclesiastical property, which accompanied that scriptural emendation of doctrine, which so nearly brought back the church to what it was in the Apostolic times; but it is necessary that it should be, in some measure, adverted to; because serious errors have prevailed respecting the opulence of the Irish Clergy; and it has been even maintained, by senators, in their places in parliament, that to their wealth, and not to their poverty, it has been chiefly owing, that they have made so little way in the conversion of the natives to the evangelical simplicity of the Gospel. Mr. Powell Buxton, late member for Weymouth, on the 2d of April, 1835, did not hesitate to declare, in the House of Commons, "that if wealth and prodigal endowments could have rendered the church of Ireland effectual in the conversion of the Irish, we ought not now to have a single Catholic in that country." Proceed we, therefore to the consideration of *the facts* by which the statement of this legislative mountebank may be either established or refuted.

And, here, not to go higher than the reign of Elizabeth, let the following suffice to show the manner in which the property of the church, from one cause or another, had suffered waste and alienation.

"The abuse of episcopal property was so injurious, and of such extent, that when Sir Henry Sydney was sent to Ireland as Lord Deputy, in October, 1565, amongst other instructions he brought with him this, "That the Church lands and estates be preserved from waste and alienation." Whatever means of preservation may in consequence have been used, they failed of producing the desired effect: for at times subsequent, as well as antecedent,

to this instruction, several cases are on record, some of which may be cited as examples of the enormity.

"Between the years 1553 and 1565, Thonory, bishop of Ossory, made many fee-farm leases of the manors and possessions of his bishoprick at low and inconsiderable rents, which greatly impoverished the see, and lopped off from the bishoprick large branches of its revenue. Between 1560 and 1564, Craike, bishop of Kildare, exchanged almost all the manors and lands of the bishoprick, for some tithes of little value, by which exchange the very ancient See of Kildare was reduced to a most shameful poverty; and in the short time of three years he did more mischief to his see, than his successors were ever able to repair. About 1582, Allen, bishop of Ferns, made long leases of many farms, reserving very small rents, and committed many wastes on the lands of the see: and about the same period, Cavenagh, bishop of Leighlin, treated the property of his bishoprick in the like manner, leaving it in such a naked condition as to be scarce worth any person's acceptance; so that the poverty of the see caused it, first to be held with some other preferment, and then to be united to the see of Ferns. Archbishop Magrath, who succeeded to the see of Cashel in 1570, made most scandalous wastes and alienations of the revenues belonging to it; and impoverished it by stripping it of much of its ancient estate. And Linch, who obtained the bishoprick of Elphin in 1584, so wasted and destroyed it by alienations, fee-farms, and other means, that he left it not worth two hundred marks a year. These examples are bad enough: but they are outdone by certain cases of the original 'temporisers,' as he terms them, cited by Primate Bramhall, who particularises one see as left by its possessor so impoverished, that it had but forty shillings of yearly revenue, and another but five marks.

"The value of several other bishopricks was at the same time much reduced from other causes, of which the unsettled and lawless condition of the kingdom was apparently amongst the chief: and the consequence, as in cases of the former

* History of the Church of Ireland, from the Reformation to the Revolution; with a Preliminary Survey, from the Papal Usurpation, in the Twelfth Century, to its Legal Abolition in the Sixteenth. By the Right Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. London: J. W. Parker. 1840.

description, was, the evil of pluralities to a very pernicious extent.

"Thus in 1567, Archbishop Loftus procured his translation from Armagh to Dublin: whereupon Harris, in his edition of Ware's History of the Bishops, remarks that 'it is not to be admired at, that he sought a translation from the primal seat; for the North was then ruined by the rebellion of Shane O'Neal, and Armagh, which with its cathedral had been utterly destroyed, afforded but little profit.'

"It should, however, be remarked, that this is not agreeable to the reason, said to have been assigned by the archbishop himself; for it is related in the Loftus MS. in Marsh's library, that 'at first there were many who wondered at the Archbishop, why he should resign his archbishoprick of Armagh, for to be translated to Dublin, considering that the primacy of Armagh was not only a higher title, but also had a greater revenue and income belonging to it. So Adam Loftus made answer, he would rather have less honour and less revenue in quietness, than to be in danger, and to live within his diocese so far from the metropolis of Ireland, and to hazard himself especially in those times.'

Did all this indicate that state of plethory which Mr. Powell Buxton considers to have been the cause of the inefficiency of the Irish Clergy; or does it indicate a state of destitution in which their best exertions must have been paralyzed? And what is the testimony of Sir John Davies, in the following reign? Let him speak for himself.

"The whole passage from Sir J. Davies runs thus: 'Having directed inquiries to be made in Cavan, Monaghan, and Fermanagh, by impanelling a jury, into the state of the Church, the answer returned was, that the churches for the most part were utterly waste, that the king was patron of all, that the incumbents were Popish priests, instituted by bishops authorised from Rome, yet many of them like the old priests of Queen Mary's time in England, ready to yield to conformity. As for the vicarages, they are so poorly endowed that ten of them united will scarcely suffice to maintain an honest minister, and as to the churches they are for the most part in ruins; such as were presented to be in reparation were covered only with thatch; but the incumbents, both parsons and vicars, did appear to be

such poor, ragged, ignorant creatures, that we could not esteem any of them worthy of the meanest of these livings, albeit many of them are not worth above 40*l.* per annum. No divine service or sermon to be heard in the dioceses."

To the same effect is the statement of Lord Strafford, in a letter to Laud, who thus expresses his astonishment at the melancholy details which he received of the desolation of the church and the destitution of the clergy.

"Indeed, my Lord, I knew it was bad, very bad in Ireland, but that it was so stark naught I did not believe. What! six benefits not able to find the minister clothes: in six parishes scarce six to come to Church! Good God! stay the time you must, till there be more means, and some more conformable people."

We now pause to ask Mr. Powell Buxton, and all other charlatans who have clamoured against the Irish clergy because of their supposed enormous wealth, do these statements, up to this period, bear out their representations? Are they, or are they not, founded in fact? And if they be, how idle is it to expect, that the church should, under such circumstances, have operated the conversion of the entire people?

The reader will recollect that we are now upon the eve of the great rebellion, which led to the utter subversion of the church as a national establishment; so that nothing could be expected from it from 1641 to 1666. After the restoration, it was re-established again; but the reader shall see, from authentic documents, in such a crippled and embarrassed condition, as greatly impaired its usefulness as an instrument for the spread of true religion.

The great and virtuous Ormond did all that man could do to re-edify the sacred edifice; and his administration is a bright spot in the history of the country.

"And thus notwithstanding the evil meditated in the English court, the latter years of the reign of King Charles the Second passed quietly away, with little of incident to fix the mind on the history of the Irish church, but not without the too customary causes for concern at the insufficient supply of sacred buildings and of

ministers, to make provision for the spiritual wants and necessities of the people.

"An example of a dilapidated church, laudably re-edified by the exertions of one of the restored prelates, is thus recorded by Williams, bishop of Ossory, in the narrative of his persecutions and oppressions.

"Things being somewhat settled, I went to live upon my bishoprick, in Kilkenny, where I found the cathedral church and the bishop's house all ruined; and nothing standing but the bare walls, without roofs, without windows but the holes, and without doors: yet I resolved presently to mend and repair one room, and to live in the bishop's house; and, as I had vowed, that if I should ever come to my bishoprick, I would wholly and fully bestow the first year's profit for the reparation of the church, so my witnesses in heaven know that I have done it; and have since bestowed more, as 40*l.* the last summer for repairing the steeple of the cathedral, and yet 1000*l.* more will not sufficiently repair that church.'

"And an instance of the defect on a larger scale, and in both particulars, is detailed by the same prelate, in his tract on 'the sad condition of the Church and Clergy in the Diocese of Ossory; and I fear,' as his title-page adds, 'not much better in all Ireland.'

"If you walk through Ireland,' he observes, 'as I rode from Carlingford to Dublin, and from Dublin to Kilkenny, and in my visitation thrice over the diocese of Ossory; I believe, that throughout all your travel you shall find it, as I found it, in all the ways that I went; scarce one church standing and sufficiently repaired, for seven, I speak within compass, that are ruined, and have only walls, without ornaments, and most of them without roofs, without doors, without windows, but the holes to receive the winds to entertain the congregation.'

"And again: 'What shame and what punishment do we deserve, for suffering the tombs and the sepulchres of our heroic fathers, and the temples, houses, and altars, of our good God and our Redeemer Jesus Christ, to lie so waste, so ruined, and so defiled, as they are here in this kingdom of Ireland! For I do believe, that of about a hundred churches that our forefathers built and sufficiently endowed in the diocese of Ossory, there are not twenty standing, nor ten well repaired at this day.'

"Then with respect to the deficiency of ministers, he observes,

"As God is without churches for his people to meet in to serve him, so He is without servants, enabled to do him service, to praise his name, and to teach his people;

and to have churches, and no churchmen, is to no purpose. But why have we not such churchmen as are able to instruct God's people? I say it is easily answered: that it is not so easy to get able, worthy, and sufficient churchmen, unless there were sufficient means and livings to maintain them.'

"After some intermediate remarks on the insufficiency of the means for educating the clergy, 'since Henry the Eighth overthrew the abbies and monasteries, which were as universities to breed scholars,' he then proceeds to show the insufficiency of the maintenance of the clergy, in consequence of 'the ecclesiastical livings of the Church having been given to the King's nobility and lay gentry.'

"To exemplify his position, he then divides the benefices of his own diocese into two classes; naming the denomination and the holder of each.

"In the first class are 'the rectories, the best and the chiefest livings, that are of any worth, or of any note within the diocese; and, as I showed you, the nobility, gentry, and cities do hold them from the church, and do yield little or nothing for the service of God in those churches; neither dare the poor vicars and curates, according to the bishop's appointment, ask them anything for the serving of those churches, nor is it to any purpose for any incumbent to sue for any tithes or rights that belong unto his church.'

"The second class contains 'what livings the poor clergymen hold in their possession; and of what value they are unto them *deductis deducendis, communibus annis*, as by the inquisition of three or four of the ablest clergymen in my diocese, with myself, I have understood the same in my visitation; and thereby the reader may understand the meanness of our Irish livings, and judge, whether these many livings, that each clergyman holds, are more or enough to make one competent living for a worthy and able man, that will constantly reside, and conacionably preach unto God's people.'

"In illustration of these livings of the second class it should be stated, that a 'living,' in about six instances, according to Bishop Williams's digest, consists of a single 'parish;' that in two instances a 'living,' comprises as many as nine 'parishes;' and that the number of 'parishes,' constituting a 'living,' continually varies between these two extremes: that the entire number of 'livings' is twenty-two, and the number of 'parishes' seventy-seven, forming therefore on an average an union of three parishes and a half to one living.

"Also, that the value of the livings continually varies from ten pounds which is the lowest, to sixty-six, one hundred and one, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds, which are the three highest values; and that the total value of the twenty-two livings is nine hundred and sixty-one pounds, ten shillings; being forty-three pounds, fourteen shillings, and a small fraction, to each upon the average.

"This brief summary of particulars, abstracted from Bishop Williams's detailed exposition of the condition of his diocese, may perhaps assist in opening the reader's mind to a clearer perception of the situation of the parochial clergy of Ireland at the time under review, of the nature and extent of their charges, and of the occasion and necessity of those unions, which have brought such obloquy on the church: at the same time that it may enable him to render a just answer to the bishop's pertinent inquiry, 'Do you think that this value is sufficient to maintain an able ministry, to supply all these churches and parishes as they ought to be; or that Popery shall be suppress, and the true Protestant religion planted amongst the people, by the union of parishes, and the diminution of churches, without any augmentation of their means?'

————— *Credat Judæus Apella;*
Non ego!

"The diocese of Ossory, which is the subject of the foregoing relation, is situated in the province of Leinster, in one of the south-eastern districts of the kingdom. An example of a similar state of things in the North, or in the province of Ulster, is supplied by an incident that occurred in the diocese of Derry, of which the diocesan Bishop Mossom, having in his petition to the king in council, procured on the 13th of May, 1670, a recommendation of his case to the Irish Society, made this representation of the ecclesiastical condition of the city and county of Londonderry:—

"First, that the churches, especially those within the twelve London proportions, were generally ruinous, and not one, except that within the city, was in repair, and accommodation fit for God's worship; neither were the inhabitants, such was their extreme poverty, any ways able to rebuild or repair them; so that the holy offices of God's public worship were, for the most part, administered either in a dirty cabin or in a common alehouse; and also that not only were the churches ruinous, but likewise the ministers were generally and necessarily non-resident, not having any houses upon their cures;

not being able, through meanness of estate and numerousness of their families, to build themselves houses, nor could they find habitations to be hired upon the place.'

"What means were taken for the remedy of these local evils, does not appear. But they seem to have been regarded as an example of the general state of the country in the particular defects complained of. And the coincidences of dates makes it not improbable, that they gave occasion for the instructions concerning the building and repair of churches, and the encouragement of resident ministers, which were enjoined upon Lord Berkeley, as before mentioned, on the 21st of May, 1670.

"The desolation, indeed, appears to have been very extensive and complete. In a sermon of Dean Swift, on the martyrdom of King Charles I., wherein he delineates the evils of puritanical zeal, as evidenced by the Great Rebellion, is a forcible description of the utter demolition of the Irish parochial churches by that devastating scourge, as compared with the traces of less complete ruin visible in England.

"'Another consequence,' he says, 'of this horrid rebellion and murder was, the destroying or defacing of such vast numbers of God's houses. 'In their self-will they digged down a wall.' If a stranger should now travel in England, and observe the churches in his way, he could not otherwise conclude, than that some vast army of Turks or heathens had been sent on purpose to ruin and blot out all marks of Christianity. They spared neither the statues of saints, nor ancient prelates, nor kings, nor benefactors; broke down the tombs and monuments of men famous in their generations; seized the vessels of silver set apart for the holiest use; tore down the most innocent ornaments both within and without; made the houses of prayer dens of thieves, or stables for cattle. These were the mildest effects of Puritan zeal and devotion for Christ; and this was what themselves affected to call a thorough reformation. In this kingdom (Ireland), those ravages were not so easily seen: for, the people here being too poor to raise such noble temples, the mean ones we had were not defaced, but totally destroyed.'

Will Mr. Fowell Buxton, and his fellow labourers in the cause of church destruction, contend, that, during this period, the Irish church was over endowed, and that it was its wealth which caused its inefficiency, as the moral and religious instructress of the people? Is not the contrary deplorably evident; and does it not clearly

appear, that it was crippled for want of means, not encumbered by any *over-abundance*?

This brings us down to the revolution, which was followed by the wars of William and James, during the progress of which the church again experienced extensive waste and dilapidation. Thus writes Dean Swift:—

“Forty years are now passed since the Revolution, when the contention of the British empire was, most unfortunately for us, and altogether against the usual course of such mighty changes in government, decided in the least important nation, but with such ravages and ruin executed on both sides, as to leave the kingdom a desert, which in some sort it still continues. Neither did the long rebellions in 1641 make half such a destruction of houses, plantations, and personal wealth in both kingdoms as two years’ campaigns did in our’s by fighting England’s battles. These wars and desolations were likewise the cause of another effect, I mean that of *uniting several parishes under one incumbent*, for as the lands were of little value by the want of inhabitants to cultivate them, and many of the churches levelled to the ground, so, in order to give a decent maintenance to a minister, and the country being too poor, as well as devotion too low, to think of building new churches, it was found necessary to repair some church which had least suffered, and to join sometimes three or more, enough for a bare support to some clergyman who knew not where to provide himself better. This was a case of absolute necessity to prevent Heathenism, as well as Popery, from overrunning the kingdom. The consequence of these unions was very different in different parts, for in the north, by the daily increasing numbers of the Scotch settlement, and by their universally feeding on oats, the value of tithes increased so prodigiously that at this day, I confess, several united parishes ought to be divided, taking in so great a compass that it is almost impossible for the people to travel timely to their own parish church, or their little churches to contain half the number, though the revenue would be sufficient to maintain two, or even three clergymen with decency, provided the times mend, or they were honestly dealt with, which I confess is seldom the case. I shall name only one, the deanery of Derry, the revenue whereof, if the dean could get his dues, exceeding that of some bishoprics, both by the compass and fertility of the soil, the number as well as industry

of the inhabitants, the convenience of exporting their corn to Dublin and foreign parts, and lastly, by the discovery of marl in several places. Yet all this revenue is wholly founded on corn, for I am told there is hardly an acre of glebe for the dean to plant and build on.”

Then came that most flagitious act of the Irish House of Commons, which robbed the clergy of the tithe of agistment. This took place in 1785. The privation of income which was thus caused, necessitated a still further consolidation of benefices, and thus, materially increased the difficulties with which the clergy had to contend in their endeavours to discharge their sacred duties. We have marked for citation various passages which fully establish the ruinous effects of this wholesale, arbitrary, and most iniquitous spoliation; but we take it for granted, that even Mr. Fowell Buxton will scarcely maintain that it could have contributed to any augmentation of the wealth of the Irish clergy. In point of fact, they were reduced by it to a state of poverty and wretchedness, which even he could scarcely wish to see aggravated; and yet, we are at a loss to discover any of those fruits of zeal and of spiritual mindedness, which he would fain have us believe can only be expected when the ministers of religion are reduced to indigence, and exposed to persecution.

Then followed “the Peep-of-day Boy” insurrection; then followed “the Whiteboy” insurrection; then “the Hearts of Oak;” then “the Hearts of Steel;” then followed the confederation of “the Defenders;” then came “the United Irishmen;” then the rebellion of 1798; then the riband conspiracy, in all its various shapes; by which the country has been kept ever since in continual turbulence, and the clergy in continual alarm. We ask Mr. Fowell Buxton, are not these lets and impediments to be taken into account, when he brings a bill of indictment against the Irish Church, for its non efficiency in the conversion of our Romish population.

We have confined ourselves, as the reader will perceive, to a mere, and a very meagre, statement of the incontrovertible documentary evidence, by which it is proved, that the Irish Church was impeded in the discharge

of its spiritual duties, not by its wealth, but by its poverty; and that, down to a very recent period, that poverty was so extreme, as to render any extended operations for the conversion of the natives wholly impossible. But it was not alone with poverty the clergy had to contend. There were other difficulties with which they had to struggle; and which, had their circumstances been as easy as, in fact, they were embarrassed, would have seriously interfered with the efficacy of their ministrations.

The popish ecclesiastics maintained their war against the establishment with an undying rancour; and were often under the influence of the foreign enemies of Great Britain, who directed their movements in the manner most likely to keep up in the country a mass of latent disaffection, which might be made available, upon critical emergencies, for the embarrassment of the government, or the dismemberment of the empire.

The best appointments to offices of dignity in the Church were not always, or, indeed, often, made by the ministers of the crown; who too frequently were influenced by personal predilections, or views of parliamentary interest, instead of that uncompromising sense of their bounden duty, which should never, in such sacred matters, cease to be uppermost in the minds of the sovereign's sworn advisers. The reader of our ecclesiastical history will find, that this evil has prevailed to a much greater extent since, than before, the revolution. Brown, Williams, the two Usshers, Leslie, Bramhall, Bedell, Jeremy Taylor, and others but little less distinguished or illustrious, are to be found amongst the appointments for which we are indebted to the sagacity and disinterestedness of Crammer, of James the First, of Laud, and of Ormond. Where shall we find their like after Whiggery became ascendant, when the complexion of a man's politics became much more important, as a criterion of his fitness for high ecclesiastical preferment, than the purity of his morals, or the character of his mind? Accordingly, this great distinction obtains between the leading divines who ruled the Church *before*, and *after*, the expulsion of the house of Stewart from the throne. The latter successfully subordinated reli-

gion to politics; the former endeavoured to subordinate politics to religion. We have, therefore, ever since the revolution, been, in ecclesiastical matters, *upon an inclined plane*; nor will it be possible to retrieve the character of the Church, so that it may truly become a help-meet for the state, until some regulations have been made respecting the interference of ministers in the appointments of our prelates, which will render it impossible that the real interests of religion should be any longer neglected.

It was during the administration of Lord Strafford that the thirty-nine articles became the common standard of the Churches of England and Ireland. Before that period the Lambeth articles, which had been rejected in England, were adopted here; and so far a discrepancy existed, which it was desirable to remove. Accordingly, the intrepid and determined Lord Lieutenant set about his task with a resolution that was not to be baffled or overborne; and succeeded, by the admirable management of Bramhall, in procuring the assent of the convocation to a resolution affirming the English articles as the standard of the Church; notwithstanding the reluctance of Ussher, who, as we intimated before, had Calvinistic leanings, and threw difficulties in the way of the new arrangement, which nothing but the most vigilant and persevering determination could have effectually resisted.

It is, however, to be observed, that the articles thus received, must be regarded rather as articles of *comprehension* than of *limitation*, upon those important subjects, respecting which, the opinions of the clergy were divided. Ussher still retained his right to interpret the 17th article in a manner congenial with his previous views; as did, also, the other clergy. Indeed, for some time, he continued to demand subscription to the two sets of articles; the one, that adopted in 1615; and the other, that recently adopted by the Convocation. But this most inconvenient practice did not last long; a total interruption to all ecclesiastical regimen, according to the discipline of the Church of England, having been caused by the great rebellion; and when, again, after the restoration, the Church resumed its proper station, the English articles alone were used, and the Irish,

as we are told by Smith, the biographer of Ussher, "fell into neglect, desuetude, and oblivion, as if they never existed."

And such, in fact, seems to have been the intention of those by whom the new arrangements were effected :

"That, whilst no violence should be offered to the Primate's feelings, nor any slur cast upon his character, by the avowed repeal of the Articles, which he had himself composed, the establishment, nevertheless, of the English Articles, being, as they conceived them to be, inconsistent with the others, should give silently and effectually a death-blow to those previously established in the Church of Ireland. And such appears to have been the purpose of Bishop Bramhall, as intimated by the course above attributed to him by his biographer, Archbishop Vesey; and as confirmed in his funeral sermon, by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, who commends his care in 'causing the Articles of the Church of England to be accepted as the rule of publick confessions and persuasions here; that they and we might be *populus unus labii*, of one heart and one lip, building up our hopes of heaven on a most holy faith; and taking away that *Shibboleth* which made this Church lisp too undecently; or rather in some little degree to speak the speech of Ashdod, and not the language of Canaan."

But whilst Calvinism was thus, in a manner, it must be confessed, somewhat arbitrarily, thrust out of the Articles, its ministers, in a manner, at least equally reprehensible and irregular, obtained a footing in the Church, by which they were enabled to operate serious detriment to the integrity of our ecclesiastical system. While Strafford was bundling it, neck and crop, out of our confession of faith, its crooked professors were wriggling themselves into our Church preferments. We extract from the work before us the following account of the manner in which, and the motives for which, Mr. Robert Blair entered into holy orders. The authority for it is to be found in the life of that worthy, *written by himself*:—

"Mr. Robert Blair, it seems, had been invited from Scotland, in 1623, by the Lord Claneboy, son of a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, to settle in the parish of Bangor, in the county of Down; but he

declined the offer, because he 'could not submit to the use of the English liturgy, nor to episcopal government.' He was assured, however, that his lordship was 'confident of procuring a free entry for him, which he quickly effectuated. So all my devices,' he observes, 'to obstruct a settlement there did vanish, and take no effect, the counsel of the Lord standing fast in all generations: yea, his wisdom overruled all this, both to procure me a free and safe entry to the holy ministry; and that, when after some years I met with trials for my non-conformity, neither patron nor prelate could say that I had broken any condition to them.'

"The mode of 'effectuating this free entry' to the holy ministry is thus related :

"The Viscount Claneboy, my noble patron, did, on my request, inform the bishop how opposite I was to episcopacy and their liturgy, and had the influence to procure my admission on easy and honourable terms. Yet, lest his lordship had not been plain enough, I declared my opinion fully to the bishop at our first meeting, and found him yielding beyond my expectation. The bishop said to me, "I hear good of you, and will impose no conditions on you; I am old, and can teach you ceremonies, and you can teach me substance; only I must ordain you, else neither I nor you can answer the law nor brook the land." I answered him, that his sole ordination did utterly contradict my principles; but he replied both wittily and submissively, "Whatever you account of episcopacy, yet I know you account a presbytery to have divine warrant; will you not receive ordination from Mr. Cunningham, and the adjacent brethren, and let me come in among them in no other relation, than a presbyter?" This I could not refuse, and so the matter was performed."

"Thus an avowed opponent of episcopacy and the English liturgy was, according to his own account, in compliance with his 'principles,' and by an 'old,' a 'yielding,' and a 'submissive' bishop, whose principles are left to conjecture, 'easily and honourably' admitted to the ministry of an episcopal Church, with which the English liturgy was the exclusive rule of publick worship. The complacency and self-sufficiency of the narrative might provoke a smile, if it did not relate to so sacred a subject, and excite more grave and serious feelings. But leaving the style and tone to the reader's perception, I would offer two or three remarks on the fallacy, which distinguishes this whole alleged proceeding.

"The bishop 'would impose no conditions' on Mr. Blair: and so 'neither

patron nor prelate could say that he had broken any condition to them.'

"But this is a perfect delusion. In conferring holy orders, a bishop is personally nothing: he has nothing whatever to say or to do about 'conditions' on his own account. He is the trustee, the representative, the minister, the organ of the Church: in her name he acts; his course of proceeding is prescribed by her, and he has promised, and is pledged to, 'faithfulness' in following it. Thus he is appointed by the Church to confer 'episcopal ordination'; and in so doing he is to conduct himself 'by lawful authority,' and according to the form of ordination, which the Church has provided; he is to enforce on the candidate the duties which the Church requires, and to demand of him an acknowledgment of the conditions which the Church imposes; he is not to 'come in among others in no other relation than as a presbyter' among presbyters, an equal among equals, but he is to come prominently forward, a bishop above presbyters, a superior above ministers of a lower order; he is not to see the candidate 'receive ordination' from others, but he is himself to ordain him. The bishop, who should err from this line, would betray his trust, compromise the Church's character, assume an unlawful power, break his promise, and forfeit his pledge of fidelity. Thus he would commit a grievous sin. And any person, who should seduce, or tempt, or encourage him to the commission, would be a partaker of the sin; nor could he, by the supposed absence of a condition imposed by the bishop, be held excused from observing the conditions, virtually and implicitly imposed by the Church. This general view is submitted to the reader, and with him is left the particular application."

What will the reader say to that? Was not Mr. Robert Blair a goodly Presbyterian? Let us see whether his example might not be improved upon, for the comfort and the edification of those thin-skinned and conscientious individuals, who boggle a little at burglary, but are ready enough to commit robbery and murder. One of them is directed, or invited, to assist in the gutting of a house. "How can I," says he, "seeing the doors are shut; and you know it is against my principles to enter any house by violence." "Oh! aye; I see," says the seducer; "but I have settled all that. I have made an arrangement with the Butler, who has agreed to let you in, upon a signal given;—and once in, in

a quiet way, your scruples are at an end. You will then make no objection to be as active as any of us in the work which we have undertaken, and in which you are quite as much interested as we are ourselves." The conscientious robber turns up the whites of his eyes, in an ecstasy of pious thanksgiving and gratulation, at the discovery of this blessed expedient, by which his favorite propensities may be indulged, whilst his honourable scruples are respected. "Surely," he says, "it is the Lord's doing;—make the arrangement as soon as you please. Introduce me, forthwith, to this honest Butler; and if he but perform his part of the agreement, depend upon it I shall not be wanting in the performance of mine."

Does not this precisely describe the transaction which has been detailed? and could any language which we might use sufficiently mark it with reprobation? Did this man enter the Church regularly; or, did he get himself smuggled into it irregularly? Did he come in by the door; or did he climb over the sheep-fold? And if the latter, what was he, in the language of our Lord himself, "but a thief and a robber?" And yet, the deluded man, (for deluded we believe he was, even more than he was guilty,) would have us believe that his surreptitious entrance into our ministry in violation of its fundamental ordinances, "was the Lord's doing!" That all was divinely appointed and arranged; that it was a gracious Providence which threw him in the way of a bishop who was ready to act as a Judas to his order; who was alike unmindful of his ordination vows, and his consecration oath; and who, instead of acting the part of a vigilant guardian, especially appointed to banish and drive away all "erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word," became a passive conspirator with some of the most virulent enemies of the apostolical constitution of our Church; and actually furnished the sheep's clothing to the wolves, who had long been prowling around his flock, and seeking an opportunity to enter in, and devour them. All this was "the Lord's doing," in the cant of this Protestant Jesuit, who cozened, we have little doubt, his own conscience into the persuasion that he was acting right in taking advantage of the

treachery, or the infatuation, of the weak or guilty bishop by whom he was ordained, and using his privileges as an admitted minister of the Church, to set at nought all its rules and regulations, and become the ringleader of a schism by which its integrity was endangered.

"Let one word be added on the manner in which the persons thus admitted to the ministry obeyed the injunctions of the Church. One of the first acts of Mr. Blair was to rebuke his patron for kneeling at the Lord's supper, the practice of those godly ministers being to communicate in a sitting posture: and 'in my congregation,' says he, 'we had both deacons for the poor and elders for discipline.' And Mr. Livingston relates, 'not only had we publick worship, free of any inventions of men, but we had also a tolerable discipline.' In a word, their discipline and their mode of worship appear to have been Presbyterian. Was this according to the stipulation required by the Church in her Form of Ordination, that her ministers 'will give all faithful diligence to minister the discipline and the sacraments of Christ, as this Church hath received the same?' Or was this stipulation one which scrupulous consciences evaded by 'drawing a line over it in the Ordination Book?'

"Bishop Echlin indeed proceeded to exercise episcopal jurisdiction over some of those non-conforming ministers of the church; as is shown in a remarkable example in the year 1628, when he called upon Mr. Blair to preach at the Lord Primate's triennial visitation of the diocese. Primate Usher was then absent in England; but the visitation was holden by his officials, two of whom were bishops. And the preacher took occasion to insult these episcopal representatives of the metropolitan, his own diocesan, and the assembled episcopal clergy, by a discourse, wherein, as he bears testimony himself,

"I endeavoured especially to show, that Christ our Lord had instituted no bishops, but presbyters, or ministers; and proved this first from the Holy Scriptures; next from the testimonies of the more pure among the ancient fathers and divines, that have been seeking reformation these thirteen hundred years; and lastly, from the testimonies of the more moderate divines, both over sea and in England; not forgetting to rank the learned Doctor Usher, their primate, among the chief. And then I concluded with an exhortation to them, to use moderately that power, which custom and human laws had put in

their hand. And indeed they took with the advice, without challenging my freedom. Only the Bishop of Dromore, who was brother-in-law to Dr. Usher, exhorted me privately to behave as moderately towards them, as they had done to me, and then bade me farewell."

"Theophilus Buckworth was at that time Bishop of Dromore.

"Some time afterwards, in 1630, the bishop again called upon the same minister to preach an assize sermon before the lords justices, who came annually to the northern circuit. One of these, it seems, Sir Richard Beaton, the lord chief baron of the Exchequer, was 'a violent urger of conformity to the English ceremonies;' and so the preacher most uncharitably represents the call, as 'a more dangerous web, woven by the crafty bishop, the former snare being broken;' but he triumphantly subjoins, 'the only wise Lord, to whom I had committed myself and my ministry, did break this snare also, and brought me off with comfort and credit.'

"It is not a little remarkable with what arrogant self-sufficiency these irregular ministers habitually speak of their own proceedings, frequently attributing their irregularities and lawlessness to a special divine interposition; and how continually they ascribe to the worst motives the conduct of the bishops and other friends of the church, who acted agreeably to their principles and engagements as episcopalians. Episcopacy, and everything connected with it, appeared in their eyes, and is represented in their writings, as a sort of spiritual leprosy; and even their most favoured Usher could obtain from Mr. Livingston no better character than that of being 'a godly man, although a bishop.'

We have dwelt thus long upon this part of the subject, because the good Bishop does not appear to us to have treated it with the fullness which it requires. He is gentle and forbearing in his strictures, to a degree that, in our minds, does not consist well with a proper sense of historical justice. Surely mountebanks, such as he describes, whether deceivers or deceived, should be held up to well-deserved reprobation; and that in proportion to the sacredness of the subject which they travesty, or trade upon, by their eccentricities, or their crimes. For our parts, we are at a loss to discover any instance of more "incomprehensible scoundrelism," (we thank O'Connell for the word,) than that recorded of Mr. Robert Blair, and of which he

is, in his own person, the historian and the panegyrist; namely, that of taking orders in the Church for the avowed purpose of overthrowing its fundamental regulations; and availing himself of the blindness or the corruption of a bishop, as a sort of Grecian wooden horse, to obtain an entrance into the sanctuary, for the purpose of plundering the shrine.*

But these things relate, merely, to the scheming depredations of the Fox;—the days were at hand when the Wolf was to descend upon the fold, and calamity, in its heaviest form, was to be felt by the Protestants of Ireland. The massacre in 1641 was one of those concerted systems of wholesale murder, by which the Church of Rome has, at various times, been characterised. It was extensive, simultaneous, and terrible, to a degree that threatened the extirpation of every man, woman, and child professing the Protestant religion, in those parts of the country where the numerical majority were papists; and attended by circumstances of sa-

vage, and even demoniacal cruelty, of which barbarians themselves would be ashamed; evincing the deep aggravation of human depravity which is caused by the profession of a false religion; and that, "when the light that is in us is darkness, how great is that darkness!"

Nothing can be more certain than that the agents in this work of destruction were possessed by a belief, that, in thus embruing their hands in the blood of their unoffending Protestant fellow-subjects, they were doing God service! Thus they were instructed by their priests. And they addressed themselves, accordingly, to the work of heretical extirpation, with a light-hearted and remorseless barbarity that rendered them fitting instruments of the bloody designs of those by whose subtle contrivances they had been combined in that league of iniquity, and who had been maturing their plans of vengeance for more than twenty years.† Nor was the time ill chosen for the outbreak, by which,

* The case of the abstraction of the celebrated diamond, at present in possession of the Emperor of Russia, is not very dissimilar to that of the ordination and subsequent conduct of the Rev. Robert Blair. This precious stone was discovered, by a Scotch soldier, as an eye in the idol of one of the Indian tribes. He immediately set about considering how he could procure it, and he proceeded on this wise:—First, he had himself adopted as one of the tribe; he then advanced from one stage to another in their confidence, until he gradually became one of their priests, and, finally, their high priest. He thus had complete command of the temple; and took advantage of the first opportunity which presented itself, to abstract, and decamp with, the object of his long-cherished desire. He sold it for a large sum of money; but never, that we have heard of, pretended that his felony was "the Lord's doing," or, in fact, that he was moved to the perpetration of it by any better impulse than the instigation of the devil.

† The following graphical account of the secret assemblies of ecclesiastics, by whom the massacre was planned, and the preparations made for carrying it into effect, we extract from the late Dr. Phelan's "Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland."

"In the mean time, the leading ecclesiastics, and the few lay chiefs to whom it was judged expedient to communicate councils of such critical importance, continued to meet and concert their measures. Their favourite resort was an old Franciscan Abbey, in the county of Westmeath; a place which, from its retired yet central situation, and from the handsome accommodation which it afforded to clerical visitors, was judiciously chosen as the seat of conference. At the dissolution of the monasteries, this edifice had been purchased by a recusant Alderman of Dublin, who restored it to its original owners; and, by the industry of these fathers, it was refitted with a splendour of which Ireland had in those days very few examples. A chapel in perfect repair, an altar graced with a respectable supply of pictures, images, and reliques, and a choir provided with singers and an organ, at once recalled the memory of better days, and gave assurance of their return; and, what was more to the present purpose of the hierarchy, there were several spare apartments, with suitable stores and offices, for the entertainment of strangers, both horse and foot. As the season advanced, the visits to the Abbey became so frequent, as to attract observation; and some of the more timid or obnoxious of the neighbouring Protestants had quitted the country before the summer was over.

"Through the rest of Ireland, not one note of fear or of preparation interrupted the awful tranquillity of the summer. Twenty-seven years before, it had been

it was hoped, the authority of the Roman pontiff would again be established in its ancient supremacy in Ireland. England was in a state of great confusion. The variance between the king and the parliament had deepened into a sanguinary civil war; and neither party, in that melancholy contest, could, from the pressure of immediate exigencies, afford time to bestow any adequate consideration upon the condition of the distressed and afflicted Protestants of Ireland. The king was wholly unable to extend to them any relief; and the parliament seemed more disposed to look for matter of crimination against their royal antagonist in the sanguinary excesses of the Romish faction here, than to adopt any active measures by which their fiend-like atrocities might be counteracted.

The work before us is singularly abstinent from those harrowing details which are to be found in such abundance in the works of the Irish annalists who lived during this awful visitation, and by whom the sworn depositions of many of the sufferers have been recorded. This, we must think, is not as it should be. It would have well become Bishop Mant to stigmatize the leading actors in this dreadful tragedy with a deeper brand. We can appreciate the motives which led to this forbearance; and we can honor the generosity and the gentle-heartedness which caused the mild and forgiving prelate to pass, with a hurried step and an averted eye, over scenes which, if steadily contemplated, might well provoke the most indignant reprobation. But it is not thus that history is to read her most impressive lessons to her votaries. If she undertake to exhibit the ages that are past, it is that we may be instructed respecting the course of events in the ages that are to come. And it is important to have it deeply imprinted upon our minds, that the *principles* which led to the massacre in 1641, are the same

that are this moment in living operation throughout the greater part of Ireland;—nor is there any one probable opinion of the truth of which we are more fully persuaded, than of this, that the time is not very distant when a similar explosion of bigotry may be apprehended; unless our rulers be timely awakened to their peril, and adopt measures of wiser precaution than any they have yet dreamed of for securing the tranquillity of this member of the empire.

Our author gives a touching account of the sufferings of Bishop Bedell; and deplora, with good reason, the interruption of those projects of usefulness upon which that great and good man was bent. He had undertaken a translation of the Old Testament into Irish, for the benefit of the natives, which, had it been published at the time, would have been attended with very good effects. But the rebellion, which threw all things into confusion, prevented him from thus seeing the fruits of his own labours. Nor was it until nearly forty years after his death, that the Hon. Robert Boyle, "the great Christian philosopher," as he has been called, caused a fount of types, in the Irish character, to be cast at his own expense, by means of which the work was at length printed.

But we must bring our notice to a close; not, however, without emphatically calling the attention of our readers to the curious alternations which marked the chequered progress of the reformed Church of England and Ireland. The first start of reformation took place under Henry the Eighth; but then it proceeded very little beyond the denial of the pope's supremacy; and rather aimed at relieving our sovereigns from the yoke of foreign domination, than delivering the people from spiritual bondage. Henry died, leaving the Established Church, *in point of doctrine*, almost as popish as he found it. Then came Edward, under whom

declared by one who had studied the aspect of the times, that 'whenever a favourable accident should happen, the Sicilian vespers would be acted in Ireland; and e'er a cloud of mischief appeared, the swords of the natives would be in the throats of the Scotch and new English, through every part of the realm.' With the exception of one particular, the prediction was literally fulfilled. On the twenty-third of October the carnage began; on the thirtieth, the order for a general massacre was issued from the camp of Sir Phelim O'Neil; and shortly after, the manifesto of Bishop MacMahon proclaimed the commencement of a **WAR OF RELIGION.**"

the enlightened minds of Cranmer and Ridley had free scope; and the Liturgy and the Catechism attest the degree to which these great and good men were both disposed and enabled to restore the purity of apostolical doctrine and worship. But no sooner had true religion been, as it were, thus born again, than, like the Saviour in his infancy, it was exposed to bitter persecution. Mary came; all the milk of whose woman's nature had been turned, by an infuriate bigotry, into poison; and whatever persecution, in all its varied forms, could do, to extinguish the reformed doctrines, was done, with an unrelenting severity of which we have but few examples. But it was not suffered to work out the purposes of those by whom it was employed. Elizabeth succeeded, under whom the professors of true religion were again cherished, and the Liturgy again restored to its proper place. She was followed by James, who trode in her footsteps; but began to encounter a new enemy, in the Puritans, to whom Church discipline was odious; and who, in the reign of Charles, became so strong, and so unruly, that the Church itself was overthrown, and continued in a state of prostration and ruin for more than twenty years. All was set right again, by the happy Restoration; and continued so, until Charles's popish predilections strongly manifested themselves towards the close of his reign. By his brother, by whom he was succeeded, the Church was again placed under ban and interdict, from which it was not delivered until the glorious Revolution.

And we are induced, at present, to allude to this curious series of providential arrangements, for the encouragement of those, who, in this our day, are over-much cast down by the present fortunes of the Church. We tell them to be of good cheer. What is happening now, happened before; and although we appeared to be for a season forsaken, and the countenance of the Lord seemed to be withdrawn from us, we were soon made to feel that the chastisement we experienced was that of a gracious father; and that, although heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. Even so, we confidently say, it will now be, if we are only true to ourselves.

In the reign of James the Second, almost every one of the circumstances, by which the Irish Protestants are at present oppressed, were felt in a manner by which the faith and the constancy of their forefathers were most severely tried; and happy was it, both for themselves and their posterity, that they were not then found wanting. If we have to complain of the disposal of patronage under a protestant Lord Lieutenant, they had to complain of it under a popish. If we have to complain of a constabulary, who constitute a sort of standing army, nominated, in a great degree, by the influence of popish priests, they had to deplore the disbanding of a loyal Protestant army, upon whom, alone, they could have relied for protection. If we see popish judges, and popish privy councillors, filling the bench and thronging the council chamber, the like extraordinary and ominous spectacle was witnessed by them. The same may be said of popish law officers, popish magistrates, popish sheriffs, and popish corporations. If the clergy, in our day, have been reduced to grievous distress, by the withholding of their lawful incomes, and by the difficulties which hostile judges have thrown in the way of the recovery of their dues; a calamity precisely similar was visited upon their predecessors during the reign of James. If national education has been wrested from them, and the privileges which they should have enjoyed conferred upon their popish rivals; the like indignity was, under the last of the Stewarts, offered to their ancestors over whom that odious bigot reigned; and not only that, but their own places of education were taken from them; the college of Kilkenny, founded by the munificence of the great Duke of Ormond, converted into a Jesuit's seminary; and an attempt made to fill the vacant fellowships in the University of Dublin with papists.

These things are all written for our instruction; and when the clouds of calamity gather around us, and our beloved Sion appears in the very jaws of destruction, we should never forget "what we have heard with our ears, and what our fathers have told us had been done in their time of old;" and that the darkest hour in the history of England was that which

immediately preceded the dawn of her brightest day. Nor should it for a moment be absent from our remembrance, that had our forefathers been faithless in their generation, or shrunk, under their trials, from the vindication of their faith, their hearts would never have been gladdened by the happy deliverance from temporal and spiritual oppression, which it pleased God, in his own good time, to vouchsafe to them. Even so it will be with us, we confidently repeat it, if we are true to ourselves, and steadfast in that good cause to which we have been pledged, and to the maintenance of which we are bound by every motive which should influence us as men and

as Christians. Truth and falsehood have not changed their nature. The same God who presided, when we were abandoned, for a season, to the oppressions of the bigot James, still presides over the world; and as then he suffered not his truth to fail, but wrought deliverance for his people, at a time when they looked not for it, and in a manner the most extraordinary, so, doubtless, it will be again; when our gracious sovereign has been disabused of the delusions by which she is at present possessed; when the twin fiends of popery and infidelity have done their worst; and when their persecutions have wrought the proper effects upon us.

LAWS AND LAWYERS*—FIRST ARTICLE.

THE fortunes of distinguished men at the bar, form an interesting chapter in biography, not alone, nor even chiefly, because in our days it has been almost the only avenue for unassisted talents to the highest offices of the state—nor because the history of celebrated lawyers is the history of the founders of many of our greatest families, but because the lives of such men afford a remarkable illustration, that little or nothing of that which secures success is owing to accident in a country circumstanced like England—that the reward is after all to the deserving. “It never occurs to fools”—says a great poet.†—“to notice that merit and fortune are inseparably united. Give a fool the Philosopher’s stone—and what have you given him? The stone is but a stone in any but the hands of the philosopher.” The accidents, as they are called, which have led to the rapid success of the great men who had never been heard of before some fortunate display, had they found them unprepared would have been in vain, and to men who have taken care diligently to prepare themselves, it is scarcely possible that favourable opportunities should not arise. The volumes before us are books that may be described as made up for the market; compiled carefully however, and leaving us little to complain of, except

this, that it would now and then gratify us to learn on what authority some of the best stories are related. An inaccurate and unjust estimate of the book is likely enough to be formed from the circumstance that it records too many of that class of bar-jests, which have been going circuit and walking the hall for the last half century—attribution always to the last professed joker—in Ireland told of Curran, or Parsons, or Grady, so often that we anticipate affidavits will be necessary to support the character of the gentlemen who never omit the assertion, that they were themselves present when the jest was uttered. The more serious part of the book is better done, and much of it contains matter of exceeding interest. The first chapter, on Law Education, is not of much value—it consists of extracts, most of them familiar enough, descriptive of the habits of the bar some two centuries ago, and the exclusiveness with which they sought to devote themselves to their books and papers. From such details little is to be learned—we have a discussion on Lord Chancellor Talbot’s aphorism, which says, that “parts and poverty are the only things needed by the law student.” It is clear that if such a proposition is interpreted strictly, it is false. That a barrister should not be so independent

* *Laws and Lawyers, or Sketches of Legal History and Biography.*—2 Vols. London: Longman and Co. 1840.

† Goethe.

of his profession as to have strong temptations to idleness is no doubt desirable, but the struggles of poverty can have little other effect, than separating him from the studies of his profession, and compelling him to seek support in some of those occupations of literature, which young men by a common but irreparable mistake imagine may be pursued in connection with the studies and practice of this jealous and absorbing profession. The cases which are brought to illustrate the proposition, are cases not of absolute but relative poverty. "Lord Erakine," we are told, "said that the first time he spoke in court, he was so overcome with confusion that he was about to sit down." "At that time," he added, "I fancied I could feel my little children tugging at my gown, so I made an effort—went on and succeeded." The story of Thurlow's rise at the bar is well told—and that of Lord Kenyon and Dunning—Eldon's is yet more remarkable.

"It is well known that Scott, when only twenty years of age, eloped* with a daughter of a wealthy Newcastle Banker 'Jack Scott has run off with Betty Surtees,' was the exclamation of the future chancellor's old schoolmaster: 'the poor lad is undone.' 'I suppose,' said William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, to an Oxford friend, 'you have heard of this very foolish act of my very foolish brother.' 'I hope,' replied his friend, 'that it will turn out better than you anticipate.' 'Never, Sir,' replied Mr. Scott, 'he is completely ruined; nor can anything now save him from absolute beggary. You do not know,' he continued, 'how very unhappy this makes me; for I had good hopes of him, till this last confounded step has destroyed all.'

"It has often been said that after his marriage, his father-in-law refused all intercourse with him, until he had acquired

fame and wealth, and then made some overtures which Scott rejected. When Chancellor, he is said to have affixed the great seal to a commission of bankruptcy against his father-in-law. But these circumstances are not true. A few days after her marriage, Mrs Scott received, by her youngest brother, a letter of forgiveness, on which, accompanied by her husband, she returned to her father's, where the young couple staid for some months. It has been reported, that during his sojourn in Newcastle, a very respectable and wealthy tradesman, a grocer, who had known his father and family for many years, called on Scott, and proposed, as he himself had no children, that he should become a partner in his business. Mr. Scott is said to have paused on this offer, and to have told the worthy grocer that he had written to his brother at Oxford, respecting his plans—that he expected an answer the next day—and that, according to the advice it should contain, would his future course be shaped. The next day the letter arrived, and, as it conveyed an invitation to return to Oxford, determined him to decline the generous offer of the friendly grocer. Scott, accompanied by his wife, then went to Oxford, where he resided until his call to the bar, studying law with the utmost severity. After his call, he spent two years in the chambers of Mr. Duane, an eminent conveyancer, by which means he acquired a most intimate acquaintance with the principles and practice of the Law of Real Property—an acquaintance which an observant reader will detect in many of his judgments, after he was placed on the woolsack. The fruits of his first year's practice were not large—amounting to one solitary half-guinea, which he generously presented to his wife as pocket-money. His father-in-law obtained for him a general retainer from the corporation of Newcastle, and several fees from some of its wealthy merchants.

"Scott, about this time, was also made one of the commissioners of bankrupts; beside which, he obtained the professional business of the Duke of Northumberland.

* We have the following anecdote from a source that we can rely on. George III. was one day standing between Lord Eldon, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sutton. After a moment's pause in the conversation, the king said, gravely, "I am now in a position which, probably, no European king ever occupied before." Lord Eldon begged his majesty to explain himself. "I am standing," said the king, in the same grave tone, "between the head of the Church, and the head of the Law, in my kingdom—men, who ought to be the patterns of morality, but who have both been guilty of the greatest immorality." The two lords—learned and reverend—looked shocked and astonished. Lord Eldon respectfully begged to know to what his majesty alluded. "Why, my lords," exclaimed the king, in a tone of exquisite banter—"did you not both run away with your wives?"

From 1774—one year after he commenced practice—to 1783, his business, at first gradually, and afterwards rapidly, increased. About four years after his call, Scott appeared to have been impatient of the tardiness of his progress; and, apprehensive that the difficulties imposed on him, as the father of a family, would increase, resolved to abandon the London bar, and to return to Newcastle. There were two circumstances that prevented him from carrying this resolution into effect. The first was his success in the great case of *Ackroyd v. Smithson*, (1 Brown, Chan. Ca. 505,) which was originally heard before the Master of the Rolls. Scott had a guinea brief to consent on behalf of one of the parties—another of the parties, however, would not yield, and appealed from the Master to the Chancellor. The solicitor of Mr. Scott's client, called on him with another guinea consent brief: but Mr. Scott said that now he had heard the matter argued, he was disposed to think that a good deal might be said on his client's behalf, and therefore, he thought he should be imprudent to consent. The solicitor replied, that he had no other instructions but to consent; but he would mention the matter to his client. The result was, that Mr. Scott was instructed to take what course he thought proper. When the day for the cause arrived, the other parties urged their claims with such apparent reason, that Lord Thurlow enquired what the opposite side had to observe. On this, Scott rose and advocated the cause of his client, with such learning and ability, that Lord Thurlow said he had been so much startled with the novelty and force of his reasoning, that he must take time to consider; and ultimately decided, with many compliments to Mr. Scott, in his favour.

"The following anecdote has also been related of one of Mr. Scott's early 'happy hits.' At York, the judges often left remanets. Mr. Scott was junior in an action of assault, and when the cause was called on, he rose to say that his leader was engaged in the crown court, and to express his hope that the court would postpone the cause for a short time. 'Call the next cause,' exclaimed the judge, in a tone, which implied 'strike this out of the list.' Mr. Scott immediately—it was a case of desperation—addressed the jury:—a Mrs. Fermor, and an elderly maiden lady, Miss Sanstern, were opposed to each other, at a whist table, and had a slight difference. Words led to blows, and Mrs. Fermor was forced from her chair to the floor. The evidence appeared conclusive that Miss Sanstern committed the first

assault; but the defendant's counsel objected that there was a fatal variance between the declaration and the proof, the declaration alleging that the assault had been committed by the hand of the defendant; the proof being that she had flung her cards into the plaintiff's face. Mr. Scott replied, that 'In the common parlance of the card-table, a hand means cards. She did assault the plaintiff with her hand of cards.' Lord Eldon's recollection of the story was, that he gained a verdict for a small amount. The year after his success in *Ackroyd v. Smithson*, Eldon refused a mastership in chancery—in three years received a silk gown—and led the northern circuit."

The circumstances of Lord Erskine's early life are worth recording. He was the younger son of a noble Scottish family—was sent to sea at the age of fourteen, and attained the rank of lieutenant; his chance of promotion seemed but slight, and he entered the army. After six years service in this new profession, he determined to try his fate at the bar—took a degree at Cambridge as *filiius nobilis*, and was, in due season, called to the bar. "While in the army," says our author, "he married a beautiful and intelligent young lady, and his wife is said to have borne the hardships of her lot with a constancy and courage which proved how warmly she was attached to her husband."

We must, however, give his own account of the circumstances to which he owed his first distinction at the English bar.

"I had scarcely a shilling in my pocket when I got my first retainer. It was sent me by a Captain Baillie of the navy, who held an office at the Board of Greenwich Hospital; and I was to show cause in the Michaelmas term against a rule that had been obtained against him, in the preceding term, calling on him to show cause why a criminal information for a libel, reflecting on Lord Sandwich's conduct, as governor of that charity, should not be filed against him. I had met, during the long vacation, this Captain Baillie at a friend's table; and after dinner expressed myself with some warmth, probably with some eloquence, on the corruption of Lord Sandwich, as First Lord of the Admiralty; and then adverted to the scandalous practices imputed to him, with regard to Greenwich Hospital. Baillie knudged the person who sat next

to him, and asked who I was? Being told that I had just been called to the bar, and had been formerly in the navy, Baillie exclaimed, 'Then, by G—! I'll have him for one of my counsel.' I trudged down to Westminster Hall, when I got the brief; and being the junior of five who would be heard before me, never dreamt that the court would hear me at all. The argument came on. Dunning, Bearcroft, Wallace, Bower, Hargrave, were all heard at considerable length, and I was to follow. Hargrave was long-winded and tired the court. It was a bad omen. But as my good fortune would have it, he was afflicted with the stranguary, and was obliged to retire once or twice in the course of his argument. This protracted the cause so long, that when he had finished, Lord Mansfield said that the remaining counsel should be heard next morning. This was exactly what I wished. I had the whole night to arrange in my chambers what I had to say the next morning; and I took the court with their faculties awake and freshened, succeeded quite to my own satisfaction, (sometimes the surest proof that you have satisfied others,) and as I marched along the hall, after the rising of the judges, the attorneys flocked round me with their retainers. I have since flourished; but I have always blessed God for the providential stranguary of poor Hargrave.'

Erskine's argument was interrupted by Lord Mansfield, by the observation that Lord Sandwich, whose conduct the intrepid advocate was arraigning, was not before the court—

"I know," replied Erskine, who was not this time half-a-year at the bar, "I know that he is not formally before the court, but *for that very reason I will bring him before the court.* He has placed these men in the front of the battle in hopes to escape under their shelter, but I will not join in battle with them: *their vices, though screwed up to the highest pitch of human depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat with me. I will drag him to light who is the dark mover behind this scene of iniquity.*" The triumph was perfect. Among other auditors were thirty admiring attorneys, and as many briefs were pressed upon him as he was leaving the court.

We do not wish to affect a more systematic arrangement of the matter

which we lay before our readers than the author of the book which we review,—and his next chapter is called "Legal eccentricity." There are some sensible remarks on the different circumstances in which physicians and lawyers are placed—the clients of the latter hearing their advocate only through the attorney or solicitor, and the patients of the former necessarily meeting him in personal intercourse—to this he attributes the fact, that the eccentricity of the Doctor is very often one of the quackeries by which he strives to force attention to himself; while in the lawyer, it is the unconscious habit of a man neglectful of the customs of the world in his early years of study. The first great eccentric whom our author describes is Sergeant PRIME. Prime was good-natured, dull, and insufferably tiresome. He was one day arguing an ejectment case on circuit. The day was intensely hot, the court thronged to suffocation. A schoolboy, anxious to see all that was to be seen, and to hear all that was to be heard, managed to clamber to the roof of the courthouse, and to place himself on a transverse beam above the heads of all. The Sergeant spoke for full three hours. The speech and the heat were too much for the poor boy, who fell asleep, lost his balance, and came tumbling down. He escaped with a few bruises, and the incident had no more serious consequences than a mock-trial of the Sergeant by the members of his bar-mess, and a fine of a few dozen of wine. "After the long *speech* of the learned Sergeant," said a brother-barrister, "I beg your pardon," interrupted Justice Nares, "you might say, after the long *soliloquy*, for my brother Prime has been talking this half-hour to himself." An accidental remark of Thurlow's made Prime withdraw from the profession. "I happened," says Thurlow, "to be walking up and down Westminster-Hall with him, while Dr. Florence Henzy was on his trial for high treason. Prime was at that time the King's Prime Sergeant, and as such had precedence over all lawyers in the King's service. But the ministers of that day wishing to pay court to Sir Fletcher Norton, though he had at that time no other rank than King's Counsel, intrusted the trial to

him. I happened to make this remark to Prime—"It is a little singular, sir, that I should be walking up and down Westminster-Hall with the King's Prime Sergeant, while a trial at bar for high treason is going on in that court: the expression struck him: he felt the affront put upon him: he went the next morning, resigned his office, and retired from the profession."

WHITTAKER was, we are told, one of the most eminent lawyers of his day—but what is Fame? Of Whittaker three anecdotes are recorded. The first not worth relating; the second an incident which, in all probability, was felt amusing enough at the time—In examining a witness at the bar of the House of Lords, an objection was made to the legality of a question proposed by Whittaker—counsel were directed to withdraw—a debate of two hours followed, and Whittaker being recalled was allowed to put the question. "Upon my word, my Lords, it is so long since I first put the question that I entirely forget it, but with your leaves I will now put another." The third and last story follows. "Being on the Norfolk circuit, a friend at one of the assize towns offered him a bed. The next morning, the lady of the house asked him how he had slept, and hoped that 'he had found himself comfortable and warm.' Yes, madam, replied the Sergeant, yes, pretty well on the whole. At first, to be sure, I felt a little queer for want of Mrs. Whittaker, but recollecting that my portmanteau lay in the room, I threw it behind my back, and it did every bit as well."

Sergeant HILL is another of our author's eccentrics, but one for whose oddities we have not room.

WILLES is the next of these queer fellows:—

"Willes, chief justice of the Common Pleas, though a good lawyer, was scarcely fitted by his habits and character for the high post to which he was appointed. He was greatly disliked by the Pelhams and Lord Hardwicke; but he was befriended by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he owed his elevation. Willes was a gambler and a debauchee. So little did he disguise his taste, that on one occasion he was seen playing cards in the public rooms at Bath. Here he was recognised by a young barrister, who resolved to annoy him. Feigning intoxication, he rolled up to the table where his lordship was

sitting, and getting behind the chair, looked over his hand. On this Willes turned round in a tremendous passion, and gave the intruder a severe reproof. 'Sir,' said the barrister, pretending to stagger, 'I beg your pardon—but I want to improve—in whist playing;—so—so—I came—to look—at your playing;—for—if—I'm not mistaken, sir,—you're a judge.'" Willes would not readily tolerate the impertinence of any one who ventured to remind him of the inconsistency of his conduct with the dignity he ought to preserve on account of his judicial character. A person once called at his house to apprise him that many scandals were in circulation, impeaching his moral character. 'Why, my lord, all the world says that one of your maid servants is with child!' 'Well, sir,' replied Willes, coolly, 'and what is that to me?' 'Oh! my lord, but they say that it is by your lordship!' 'Well, sir, and what's that to you?' was the reply of the chief justice, on which the abashed Mentor slunk out of the room."

Of Lord NORTHINGTON we have only room for the following:—

"In his last illness, he sent for the Marquis of Carmarthen, a man of great piety, who, though surprised at the message, waited upon him, and begged to know in what way he could assist his lordship. 'I sent for you,' said Lord Northington, 'to beg you to recommend me to some able parson whose advice I might safely take in regard to the necessary settlement respecting the future welfare of my soul, which I fear will shortly be ejected from my body.' 'My lord,' replied the marquis, 'I am surprised at the question; as chancellor, your lordship has had the disposal of much church preferment, which, doubtless, you have always bestowed on pious and deserving persons. For instance, what do you think of Dr. —?' 'Oh! name him not,' loudly exclaimed the chancellor, 'that is one of my crying sins. I shall certainly be damned for making that fellow a dean!'

"One dirty day, whilst walking along Parliament-street, very plainly dressed, the chancellor picked up a handsome ring, which was, according to custom, immediately claimed by one of the fraternity well known as ring-droppers. This gentleman feigned exceeding delight at recovering an article of such value, and begged the chancellor, whose person he evidently did not recognize, to accompany him to a neighbouring coffee-house, and partake of a bottle of wine. To this

Lord Northington, who was fond of a joke, readily assented, and they adjourned to a tavern in the neighbourhood, where they discussed the news of the day over a bottle. They had not been seated long before other gentlemen entered, all of whom, the chancellor observed, appeared acquainted with his friend. The conversation on this became general, when at last one of the company proposed a game of hazard, to which another objected, and observed in an under-tone of voice, which however did not escape his lordship's ears; 'D— the loaded dice—he is not worth the trouble—pick the old flat's pocket at once! Upon this the chancellor discovered himself, and assured the company if they would confess why they supposed him such an immense flat, he would say nothing to the police about them. One of them replied, 'We beg your lordship's pardon, but whenever we see a gentleman in *white* stockings on a *dirty* day, we consider him a regular pigeon, and pluck his feathers, as we should have plucked your lordship's.'"

The next is a name that cannot be so easily dismissed. THURLOW, whose violent and ungovernable temper concealed much of good-nature, whose strong good sense make his decisions while chancellor still of great value, in spite of the general impression of the bar, that his learning was altogether unequal to that high trust. Thurlow's father was incumbent of a small parish in Suffolk, and had nothing to give his children. The readers of Cowper's life and letters, remember him as an apprentice in the same office with the poet—

"Giggling and making giggle;"

and they perhaps resent Thurlow's real or seeming neglect of the poet, when in after years it could not but seem to have been in his power greatly to have promoted his interests. It is said that even when a boy his violent temper manifested itself to the desperate annoyance of all his connections. Dr. Donne, one of the prebendaries of Canterbury Cathedral, is said to have prevailed on Thurlow's father to send him to Canterbury school, in the hope of annoying the unfortunate master, and the malicious plan is said to have perfectly succeeded. At Cambridge, he exhibited such contempt of college discipline, that the dean of his college made some movements to have him expelled or rusticated.

Thurlow, when chancellor, sent for his old enemy. "Mr. Dean," said the Chancellor. "I have quitted that office," replied the old college tutor, with sullen and offended dignity; "I am *Mr. Dean* no longer." "Well, then," said Thurlow "It depends on yourself whether you be so again. I have a deanery at my disposal, to which you are heartily welcome."

Thurlow—in spite of much that we know not how to explain, and in which we suspect some mistake in the narrative—was certainly a man of generous nature. Cowper, when urged by his friends to state his circumstances to his old fellow-clerk, the chancellor, refused, saying that Thurlow was one whose nature would lead him to wish to surprise those whom he desired to benefit; and that he did not wish to deprive him of this enjoyment by solicitation. Of Cowper's perfect sincerity in this, and also of his just appreciation of Thurlow, we entertain no doubt. Any application would inevitably have disgusted Thurlow; and Cowper's consciousness of his absolute unfitness for employment, may have made him feel that the Chancellor with all the patronage at his disposal might have found it a task of the utmost difficulty to make any provision for him. Of Thurlow's affectionate disposition towards him, this article will give us before we lay down the pen, the opportunity of presenting the reader with abundant evidence. In Crabbe's case Thurlow behaved well. It is true that Crabbe, who had with difficulty got a poem printed, and whose printer had scarcely produced the work when his failure deprived the poet of all chance of making himself known to the public by more regular avenues, ventured to write to the ministers of the day; who, like all ministers for the time being, were desirous of being regarded as mighty patrons of literature. Somebody told poor Crabbe that Lord North and Lord Shelburne were likely to listen to such claims. It does not appear that from them he met with even the cold courtesy of an official answer. Thurlow was applied to by him at first with scarcely better success. To his letter Thurlow replied, coldly regretting that his avocations did not leave him leisure to read verses. The reply was no doubt true, but was not very likely to be felt as quite a sufficient

plea by him to whom it was addressed. Crabbe addressed to him "some strong but not disrespectful lines, intimating that in former times the encouragement of literature had been considered as a duty appertaining to the situation he held." It is impossible not to feel the difficulties of a man in Thurlow's position. He probably was utterly incompetent to form an opinion whether the lines Crabbe sent him were good or bad. When, however, Crabbe's guardian angel, or rather the providence which watched over the solitary student, had led him to Burke, and when Thurlow was taught what his duty was, he acted generously. Crabbe was surprised by an invitation to breakfast from the chancellor. "The first poem you sent me sir," said Thurlow, "I ought to have noticed, and the second I heartily forgive." They breakfasted together, and at parting Thurlow put a sealed paper into his hands which contained a bank note for one hundred pounds. Crabbe's circumstances rendered this mode of relief not unbecoming. "Accept this trifle," said Thurlow, "and rely on my embracing an early opportunity of serving you more substantially when I hear that you are in orders." The promise was soon afterwards performed. When Crabbe was ordained, he received an invitation to dine with the chancellor. After dinner he told the poet that "by G—— he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen," and gave him two livings in Dorsetshire that had just become vacant.*

We return to the illustrations of his character given by the author of these volumes :—

"One day he was sitting in his private room to hear some application at the time that the lords were assembling in their house. Being unable to commence business without their speaker, they desired Mr. Quarme, deputy-usher of the black rod, to go to the chancellor and tell him the house had met. Mr. Quarme went and delivered his message. 'Umph,' was the only reply which the chancellor vouchsafed. The deputy-usher returned to the house—some time passed, and Lord Thurlow did not make his appearance. A peer went down to Mr. Quarme, and begged him to go again and tell the chancellor

plainly that the lords were waiting for him—that the hour appointed for the house meeting had long passed—and that they could wait no longer. The deputy-usher returned to the chancellor, and with some emphasis repeated the message with which he was charged. The chancellor deigned to reply no otherwise than with his accustomed growl. 'But, my lord,' said Quarme, with some warmth, 'I must have your lordship's answer. The lords are waiting!' 'D—n the lords,' said Thurlow quickly, fixing a look of rage on the usher. 'You may d—n the lords as much as you like,' exclaimed the undaunted official, 'but I'm d——d, were you twenty times chancellor, if you shall d—n me!' The chancellor gazed with astonishment at Quarme—the audacity of a mere servant of the house thus bearding its chief excited his amazement: at length his features expanded into a smile, and rising from his chair he exclaimed, 'By Jove, you are a bold fellow: come and dine with me to-morrow.' 'And so I will,' replied Quarme; with whom, ever after, the chancellor continued on terms of friendship.

"As speaker of the house of lords, Thurlow was distinguished for the dignity with which he enforced the rules of debate. Upon one occasion he called the duke of Grafton to order, who, incensed at the interruption, insolently reproached the chancellor with his plebeian origin, and recent admission into the peerage. Previous to this time Thurlow had spoken so frequently, that he was listened to by the house with visible impatience. When the duke had concluded his speech, Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from whence the chancellor generally addresses the house; then fixing upon the duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunder—"I am amazed," he said, in a level tone of voice, 'at the attack which the noble lord has made upon me. Yes, my lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one

* "Crabbe's Life," by his Son.

venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honourable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which none can deny me—as a MAN, I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon.' 'The effect of this speech,' says Mr. Butler, 'both within the walls of parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the house, which no chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him, in public opinion, with a character of independence and honour; and this, although he was ever on the unpopular side of politics, made him always popular with the people.'

Thurlow was a thoroughly natural character. His strong feeling of personal independence, was often, even haughtily exhibited. Some person sought to flatter him when Chancellor by affecting to regard him as of the same family with Thurloe the secretary. "No Sir," replied the Chancellor, "in the county of Suffolk there were two families of the same name; from one sprung Thurloe the Statesman; from the other Thurlow the carrier, I am descended from the last." The herald who prepared his patent of peerage inquired of him the name of his Lordship's mother. I don't know, growled the Chancellor. His first rise at the bar is traced to his having been employed to arrange and methodise the vast mass of evidence in the great Douglas case. He was afterwards sent a brief in the cause, and in the course of the proceedings was brought into frequent intercourse with many of the most distinguished persons in the country, among others with the Duchess of Queensberry, who, with difficulty succeeded in obtaining him a silk gown, from Lord Bute. He addressed the house in the case as Queen's Counsel, and his great success seemed likely to lead to considerable business at the bar. Any, however, but regular advances are distrusted by the bench, and Lord Mansfield was thought to have felt pleasure in humbling him. His

business was said to have been greatly diminished by the following incident, not very creditable to Lord Mansfield. Thurlow was endeavouring to show the court, that a power in a marriage settlement was not well executed—he took three objections, and having argued the two first at considerable length, stated, that the case was so decisively with him on them, that he could not think of troubling the court with the third. In a few days afterwards the Chief Justice delivered judgment, addressing Thurlow, "We decide that the power was not duly executed; but not on either of the reasons, which you have urged, but on that which you have abandoned."

Thurlow's position in the Cabinet he was fond of ascribing to the personal regard of the King, and not as the act of the Premier, to whom he said he owed nothing—and by Pitt he seems to have been cordially disliked. Pitt said of him, "he proposed nothing, opposed everything, and agreed in nothing; he was," he said "*non homo, sed discordia*"—at cabinet dinners, when the cloth was removed, and matters of state discussed, Thurlow would quit the table—stretch himself at full length on three chairs, and go to sleep. Thurlow's youth was occasionally marked by the wildest excesses. There was a story believed at the time of some early amour with the daughter of a dean of Canterbury, to which the Duchess of Kingstown alluded, when on her trial at the House of Lords. Looking Thurlow (then Attorney General) full in the face, "That learned gentleman," said she, "has dwelt much on my faults, but I too, if I chose, could tell a *Canterbury tale*." Some stories are told to prove that Thurlow's orthodoxy was doubtful. These are not worth repeating, but our readers may be amused by his reply to a deputation from some dissenting body, who came to request him to vote for the repeal of the Test Act. "Gentlemen, I shall not vote for the repeal of the Test Act—I care not whether your religion has the ascendancy, or mine, or any, or none; but this I know, that when you are uppermost, you will keep us down, and now we are uppermost we will keep you down." Thurlow was overbearing to his equals, was more than proud to his superiors, but to his in-

fieriors always considerate. Of the memoirs of Hayley, the Earham poet, a few of the most readable passages relate to Thurlow. He was a good classical scholar, and disposed to promote men of learning. Potter the translator of Æschylus, and Bishop Horsley, owed their advancement to Thurlow. We transcribe from Southey's life of Cowper, letters from Thurlow to Lord Kenyon, which are curiously characteristic of his good nature. The particular delusion under which Cowper's mind laboured, was a belief that he was a castaway—one whom the mercy of God could not reach,—It occurred to Hayley, that could he collect testimonials from persons known in what is called the religious world, and from persons of rank, having some honorary connection with it, of the great good likely to be done by Cowper's works, something might be done to remove this strange impression which seemed to Hayley the cause and not the consequence of his insanity.

"The letters," says Dr. Southey, "are characteristic of their writer, and of that kindness which his rough exterior concealed from those who did not know him well."

Dulwich, Nov. 22d. 1797.

MY DEAR LORD—I have been pressed by one mad poet, to ask of you for another a favour, which savours of the malady of both. I have waited for an opportunity of doing it verbally; but this gout at this time of the year makes it uncertain when I can see you.

Cowper's distemper persuades him that he is unmeritable and unacceptable to God. This persuasion Hayley thinks, might be refuted by the testimony of pious men, to the service which his works have done to religion and morals. He has therefore set on foot a canvass, by the favour of Mr. George Rose, to obtain the *testimonia insignium virorum* to these services; by which means he very reasonably hopes to obtain the signatures of the King, the Bishops, the Judges, and other great and religious men, who may happen to be found within the same vortex; but he doubts whether one of the chiefs is exactly within the range of that impulse, and knowing your goodness to me, he has urged me to prefer his request. In charity to him, I have consented, and if you think it an act of real charity to the other, I know you will do it.

Cowper's worth and talents I formerly was well acquainted with. The latter are still better known to the world by his writings, which are certainly filled with animated and impressive pictures of religion and virtue, and deserve every testimonial of his having done them essential service. *Laudari a laudatis viris* must give him pleasure if his disease will admit of it: and if the effect of it in removing the malady may be doubted, the experiment seems harmless at least and charitable.

Kenyon was perplexed by the request and having no precedent of such a document as was required called on Thurlow for a proper form of such certificate. We transcribe Thurlow's letter, suggesting a form of testimonial.

"MY DEAR LORD—If I find myself at a loss to write about nothing, you whose mind is much more seriously employed are scarcely better off. It occurs to me that the young and active imaginations of Lloyd, or George, would outstrip us both; but to give an outline of the sort of letter which I suppose to be required, I have sketched the following:—

'SIR,—If I must confess that this step is unusual, I must lament that the occasion is no less so; when inferior talents are so often misused, to excite light and petulant thoughts upon subjects the most sacred, superior talents employed to excite a due reverence for them, naturally engage the gratitude of those who partake of the same zeal; your animated and impressive expressions of piety, have fairly earned the applause of the good, by effectually serving the cause of religion. If it be thought too presuming in a creature to claim merit with his creator, the humblest mind may hope that his dutiful endeavours will be accepted there. The tribute of my attestation, though not flattering to the poet may yet gratify the Christian, by the assurance that he has been successful in the service of our God. This is my motive; which probably will reconcile, to a mind so candid as yours, the occasion I have taken to secure the esteem with which I have the honour to be, sir, your respectful friend and faithful servant,

KENYON.'

"The object of the letter proposed, as I collect from Hayley, is to persuade him that he is not rejected. The blunt assurance of this from a stranger *apropos* to nothing, must revolt him, if he is not too far gone to be moved by anything, but, insinuated, upon an occasion smoothed

over for the purpose, it may perhaps be swallowed. Some care at the same time is due to the appearance which such a letter may have; for though I hope his friends are too discreet to let it be seen by others, yet such an accident is worth looking to.—Yours, &c. T.”*

Hayley's project met with no better success than might be anticipated—certificates in plenty were obtained, but poor Cowper never sufficiently recovered to have this queer experiment tried.

The chapter in which our author places Lord Thurlow is entitled “*Legal Eccentricity*,” but the book is void of anything like arrangement. The two next chapters are headed “The Bar” and “Advocates and Advocacy,” and in both there is much amusing gossip.—We transcribe a sentence from his account of Lord Eldon.

“As an advocate, John Scott, so familiar to the student of ‘*Vesey*’ as Lord Eldon, failed to acquire any considerable fame. As his practice lay chiefly in the chancery court, he had not much opportunity for displaying anything like forensic oratory; but he had the opportunity, which he seized, of manifesting that tact and discretion which, as much, if not much more than, eloquence, go to the composition of an accomplished advocate. His manner of addressing the rough old chancellor, Thurlow, was deferential and respectful. He would rise with an air of feigned embarrassment, and wait until a surly nod would tell him that the chancellor was ready to hear him. Artfully directing his observations as much to the judge as to the cause, he generally managed to obtain the chancellor's attention; and by never pushing his argument when he found it displeasing to Thurlow, conciliated his regard. Scott, however, distinguished himself rather as a lawyer than as an advocate. The ready wit, the rapid elocution, the fund of humour, the intimate knowledge of the world, which is essential to success in the *nisi prius* advocate, Scott did not possess. When the leader of the northern circuit, he was asked by a young barrister, about to travel that circuit, what books it was advisable he should bring with him, he replied, ‘The best you can take is *Joe Miller*.’

“Horne Tooke declared that if he were to be tried again, he would plead guilty,

rather than hear Scott's long speeches, one of which lasted *nine hours*.

“When attorney-general, Scott is admitted to have behaved with much lenity in the discharge of his duty as state prosecutor. After the trial of Thomas Hardy for high treason, the following circumstance occurred; we give it in his own words:—

“After a trial of many days, the jury retired to deliberate; upon their return their names were called over. I shall never forget that awful moment. ‘Gentlemen of the jury,’ said the clerk of arraigns, ‘are you agreed in your verdict? what say you—is Thomas Hardy guilty of high treason, of which he stands indicted, or is he not guilty?’ ‘Not guilty,’ in an audible tone, was the answer. It was received in court silently, and without noise—all was still—but the shout of the people was heard down the whole street. The door of the jury-box was opened for the jurymen to retire; the crowd separated for them as the saviours of their country. I was preparing to retire, when Mr. Garrow said, ‘Do not, Mr. Attorney, pass that tall man at the end of the table.’ ‘And why not?’ said Mr. Law, who stood next. ‘He has been here,’ answered Mr. Garrow, ‘during the whole trial, with his eyes constantly fixed on the attorney-general.’ ‘I will pass him,’ said Mr. Law. ‘And so will I,’ was my rejoinder. As we passed the man drew back. When I entered my carriage, the mob rushed forward, crying, ‘That's he, drag him out.’ Mr. Erskine, from whose carriage the mob had taken off the horses to draw him home in triumph, stopped the people, saying, ‘I will not go without the attorney-general.’ I instantly addressed them: ‘So you imagine that if you kill me, you will be without an attorney-general? Before ten o'clock to-morrow there will be a new attorney, by no means so favourably disposed to you as I am.’ I heard a friend in the crowd exclaim, ‘Let him alone, let him alone!’ They separated, and I proceeded. When I reached my house, in Gower-street, I saw close to my door the tall man who stood near me in court. I had no alternative. I instantly went up to him. ‘What do you want?’ I said. ‘Do not be alarmed,’ he answered, ‘I have attended in court during the whole of the trials. I know my own strength, and am resolved to stand by you. You once did an act of great kindness to my father. Thank God you are safe at home; may be bless

* Southey's Cowper, vol. iii.

and protect you!" He instantly disappeared."

"At the trial of Horne Tooke, Scott, who prosecuted as attorney-general, declared, in undertaking the prosecution, he had been guided by the dictates of his conscience, and expressed his hope that after he was gone, his children might feel that in leaving them an example of public probity, he had left them an inheritance far more precious than any acquisition of property or honor he could bequeath to them. In repeating these words, Sir John Scott shed tears, and to the surprise of the court, Mitford, the solicitor-general, wept also. 'What on earth,' said some one to Horne Tooke, 'can Mitford be crying for?' 'At the thought of the little inheritance that poor Scott is likely to leave his children!' was Tooke's reply."

Of Erskine, we have the following account:—

"Thomas Erskine was one of the ablest and most intrepid advocates that ever adorned the bar. His nerve and courage were not easily to be shaken; and no consideration would ever induce him to forbear from trying any point which he considered would benefit his client. His style of speaking was declamatory, but not diffuse—his vivid imagination supplied him with forcible images—which, clothed in language of transparent beauty, never failed to carry the jury along with him.

"Erskine would often take laudanum to assist him in speaking. It excited his imagination, and enabled him to make those brilliant appeals to the jury in which he manifested his great powers. Much of this eloquence he owed to his high animal spirits: without such let no one hope to be a great orator! His carefulness in getting up his cases was remarkable, although he was fond of pretending that he did every thing in obedience to the mere impulses of the moment. He was not only great on great occasions: in cases of inferior importance, where dazzling eloquence would have been out of place, he was judicious and effective. He had all the timid susceptibilities of genius. When speaking, he would look round to the bar for encouragement. Once, looking at Garrow, and not perceiving any sign of approbation on his countenance, Erskine whispered to him. 'Who do you think can get on with that d—d wet blanket-face of yours before him?' He once, in addressing a jury, observed a barrister sitting near him,

whose mouth nature, in her wisdom, had been pleased to contort. 'If that fellow is not removed,' he said, in a low tone, to some one near him, 'I shall certainly sit down.' He examined witnesses with great discretion, and succeeded very happily in turning such as displayed great self-conceit into deserved ridicule. Once examining a person who travelled for a great London house, Erskine asked him 'if he were not a rider?' 'I'm a traveller, sir,' replied the witness, with an air of offended importance. 'Indeed, sir, and pray are you not addicted to the failing usually imputed to travellers?' Erskine was on one occasion counsel for the defendant, in an action brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone. The defence was, that the whalebone was of inferior quality to what it was asserted. The witness by whom Erskine hoped to establish his case was so stupid, that he appeared not to know the difference between *thick* whalebone and *long* whalebone. At length, driven to desperation, Erskine exclaimed, 'Why, man, you seem not to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now, I'll tell you the difference. You are a thick-headed fellow, but you are not a long-headed fellow.'

"Erskine is said never to have cared for consultations. Mr. Espinasse mentions his accompanying a client one evening to Erskine's chambers. In the room into which they were shown were between thirty and forty phials, each containing a slip of geranium. When Erskine came, he said, 'Espinasse, do you know how many sorts of geraniums there are?' 'Not I, truly,' was the reply. 'There are above a hundred,' said he, and then, much to the annoyance of the solicitor present, launched out into a long dissertation upon the various merits of each kind. At length he stopped, and said, 'Espinasse, now state the case, for I have no time to read my brief.' Mr. Espinasse did so, and there the consultation ended. The anxious attorney, however, had the pleasure next morning of hearing his case admirably argued by Erskine—'every point put with accuracy, and enforced with eloquence.' As an evidence of his indifference to the etiquette of the profession, the following circumstance is remarkable:—He had a favourite dog whose name was Toas. This dog he taught to sit up in a chair with his fore-paws placed before him on the table. Erskine would then tie one of his bands round the dog's neck, put an open book between his paws, and introduce him in this attitude to his clients."

Erskine was, during the short administration of "The Talents," their chancellor. "Remember," said the king, when Fox's list was presented to him, "remember that he is *your* chancellor, not mine." The King was supposed to have entertained strong objections to him for his having undertaken Paine's defence. With all his prejudices, which yet seldom led him wrong, the King had probably better grounds for the objection which he thus intimated, but did not press. Erskine had never practised in the court of chancery, and not only was unacquainted with the practice of equity, but never had high character as a common-law lawyer. The accidents of politics placed him in a situation altogether unsuitable, but from which the shortness of the reign of his party removed him before his incompetency was very glaringly exhibited. From the bar he received every assistance, and his conduct to them was marked with urbanity. Lord Eldon gave him the honorable testimony, that "none could have a greater wish to discharge properly the duties of his office, nor greater abilities to qualify him for their due discharge. Learning, which he had no opportunity of acquiring, he wanted. "Lord Erskine," says Byron, "was the most brilliant person imaginable—quick, vivacious, and sparkling, he spoke so well that I never felt tired of listening to him, even when he abandoned himself to the subject of which all his dear friends and acquaintances expressed themselves so much fatigued—self. His egotism was remarkable, but there was a *bon hommie* in it that showed he had a better opinion of mankind than they deserved. Erskine had been a great man, and he knew it." Erskine was one day remarking to Mr. Lamb, of Gray's Inn, how much habit and the practice of speaking gave an advocate confidence in addressing the court.—"I protest," said Lamb, "I do not find it so. I have been a good many years at the bar, and have had my share of business, yet do not find my confidence increase; indeed, the con-

trary is rather my case." "Why," replied Erskine, "its nothing wonderful that a lamb should be sheepish." Boswell met him, in his younger days, at Sir Archibald McDonald's—he was then "a young officer in the regimentals of the Scot's Royals, who talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention." He told the party that at Minorca he had not only read prayers but preached to the regiment. "This," says our author, "was always a favourite boast of his. To have been a sailor, a soldier, a parson, and a lawyer, was the greatest source of his pride."

He had a great regard for money. He acquired a large fortune, and calculating on political convulsions in England, rashly invested it in American securities. The close of his life was clouded by misfortune, and he suffered the humiliation of pecuniary difficulties. In his old age he became a farmer, and then he boasted to George Colman of his three thousand head of sheep. "I see," said the old humorist, "that your lordship has still an eye to the *woolstack*."

But we have loitered too long with our companionable guide. His book has the fault of not being very well arranged—and the effect is sometimes startling. Gentlemen, whom we had left quietly dead and buried in one chapter, are apt to rise up most unexpectedly, despite of marble cenotaphs, and weeping widows, and bar lamentations, in the next. Where do you think we find the fullest account of Thurlow? In the chapter on "Legal Eccentricities." He is scarcely disposed of there, when we have him again among advocates, and again in the chapter of Chancellors. Still, in a gossiping book of the kind, this fault, though troublesome enough to any one undertaking to give an account of it, is not of much moment to the reader. The snatches of information it contains, are derived from a great variety of sources, and the book is both amusing and instructive.

DR. WILDE'S MADEIRA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.*

It is as tantalizing for us to read a good book of travels as it must be for one of our University Fellows to attend a wedding. Yes—the “*sic vos non nobis*” feeling creeps over us, and we enviously wish we were after *doing* the tour ourselves, and had changed positions with the author—we being the viewers of the fine places, and he (if it so pleased him) the reviewer of the fine book we should undoubtedly have written. But, alas! this no sooner rises than it is laid low by the consideration that we are *passé*—off the sod—down before, like old racers, and, therefore, only fit to draw on as hackneys; and, no doubt, such old fellows as we of the garret would make but sorry play in ascending a volcano, descending into a catacomb, or creeping up, like a green lizard, the pyramid of Cephrenes. Well, be it so, allowing we are rather the worse for the wear—yet, gentle reader, in case you be the owner of a yacht, and are disposed for a trip to the Pyramids or Jerusalem, and are desirous of a philosopher and friend, a mentor or a *medico*, for the occasion, here we are at your service, and may, in some measure, make up for activity by our being ready to do any thing in *reason* for your amusement or well-being—to dose you or doze you, as you may need—willing, in a word, to do any subordinate thing, we say, in *reason*, but eat your toads. We remember, in our palmy days, when time and cash were more at command than just now, standing in no patient mood at the inn door of a country town in Munster, and waiting for the Dublin coach; therein expecting to get a seat; and lo! the hoan sounds—not bugle, but that of a real cow—and the rumbling mountain of wood and leather drives up, and it is full, fraught with a whole nursery of maids and children. We would—even sup-

pose we could—as soon travel with a menagerie of parrots and monkeys;—so, considering the coach as neither capable or tenable, we called out, with no small impatience, to the hostler to produce his best chaise and pair; and, while it was getting ready—and an *élegant affair* it certainly was—we were accosted by a slim-nosed, sharp-eyed, sallow-complexioned person—tall, but stooping—shabby-genteel in attire—soft and silky in address—the mouth, in its encircling lines, according with the habitual smile of one who was oftener in the way of asking than granting a favor. This person, accosting with that modest assurance which belongs to Munster men of a particular grade—and of which you may see numerous specimens at the assizes of Ennis or Tralee—begged leave to acquaint us, that if it suited our mood to enjoy a merry journey to the city, and partake of a fund he possessed of stories, anecdotes, and songs, HE was ready to take a seat beside us, and said, if *we* gave the room *he* would give the company. The broad, pure Milesian impudence of the proposition caught our fancy, and the seat to town was as readily acceded as it was demanded—and it was without repentance, for a more entertaining companion never have we since met in our long rub through life. Could we recollect the tithe of what we listened to, and could we dish up the entertainment with all the sauce *piquante* of his most rare drolery, the *University Magazine* might be supplied by us with a series of Munster recollections, that would almost equal the humours of Harry Lorrequer. Never have we since lamented the good cheer that was bestowed on this queer fellow during the three days of our travel, (and claret was then to be had of prime quality in the Southern inns,) and in spite of our diminished

* Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including a visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece. With Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine, and on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c. of the Countries visited. By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, Member of the Dublin Natural History Society, &c. 2 vols. Svo. Dublin: Curry & Co, Longman & Co, London. 1840.

purse, this perfect specimen of a Munster story-teller was set down in College-green, and took his departure to our considerable regret,—never to see him more. Now, this event of our young days is given in the way of a gentle hint to any good locomotive who may chance to peruse this paper, and who would “survey the world from China to Peru,” that we are ready to occupy a vacant berth in his yacht—that we can draw corks—broach an odd anecdote now and then—know French indifferently—remember some bog Latin—and, not being sick at sea, can hold his honor's head, and do other gentle offices for our patron while rolling in the Bay of Biscay. In this way, we give notice to all yachters, that we are ready to go to the world's end, and be “guide, philosopher, and friend,” to any, save and except to the most puissant and most noble the Marquis of Waterford. And in all this it is not our own selfishness that will be indulged; for we shall have our pencillings by the way, and two octavo volumes *must* be the result—and how the mighty masters of the Row will vie for the credit and emolument of being our publishers. But it won't do. Messrs. Curry & Co. shall be our gentlemen ushers: they *shall* have the proud distinction of giving to the admiring world what will eclipse the glories of Clarke, Humboldt, Chateaubriand, La Martine, or even Doctor Wilde himself.

Now, reader, pray excuse the above dreamy twaddle that has come down like a mist from the peak of our brain—the dream, as it were, of a doze, while, reclining at lazy length before the fire, and lo! *cinthius aurem vellit*—that is, the printer's devil knocks at the door and sings out, “Sir, there's copy wanting for the Magazine;” and now we rub our eyes, clean our spectacles, and observe Doctor Wilde's book open before us; and indeed it was not *it* that has set us asleep. But it's no matter what it was; nor shall we confess to you, reader, nor to Father Matthew. And now, as needs must, when the devil drives, and a beginning is wanting, won't what is written do? Maybe so—so let it stand as the fitting exordium to a critique on the work of a wild Irishman. And certainly the fellow flits it along at no small rate, and shows off the Irishman in all his good

points—active, easy, bold and intelligent—with great aptitude for observation, he has devoted himself to the pursuit of natural history, and has, beside, a considerable taste for antiquarian research; and he desires to make all his powers and all his knowledge subservient to the verification of revelation and the advancement of true religion. There is an honest devotedness, an unambitious freedom in what this young man writes, that is highly pleasing. The freshness of his first and unfledged flight gives a promise of better things in future; and it may be asserted, that if health and opportunity are afforded, he will yet do admirable things, and prove an accomplished traveller.

The work before us not only amuses and informs with regard to countries so rich in classical and religious associations, calling up recollections upon which the scholar and the Christian love to repose; but it also contains, what in this utilitarian age may be to many an enticing subject. For why is it that travels in Australia, voyages to New Zealand, and tours through America are so much sought for and read? Not surely so much for their amusing incidents, or their traits of the manners of rude and brutal tribes; but it is in order to acquaint ourselves with countries where it is possible we, or some belonging to us, may eventually be located—where best, capital can be invested, and where the safest retreat can be found from the storms and turmoils that lower darkly over our native land. Though not exactly in *this way* useful, yet Doctor Wilde's book is utilitarian; for it largely treats on an important subject, and affords information which we think may be depended on, respecting climate; thus valuable hints are given which may be made available to many who feel that the weather of the British Isles is unsuitable, and who would retreat from these regions of mist, from what we may now call the Summerless Isles, to where the sun really shines—where the zephyr carries no fog on its wing, and where the sickly can enjoy the open air—the over-worked can recover elasticity of mind and body,—and the aged prolong a placid evening before their sun sets.

Dr. Wilde's observations on the climate of the Atlantic Islands, and of the Mediterranean shores, are very

valuable as precursors to the time that is now at hand, when, by means of steam and other still more available prime movers, mankind shall acquire almost the migratory facilities of birds, and can follow the sun as the swallow now does "from Indus to the Pole." The Anglo-Americans—the great utilitarians of the human family—they who are for ever asking questions bearing upon "who will show us good," are already practising those health migrations to a great extent; and the Carolina and Georgia planters with all their white, or rather sallow families, break up as regularly at the beginning of summer from their rice-swamps, and cotton grounds, and tobacco fields, as do the blue pigeons; and as the latter pass in dense flights over land towards the northern climes, so herds of planters occupy steam-boats and rail-coaches, migrating towards the Saratoga springs, the Catskill mountains, or the city of the Falls.

So it will be with the affluent of our isles: with a velocity every day made more ready and more cheap, we shall see them taking flight in October for the Madeira, Canary, Azore, and Bermuda Islands. We shall see them, according to fancy or prescription, alighting here and there; and villas, crescents, and whole towns fraught with all English comforts and appliances, will be seen crowning the vine-covered eminences of these gems of the ocean; where no malaria prevails, where the east wind does not wither, and no sirocco dries up the juice, and paralyzes the powers of the human frame. In this way there will be a constant circulation of comers and goers, tracking the same path in search of that health so valuable to themselves and others; and it can be imagined how a pious son, or an anxious parent, may rejoice over facilities afforded for prolonging life, with all possible enjoyment, to that being, for whose continuance in this world they would make any sacrifice. Thus, we really think, there may be such improvements made in acclimating—so that not only diseases may be arrested, but length of days attained, coupled with the capability of enjoying life. For, let us look to our present obituaries, and wont you observe the long lists that meet our eye at the beginning of winter, and before the close of spring. In November death

punts in his scythe and mows down great swarths of Septuagenarians, and see what a bad hand even your sturdy Sexagenarian makes of a January frost. And, oh! the difficulty of climbing May hill! Set off, then, ye aged, if ye have the means, to Madeira or Teneriffe; or to where, better still, on the verge of the tropic, you will find England's own beautiful Bermudas, the Summer isles, that, with all their graceful scenery and splendid vegetation, so much struck the fancy of our wise and good Bishop Berkely.

We have said so much, in order to show that our author is not only an amusing, but a useful writer; and he brings not only his medical science, but his knowledge, as a Botanist and Naturalist, to bear, in describing what he saw in his changeful tour.

The first port Mr. Wilde touches at, is Corunna. After giving an interesting description of that town, and of the province of Galicia—not, of course, neglecting the memorable retreat of Sir John Moore, and the battle which, after ensuring safety to his army, ended in his own glorious death—the following describes a visit to his tomb:—

"This is situated on a raised plot of ground, containing about an acre, the 'Campo del Carlos,' beside the citadel, and commanding an extensive view of the bay and adjoining heights.

"The monument itself is of white granite, and stands in the centre, chaste, simple, and architectural. At each corner of the tomb is a small brass howitzer, bearing the emblems of the French republic, and on the panel, on either side, is the inscription,

IOHANNES MOORE,
EXERCITUS BRITANNICI DUX.
PRÆLIO OCCISUS
A.D. 1809.

"The ground is clothed with the dwarf-mallow, and a row of aspen poplars surrounds the enclosure; their stunted heads, bowed to the blast, seemed to mourn over the tomb of the departed hero.

"All must acknowledge the taste, the feeling, and the generosity of the gullant Marshal who raised the monument, and penned the inscription to the memory of a fallen enemy. Little of memento is, however, required by the Englishman who visits it—little to be written of the

character of that great man, who died, as he lived, gloriously—a gallant soldier, a sincere friend, and an ornament to the country that gave him birth !”

Our traveller proceeds to Lisbon, with which he is not in love. Like all Roman Catholic countries, where the people have been kept in a state of dull submissive ignorance, the attempt to revolutionize them and give them free institutions only ends in disappointment to those who contrive, and increased wretchedness to those submitted to the experiment—opens the door to licentiousness, cruelty, and bloodshed—and while it brings into fearful collision infidelity and superstition, real liberty and true religion mourn over a contest, in which they have nothing to do, and to which there seems no likelihood of an end. In this way, in liberalizing the government of Portugal, poverty has come over the nobility, and misery broods over the lower classes ; and while the church has been spoliated, no one seems to be bettered. Portugal seems now to be in that state in which England would have been had not Henry the Eighth's spoliation of church property been followed by the introduction of a reformed religion. Bad as monkery is, it is better for mankind than the sway of gangs of atheistical robbers ; and bad as popery and despotism are, they are better than infidelity and Jacobinism. But is not the finger of Almighty justice here, visiting the nations that have forgotten mercy ? In those lands where the accursed Inquisition bore sway, we find that though driven out, it has deposited some deadly poison—something like the shirt of Nessus it has bequeathed that still arouses its wearers to madness. So the rulers of Spain and Portugal, with all their dependencies, may now rob the cruel churchmen, but they will not reform the religion of a people, who may be licentious, but cannot be free. Alas ! will mankind never learn that it is only educated minds that can enjoy and retain freedom ; and if the manacles are knocked off the untaught slave, he will—he *MUST*, use his broken fetters to knock his former master down, and then take his mischievous fling like a wild beast broke loose from a menagerie ? Here is

Mr. Wilde's description of a once magnificent Portuguese convent :—

“ We continued our way to the Penha convent, which tops the highest pinnacle of the range ; in its eyrie-like position, it bears the appearance of one of those small turrets that jut out from the walls of our ancient castles. With much difficulty we urged our donkeys up the steep ascent on which the convent stands ; the massive gate had fallen from its hinges—the grass had grown over the well-paved yard—the garden-fence had been long since demolished, and the nettle and the hemlock had choked up its walks and parterres. No burly friar came to bid us welcome—no lay-brother ran to hold our donkeys—and although it was the Sabbath morning, silence and desolation reigned throughout.

“ The only disturbers of its solitude were a few jack-daws, that cawed and fluttered round the chimney-tops, scared at our loud knocking, which reverberated through the building ; and some straggling sheep, whose tinkling bells we heard as they leaped over the garden-wall at our approach. All else was silent, upon a day when these rocks and valleys so often rung with ‘ the toll of the summoning bell,’ and the surrounding peasantry in their gay attire filled its courts, or knelt before its altar, for wretchedness, ruin, and decay have taken up their abode, where for so many years peculiar sanctity was believed to dwell. Our uproar for admission at last appeared to wake its only inmate, a wretched old woman, who admitted us, after a reconnoitring glance through one of the side windows. . . .

“ The door-way is of the old round arch, deeply groined, and of exquisite workmanship. The chapel is small, and the altar is looked upon as a piece of most elaborate art ; it reaches to the roof, and seems large for the size of the apartment. All is going fast to ruin, even the figures of saints and virgins on the altar are losing their tinselled finery, which is now falling to rags, and the tabernacle is thrown into a corner, and mouldering to decay. The monks themselves have been driven hence, and the whole pile, amongst the cloisters and arcades of which many beautiful specimens of Moorish architecture are to be found, wears an aspect of loneliness that lends its saddening influence even to the casual visitor. The view from this spot is most extensive ; beyond Cintra, and the wooded heights of Collares, all inland appears a brown, barren waste, as far as the eye

can reach; but seaward, the prospect is glorious."

Again, of the famous Cork convent:—

"In our ride over the mountains, we passed the Cork convent, a most romantic spot, and so hidden among the rocks, that you see nothing of it till you get between two large blocks of stone that form the entrance. Inside, it is completely covered with the rough bark of the cork tree; the simple friars had decorated the altar, opposite the entrance, with pieces of china, broken plates, shells, and corals from the coast, not inaptly resembling a baby-house—but it, too, is abandoned to neglect and to the ruthless hand of time. Its community consisted of only two or three capuchins, the last remaining of whom, taking the strong hint afforded by the treatment of his brethren of De Penha, decamped with the plate and the little treasure belonging to his house. In the garden we found a full-sized figure of our Saviour lying on its face, imbedded in the soft earth, and the crown of thorns, that bound its brow, in one of the adjoining walks!! A few short years, nay, almost *months* ago, this figure was held to be the most sacred in Portugal, and none of the peasantry ever went to their daily work without paying their devotions to it. What, then, shall we say for the religion of such a land? Religion there is none; *infidelity* has usurped the place of ignorance and blind devotion, and now stalks naked throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, but more particularly in Portugal. By the present constitution, no male religious houses are permitted; all priestly orders have been abolished—the monks and friars, driven from their princely establishments to live upon the sum of one and sixpence a-day, and their estates and large revenues confiscated to the crown. What the French Revolution commenced, and Napoleon carried on, Don Pedro, and the glimmering of enlightenment now breaking on this land, have completed. It is in contemplation to do away with the different nunneries, but it is to be hoped that ample provision will be made for the helpless inmates, before such a measure is adopted; and I have no doubt but that it is one which will be hailed with the truest gratitude by every signorita in Portugal.

"The parochial clergy, the only ones permitted here, have little influence over the people; and it is a singular fact, that so far from assisting the monks, when driven from their homes, they refused them the necessaries of life, or the shelter

of a cottage roof; and this to men before whom they had so lately knelt, and who exercised over them a spiritual tyranny tolerated or known in no other country. What, it may be asked, has become of such a large body of men, who had no trade, and are prohibited from following their profession? It is not to be expected that persons like these, reared in luxury, and living on the bucks of *Mafrá*, and the wines of *Collares*, could support themselves on two pistorines a day, and it cannot be said of them, as of the unjust steward, that by their liberality they made for themselves 'friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.' Most of them have left Portugal; many will be found under the banners of Don Carlos, having exchanged the church quiescent for the church militant; and not a few in Great Britain, perhaps within the walls of Stoneyhurst or Clongowes."

Mr. Wilde, after describing the Portuguese aristocracy as depressed and impoverished—either beggars or exiles—and declining society from disgust at the uncerecermonious deprivation of the powers and honours they heretofore enjoyed, thus speaks of Lisbon:—

"Of the buildings destroyed by the earthquake in '55, some fine ruins still remain; among the rest, the Carmo, which crowns one of the seven hills of Lisbon, and forms a striking object from the *parterres* of the Rua St. Roch. It was the finest specimen of architecture in Portugal—the lanceolated gothic. One is lost in amazement to see the row of tall, thin, clustering pillars, which divide the nave and aisle, still standing, while the roof was utterly destroyed, and many of the walls shaken to their foundation. What a ruin it would be in England! Here it is a filthy saw-pit, half filled with dirt and rubbish, and the top of the splendid doorway nearly on a level with the street. Beside the door is an inscription, stating it to have been consecrated by Bishop Ambrosia, in 1523, and beneath this is a small cross, under which is a notice, purporting that 'whoever kissed this cross should have an indulgence of many days'—the reverence once paid to it was such as to wear away the stone with kisses—while now the mud of one of the filthiest streets in Lisbon so covers it, that I was obliged to poke away this nuisance with a stick to obtain a view of it.

"I may with justice sum up a description of this place in the faithful and energetic lines applied to Cologne by

Coleridge, whose name will soften down the asperities that might otherwise grate on ears polite—

—'A town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenchens—
I counted two and seventy stenchens.'*

"In a word, the city is worthy of a people degraded by ignorance and the grossest superstition. Were I asked for a description of Portuguese character, I would say, it was one partaking of every bad quality belonging to a native of the Peninsula, without one of those redeeming virtues which, in some degree, render interesting and valuable the character of their neighbours.

"I would rather turn to the sunny side of the picture, and conduct the reader to any thing worth seeing, without his being assailed by any of the thousand and one stinks of Lisbon. By the way, talking of the sunny side of the picture, I may observe that the sunny side of the streets may be always known by the number of those *prehensile operations* going forward in the windows of both rich and poor, and fully accounting for the decrease of the monkey tribe, since the days of Beckford, when they were hired out to perform those little offices upon the *head* that filial piety now takes upon itself."

And thus of its climate :—

"I was, I confess, disappointed with the city of Lisbon, and much more so with its climate, which was to us very trying, owing to the great transition from heat in the sunshine to cold in the shade. The intense glare and dazzling brightness reflected from the white houses are exceedingly annoying to the sight, and apt to produce head-ache. There is altogether a suffocating feeling in the air, that is particularly distressing, even to a person in health—how much more so must it be to an invalid? I know of few diseases relievable by the air of Lisbon, principally on account of its variability. During the past summer, the thermometer was often 92° in the shade on board some of our vessels in the river, and the next day it would sink to 73°. So marked is the difference here between shade and sunshine, that you have a perfectly different atmosphere on

either side of your house—a complete Russian bath. The average maximum daily heat is now 75°."

We now follow our traveller to Madeira, with which he seems as much in love as he has been in dislike of Lisbon. The yacht drops anchor at Funchal, and thus he writes :

"I had often heard and read of the beauty of this place; but it far surpassed all idea I had ever formed of it from description. The town runs along the edge of an open roadstead, forming but a shallow indentation in the line of coast, embosomed in limes and orange groves, coffee plantations, wide-spreading bananas, and thousands of the rarest plants and exotica. The hills rise in terraces, almost from the town, clothed with vines and the most luxuriant vegetation; these are studded with the lovely quintas of the inhabitants to a height of several hundred feet. A striking object catches the eye of the traveller, the Mount Church; a large white building, that stands surrounded by some of the finest *venaticos* and chestnut trees, at an immense height above the town. Behind this, the mountains rise still higher, clothed with verdure, beautified by cascades and waterfalls, and their sides torn into ravines, which vary the landscape by their deep black shades, alternating with the brightness of the surrounding foliage."

Again:—

"Never was a spot more formed to cheer the sufferings of an invalid, to heal the wounded spirit, or re-animate the sinking frame. The dry and balmy air which produces this never-ending spring, makes the step buoyant, and raises the hopes of the sufferer, who a few days before left the choking fogs, the rains and chilly damps of the Thames or the Medway. Here all is sunshine; the green bananas, with their beautiful feathery tops, tell him he has bid farewell to Europe; the orange trees hold out to him their branches laden with golden fruit—

'Green all the year, and fruits and blossoms
blush
In social sweetness on the selfsame bough.'

* Lord Dudley in his recently published letters, agrees with our author. "You never," he says, "saw a place so beggarly or nasty as Rome—nor I, except one. Lisbon is a little worse than Rome, and only a little, and it is a disgrace to civilized man.

Plantations of coffee trees fill the spaces between the houses; the splendid coral tree hangs over his head; and the snowy bells of the tulip tree mingle with the scarlet hibiscus. If he wishes for exercise he has the most inviting walks, and the most tempting shades to shelter him; wide-spreading plane trees, and willows of gigantic growth, bend their slender arms over the streams that murmur from the hills. If he leave the town, and begins to ascend, the beauty increases, and the sea-view opens to his sight. The roads though steep are well paved, and the horses trained to an easy pace. On one side of the road, or sometimes both, is a little channel a foot broad; the *Levada*, by which the water is conducted to the different plantations from the hills, murmuring gently as it ripples by his side. He rides through a perfect vineyard, where, in many places, the vines are carried on trellises over the road, and the large bunches of grapes hang within his reach. Hedges of geraniums, fuschias, and heliotropes, border those narrow paths, and shade him from the sun; myriads of insects with golden wings sip the nectar from those delicate flowers, and add the music of their tiny wings to the melody of the surrounding woodlands."

The following is a description of what the interior of this delightful Island affords:—

"Emerging from the valley of the garden, and proceeding through the village I soon collected a troop of guides, who each disputed for the honor of conducting the Signor Inglese to the Cournal. I was led to the top of the hill surmounting the Garden, the guide assumed a mysterious air, and holding my horse by the bridle—lo! the Cournal opened to view—so suddenly, indeed, that I started back in horror at finding myself on the brink of a precipice 1334 feet in depth. This immense abyss stretches, like a diorama, far as the eye can reach across the island. It is a series of valleys inclosed on all sides by enormous perpendicular precipices, some of which are the principal heights of Madeira, as Pico Grande, the Turbinias, the Pico Ruivo, 5446 feet in elevation, the bottom and sides being a forest of the noblest trees. The height of the surrounding mountains—the roaring torrents which dash through the hills—the azure sky, and the wild sublimity of the spot, have justly procured for it the title of the Switzerland of Madeira. From the place where I stood, the white

cottages that sprinkle the bottom look like so many egg-shells, and the stream that swept through the valley, and the rivulets upon the mountain sides appeared so many veins of molten silver as the sun glistened on their changing surfaces. I know not how long I might have remained fixed in admiration of this scene, had not my guides, each supplicating for a pistarine, reminded me that I had still farther to go.

"We reached the bottom just as the declining sun had thrown one-half of the Cournal into shade. It is rich in every species of vegetation, and although 2080 feet above the level of the sea, the vine produces good wine. The Cournal des Frieraes, or 'sheepfold of the nuns,' is so called from its retired lonely situation, and being a place of security to send the women and defenceless to in case of invasion. In the centre of the valley stands the small chapel of the *Liberamenti* upon a rising knoll—a pleasing object in that wild and beautiful spot. There is something in basaltic scenery calculated to inspire awe; I never felt it more than to-day, on looking round me in this noble amphitheatre, from which there seemed no possible outlet, and whose hanging crags and perpendicular walls seemed as if they would momentarily crumble and crush you in their ruin. It is a spot whose scenic beauty defies alike the pencil and the pen."

As a medical man, Mr. Wilde gives this dictum, as to the salubrity of its climate—

"The value of Madeira as a climate suitable to invalids, is daily more appreciated, because becoming better known; and the numbers this year can hardly find accommodation. Besides hotels and boarding houses, families (many of whom are now resident here) can purchase houses for the winter season, although at rather a dear rate. These can be had either in the town itself, or in some of the beautiful suburban retreats, which, if not situated at too great an elevation, will be found very advantageous. Unless for those who go early in the season, it will be necessary to write beforehand, in order to procure good accommodation. So great was the demand last year, that the Portuguese, as might be expected, took advantage of it to raise the prices of their houses. It is much to be regretted that some enterprising merchant has not erected a number of small comfortable dwellings in the different sheltered spots near the town, or in the valley of the *Cama de Lobos*, for the reception of

invalids, who amounted with their friends last year, to upwards of two hundred : and they, with very few exceptions, were all English. Various opinions have been expressed regarding the comparative merits of this island ; but I think both medical men and those who have tried it themselves must now acknowledge that we have no European climate that can in any way be compared with it, or that affords the same advantages that it does as a winter residence for invalids, more especially since steam has brought it within a few days voyage of England. Even for those who can well afford the expense it is a serious thing for invalids, especially for females, to resign their home and friends in search of a milder atmosphere, and few places that we are acquainted with will compensate, by the benefits they afford, for the comforts of the one, or the endearments of the other. But if such there be, I am constrained to say, that place is Madeira."

There is one great objection after all to this island—it is a land of monkery and misrule; the following is a specimen of the withering effects of constrained celibacy, a single pencilling taken from out of its portfolio of misery:—

" Few strangers that come to Madeira, but visit the nun that so captivated Coleridge, and whose sad history every one here is acquainted with. It is short, but eventful. How eventful is the life of woman ! The parents of Maria resided in the island ; she was the youngest and fairest of several daughters, and like Cinderella of old, suffered from the envy and unkindness of her less lovely sisters, and though without the aid of any good fairy to turn a pumpkin into a coach and six, and a rat into a coachman, some old and rich relative, pitying her unhappiness left her a handsome fortune. This instead of removing, increased her misery, and, to fly the wretchedness of her heartless home, she yielded to the urgings of her unnatural kindred, and took the veil while still almost a child. Long time had not elapsed till the constitution was proclaimed in Portugal, and an order of the Cortes arrived permitting all nuns who chose, to leave their convents and to marry. Many recluses availed themselves of the privilege, and again mixed in the society of Funchal ; and amidst that gay and elegant assemblage, none was more admired than Maria. Graceful, beautiful and young, for she was only eighteen, she could not long remain without suitors.

She had many ; and though it is said the sisterhood leave outside their convent walls, the world, its follies and its cares—its joys and its sorrows—the ties of kindred, and the affections of the heart ; yet there were many whose natural feelings were not dead, but only slept, and now, freed from the yoke of religious despotism the vine-like properties of fair woman's heart would (as might be expected) soon find some object round which to twine the tendrils of its new-born affections. A young officer, then quartered in Madeira wooed and won the heart of the fair Maria. It was soon known that they were to be united, and all looked with an approving smile on the approaching nuptials of the well-matched pair. To the maiden all was joy, sunshine and felicity ; and as she roved with her happy lover through the vineyards, the orange groves, and the quintas of her native island, the prospect of happiness that opened to her through the vista of futurity cast a veil over the hardships of the past. She forgot her early sufferings. The day before the nuptials were to be solemnized, a vessel arrived from Lisbon, bringing the sad intelligence that the Cortes had revoked their decree, and that all nuns should return to their convents. Great was the sympathy for poor Maria ; her gaiety and light-heartedness—her extreme simplicity, gentleness, and beauty, had won for her the love and the esteem of all in Funchal, particularly the English. There was no resource. Her head was again shorn of its silken locks, and her gay, yet simple attire, exchanged for the dark robe, the girdle, and the veil.

" Poor thing ! Her very smile was one that told the heart was ill at ease, for mouldering hope, the blight of early sorrow and the never-ceasing canker of unanswered love, had spread its mildew o'er a brow, so late lit up by hope, now clouded by despair."

The yacht now spreads her sail for Teneriffe, one of the Canary islands, that lifts its lofty peak 14000 feet above the sea, and visible as it is on every side within a circle of 200 miles, it forms the great landmark and sometimes the great beacon light, of the Atlantic ocean. Mr. Wilde and his friends venture at a most unseasonable time of year and contrary to the advice of the most experienced, to ascend this loftiest of all insular mountains, and after no small trouble are successful ;

they pass through the beautiful vale of Oratava.

"We reached the summit at half-past eight o'clock, and my first impulse was to crawl to the highest pinnacle upon the wall of the crater, on the south-east point, whence it slopes on both sides towards the west. This solfatara (or half-extinguished volcano) was more active than usual this morning; large wreathes of smoke proceeding from numerous cavities and cracks in the bowl of the crater. This was smaller than we expected not being more than a hundred feet in the widest part; shallow, and the edge very irregular, of an oval shape, having a margin of dense whitish lava. We descended into it, and found the opening, from whence the smoke issued, was near the south-west corner, encased with the most beautiful crystals of sulphur. On opening up these with a stick, we found them enlarged into little chambers, encrusted with the same crystals, the substance on which they rest being a kind of mortar, crumbling in the fingers, but hardening on exposure to the air. Some of these crystals are singularly beautiful, of the greatest brilliancy of colour, and varying from a deep golden orange to the palest straw colour. The largest of these holes was about the size of my two fists; from this, and two or three others similar a loud boiling noise was heard, even when standing on the edge of the crater. Large fissures intersect the crater in different directions; the crust between them vibrates under the foot, and produces a hollow sound. Besides the sulphur encrusting round the chinks and holes, large quantities, also crystalized, occur both within and outside the crater, formed in little nuclei embedded in a compact and glistening white substance. The fume or smoke, is of a dense whitish appearance, and quantities of a watery vapour proceed out of the larger holes: but although the sulphurous vapour is so much complained of, and that some of our party suffered from it, I was able to remain in it fully five minutes. The thermometer when plunged into one of these, rose to 90°.

The view that awaited us on the summit amply repaid us for all the toils of the ascent. The morning was beautifully clear, and without a cloud; the finest that had occurred since our arrival. The whole island of Tenerife lay in the most vivid manner like a map at our feet, with its white towers, its vine-clad valleys, and pine-crowned hills.

"Immediately around the Peak, the

mountains form a number of concentric circles, each rising in successive heights, and having it as a centre. It is this appearance that has not inaptly gained for it the simile of a town with its fosses and bastions. These are evidently the walls of former craters, on the ruins of which the present has been reared. What a fire must have come from the first of these, which enclosed a space of so many leagues! Or again, how grand the illumination that once burst forth from the place whereon we stood, a height of nearly 13,000 feet, and which it is calculated would serve as a beacon at a distance of 200 miles at sea on every side. The crater or circle next below us appears to rise to the height of the *Estanza des Ingleses*, 10,000 feet.

"There are a number of smaller cones scattered irregularly over the island; their red blistered summits glance in the sun like so many molehills; the largest is towards the west, it rises to a great height and is the most elevated point on the island next to the Peak itself. Towards Santa Cruz the marks of recent volcanic action become less, the stratification more perfect. There is less appearance of lava or pumice, and the basalt assumes more of the columnar form. We could perfectly distinguish the few vessels that lay opposite the port of Oratava, a direct distance of thirteen miles, while the ascent is calculated at about thirty. So clear was the atmosphere, that our friends at the port could distinguish us distinctly with the glass. They had been anxiously looking out for us, and hoped, more than expected our accomplishing the ascent. The Archipelago of the Canaries seemed as if stretched at our feet; Grand Canary was particularly plain, being immediately beneath the sun. Palma and Gomera seemed so near that you could almost grasp them in your hand; and far away in the distance, Heiras seemed to mingle with the horizon."

Mr. Wilde next describes his visit to Gibraltar, and then proceeds to Algiers; the description of what he saw there does not speak favourably of French domination. The French certainly are neither humane conquerors nor careful colonists; in the latter capacity, they have invariably failed of success, and though often attempting and being in the beginning very vigorous in prosecuting their schemes; yet, wanting that patience and passive fortitude so essential to new settlers, and moreover never being content with securing what

they have attained, before they rushed to grasp at more, they have signally failed; and Canada, Louisina, Brazil, and Madegascar, not to speak of India, exhibit the Gauls more as locusts alighting on a land to eat up every green herb, than as hives of industrious bees, using its flowers without abusing, accumulating for themselves but not destroying for all others. We have only room to give (though elsewhere Mr. Wilde more largely describes the town and inhabitants of Algiers,) the following brief sketch:—

“I have always made it a rule to visit the markets early. Independent of the productions of the country there exhibited it shows more of the life and character of a nation than any other place I am acquainted with. The daily market is held in the *Grand Place*, and presents a group of motley figures unequalled, with the jabbering of the negresses and monkeys—the two-penny shows—Genoese boys grinding hurdy-gurdies—toy bazaars—gaming-tables—mingled with Arabs, Bedaweas, Kabyles, and Jewish shoe-blacks—through all which the Moor stalks with the utmost gravity and contempt.

“Fish are in great quantity, and fruit and game plenty at present. The vegetables are some of the finest I ever saw; cauliflowers of a size that would not be credited by our English gardeners, and the oranges of Bleda, are, I believe, the largest any where to be found.”

And then in order to show what a hold these French colonists have got of the country we extract the following:—

“We rode out to the settlement of Del-Abreem, or Deli Ibrahim, the principal attempt made at colonization by the French. Some of the roads about Algiers are admirably constructed, particularly those leading towards Dowers and Boufaric; they are made on the English plan of Macadamization, and do great credit to their engineer, the late Col. Le Merci, and are the only works of *permanent* utility made throughout the country by the French, since their arrival seven years ago.

“Our track lay through a fine open country beyond the immediate vicinity of the town, which is hilly and intersected by deep valleys and ravines. The soil is a rich dark loam; but little, I may say *nothing*, has been yet done by improved

cultivation to try its powers. The corn is now tolerably well up, but speaks little for its mode of culture, as the plough still in use is the original rude implement of the Arab, a simple beam and coulter attached to a cross-stick, which is *tied* to the beam, the same in fact as that used in Gallicia. The consequence is, that the subsoil, often the most valuable, is never turned up. So much could be effected by clearing, draining, and all the modern improvements in agriculture, that I have no doubt it could be made as productive as any land in England. The only perfect meadows I saw since leaving home were in this day's ride. The French are neither an agricultural nor a commercial people, and the few cultivators here are Spaniards from Majorca and Minorca, and some Maltese. What a splendid country it would now be with English capital, Scotch overseers, and Irish labourers.

“This small colony of Del-Abreem is not in a very flourishing condition; the few wooden houses are in the most wretched state, the roofs decayed, and the surrounding pailings broken down. It is under the protection of a strong garrison of 1500 swaaves and spahees; and two forts, on each of which are three field-pieces.—With all this, a band of Arab cavalry, belonging to Abd-el-Kadir, prince of Maskara, made a descent not twelve months ago from the mountains, rushed in during the broad day light, and carried off the greater part of the colonists; and this within five miles of Algiers!!”

The following is a summary of what the French have done for Algiers.

“They have now been in possession eight years, during which time they have put a new lantern on the light-house, made one or two roads, widened a few of the streets, and erected a small pillar opposite the lazaretto, to commemorate their glorious victory!!

“Confidence has not been restored; there is no faith between them and the natives, no intercourse whatever with the interior.”

We wish such a man as Mr. Wilde had time and opportunity to visit the whole African coast, from Algiers to Egypt. We would especially desiderate for him as an Irishman a journey through the Beylicks of Tunis and Tripoli, which though often visited, and though some of their antiquities have been well described by that accomplished traveller Sir Grenville Temple;

yet, as we know that there was a long and uninterrupted communication between Carthage and Ireland, it may be expected that there are remains and inscriptions in that land once the centre of the empire of the daughter of Tyre, that might be found similar to our Celtic monuments, and throw light on the connexion between the two nations. Surely there must be some Carthaginian inscriptions yet to be met with, something, that would verify the long contested point, as to the identity of the Punic and Celtic languages, the proof of which, if it can be so called, now rests on a disputed passage of Plautus. Mr. Wilde after stopping at Malta for a short time, enters the harbour of Alexandria, which opens its bosom on this low coast, and affords its safe haven, amidst all that is dreary and barren.

As we have already in our Magazine given Dr. Wilde's* description of Cleopatra's Needles, and his proposition to remove one of them, being a gift from the Pacha, to form a military or naval monument in London, we shall say nothing further here. Every thing about Alexandria exhibits the mighty efforts which that extraordinary man who now governs a large portion of the Turkish Empire, is making, to render Egypt great and powerful, if not happy. The latter state does not, it seems, much trouble his calculations, for his determination is to *drive* the people into industry, and against their inclinations make them his subordinates in attaining power. Does he want manufactories?—he drives the people into his factory lofts. Does he want to connect Alexandria with the Nile?—he forces hundreds of thousands to assemble, and they *must* excavate and carry away the soil without tools being provided them, just as the Hebrews of old *should* make bricks without being supplied with straw. Nay, more—does he want medical men for his fleets or military hospitals?—does he want engineers, or surveyors, or ship-builders?—he must first catch them, and then train them, as we would catch a parrot or a bullfinch, and then teach it to speak or pipe. Observe the consequences of this unnatural and forced attempt at making a country great; or,

as it may be better said, of blowing up into magnificence an ambitious despot.

“Nearly all the young men you meet are blind of an eye, generally the right one, and have lost the index finger of the right hand; this act of mutilation is done by themselves to avoid the conscription. I have known them, on hearing the *tallyho* of the conscription officers, deliberately redden a pointed stick in the fire and thrust it into the eye. At Cairo a little boy, not more than ten years of age, who worked in the garden of the hotel, on being informed by way of joke that the officers of the Basha were approaching, ran most heroically to a trowel, placed it on his finger, while his sister, still younger, chopped it off with a stone! He bore it without a murmur, and held it up as a trophy of no ordinary conquest. The thumb of one of our crew was still raw from a similar operation; and what with the effects of the ophthalmia, and the terrors of the conscription, there will soon appear a cyclopean population.”

The following is Mr. Wilde's description of Cairo:—

“But we hasten to the ‘queen of cities,’ whose thousand domes and minarets are now rising through the vista of wide-spreading palms, feathery bananas, and groves of carobs and acacias. The intervening ground, of about a mile, is clothed with a luxuriant crop of corn, interspersed with groves of limes and orange trees, and the road, raised some feet above the surrounding level, to preserve it from the inundation, is bordered by a row of carob and acacias, which, when full grown, will much improve the approach. The citadel forms a prominent object in the centre of this immense city, thrown into relief by the black wall of the Mokattam mountains which rise behind it. This entrance to the city presents a most animated scene, and such as can be beheld only in the greatest thoroughfare of the east: long files of camels; whole harems of *hermetically veiled* women, seated cross-legged on their donkeys, and attended by their sable guardians; Turkish nobles on their magnificent horses, preceded by their pipe-bearer, and followed by a tribe of servants; Arab sheykhs; men of all the different nations of Europe, travellers like ourselves, or settlers in the land; each in his different avocation, and mingling with the ragged, dirty Fellah, and the well-clad

* It has been lately asserted by Mr. Mina, a Frenchman, resident at Alexandria, that Pompey's Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needles, are composed of artificial cement.

soldier, pass and repass in endless variety, or throng tumultuously to the narrow gates that lead to the interior. Immediately outside the town, we were shown the house in which Kleber was assassinated. Passing a few narrow streets we presently arrived at the Esbekeyah, a handsome square, formed, it is said, in the shape of Napoleon's hat, and surrounded by a canal into which the Nile is admitted during the overflow. The raised walks are ornamented with some handsome trees, which when full grown, will form a cool and really beautiful promenade. The streets are wider and much better than those of Alexandria or Algiers; and the latticework which covers the windows is light, elegant, and tasteful. Some fine specimens of Saracenic architecture present themselves in the different gates and mosques; the brown stone of which they are formed give them a sombre hue, to relieve which, Arab taste has painted them with red stripes and spots.

"The view from the top of the citadel is certainly most splendid, and here it was that we first felt we were in the land of Egypt, for from its summit we first beheld those mysterious monuments of the past, the pyramids. Those of Geza, the nearest and largest, although nine miles distant, appear to be not more than half a mile; beyond them, the immense desert mingles with the horizon; and those of Sakara and Dashoor rise in the distance, the Nile winding by their feet; behind us the dark Mokattam rocks; beneath us Cairo, the hum and bustle of its thousand tongues ascending through the still air. Outside the city, on the one side, is a plain of whitened modern sepulchres, animated by the many bands of mourning friends, bearing to their last home the remains of the hundreds who die daily in this vast city. On the other hand rise up the tombs of the Memlook sooltans, crowned by the fret-work domes of their splendid mosques and slender minarets. These are surrounded by the desert, and near to them was situated the encampment of the Mekka pilgrimage, where three thousand tents glittered in the sunshine, and upwards of 20,000 persons of all ages and sexes were congregated before their final departure for the tomb of the prophet."

The mosques, the bazaars, the French quarter, and the different palaces, hospitals, and factories, finished by Mohammed Alee, are described in a very graphic manner. But we must proceed to the pyramids, and it would appear, from what follows, that to enter a pyramid is a task more fit for a thin

wirey Irishman that for a fat and burly John Bull; but before he enters, we must give his picture of the scenery.

"We are now upon the vast Libyan desert, the fertile plains of Egypt to our left, the pyramids of Geza behind us, those of Dashoor and Sakara in front, and raised a considerable height from the valley of the Nile by a ledge of rock that runs parallel with the fertile land.

"This wall of rock is partly covered with the sand which, rising in a crest above it, and in some places presenting an undulating surface, as it bounds over the barrier, gives it the remarkable appearance of one vast rolling swell suddenly arrested in its onward course to swallow up the land, which smiles beneath it in all the luxuriance of nature's richest clothing.

"Were I to offer an opinion of my own I should say that this rock once formed the enclosure of a vast city that extended all along the plain, between the pyramids and the river; and should any wealthy or enterprising traveller attempt to clear away some of the sand that now covers its face, at one or two points, I am strongly inclined to think, judging from what I saw at Sakara, that many tombs and excavations would be discovered, as it is more than conjecture that the catacombs extend the whole length of the pyramids. It may be in some secret or traditionary knowledge of this kind that originates the story told by the Arabs, of there being a subterranean passage all along from the chambers of Sakara to the pyramid of Cheops.

"The whole of the ground I now rode over presented a most extraordinary spectacle; for miles it is literally strewn over with the sacking of the tombs—remains of human bones and of the inferior animals, which since their exposure to light have become intensely white, but excessively friable, crumbling in the finger; quantities of linen, pieces of broken mummy cases, and bits of blue crockery ware. The whole plain is covered with heaps of rubbish, like mole-hills, thrown up from the tombs, which have been opened by the Arabs for the sake of their contents."

His first visit is to the pyramid of Sackara.

"This pyramid, though formed on the type of these at Geza is somewhat different in external appearance, being appa-

rently constructed in steps, five of which appear above the sands, each step upwards of twenty-five feet high; what the real elevation of this pyramid was it is difficult to say, as the entrance which, like all the rest, is, on the north side, and was very likely about the centre of the mass, is now several feet below the level of the surrounding ground. The sand must have covered up the greater part of it, as even in Pocock's time there were six ranges of steps, and that which was above ground in his day, is now far below the surface; either this monument has never been finished, or much more than the coating has been torn off. The entrance to this pyramid is seldom made, and the hole to which our Arab guide Alee pointed had very much the look of a fox earth, and was nearly choked with sand, stone, and rubbish. As considerable difficulty is experienced in passing this aperture, the Arabs commenced stripping themselves to the mere loin cloth, and Alee taking the lights with him contrived to get his thin sinewy body into the hole, where he remained with his head out, and the sand again closing round his neck, and as he grinned to me to follow, his bright eyes, swarthy cunning face, and shaven pate, partook more of the appearance of some of the inferior animals peeping out of their holes than the human face divine. I wished Paulo to accompany us, but the calculating Maltese having but little of Egyptian enthusiasm in him, stated his willingness to remain outside, as he very seriously informed me, to prevent hyenas or other wild beasts from rushing in upon us during our stay; so, taking off my hat, coat and shoes, I prepared to follow, which I had to do, not on all fours, but backwards, and *a la serpent*; the sand and dust getting into my mouth, and the heat and closeness of the passage was most annoying. As I was quite unused to the movement, and made but little way, my friend Alee gave me an occasional pull by the feet which considerably assisted my ingress through this exceeding narrow passage, which is at an angle of 27°, similar to the rest of the pyramids. We are now in the first chamber, and the Arabs having struck a light, which they do very adroitly with a piece of the dried pith of the palm branch, and the usual flint and steel, it enabled us to see that we were in a very extensive hall, domed, and of greater comparative height than that of any other of the pyramids. This is the only one in which wood enters into the composition; it is used in the roof, the floor and sides of the hall being cut out of the solid rock, similar to those at Geza,

Toward the side opposite the entrance, and to the right hand, is a large sarcophagus of polished sonorous granite, but the floor of this apartment is now covered, for some feet, with stones and dirt, which have been taken from excavations made by some one in the eastern side. The roof of this chamber is worthy of note—it is not flat and formed of large blocks of stone laid cross-wise, as in all the larger pyramids, but is constructed in the manner of a bee-hive dome similar to that of the tomb of Agamemnon at Mycene, and the tumulus of New Grange, in Ireland; where the arch is formed of large stones laid flat, each one projecting beyond that underneath, and the whole crowned by one large flag at top; here, however, although the type is retained, it is somewhat different by wood being used, not so much to support as to close in the centre. It requires a considerable quantity of light to examine this carefully, and I am inclined to think that the beams of timber still seen in the top of this apartment may have been used but for the purpose of scaffolding or a temporary support, and not to keep up the roof, as no wood could be sufficiently strong to sustain such a vast weight as the upper part of this enormous mass. I throw this out, however, more as a hint to future explorers, who would do well to examine it more carefully than my time permitted. From this hall the guides led me to a low narrow gallery, that descended at an angle greater than that of the external passage to three small chambers, the door-ways of which were beautifully adorned with flowers and other ornaments, and the walls covered with hieroglyphics. Those chambers were cut out of the solid rock, and faced with stones similar in every respect to that I have already described in the adjacent tombs. They must be at least 100 feet below the level of the ground outside, and are of exceeding elegance of design and execution, but they are now nearly choked up with stones and rubbish, and their walls and roofs in several places pulled down in search for treasure, &c., the Arabs say by the French some time ago. The passage leading to them was the most difficult to get through I ever experienced, as my torn clothes and bruised person could attest: and when I had seen every thing, and crept every where I could, and was once more in the light of day, I do not think I ever felt the refreshment of a drink of bad water, and the delights of fresh air so much as after that hour's work."

Mr. Wilde's opinion is, that Mem-

phis, the ancient capital of Egypt, extended in a long line on the boundary of the desert, its southern end terminated by the pyramids of Sackara, its northern by those of Geza. What fine terminations to a city—human ambition and magnificence have never since attempted any thing that could stand in comparison. Mr. Wilde thus describes his hazardous ascent of the second highest, and largest of the pyramids of Geza:—

“ I engaged two of the Arabs to conduct me to the summit of the pyramid. My object was explained to them by an interpreter; but whether from not understanding it, or their supposing that I had formed one of the party, which had been already on the more accessible one of Cheops, and wished to attempt the second, I know not, but off we set, the men leading towards the second pyramid, and crying out ‘hareem Belzoni,’ at the foot of which, near the eastern corner, we presently stood. This pyramid, supposed to have been erected by Chephrenes, it will be recollected, was originally somewhat lower than the neighbouring one of Cheops; but it is now nearly of the same height, as it stood upon higher ground; and the coating, or outer layer of stones is perfect for about one hundred and forty feet below the top, which is nearly as complete now as when it originally ended in an apex of a single stone. I was totally unaware of the difficulty and danger of this ascent, and of its having been undertaken by but five or six travellers of late years; the natives themselves never scaling it but for some reward. Had I been acquainted with the difficulties to be encountered, I much doubt whether my enthusiasm would have induced me to venture up.

“ This, like the others, was first built in steps, or courses of enormous stones, each row placed the breadth of itself within the course beneath. Some stones in the base of this pyramid are larger than those of Cheops, and from four to five feet in depth, so that we had to clamber over them on our hands; but in this, I was assisted by the guides, one an old man, the other about forty, both of a mould, which for combination of strength and agility, I do not think I ever saw surpassed. We soon turned to the north, and finally reached the outer casing on the west side. All this was very laborious to be sure, though not very dangerous; but here was an obstacle that I knew not how they themselves could surmount, much less how I could possibly master; for above our heads jutted out like an eave, or coping, the lower stones of the

coating which still remain, and retain a smooth polished surface. As considerable precaution was necessary, the men made me take off my hat, coat, and shoes, at this place; the younger then placed his raised and extended hands against the projecting edge of the lower stone, which reached to above his chin: and the elder, taking me in his arms, as I would a child, placed my feet on the other's shoulder, and my body flat on the smooth surface of the stone; in this position we formed an angle with each other, and here I remained for upwards of two minutes, till the older man went round, and by some other means contrived to get over the projection, when creeping along the line of junction of the casing, he took my hands, drew me up to where he was above me, and then letting down his girdle, assisted to mount up the younger, but less active, and less daring climber of the two. We then proceeded much as follows:—One of them got on the shoulder of the other, and so gained the joining of the stone above, which was often five feet asunder; the upper man then helped me in a similar action, while the lower pushed me up by the feet. Having gained this row, we had often to creep for some way along the joining, to where another opportunity of ascending was afforded. In this way we proceeded to the summit, and some idea may be formed of my feelings, when it is recollected, that all these stones of such a span are highly polished, are set at an angle less than 45°, and that the places we had to grip with our hands and feet, were often not two inches wide, and their height above the ground upwards of four hundred feet; a single slip of the foot, or a slight gust of wind, and, from our position, we must all three have been dashed to atoms, long before reaching the ground. On gaining the top, my guides gave vent to sundry demonstrations of satisfaction, clapping me on the back, patting my head, kissing my hands, and uttering a low growl, which presently rose into the more audible, and to my ears, less musical cry of ‘buck-shese!’ From all this I began to suspect that something wonderful had been achieved! and some idea of my perilous situation broke upon me, as I saw some of my friends beneath waving their hats, and looking up with astonishment, as we sat perched upon the top, which is not more than six feet square; the apex stone is off, and it now consists of four outer slabs, and one in the centre, which is raised upon its end, and leans to the eastward. I do not think that human hands could have raised it thus from its bed, on account of its size, and the confined space they would have to work on. I am inclined to think the top was struck with lightning, and the position thus

altered by it. The three of us had just room to sit upon the place. I saw two or three names scratched upon the central slab, to which of course I added my own, and collected some bones of the jerbil, which lay scattered about, as a memento. At first, I imagined these might have been carried up by hawks, but I soon heard the animals squeeling under where I sat. I could not discover the Arabic inscription mentioned by Wilkinson, on any of the stones; but I had far more interesting and absorbing objects to meet my attention, for the grandeur and extent of the picture that now presented itself from this giddy height, was almost as intoxicating as the ascent I had just completed. Around me lay the vast plain of interminable sand, that marked the Lybian and African deserts, the scorching, echoless wilderness which mingled with the clear blue of the atmosphere at the horizon. In a sloping vale, bounded by massive rocks, the unvaried hue of barrenness was enlivened by what appeared to me a narrow silver ribbon, that wound its tortuous course for miles and miles, as it seemed to rise out of the junction of sand and sky above, and was lost to vision as it sunk into it in a similar manner below. Its banks were green and verdant, with the richest foliage, and groves of waving palms were now and then relieved by the gleam of noon-day light, that glanced from the snow-white minaret, or the stately dome of a marabut. This ribbon was the river Nile—its banks the land of Egypt."

One of the most curious circumstances connected with this description, is the existence of a burrow of jerbils, commonly called Jerboas, a species of desert rat, living on the top of this pyramid. The ambitious little rogues, what brought them—what keeps them there—are they doing penance, like Simon Stylites, for their past sins, dwelling thus in "heavenly pensive contemplation?" Or is it a Purgatory for the gnawing nasty vermin, that would rise to eminence here below? had our Doctor seen any of these penitential things, he, no doubt, would have recognized some Irish lay and ecclesiastical rats, who, instead of enjoying loaves and fishes, are pining for their sins on spiders and beetles—we fully expect that Dean Harlot, or Barrister Castle-hack-it, will enjoy dry lodgings yet on the summit of the Pyramid of Cephrenes. Mr. Wilde's observations respecting the climate, the diseases, the hospitals and lunatic

asylums of Egypt, are well worthy of perusal; and show that, he has looked around him not only with the understanding of a naturalist, but the tact of a medical practitioner, and we rise from the perusal of what he writes on this country with a feeling of regret that, with all his capabilities, his sphere of observation was so limited, and his stay so short.

Mr. Wilde leaves Egypt with a high opinion of Mohammad Aleé's character, and the wonders *he* has wrought there. And certainly *he* has done great things, and quite in the hot-bed style, till he has forced on national prosperity at a rapid rate, and on a stupendous scale. The following is but a *part* of what this Albanian has done, who was once sold slave in one of the markets of that country, over which he magnificently rules.

"One of the first acts of Mohammad Aleé was to invite artizans and manufacturers to come and settle in the country; and he shortly afterwards procured engineers from several countries of Europe, to explore the different parts of his dominions. But he did a greater work than even this, he sent, at the expense of the state, a number of Egyptian boys to Europe, to be instructed in the different arts and sciences, many of whom were educated in British universities, and are now teachers in their own. He caused a vast number of his people to be collected and instructed in the different trades necessary to more accomplished nations. He erected dock-yards, arsenals, and manufactories, that have not only given *employment* but *trades* to many thousands that heretofore knew but the handling of a mattock, or a yathagan.

"Not contented with having educated them in other countries, he erected and endowed polytechnic and military schools, with colleges of law, physic, divinity, and belles-lettres: in these he clothes, maintains, and *pays* several hundred boys, though such had, at first, to be dragged by the kidnapping conscription officers from the filth of mud hovels, the raggedness of a torn blue shirt, the pains of hunger, or the fare of bad beans and dowrah bread, and the more pleasing task of raising water in a bucket from the Nile, and remaining in a state of the most blissful ignorance, to receive the blessings of education.

"He has also introduced and established the cotton trade in Egypt; a commerce particularly well suited to that country.

He has, it is true, made a demand of soldiers that the population of Egypt cannot afford; but these he has washed, shaved, clothed, disciplined, and armed, like Europeans. He has, since 1827, by native hands, furnished, armed and manned a navy little inferior to any in Europe. He has caused a toleration of religious opinion unknown in any other Mohammedan country, and has afforded protection even to the poor despised Jew. Not only by the efforts of government, but in his own household, and in his own person, has this great reformer commenced the work of improvement. He has done away with the harem attendant on an Eastern prince. His household exceeds but little that of a European noble, and his children are instructed in polite literature and accomplishments, by an English lady of the Methodist connexion. With a moderation in expenditure nowhere to be found in the court of a person of similar rank; with a frugality and temperance of habit never before exhibited in an Eastern prince, Mohammad Alee is perhaps as a governor better acquainted with all the different details of his kingdom than any other ruler in existence."

Mr. Wilde, after allowing that Mohammad has over-taxed the country, and that his military conscriptions have created misery to a large extent; yet holds that his *good* overbalances his *evil*, and that he has placed Egypt and Palestine in that position from whence they never can return to their former degenerate state. The next shore at which our traveller debarks, is the coast of Karamania. A country which, as he says, for mountain wood and water, forest glades and smiling vales, snowy peaks and grassy knolls, is only to be equalled amongst the scenery of Switzerland. At Telmessus, of which he gives a very interesting account, there are remains of tombs, perhaps not to be equalled, except at Petra; and a theatre, which, for its position and wonderful preservation, is well worthy of notice,—but we must leave this beautiful coast, and also the Island of Rhodes, and proceed to Tyre. There Mr. Wilde spent some time very profitably, and besides, fixing the topography of ancient or Palæ-Tyrus, and bringing to our mind much scriptural knowledge on the connexion between this great commercial mart and God's chosen people, he gives some precise and interesting information, for which his previous studies as a naturalist had fitted

him, concerning the peculiar product of Tyre—her far famed purple dye.

"While examining the remains along the shores of this harbour, I found a number of round holes cut in the solid sandstone rock, varying in size from that of an ordinary metal pot to that of a great boiler. Many of these holes were seven feet six inches in diameter, by eight feet deep; others were larger and some were very small. They were perfectly smooth in the inside, and many of them were shaped exactly like a modern iron pot, broad and flat at the bottom and narrowing towards the top. Some were found detached, and others in a cluster; when the latter occurred, two or three of the holes were connected by a narrow channel cut through the stone about a foot deep. Many of these reservoirs were filled with a breccia of shells, such as are represented in the accompanying plate of the appendix. In other places, where the pots were empty, this breccia lay in heaps in the neighbourhood, as well as along the shore of this part of the peninsula.

"It instantly struck me on seeing these apertures, that they were the vats or mortars in which was manufactured the Tyrian dye. I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that the species of shell discovered in this breccia, corresponds exactly with that described by the old authors, as that from which the colour was extracted, and from which a purple dye can be obtained even at the present day, and it is acknowledged as such by modern naturalists.

"Although I broke up large quantities of these masses, in no instance could I find a single unbroken specimen, which I certainly would have found had they been rolled in from the sea, or were in a fossilized state. I picked up one of the recent shells upon the shore, which corresponds in every respect with those formed in the conglomerate. The stones in the vicinity of this place were covered with large Serpulae.

"The binding material of this mass is lime and a trace of strontian; and the only substance found in connection with them are a few pebbles. This substance is of great weight, and adamantine hardness, and is of the same character as the petrified strand which I have already mentioned as existing at Rhodes, and in Karamania. Now, it seems to me more than probable, that the shells were collected into these holes, or, as they might be more properly called, mortars, in which they were pounded for the purpose of extracting from them the juice which the

animal contained; and, in this opinion I am borne out by Pliny the naturalist, who says, that 'when the Tyrians light upon any great purples, they take the fish out of the shells to get the blood, but the lesser they *press and grind in certain mills*, and so gather that rich humour which issueth from them.'

Mr. Wilde brought home some of the shell conglomerate thus hardened into stone, as dense and durable as marble, by the action of the Mediterranean waters. Our traveller mentions with surprise this cementing quality of the Levant sea, and has noticed it at Telmessus and elsewhere; but he need not have gone so far to find this peculiar effect of sea-water. The shores of Ireland will present many such instances of cemented gravel; let him but inspect the gravel bank extending from Salthill to Kingstown, and he will find such specimens of gravel turned into a breccia. There is another interesting subject which Mr. Wilde has touched on, while describing Tyre, namely, the rise of the Mediterranean:—

"The smallness of the peninsula compared with the probable extent of the ancient city—the submerged reef, or ancient pier, running north and south on both sides of it—the ruins which I have pointed out at the southern extremity, and the ancient town wall now standing in the water at the landing-place, all afford conclusive proof of the sea having risen at this point many feet above its ancient level. But has the Mediterranean generally risen? To decide this point geologists have principally confined their observations and reasonings to the celebrated temple of Serapis, in the bay of Baiz, on which much has been already written; but the prevalence of earthquakes, and the continued volcanic action going forward there, prevents a fair analogy being established with it and other parts of the Mediterranean.

"Commencing at the gulf of Glauca, I have pointed out tombs, and the walls of the city of Telmessus, now surrounded by water, of which no doubt can exist, that they originally stood on dry land. Following the coast eastward, we come to the island of Kakara, of which Captain Beaufort states; that it is remarkable that in some places three or four of the lower steps, (of houses,) and even the foundations of walls are now beneath the surface of the water. At Joppa I have every

reason to believe that the ancient cothon has been partly submerged; and in this state are also part of the ruins of Cesarea. At Caipha I found the remains of a very antique building, which had been probably a temple, partly covered with water at its base. At Beyrout we see a tower standing in the water; and at Tyre there can be no doubt upon the subject, for there the ruins are seen below the surface. Here I must refer to one of the most remarkable prophecies not only with regard to Tyre, but mentioned in the whole of Scripture, showing not merely the *literal* fulfilment of every sentence spoken against it, but accounting for *why* Tyre is now submerged. Among the many awful predictions of the doom of this city, it is thus stated by Ezekiel in the 26th chap. 19th and 20th verses, 'For thus saith the Lord God, when I shall make thee a desolate city, like the cities that are not inhabited; when I shall bring up the deep upon thee, and great waters shall cover thee.'

Now, this rise of the sea, or sinking of the land—and we are disposed to conclude that it is the latter—is not confined to the Mediterranean. All around the coast of Ireland, especially on the western shores, there are manifest evidences of the same phenomena. Bogs are found below high water mark, and sometimes in places always *now* under water. In Blacksod bay the roots of trees are seen at the bottom, when the unruffled surface permits you to look down through the translucent waters. Archdeacon Verschoyle, in his valuable treatise on the geology of the Western coast, acknowledges this fact and near a century ago, Borlace, in a paper in the Philosophical Transactions, mentions the same thing as occurring on the coast of Cornwall. We confess that we have our theory on this subject, with which we may enlighten the world on some other occasion.

Mr. W. treats largely of the holy city. During his stay at Jerusalem he spent almost his whole time, and gave the full activity of mind and body to the investigation of its topography; and in this respect we deem he has done more than any traveller since Clarke; and while differing with that distinguished man, there is every reason to suppose that he does so upon good grounds; for it would appear that the learned Cambridge Fellow, though he wrote largely, did not give himself

time, nor take the right method for accurate investigation; for there is good reason to believe his stay was not altogether forty-eight hours, and that the notes he took of this cursory inspection were worked out into amplitude eleven years afterwards. We cannot venture, without a map, to show fully where and how Clarke and our traveller differ. Clarke asserts that Mount Zion was outside the present walls, and is that now called the Mount of Offence, standing due south of the present city. In fact, if Clarke be right, Wilde is quite wrong, and *vice versa*; and this discrepancy places in dispute the whole ancient topography. There is something interesting in the following:—

"Having endeavoured to answer the objections as to the *site* of the sepulchre, I find it still further necessary to remove some popular or 'vulgar errors' upon this subject. It is generally supposed that Calvary or Golgotha (which are synonymous) was a mount or a considerable hill. This mistake is common to most authors, and is one into which Gibbon himself has fallen; but there is no scriptural warrant for such a supposition. It may, however, have been a small elevation or mound of some fifteen feet high, placed in the natural valley that surrounded the outer wall. Again, others suppose it to have been a place of public execution and a common grave-yard, and this opinion they rest on the word *γολγοθα* Golgotha, and translate it 'the place of skulls,' or 'of a skull.' Now if this supposition be correct, is it not as likely that the evangelists would have mentioned it as a place of execution (or as some writers have been pleased to call it, a 'gallows') as a place of 'skulls'?"

"A learned correspondent of the *Edinburgh Review* has thrown considerable light upon the meaning of the word Golgotha; but he, too, falls into the mistake of making it a place of public burial, 'the place of the skulls of men,' giving to the word *אדם* Adam, the general appellation of men or mankind, and not the proper name of our first parent. The monks and guardians of the Holy Sepulchre point out a place in the cleft of the rock, beside the cross, where they say the skull of Adam was discovered at the time of the crucifixion; and they gravely assert that the father of mankind had himself interred there, in order that his bones might be sprinkled with the blood of our Saviour! Such is the absurd tale related by Epiphanius, and retailed by the friars to all devout pilgrims.

"But this place appears to have had an earlier date than the tradition of monks and fathers, and its existence is believed by both Jews and Mooslims, and is mentioned in the works of the latter. Now it is probable that this spot in the trench outside the walls (and if the tradition concerning it existed from an early date, it would be a reason for its not being included in the city,) was called the place of *the skull*, or as St. Luke writes; 'καὶ ἐκεῖ ἀπέθισεν αὐτὸν ἐν τῷ τόφῳ ἐν ᾧ λαμβάνουσιν θάψουσιν—' and when they were come to a place called *SKULL*;' a proper name denoting, not a burial ground or a place of execution, but a spot to which a certain tradition was attached; and so the word Golgotha and the skull of Adam appear to be the same. 'But near the former,' says the Reviewer, 'was the tomb of Christ, according to Scripture; therefore it was near the latter; that is, where it has always been placed.' And this is the more likely to be correct, as the Greek and Latin priests themselves are totally unacquainted with the origin of this tradition, and know nothing whatever of the true meaning of the name, given to the place shown as the repository of Adam's skull."

Our author, with the assistance of an excellent map, assigns the respective bounds of the ancient city; the modern town; and the prophetic metropolis of the restored people of God, as laid down by Jeremiah, Ezekiel, &c. &c. We certainly have *now*, since reading Mr. Wilde's work, a clearer knowledge of Jerusalem and its environs than we ever had before. And should like, were space allowed, to extract what he says about the ancient city wall, that crowns the western verge of the city, and hangs over the Valley of Jehoshaphat; so massive, that even Titus would not or could not overturn it; and whose blocks of hewn marble are from 20 to 24 feet long by six feet square. Some similarity, says Mr. Wilde, to this enormous work is found in the Pelasgic walls of Italy, at Volterra, Lodi, and Cortona. But in no part of Greece has he met stones of such dimensions. This remnant of ancient Zion is held by the Jews in great veneration.

"I never visited this spot that I did not find it occupied by some of the Israelites. At all hours, late and early, there were they to be found; some sitting and rocking backwards and forwards, praying in a low, wailing tone, their faces turned towards

the east; others standing motionless, and gazing intently upon the solid wall, their arms devoutly crossed upon their breast and tear chasing tear down the cheek of many a silver-bearded patriarch; others whispering into its crevices, or kissing its sacred stones. For Judah mourneth; all her gates are desolate; her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.' (Lam. i. 4.) The question of Sanballat rose to my lips, 'what do these feeble Jews? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish which are burnt.' (Neh. iv. 2.) But the voice of the Psalmist answered me, 'Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion; for the time to favour her, yes, the set time is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.' " (Ps. cii. 13, 14.)

The Holy Sepulchre has been so frequently and largely described, that we shall not notice what our traveller says on the subject; indeed, he acknowledges himself, that he was (as he deems) more usefully employed, than in describing the processions and ceremonies connected with a place, which superstition has robbed from true piety, and made what should be holy, worse than profane. As a proof of what it is now made, take the following:—

"There is, however, one scene connected with the grand climactic of credulity and superstition, and which is now the principal magnet that attracts the Greek and Armenian pilgrims to Jerusalem, that I cannot omit mentioning. On Easter eve all the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem, and many of the Mohammedans also, assemble in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, to witness the ceremony of what is termed the *Holy Fire*. After the usual masses and processions have been concluded, the Greek patriarch and the Armenian bishop enter the pavilion of the sepulchre, the outer door of which is immediately closed upon them. The dignitaries remain locked in till night, waiting for the *miraculous* fire, which they assert is sent down to them from heaven. At length the wished-for light is seen, and a flame appears at the oval aperture in the outer chamber, or cenotaph which I before described. In order to increase the delusion practised upon the devotees, in former times a dove was let loose from the cupola of the tomb, at the moment the sacred fire appeared, to represent the Holy Ghost! This latter

part of the farce, if so mild a term can be applied to so impious a mockery, has been discontinued for some years past. Each of the pilgrims carries with him a torch, and as soon as the flame is perceived, a rush is made to light the torches at the sacred fire; and as no person is allowed to ignite his flambeau at that of his neighbour, the greatest uproar and confusion prevails. It seems that those that are soonest lighted possess the greatest virtue and on that account large sums are sometimes paid for the privilege of the first ignition. The torches are then extinguished, carried home by the pilgrims, and preserved for burning round their bodies after death.

"On this same night, about four years ago, this mockery was visited with a signal instance of the wrath of the Almighty, and was attended with the most melancholy results. On that occasion the crowd was more than usually great, for upwards of 6,000 persons had assembled in the building, and according to custom, the outer doors were closed. While the people were anxiously waiting for the miraculous fire, the heat from the pressure became intense, the air, from the closeness of the place, and the multitude who were breathing it, became impure. Just at the moment that the fire made its appearance, several persons fainted, others sunk down from weakness and extreme exhaustion, a cry of distress rose from those in the centre of the building, and a general panic was immediately spread throughout the whole multitude. A rush was then made towards the door, but, as it turned inward, it was impossible to get it opened, owing to the extreme pressure of the crowd against it. In the tumult that prevailed, none thought of escaping by the galleries, or the other side entrances, and the scene that followed, as described to me by several eye-witnesses, was fearful, and in its consequences truly appalling."

Not less than 300 persons perished on that occasion. We must refer our readers to the work itself for the curious circumstances which Mr. Wilde has brought to light, that in a tomb recently opened in the Acedama, or Potter's Field bought with "the 30 pieces of silver, to bury strangers in," and which tomb, Mr. Wilde was the first European that entered; he found all the skulls (of which he has brought home many, and given in the work accurate plates) were not at all similar to Jewish skulls; but those of *distinct*

and quite different races of mankind; not one single, well marked Caucasian could be found, and they *must* have belonged to strangers in Jerusalem. Mr. Wilde submitted a number of these skulls to Dr. Prichard, so famous for his researches into the physical history of the human race, and without giving the Professor any information as to where they were found, *he* gave it as his opinion, that they belonged to those Mongolian tribes, that are mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, as "strangers dwelling in Jerusalem, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites," &c. &c.

We must now close our Review, and in doing so, can with great confidence recommend Dr. Wilde's work to our readers, as containing all the elements of a pleasant and useful book of Travels; written in a free unembarrassed style, and containing a great deal that is amusing and still more, that is useful and instructive. The first product of a young man, it has no doubt its lapses and its faults; but young as he is, he has evidently tasked his mind and body to the search after every thing noticeable; and bringing to bear upon this subject what are material pre-requisites: namely, medical skill, to enable him to treat on diseases and climates; physical science, to give him *tact* and capability to examine subjects connected with Zoology, Botany, and Geology; a taste for antiquarian research; a fund of common sense, and what is better than all, a devoted desire to serve the interests of true religion; he has produced a work that may be read with profit by most, and with perfect safety by all; it is what we can recommend to the young, it may lie as both useful and ornamental on any table; it is brought out in a way

quite creditable to the publishers, and its embellishments are the very best we have seen belonging to any book as yet published in Dublin. The Appendices contain much useful and scientific information, and there is *ONE* especially towards which (as belonging to an University Magazine,) we think ourselves called on to direct the attention of our College rulers—namely, *to that* where he would stir up our Alma, and *by the way she is not poor*—to emulate Cambridge and Oxford; and as *they* have trained up travelling fellows, such as Clarke, Slow, Stuart, &c. &c., and sent them forth at their expense, why should not Dublin Trinity, prepare also young men and commission them to examine and report? For we say it, and with confidence, that there is much in the character of an Irishman that fits him to be acceptable as a traveller, and agreeable as a narrator of what he has seen, felt and understood. And taking it for granted that without any delay, the Board of Senior Fellows of our Trinity, will with their accustomed alacrity, adopt his suggestion, we beg leave therefore to annex this additional hint, that when selecting persons to go forth as their travelling Fellows, they will appoint a quorum of Phrenologists to decide on the bumps of the candidates, and if there be any found with the organs denoting a power of observation large and those expressions of idealism and a taste for pure mathematics not very prominent, let them be selected; but if any one should present himself (and there is much danger that there will) whose protuberances indicate that common vice of collegians, a propensity to punning, at once let such a *mauvais sujet* be rejected.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, THE NATIONAL BOARD, AND

"ROBERT STEWART OF BROUGHSHANE."

OUR readers are aware, that, in our last number, we called their attention to the important fact, that the Synod of Ulster had given in their adhesion to the National Board of Education. In so doing, we adverted to that junction in the terms which we thought it deserved, as an event calculated to do serious injury to the cause of true religion. Nor have we any reason to be dissatisfied with the degree in which our strictures have produced the desired effect. Public attention has been very considerably aroused, and numbers amongst the Presbyterian laity have already evinced a laudable jealousy at the manner in which they have been sought to be compromised by their clerical leaders.

If we advert to the subject in the present number, it is solely with a view to confirm some of the positions for which we contended in the last ; by the admissions of those whose conduct we have assailed, and who have since appeared in print as their own defenders.

Our readers will hold in mind, that we professed to discuss the question upon a broader ground than had been assumed by Dr. Cooke, in the letter which describes the conference between him and his colleagues, and the National Board, when the agreement was entered into, in virtue of which the Ulster Presbyterians have been numbered amongst its adherents. We stated fully that we would not narrow our consideration to the mere question of fact, whether certain propositions made by the Synod, in 1833, and then rejected by the National Board as the basis of an arrangement, were, or were not, now, fully, or, at least, virtually complied with. We even admitted, for the sake of argument, what the Board have all along strongly denied, that the Presbyterians have obtained even more than they then contended for ; and that, if the present arrangement were to be judged of solely with reference to their consistency in the two transactions, they may be considered blameless. But we denied that that *was* the way in which it should be considered. We maintained, that it should be looked at

with reference to the effects of the system of National Education, to which they have now given their sanction, upon the moral well-being of the nation at large ; and that, by these effects, whether good or bad, the conduct of these Presbyterian leaders could alone be justified or condemned. If the effects be extensively good, they stand acquitted, and are entitled to praise ; if they be extensively evil, they must fall under condemnation. For, we hold it, that neither Dr. Cooke, nor any other of his confreres, could have the assurance to contend for the privilege of aiding in the dissemination of a moral or a physical pestilence, by which four-fifths of the country was to be corrupted or desolated, because he himself and the few who thought with him, were indulged with the privilege of using an antidote against its evils.

The question having been thus broadly stated, we proceeded to show, that the terms obtained by the Synod from the Board, imply the admission of principles which render the National System *far more injurious and offensive* than it was before. We showed, that whatever is conceded to Presbyterians on the one hand, must be taken as conceded to Roman Catholics on the other ; that if the Presbyterians be determined to use the standards of *their* church, the Romanists must be at liberty to use the standards of theirs also ; that if the Presbyterian school-house may be converted into a place for Presbyterian worship, the Romish school-house may be converted into a place for worship according to the ritual of the church of Rome ; and that, if the convenience and the wishes of the Presbyterian minister are alone to be consulted in the regulations for the government of *his* school, a similar privilege must be conceded to the Roman Catholic Clergyman, respecting the school of which he is the acknowledged superintendent.

Now, all this being so, we asked, respecting the arrangement that has been effectuated between the Synod of Ulster and the National Board, whether the balance, on the whole, be for good or for evil. Is it, upon the whole, an arrangement, by which truth gains an

advantage over error, or error gains an advantage over truth? That is the way, begging Dr. Cooke's pardon, in which it ought to be considered by *honest* Presbyterians. *They* would not accept a few increased facilities for giving their children instruction upon scriptural principles, at the expense of conceding to their Romish adversaries ten times that amount of facility for "darkening counsel by words without knowledge," in the case of the children of *their* communion. This they could no more do, consistently with their profession as Protestants, than they could be bribed by the present of a few copies of the Bible into a tacit agreement to be consenting parties to its suppression throughout four-fifths of the kingdom. *And this, we maintain, is precisely what has been done by Dr. Cooke and his colleagues, when they consented to identify themselves with the National Board, and to give, in lieu of certain advantages for which they stipulate, and by which Presbyterians alone are to benefit, the sanction of their approval to its principles and proceedings.*

But we are told, in a lengthened letter to the *Londonerry Standard*, bearing the signature of "Robert Stewart of Broughshane," that from our statement, in substance as above, "it would appear, that there had been no popery hitherto taught in the national schools; and that the synod of Ulster's late arrangement will be the occasion of all the popery which the priests will teach in schools, where Romanists are numerous! But what miserable "*maudlin twaddle*" is this? Does not every person know that the teaching of popery to Roman Catholic children was directly provided for in the 'separate religious instruction,' from the very foundation of the national system? Is it not also notorious, that until the late arrangement, other teaching was to be omitted during one day in each week, to afford the priest an opportunity to teach popery? How, then, can that teaching originate in the synod's late arrangement." This person has mistaken us. We did not say that such teaching originated in the synod's late arrangement. On the contrary, we well knew that it constituted *the original sin* of the national board; against which no one was louder in his protestation than Dr. Cooke, who, together with his worthy associate, the writer of the above paragraph, now makes common cause with that board,

and lends the sanction of his name, and of the religious denomination to which he belongs, to all its abominations. Can this man not perceive the difference between seeing the thief *and denouncing him*, and seeing the thief "*and consenting unto him*?" And what sort of a conscience must he possess if he can palliate the admitted evil of being a consenting party to the teaching of popery, merely upon the plea that it existed before, and that he was not the first to introduce it.

But we asked, our readers will remember, whether, in consequence of the junction of the synod, the national board was not rendered more fixed and unmoveable than it was before; and what is the answer of this honest Presbyterian? "*Undoubtedly, it is.*" Hear that, men of Ulster. "Robert Stewart of Broughshane" tells you, expressly, that the natural and necessary effect of what he and his brethren have done, is, to give increased stability and increased authority to this system of national education, by which the worst superstitions that have ever deformed Christianity may now be disseminated, without let or impediment, through the length and the breadth of the land! Are *you* prepared to sanction a proceeding like that? Are you prepared to abandon your colours, and to accompany this tergiversator as a reinforcement by which the tottering citadel of this pro-popery board may be enabled to defy the protestant indignation of the empire a little longer? Remember that by so doing, you are contributing to starve and to dilapidate the scriptural schools. Remember that by so doing, the spiritual interests of three hundred thousand Roman Catholic children must be abandoned. Remember that by so doing, you are contributing to pluck the Bible out of their hands; to give currency and authority to the worst abominations of Peter Dens; and to render popery as paramount in the south and west as "Robert Stewart of Broughshane" and his confederates would fain have us believe they have rendered Presbyterianism in a small portion of the north of Ireland. Are you prepared for all this? If you be, you have been born after your time. You should have lived during the reign of the bigot, James the Second, who affected a most tender concern for protestants when he was paving the way for the ascendancy of the papists. But

the Presbyterians of *that* day were not so deceived. They were not to be taken by honied words. No such sop as a regium donum, or pecuniary aid for their schools, could lull their vigilance or charm down their hostility, when the wolf was abroad, by whom the peace of the country was infested. No. The flickering simper upon the face, could never disguise from *them* the blackness of the heart of Judas. They flung back upon the treacherous monarch the insulting indulgences which he proffered them, and which could only be accepted by a base betrayal of the faith; and they voluntarily preferred a continuance of the restrictions by which they were harassed, to an exemption from them which could only be purchased by conceding to the popish tyrant the privilege of giving a loose to all his anti-scriptural predilections. What a pity that he had not to deal with "Robert Stewart of Broughshane!" That worthy would soon have made snug terms for himself, quite as much to the satisfaction of James, as he has lately done to the entire satisfaction of Dr. Murray and Anthony Blake; who have now *Protestant authority* for doing the very thing which James in vain attempted, and by means of Presbyterian allies, Protestant money, and an unprincipled Whig radical government, are enabled to establish popery in rampant ascendancy in this part of the united empire.

Hear the notes of triumph in which this wretched time-server exults in the crippled and embarrassed condition in which the established church has been placed, by the unholy confederacy of which he has become a member.

"The established church, as an opponent of national education, is a body without a head, and mutilated both in shoulders and limbs. The queen, or government, the visible head of the church, is the board's supporter. The Archbishop of Dublin,—what was the Archbishop of Tuam—the provost of Trinity College—surely equal to one shoulder of the body, are two of them members, and the other in favour of the board; while the Bishop of Derry, and many of the clergy in the diocese of Raphoe [and Derry, nay, even in that of Down, and other dioceses, are like limbs separate from the opposition portion of the body; for they are all in favour, not of every thing connected with the

Now when the reader considers that all this exultation is expressed, *by a Presbyterian minister*, at the little hope there is of being able to arrest the progress of a system, which acts as a great power of steam to aid in the operation of popery in substituting darkness, instead of light, amongst the people; we ask him, whether it does not indicate an utter recklessness respecting, if not a fiendish antipathy towards, true religion; and whether it before entered into his heart to conceive, that such a sentiment could be entertained by any one professing to be a scriptural christian? For our parts, we would not, before, have lightly believed that a corresponding sentiment was cherished any where, at this side of hell, by any one professing to hold in abhorrence the abominations of the Church of Rome.

We hope this will be quite sufficient to show to all true-hearted Church of England Protestants, the kidney of the romanizing Presbyterians. What! To contemplate with complacency a system which consigns four-fifths of the population to the spiritual guidance of popish priests; and to exult in the prospect of the utter helplessness of the established clergy, to make any effectual head against it! We call upon his Presbyterian brethren, to ask him, whether it is or is not desirable that this system should be overthrown? Whether it is, or is not, desirable that popery should cease, virtually, to be endowed by this Protestant state, and its priests enabled, by government grants, to be agents in disseminating and perpetuating its delusions? We call upon them to put these questions to "Robert Stewart of Broughshane," aye, or no. If he answers affirmatively, how will he defend his junction with the board, by which, as he acknowledges, and even boasts, *it more firmly established than it was before?* Or, his exultation at the feeble opposition which it can now experience, from the crippled condition of the established church? If he answers in the negative "*habemus confidentem reum,*" let him never talk of opposing himself to popery again. If it be not desirable to destroy its influence, why should he exert himself so to do? Why, indeed, should he hesitate to embrace, by profession what he virtually patronizes by his conduct, and to give his *oper* countenance, as well as his *name*.

stitution, which holds in dim eclipse the blessed light of the Gospel?

And here we will, for a moment, call the attention of our readers, to an attempt on the part of this man, to get up, with a sort of left-handed dexterity, a collateral issue, upon which, as he imagines, he may ride off in triumph from the main question. We had stated, that we did not regard as guilty of sin, the individuals who assisted conscientiously in the dissemination of error which they believed to be the truth; but, in so stating, we expressly excepted against being supposed for one moment to compromise the guilt with which they might be fairly chargeable, for a neglect of their moral or intellectual advantages. Well, what is the conclusion drawn from this, by this mighty Gamaliel of the Presbyterians? Why, truly, that we maintain, *that there is truth in heresy!* As if, because we maintained, that an individual who administered poison by mistake might be blameless, we maintained virtually, that there was no difference between poison and wholesome food! But we will not be tempted, even by the blockadism of this driveller, to pursue the subject at present, farther than to remark, that we have always found those, *who were disposed to indulge themselves with a practical laxity respecting moral obligation, ever ready to judge of others by fine-drawn and speculative distinctions, inapplicable to the purposes of common life, and "to strain at the gnat while they swallowed the camel."*

Our object, as every candid and competent reader must have perceived, was, *not to adjudicate upon the abstract question, how far sincerity may be an excuse for error*; but, simply, to show the greater guilt of those who sin against knowledge, than of those who sin without it; and as "Robert Stewart of Broughshane" contends for the heinous sinfulness of the latter, what will he say of the former? If the papist who professes and propagates popery, *in ignorance*, is guilty of a grave offence, what shall be said of the professing Protestant who disseminates it contrary to his own convictions? If the fire of our wrathful presbyterian's honest indignation can cause such destruction in the green tree, what will it not do in the dry?

He is grievously vexed at being charged with sophistry, and complains that we have not attempted a logical refutation of what he calls *his argument*, to shew the *inconsistency* of the Rev. Mr. Drew of Belfast, in continuing a member of the Church of England, while he refuses to be connected with the national board; but even *he* can hardly have been serious in expecting that we should have so far insulted the understandings of our readers. Mode and figure, quotha! Did he ever hear of the charlatan, who vended the powder for killing fleas? It was to be administered in small doses, until the creature expanded its right eye; and then by the insertion of a small portion into that organ, the object was accomplished. "Tut," says an impatient Irishman, who had been listening to him explaining the manner of administering his remedy, "could I not put him on my nail, and crack him at once?" And the charlatan was compelled to acknowledge that it was "as good a way as any." Even so say we to "Robert Stewart of Broughshane," and all such "small deer" as expect that their silly and transparent sophistries shall be treated as if they were plausible reasonings. The truth is, that they deceive themselves most grossly, if they suppose that any one is deceived by them, or that, in the majority of cases, any one can believe that they are deceived even themselves.

We have heard many things respecting the motives of this Presbyterian movement, which we shall reserve for a future number; meanwhile, we have the gratification of knowing, that in what we have already written, we have done good service. Only let our clergy be true to themselves; only let them hold steadfast by the Rock of Ages, and we promise them they cannot fail; though the Queen, and her Ministers, and some Whig made Bishops, and some erring or apostate brethren, be aiding and consorting with Dr. Murray in the establishment and the dissemination of Popery in Ireland; and though this portentous confederacy should receive the distinguished support, and enjoy the august and venerable countenance of "Robert Stewart of Broughshane."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The East India Voyager, or Ten Minutes' Advice to the Outward Bound. By Emma Roberts. London: Madden, 1839.

A Book which we might almost describe as indispensable to the class of persons for whose guidance it is intended. Every incident of an Indian Voyage is considered, and every probable want of the voyager on arriving at his place of destination. Miss Roberts, who has before published the records of her residence in India for many years, is the author of this excellent book.

The Heavenly Doctrine, or the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in all its primitive purity, such as he preached it himself during his terrestrial sojourn; newly revealed by three angels of the Lord, and which Jesus has confirmed himself. Literally translated from the original French, promulgated by Charles Lewis, Duke of Normandy, Son of Louis 16, King of France. London: 1839.

AN exceedingly stupid imposture. It is of little moment to determine what amount of knavery, and what of folly has gone to the composition of this book. We have transcribed the greater part of the title page, which will be enough to satisfy the curiosity of most readers.

A Praxis of the Latin Potential and Subjunctive Moods—being an attempt to illustrate their nature and construction in the way of exercise. By the Rev. Robert McCure, LL.D. London: 1839.

AN exceedingly convenient manual. The exercises, however, consist almost entirely of sentences of broken Latin to be corrected into good Latin. When the exercise is successfully performed, it will exhibit an illustration of the use of each tense of the moods in question, in some one of its different significations. The book seems to us defective in not giving examples from the best authors in their very words.

A Glossary of Provincial Words used in Herefordshire, and some of the adjoining counties. London: Murray, 1839.

THE Author of this little volume defines a provincial word—"It seems," says he, "properly, to mean a word which is not actually used in the writing or spoken language of educated persons; but which is current in the familiar language of the inhabitants of some district."

If there were no other use in such collections, the occasional illustration they afford of our elder writers, is in itself of no unimportant value. A large class of what are called provincial

words consist of words, once used by classical writers, but now obsolete. Difficulties in Shakespeare have been removed in many instances by the discovery of phrases still retained in some obscure locality. Mr Finlay has given one or two instances, in his "Miscellanies," of phrases still common in Ireland, which have been so wholly lost in the general language of England, that most of the commentators have misunderstood the passages in which they occur. We transcribe an article or two from the Glossary before us.

"**RUSTY** *adj.* intractable, corrupted from *restive*. The desire of converting a strange into a familiar sound is a frequent cause of corruption in all languages. Changes of this sort are usually made without any reference to the meaning of the word. Thus the French *rondeau* became *round o*, and *bourdon* became *burden*, (of a song) so *bumble bee* became *humble bee*, *hiah-cough* became *chim-cough*, and *gorseberries*, *gooseberries*. The *craig* (i. e. throat) end of a neck of mutton became the *scrag* end, and lustring shining silk, so called from its lustre, was commonly written *lute string*. *Livorna* was changed into *Leghorn*, *Coruna* into *the Groat*, and a *Prussian fir* into a *spruce fir* (Nares in v.)"

To this we may add the word is used in much the same in Ireland. An intractable child is said to *run rusty*.

"**REMETIC**, *s.* emetic. Some use the expression a remetical man for a "medical man." *Remetic* is coined out of *emetic* and *remedy*."

The phrase "remetical man" may be found useful, as we really do not know how to designate some of the varieties of surgeon-apothecary. Why not adopt this amusing Herefordshire word?

Finden's Tableaux: the Iris of Prose, Poetry, and Art, for 1840, illustrated with engravings by W. & E. Finden, from paintings by J. Browne. Edited by Mary Russel Mitford. London, C. Tilt, 1840.

WE confess we have a prejudice against the whole *genus* Annual, but the sight of such a magnificent volume as this goes far to remove our dislike. Nothing can be more sumptuous than its exterior, and when we open the volume, it by no means suffers on examination. The plates do great cre-

dit to the Findens and to Mr. Browne, the designer. There is an improvement also this year in the introduction of ornamental scrolls round the margin of each plate, in which the substance of the letter-press is illustrated by etched outlines.

The figures, perhaps, are somewhat less graceful and animated than those of the French artists—there is less *esprit* in the drawings of the English school; but take it all in all, the volume is one of exceeding beauty, and of the letter-press, it is enough to say that the larger portion is by that truly English writer, Miss Mitford, who edits the volume.

We have been much struck by a statement of the enormous sums paid for the annuals, in an excellent new journal, entitled "The Art-Union," which, by the bye, we take this opportunity to recommend to all lovers of the arts. In the November number we find it stated, that in 1829, the public paid for annuals, a sum approaching to £90,000. The expenditure of such a sum annually, for so many years, must have had a material influence on the arts, and for this reason, if for no other, we hope the annuals may long go on and flourish.

The Pulteney Library. Part I. The Works of De Foe. Part I. Colonel Jack. London: Clements, 1839.

THE first number of an exceedingly cheap and well printed edition of the works of De Foe. We had not, till this book was sent us, read "the Life of Colonel Jack," and we have to thank the publisher for the great pleasure the chapters contained in this first part have given us. The same feeling of the actual truth of the narrative, with which De Foe has contrived to possess every reader of Robinson Crusoe, is created by the story of Colonel Jack. The effect is produced by the accumulation of seemingly unimportant details, which makes all seem like real life. The great German poet says, that "the way to give most pleasure is to give as much of incident as you can"—he is speaking of writing for the stage—"every one (says he) will then select something to please him. The very variety gives the whole the appearance of reality." [See FAUST. *Prelude at the Theatre.*] In Richardson's Clarissa, the pathos is almost created by the feeling of acquain-

tanceship produced by the everlasting details of the earlier volumes. There is no writer in the language, of whom a good edition in some reasonable compass, was so much wanting as De Foe. This, of which, by the way, the type, and paper, are much better than that of the Romancist's Library, of which it is called a continuation, is intended to be completed in two octavo volumes.

The Pictorial Shakspeare. London: Knight and Co. 1839.

IT is now several months since we noticed the early numbers of this edition of Shakspeare, and described it as being for the purposes of study, the best that has yet appeared. We ought, perhaps, to have called attention to the successive numbers as they appeared, but this we could not easily do, consistently with our intention of resuming the examination of the work in volumes. Meanwhile, we venture to mention the edition of Richard the Second, which has appeared since our former notice, as admirably edited, and communicating much information altogether new. Two volumes of the work are now issued, and are fully equal to the promise which the early numbers gave. Much most valuable information connected with English history, and often drawn from sources wholly unknown to our popular historians, is brought together in the notes to the first volume.

Extracts from Holy Writ and various Authors, intended as helps to Meditation and Prayer, principally for Soldiers and Seamen. By Captain Sir Nesbit J. Willoughby, R.N. C.B. K.C.H. London: Printed for the Author or Compiler, for gratuitous distribution, by T. H. Coe, 27, Old Change, Cheap-side.

THIS is a little compilation of which we are assured our pious readers will much approve. "A good man, out of the good treasures of his heart," has brought forth that which is good. We can strongly recommend it as most useful at the sick bed of the invalid, who has been but newly awakened to the value of eternal things; and indeed it contains much which must be profitable to the most advanced and experienced Christian. May the end of the benevolent compiler be fully answered by it. He has "cast his bread upon the waters," and we have very little doubt that "he will find it after many days."

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TAYLOR'S ANCIENT CHRISTIANITY.*

MANY circumstances combine to give weight to the opinion of Mr. Taylor, in the controversy which he has undertaken to review. No competent reader, we believe, ever examined his former works without perceiving that, though he may sometimes betray a deficiency in the minute exactness of critical learning, he shews, nevertheless, that his mind has taken that comprehensive grasp of the real principles and character of antiquity; the knowledge of which constitutes the chief value of history, but is the rarest of all qualities in an historian—especially an Ecclesiastical Historian. Indeed, no kind of history has been so unphilosophically written, as the History of the Church; and yet, no kind of history seems more naturally to invite a philosophical way of treating it. The fortunes of empires may look well enough in the plain narrative of a mere annalist: because civil society is conversant with the interests of the body; which are, for the most part, so obvious, that the measures taken to advance them, carry their reasons in themselves. But church history is the record of a society, the prime badge of which is THE FAITH that it professes—incarnate, indeed, in the external organization of a body corporate, but still as distinct from its outward development, as the spirit from its fleshly tabernacle. Church history is *essentially* the history of the human mind, as exerted upon those

topics which are most worthy of its consideration—the history of man's opinions concerning the most important and sublime of all subjects: nay, there is scarce a single stream of thought from any of the thousand fountains of the human intellect that has not, at some point or other, mingled its waters with the great current of the Christian faith. A subject so vast and complex, demands for its successful investigation, some higher endowments of reason than those talents which merely enable a man to examine authorities, settle dates, and collate MSS.—to dispute learnedly on the meaning of a particular passage, or the genuineness of a particular work—and go down to posterity as a diligent chronicler, or an acute controversialist. Of these higher endowments no one, we think, could have failed to recognise indications not to be mistaken in the author of “Spiritual Despotism.” We recognized, in that work especially, a power of seizing the distinctive spirit of past ages, of catching with instinctive accuracy, the discriminating features which betray the real peculiarity of character in each generation, and of entering into obsolete modes of thinking, and postures of mind, sufficiently to understand them thoroughly, without being carried away by their sympathetic influence—feelings and fancy, in short, so quick and susceptible, as to be the ready servants of a sagacious reason, and, at the same time, too well disci-

* Ancient Christianity and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts, by the author of *Spiritual Despotism*, vol. I. 8vo. Jackson & Walford, London; Curry & Co., Dublin, 1839.

plined to become its masters. And, though we could not but acknowledge that the exactness of his reasoning was not always proportioned to the largeness of his views, and that his observations were more distinguished by *breadth* than by *accuracy*; we felt the great importance of qualities such as we have described, in the examination of a question turning mainly on the due apportioning of weight to the evidence of ancient testimonies. Every one sees that, to the right discharge of such an office, an acquaintance with the relation which the matters treated of by ancient authors—the tenets or practices which they and their contemporaries approved or rejected—bear to their tastes and habits, their prejudices and their turn of thought, must needs be an indispensable requisite. When apostolical origin is relied on as the only satisfactory solution of universal consent in dogmas or observances, it becomes important to ascertain whether a better and more philosophical solution may not be found in certain predisposing causes of reception, universally felt, because themselves, the results of principles, of reason and education, universally diffused. When we are called upon to examine Revelation through the medium of the judgments of those who are supposed to possess an immeasurable advantage over us by their proximity in time, to its first preachers, it becomes important to determine whether the genius of those very times may not have infused such a tincture into that medium, as to render it, in many respects, deceitful. When, because we hold the ancient doctors sufficient evidence of many things, it is demanded that we should believe them in all, it is necessary to shew, from the temper of the men, and the circumstances of the times, that this is the same sort of outrage on common sense as if—because we believe Livy when he tells us of Hannibal's campaign in Italy—we were required to extend the same unhesitating credit to every monstrous prodigy that disfigures his Annals. Here then, we saw a most important duty, in this great controversy to be discharged; and a person, as we thought, well fitted to discharge it—nor have we, on the whole, been disappointed in our anticipations. For, although it cannot be denied that, in the conduct of his case, the zeal of an advocate often appears where we would rather see the temper of a judge; and,

that there is far more than one would desire to find in such a work, of the haste, and looseness, and verbosity, incidental to periodical writing; we think, nevertheless, that it is not only fitted to carry conviction to most fair and unprejudiced enquirers in this particular question, but also to perform the more substantial service of giving truer notions of ecclesiastical antiquity, in many important respects, than the public had before at all generally entertained upon that subject. We wish that we could speak as favourably of the manner as of the matter. That Mr. Taylor is possessed of very unusual rhetorical powers, is, indeed, not to be questioned; but it is to be lamented that his wit and fancy (and he has both, in no ordinary degree,) should be often so perverted by his bad taste, as to become perpetually overclouded with grotesqueness and confusion. But these are mere faults of style, which, though the critic may censure them, have doubtless contributed to his popularity. What is more to be lamented is, that in the management of a case where, if ever, the greatest delicacy and decorum would be required, he not unfrequently runs into a degree of violence, and even grossness, that can only shock and give annoyance. Thus, at p. 85, we are told that—in the ancient church—*"Mary's unloosened zone was the tier of the ecclesiastical dome, the rending of which, would have been a universal crash."* Surely for a pious man this is hardly decent; for a wise man, hardly grave. Again, at p. 89, we have St. Bernard flouted within the compass of a few lines as *"a reverend gallant, with a bevy of fair ladies,"* and *"a rosy lipped and scented petit-maitre,"* &c. It is enough to indicate these offences—the reader will at once recognize the justice of the complaint. Yet it is fair to add, that in this, as well as some other respects, he materially improves as he goes on;—the stream gradually working itself clear, and flowing in a less turbid current.

But it is time for us to give some idea of the plan and subject of the book itself. Mr. Taylor begins by considering the *circumstances* of the controversy; and taking a very lively review of the three principal parties by whom the Oxonians have been hitherto opposed, he endeavours to shew that they all have so many weak points in their armour as to be

unfit for so perilous a conflict. These parties are the political churchmen, the evangelicals, and the dissenters. The dissenters are excluded by the illogical assumptions and radical errors of their system; and churchmen, of either of the two grand divisions by this circumstance, that the Church of England having recognized Nicene Christianity as her standard, and they being pledged to a sincere accordance with the principles of the church, must needs be embarrassed in arguing against men who do in reality, and to the full extent, that which the church did only professedly, or incompletely, carry thoroughly out the system of the Nicene era. There is incidentally much that is true in this part of the work, and the whole is executed in the author's best manner. The description of the parties in the church is graphic, and the remarks upon their condition sagacious. But we think the main pillar of the reasoning stands upon a rotten basis; and surely Mr. Taylor can scarce seriously expect us to take Brett, a *Nonjuror of the second succession*, and a high-churchman of the darkest complexion, as unquestionable evidence of the spirit and intentions of the Church of England! Yet this writer's opinion is the only tangible proof produced, that the reformers took the Nicene age in the gross, as their standard of scriptural orthodoxy. In adopting the Nicene symbol as their own, they no doubt identified their faith with the faith of that famous council, which forms its epoch; and considered, no doubt, that the unanimous consent of the *whole church* on the first occasion, when the *whole church* could be convened, was a strong confirmation of the correctness of that faith. But further than this, we see no reason for supposing them to have gone. Even this creed, enforced by so many topics of authority, they required to be brought to the test of the apostolic writings, and only received when proved by most certain warrant of Scripture. Agreeing then, with Mr. Taylor, as to the propriety, if not the necessity of a thorough review of the principles and practices of the fourth century, (as being the golden age of the Oxonians) we cannot see that any consistent churchman need be deterred from instituting such a review out of deference to the body with which he is connected. The PRINCIPLE of the reformers, we have no doubt, both here and on the continent, was, that

ALL church authority was to be tried by the test of Scripture. They may in many things have stopped short in practice:—but those who carry out this PRINCIPLE most thoroughly, are those who act most faithfully up to the SPIRIT of the reformation.

Mr. Taylor next shews that the present is not a question of mere temporary interest; but that the virus which is now developing itself in the Oxford doctrines, is one which has long existed in the church, and which must be thoroughly expelled from all her members before any healthful action can be expected. It is therefore not to be mixed up with a question about the ultimate issue of the present effort of the tract-writers, nor depends upon any opinion which may be reasonably entertained of the intellectual deficiencies of those confessedly amiable individuals.

"It must be confessed that, on this ground, a reasonable doubt may be entertained concerning the triumph of the particular Oxford confederacy, and of the magnitude of the issue in which the present movement is to terminate. A silent acquiescence in trivial superstitions, or even a forward zeal in maintaining frivolous formalities, affords no criterion of mental strength, in an age universally superstitious, and grossly ignorant; but it is hard not to consider such compliances, or such solemn trifling, as genuine indications of an infirm temperament, when they meet us in times of diffused intelligence, and of vigorous mental activity. It is not to be doubted that many a spirit of power, in times gone by, has bowed, and cringed, and moulded itself to the pattern of a Cassian's Institute; but can any spirit of power now act the same part? Shall we now anywhere find strong and sound minds forcing themselves to lisp mummeries, to prate, and whisper, and juggle, and drivel, and play the church puppet, after the fashion of the monkery of the tenth century? Few will believe this to be possible:—it is, indeed, hard for any to believe it. In an age, not of idle but of solid learning—an age of genuine, not of vain philosophy—in an age (be it of too much license and of irreligious latitude, yet) of real force and manliness, and of rational and steady zeal—in an age when, beside the noisy pretenders to high qualities, there are, on every side, and in the private walks of life, the possessors of high qualities of mind and sentiment—if, in such an age, men who have wanted no advantages of culture, are seen, in their imitations of antiquities, not merely to be bringing before us what might justly be venerated on the score of pristine purity, but also what, unless it could boast the hoary recommendations of time, must be ridiculed as simply absurd, in such a case,

more than a surmise suggests itself, as to the intellectual stature of the diligent and zealous antiquaries who may be playing the part here supposed.

"But whatever estimate may be formed of individuals, (and it is unnecessary in this instance, as well as invidious, to form any,) the opinions in question are to be considered in their intrinsic weight and permanent validity; and also in their bearing, which is peculiar, upon the relative position of the Established Church, and of Romanism. In this view no controversy that has been started in modern times, ought to be thought more important, and if, at the present moment, it have fallen into feeble hands, (a fact I do not affirm,) more sturdy arms, we need not doubt, will, ere long, snatch the weapons now unheathed, and will command the respect of their opponents.

"The opinions advanced in the *Tracts for the Times*, may die away, for a while; but they must revive at some time not very remote. Motives of discretion, and the fear of change, natural to men in office, may lead to a gradual and silent retreat from the ground that was taken when the probable consequences of maintaining so advanced a position had not been maturely considered. The central principle of the *Tracts for the Times*—the unalienable right of the church to an uncontrolled internal government, and its inherent spiritual supremacy in relation to the civil power, generally, and to the temporary administration of that power in particular, this weighty doctrine tends directly, as all must see, to a disruption of the existing connexion between the church and the state, or to a schism, a rending of the texture from the top to the bottom; the state being now under the guardianship of parties utterly adverse to any such elevated notions, and not at all likely to surrender so considerable a means of sustaining, from session to session, its tottering existence, as is afforded by the possession of an undue and irreligious influence over the church. Obvious motives of discretion may, therefore, for a while, restrain the combatants on the one side of this controversy as well as on the other; and if even the promoters of it have braced their minds to meet all the consequences of the opinions which, with them, are serious matters of religion and conscience, it may not be so with the clergy at large, without whose willing ear and concurrence it would not be possible, even for the most accomplished writers, long to bear up against that tide of public opinion which they have to stem. With the clergy at large it must rest to decide whether, by favouring an agitation that touches the principle of the Protestant establishment, they shall bring every thing dear to them into peril—the establishment itself first—then the due influence of the aristocracy, and then the denuded throne; or whether, by promptly withdrawing all support from these agitators,

and by turning away their ears, they shall stave off, a-while, the most dire commotion, religious and political, that has ever convulsed this country.

"The prediction has often been uttered, and by men of different parties and opposite feelings, that if England is again to undergo revolutionary struggles, the heaving will commence within the church. If, then, any such course of events be at all probable, the earliest symptoms of its approach should be observed, and the opportunity seized (if it be offered) of so opening the ground, as to give free and timely vent to the volcanic fire that murmurs beneath our feet.

"It is, therefore, on this account especially, that, while yet we may do so in tranquillity, a prompt and thorough attention should be paid to such at least of the Oxford opinions, as may be the most readily disposed of; and so, one by one, to extract the perilous ingredients from the mass. And whatever circumstance, of an extrinsic kind, recommends these opinions as they are now advanced, furnishes a corroboratory reason for dealing with them so as that if dispelled, it shall be for ever."

We agree perfectly with these sentiments: nor do we doubt that much of the credit which the Oxonians as a class have obtained for *great* learning and *great* abilities has been hastily conceded in consequence of the novelty of their authorities and modes of argument in the eyes of the majority of the public. This is a phenomenon that is constantly presenting itself. When we hear reasonings and quotations that are perfectly new to ourselves, we are apt at the first impulse, to ascribe them all to the originality and research of the person who uses them; but in many cases,—and this is one among the number—a very short enquiry will satisfy us, that they may all have been provided from very obvious sources, at an inconceivably small expense of thought and trouble. Connected with this subject we may mention another indication of littleness of mind which it suggests to us: for, whereas the arguments and quotations, which they use have all been plainly drawn from the polemical works of former generations of high-churchmen, especially the Non-jurors and those who flourished in the Bangorian controversy; they appear nevertheless to be wholly ignorant of the full and satisfactory replies that were made to them all at the same time by the Whig clergy. Now, that men should have been so blinded by the spirit of bigotry as systematically to read only one side in

so stirring a dispute; and that, the side against which the suffrage of public opinion had been most unequivocally declared, does seem to us to betray a smallness of mind which is not to be discovered in the master-spirits of any other age; and the existence of which in persons supposed capable of producing an important revolution, would fix upon *this* the unpleasant character of a generation of shallower judgment, and weaker intellect than our forefathers.

Mr. Taylor next proceeds to examine "the substance of the argument." The argument, he observes, at the Reformation turned on the alleged difference between the religion of the middle ages, and that of the New Testament. The argument mooted by the Oxonians, turns upon the difference between the religion of the New Testament and that of the pristine and martyr church. We agree with Mr. Taylor, in thinking that this latter involves a far more delicate inquiry than the former. Their proximity of time to the Apostles, besides many other advantages, undoubtedly gives an air of authority to the first ages which can be reasonably assumed by no other; and furnishes, no doubt, a *presumption*; its weight varying with the nature of the thing attested, and the mode of the attestation, but still in almost every case a real *præsumptio* presumption in favor of the doctrines and principles which they professed. Yet we confess we do not think that the remark is of such *essential* importance to the argument as he makes it. If the doctrines and practices which are urged upon us by the Oxford divines, even when they are proved to be primitive, may yet be compared with Scripture, and rejected when perceived to be discordant with it; it would seem as if the intermediate enquiry as to their primitive existence could not possibly be logically necessary to the right conduct of the argument. Undoubtedly, however, it is the more satisfactory, as well as the safer course, to investigate the peculiar causes of error which counterbalanced the undeniable advantages of the early times; inasmuch as it tends to confirm the validity of our conclusions from scripture, and to preserve its due weight to the sentence of antiquity, where it is not vitiated by any such sources of defilement. This becomes more plainly important when the appeal

assumes that indefinite form, which, to be sure, it generally does wear in the eloquent but rather vague declarations of the patrons of tradition; when the general duty, for instance, of conforming ourselves to the model of the Nicene age is pressed upon the mind, without any minute specification of the nature of that model to which it is exhorted to conform. In this case we agree with Mr. Taylor, it becomes a matter of great importance that the mind should ascertain fully what the character of that age was, and compare that character with scripture, before it assents to any arguments for its authority, grounded merely on the topic of its greater comparative antiquity than our own. Mr. Taylor's object then is to ascertain by a variety of considerations; what is the real weight which we ought to apportion to the suffrages of antiquity in religious questions. This is, no doubt, an important, nay a necessary work, but we think that, in order to magnify the importance of such an historical investigation, he unduly depreciates the methods which other defenders of the same cause with himself have, for the sake of brevity adopted. There is, indeed, this objection to those methods, that though they may show against the Oxonians, that the authority of antiquity is not so exorbitant as wholly to control private judgment, and that tradition is no co-ordinate medium of revelation with Scripture; they help in no way to determine what the authority of the ancient church and its traditions really are; and thus lead practically to a total neglect of them as a mode of confirming or directing our enquiries in religion. But this though a practical flaw of some magnitude, is evidently not a *logical* one; nor in any way affecting the soundness and efficiency of their reasonings.

In order to counteract the practical bad influence of this ultra-protestant (as it is called) line of argument, Mr. Taylor occupies several pages in eloquently urging many weighty reasons against a neglect of the study of christian antiquity. Of all histories, he truly argues, this is the most replete with lessons of practical wisdom and prophetic warning. The writers of the early church too, not merely from their proximity in time to the Apostles, but from the fact of their speaking the language of the New Testament vernacular

cularly, from the genius and stores of learning which many of them possessed, from their freedom from many polemical prejudices infused by the controversies of latter times, possess, he says with truth, claims upon our attention which no reasonable man would overlook.

"Another common, but very unfounded impression, relative to the extant remains of christian antiquity, (the prevalence of which, at the present time, would leave a most dangerous advantage in the hands of those whom we are to withstand,) is to this effect—That the Greek and Latin fathers were men of intellect so slender, and are generally either so inane, or so absurd, or so erroneous, that the perusal of them, except by a few curious antiquaries, is a sheer waste of time; or, at least, that it can never repay the toil. Or it is affirmed, that, so far as these writers were sound and judicious, the same sentiments, better expressed, may be met with much nearer home, and in our own language. Or, generally, that whatever accomplishments the ministers of religion may possess, they may, in these days of benevolent activity, employ their time to better advantage than in brushing the dust from neglected folios. The course of events is hastening to offer a startling refutation of any such frivolous assumptions.

"It is not, we may be sure, those who possess much of this indispensable learning, that in any such way set it at naught; and it is an acknowledged rule, in all walks of science and literature, that the scoffs and captious objections of the ignorant need not be seriously replied to.—'know what you are speaking of, and then condemn it.' Now, the mere fact of applying any comprehensive terms, either of admiration or contempt, to a body and series of writers, stretching through seven hundred or a thousand years, and these writers, natives as they were of distant countries, some of them simple and rude, while others were erudite and accomplished, may be taken as a proof of heedlessness, regarding the matter in hand, sufficient to excuse a silent disregard of the objection it involves. These 'fathers,' thus grouped as a little band, by the objectors, were some of them men of as brilliant genius as any age has produced; some, commanding a flowing and vigorous eloquence; some, an extensive erudition; some, conversant with the great world; some, whose meditations had been ripened by years of seclusion; some of them the only historians of the times in which they lived; some, the chiefs of the philosophy of their age; and, if we are to speak of the whole, as a series or body of writers, they are the men who, during a long era of deepening barbarism, still held the lamp of knowledge and learning, and, in fact, afford us almost all that we can now know, intimately, of the condition of the

nations surrounding the Mediterranean, from the extinction of the classic fire, to the time of its rekindling in the fourteenth century. The church was the ark of all things that had life, during a deluge of seven hundred years."

In connexion with this subject we would strongly recommend the perusal of the Preface to Bishop Warburton's *Julian*, which is one of the best and fairest introductions to the study of christian antiquity we are acquainted with. Were we not, however, hastening to more important subjects, we might say a good deal in qualification of some of Mr. Taylor's encomiums on the fathers. Greek, to be sure, was their vernacular tongue; and Greek is the language of the New Testament. This is true in the general. But the reader will be greatly disappointed if he expects to find the same *sort of Greek* in Basil and Chrysostom, as he is familiar with in St. Paul or St. John.

The Greek of the New Testament is, for the most part, the Greek of men who thought in Hebrew, and to a great extent tinged with the forms and idioms of that language; so that it may be questioned whether the Fathers' ignorance of the oriental tongues does not more than counterbalance their superior familiarity with the Greek. Add to this, that many of the peculiar notions of christianity were so remote from the thoughts of the Gentile world that in the current popular Greek dialect there were no terms adequately expressing them: and hence the idiom of that dialect could be no help towards ascertaining the appropriated technical significations which many words received when used to express ideas peculiar to the christian system. But these and similar considerations, if followed out as they deserve, would lead us too far from our immediate subject.

Mr. Taylor next proposes to apply "a test of the moral condition of the early church," in the shape of the doctrine of the merit of virginity, and the practices grounded thereupon; which being as he thinks, utterly repugnant to Scripture, and yet fulfilling all the conditions of the rule "*Quod semper, Quod ubique, Quod ab omnibus*"—seem to reduce its inadequacy to an experimentum crucis. The propositions which he undertakes to make good are.—

"I. That the lapse of eight hundred or a

thousand years exhibits very little, if any, progression, in the quality, or extravagance of those notions which gave support to the practices of religious celibacy; and that the attendant abuses of this system were nearly, or quite, as flagrant at the earlier, as at the later date.

"II. That, at the very earliest time when we find these notions and practices to have been generally prevalent, and accredited, they were no novelties; but had come down from a still earlier era.

"III. That, as these notions and practices are of immemorial antiquity, so did they affect the church universal—eastern, western, and African; and that thus they come fully within the terms of the rule—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.

"IV. That these opinions and practices, in their most extreme form, received an ample and explicit sanction, and a solemn authentication from ALL the great writers and doctors of the church, during the most prosperous and enlightened age of any preceding the Reformation; and that, on this head, popery has no peculiar culpability.

"V. That the notions and practices connected with the doctrine of the superlative merit of religious celibacy, were, at once, the causes and the effects of errors in theology, of perverted moral sentiments, of superstitious usages, of hierarchical usurpations; and that they furnish us with a criterion for estimating the GENERAL VALUE OF ANCIENT CHRISTIANITY; and, in a word, afford reason enough for regarding, if not with jealousy, at least with extreme caution, any attempt to induce the modern church to imitate the ancient church."

In support, then, of his first proposition, Mr. Taylor undertakes to show, that, at a time not more remote from the age of the Apostles, than we of this generation are from Barrow, Tillotson, Taylor, Baxter, most of those abuses of the system of religious celibacy, which notoriously disgraced monasticism in the twelfth century, had largely developed themselves. The proofs necessary for the establishing of this thesis involve statements of facts of a very revolting character; so offensive, indeed, in many respects that nothing but the importance of the subject could justify any one in bringing them before the public. Mr. Taylor, conscious of the delicacy of the matter to be handled has from no doubt the most praiseworthy motives, endeavoured to mitigate the evil, by only quoting the least offensive parts, and sending the learned reader to the original for the rest. In some cases, too, he has kept back the reference, lest the reader

might be directed to a context which would be certain either to shock or to contaminate. We confess that, though we can appreciate the reasons of all this, we cannot consider it a prudent course. In many instances an impression is produced that the things suppressed are a great deal worse than they really are: and where this is not the case, a vague suspicion of inaccuracy may be generated in those who want either the opportunity or the diligence requisite for examining authorities. When a work of the kind *is to be done*, we are for doing it thoroughly. We would have the Latin and Greek of the passages given in the margin *fully*, whatever was done with the English in the text; and the place where the context might be found, in all instances, *accurately indicated*. This is the more necessary for the ends of truth and justice—which we are sure Mr. Taylor values more than any ephemeral success in a party squabble—as his representations of the meaning of particular passages are sometimes very far from being correct.

We have an instance of this in the very first authority he has produced: which has been accordingly taken advantage of by his opponents to decry his whole performance, but in a style so uncandid and malicious as to shew that their zeal is not really directed against misrepresentation or unfairness *as such*, but only as they are practised towards their favourite ecclesiastical antiquity. The passage we allude to, is that famous one in the Epistle of Cyprian to Pomponius, which treats of the flagitious conduct of those women, who professing virginity, made no scruple of sleeping in the same bed with men. In ONE CASE—and, so far as we can learn, in one case only—does this execrable abomination appear to have been brought home to a member of the clergy, a Deacon in a church under Cyprian's control, yet (misled as it would appear by the authority of Fell and Dodwell) Mr. Taylor proceeds unhesitatingly to describe the transaction thus;—

"Cyprian, and his presbyters, writes, in reply to Pomponius, a suffragan bishop, who had reported certain scandals, in treating which he needed direction and authoritative support. From this letter it appears that the rash and unwarrantable vow of perpetual celibacy, or virginity, taken, or forced upon multitudes of young women, in some moment

of artificial religious excitement, had been too late repented of by many of its victims, who, finding themselves cut off from the virtuous endearments of domestic life, had rushed into irregularities, loading their conscience at once with a real, and a supererogatory guilt, and had, under the colour of spiritual intercourse with the clergy to whose care they had been consigned, and who themselves were galled by the same impious extravagance, admitted the grossest familiarities, and thus had diffused an extreme corruption of manners among the very men to whom were entrusted the moral and religious welfare of the people. So early had this false fervour produced its poisonous fruit, and had ulcerated, in its vitals, the body of the church !”

We think the consideration that had these men been of the clergy, so flagrant an aggravation of their crimes would not have been forgotten by Cyprian ; especially since he is careful to urge it in the particular case of the Deacon above mentioned, is decisive against Mr. Taylor's notion, that these women were the same as the *virgines sanctæ* of later church history. But when it is remembered that this mistake of his, if mistake it be, is one which has been committed by all the best authorities from Dodwell to Neander,* we shall be at no loss to understand the spirit which can treat such an error as a deliberate and malicious misrepresentation. But in their zeal for heaping obloquy on Mr. Taylor, the patrons of antiquity—(we speak advisedly in the plural number)—have themselves been guilty of distortions, which it is much more difficult to excuse. These words, for example, are cited from Cyprian's 18th epistle (edit. Fell), to prove that the instances in which even the laity had been guilty of this crime had been but few. “*Cognovimus non deesse, qui templa Dei &c. infami concubitu suo maculent ;*” and Ep. xiv. :—“*Doleo autem quando audio quosdam improbe discurre . . . sed id agere ut per paucorum pravos mores, &c.*” But let the reader look at the places, and he will see that this fact has been shamefully concealed ; that Cyprian in those epistles is speaking

only of a particular class—the confessors—men who had hazarded their lives for the Christian faith. It is surely opprobrious enough to the morality of those times, that even a few of such a class should be found detected in these practices ; but it is hardly creditable to the honesty of the polemics we allude to, to bring forward expressions which relate only to a particular order, as if they were spoken of the whole church ; and, upon such garbled and falsified authorities, to endeavour to sneer away the good fame of any man. When speaking of the whole church, Cyprian uses very different language : “*Denique,*” says he, in the same epistle which Mr. Taylor has quoted, “*quam graves MULTORUM ruinas hinc fieri videmus, et per hujusmodi illicitas et periculosas conjunctiones corrumpi PLURIMAS virgines cum summo animi nostri dolore conspicimus.*” Yet, with such a plain declaration staring them in the face, these champions of ancient times and libellers of the present, would hazard the assertion that such lapses were few and unfrequent ! In extenuation of the crime, it has been urged in the same quarters, that, by Cyprian's own confession, these delinquents were not guilty of *fornication*. Were this granted—which in many instances it cannot be—still let the reader look below,† and see what Cyprian thought they really were guilty of, and then consider how much this plea mends the matter.

We have already frankly acknowledged that we think Mr. Taylor wrong, in confounding the present with the case of the *sanctæ*. Those were women, who for the sake of enjoying more uninterruptedly the converse of their spiritual directors, and of managing their domestic concerns, were accustomed to live in the same house with them ; but constantly denied that they used the same Bed,‡ or admitted any indecent familiarity. Parallel to this, was the case of those canonical virgins, who permitted men to reside along with them, under similar pretexts. These practices prevailed very exten-

* See especially Muratori in his *Anecdota Græca*.

† Cyprian, Ep. iv. edit. Fell. p. 8. (Amstel. 1691.)

‡ *ὅτι γὰρ τοῦτο πεποιημένον, φησὶν, ὅτι μὴ συγκαταβῆσαι, μὴδὲ συγκαταβῆσαι ἡμῖν ἐστιν ἀσυνεπείᾳ ;* Chrysa. Opp. edit. Morell. Paris, 1614. T. 11. p. 265. Yet Jerome denies this. *Eadem domo, uno cubiculo, sæpe uno tenentur et lectulo, et suspiciosos nos vocant, si aliquid existimamus.* Ad Eust. Ep. 18. T. iv. p. 33. See the disgusting details given by Epiphanius Heres, 63. 11. p. 521:

sively in the third and fourth centuries, and were found to be so replete with scandal and injury to good morals, that several canons were at divers times framed against them, and the governors of the church set themselves very sedulously to put them down. There are extant two curious discourses of Chrysostom's on the subject; and some of his descriptions show a state of things but very little better than the melancholy prospect we have been contemplating at Carthage. We give a passage in the margin* which we do not choose to translate. Our virtuous court has indeed done its best to make the public mind of the nineteenth century as much at home in such scenes, as that of the fourth and fifth appears to have been; but, thank God, it has not quite succeeded. Chrysostom's descriptions, however, of the less offensive adjuncts of the system, are highly amusing. His liveliness and wit, which even monastic asceticism could not destroy, render him at all times an entertaining writer, but especially where he indulges his satyric vein. In the present case, the eager promptness of those clerical squires to receive their virgin consorts at the church porch—their bustling assiduity in marshalling them through the crowd—their dutiful care to secure them a commodious position, and their vigilant attention, during divine worship, to the least expressions of approval or dislike that passed over their features, are sketched with a felicity of humour that Fielding might have envied.

It is obviously impossible for us to follow Mr. Taylor at large through the mass of authorities by which he supports his charge against the third and fourth centuries, as the subject presents itself, again and again, throughout his pages. We have only undertaken to give a rapid sketch of the conduct of his argument. In our own opinion he has satisfactorily proved the existence of the grossest and most disgusting abuses of the institute of religious celibacy throughout the Christian churches in the Nicene age. We should, indeed, be almost inclined to risk the proof upon a single experiment. Let any impartial man take up St. Basil's *Treatise de Virginitate*—the latter part

of which can only be paralleled by the pages of Dens and Sanchez—and say whether the state of things which could move a grave and most ascetic metropolitan to indite such admonitions for the special use and perusal of *virgins dedicated to God*, was not a state abounding with gross abuses and profligate immorality. This, indeed, we suppose will hardly be denied by any one; the assertors of virginity choosing rather to maintain, that these abuses are either not inseparable from the system, or else counterbalanced by advantages sufficient to outweigh their evils. We shall see presently what Mr. Taylor has said in answer to such evasions; but first we must say a few words upon a paradox of his, on this subject, that has shocked many of his greatest admirers; viz., "that Popish monasticism is an *improvement* upon the primitive celibate." We confess that we esteem this one of the most ill-judged as well as most unfounded assertions that Mr. Taylor has hazarded in his whole book. Wherever he attempts to support it, he is obliged to pick his instances in a way, that shows a great deal of unjustifiable prejudice. Whatever the fathers, in their severest censure, have declaimed against the recreant monks and virgins of "the pristine and martyr church," is arrayed on one side; while on the other, we hear of nothing but the learning of the Benedictines, the genius of Pascal, and the piety of Angelica Arnauld. Now surely this is not fair. We shall not be accused after all that we have said, of any undue bias in favour of antiquity, but we cannot see it thus wrongfully used without protesting against the injustice. Among the primitive holy maidens we make no question that many might have been found, whose piety and devotion need not fear comparison with even the saintly sisters of the Port Royal; whose inward purity was as spotless as the outward, and whose innocence of life, and incessant zeal in every work of mercy and benevolence, might shame our professing religionists, who perhaps, are thanking heaven that they are not in anywise as the virgins of Carthage or Constantinople. And for the men—did it never occur to Mr. Taylor, that

* Καὶ δρόμος λαοὶν ταῖς Μαιαῖς καθίστασθαι ἡμίαντι ἐπὶ τὰς τῶν παλίνων οἰκίας, καθάπερ ἦν τὰς ὀπίσθους, οὕκ ὥστε λοχῦσαι τίκτωσαν—γίγνεται μὲν γὰρ καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν καὶ ταῦτα—ἀλλ' ὥστε διαγνώσκει καθάπερ ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνομιμῶν βεβασιναίων, τίς μὴ ἡ διαφθορά, τίς δὲ ἡ ἀσέπεια; p. 260. confer etiam p. 263.

Origen, and Chrysostom, and Basil, and Jerome, and Augustine, and Theodoret, were names which any Benedictine or Jansenist community—with all the advantages of modern improvement, might well feel proud to enroll in the record of its members? That Romish monasticism may have originated in an attempt at reform, we will not deny; but we maintain that it was a mistaken attempt; and one which fixed and rendered permanent the system in all its vices, when now in a fair way of meeting a radical cure. By withdrawing "the professed" altogether from the salutary checks of public opinion, it made the morality of each community depend on the individual character of its little tyrant; and by its damnable imposition of forced celibacy, it imparted a diabolical cruelty to the whole contrivance, from which the primitive institute was, in a great measure, free; and if ever it should become necessary to expose the monasticism of the Popish ages, as Mr. Taylor has exposed that of the fourth century, the pages of Bernard, of Cardinal Damian, of Erasmus—nay, of Baronius himself, will reveal a tale of deeper crime and more disgraceful ignorance, than ever blotted the annals of the early church.

In establishing his charge against the second century, Mr. Taylor seems to us to rely far too confidently on the testimony of Tertullian. This writer, notorious for extravagant paradox, and besides the champion of a heresy, reprobated by the Catholics themselves, for too excessive strictness of asceticism—a writer, at once violent in his exaggerations and slippery in his reasonings—should not be admitted as evidence in any case without strong corroboration. Now, in the instance of celibacy, Mr. Taylor is obliged to confess that he is not only not corroborated, but contradicted by Clement of Alexandria, whose sound and rational statements must commend themselves to every man of understanding; and, as to the passage about the progressive expansion of truth which Mr. Taylor has quoted (p. 94) from the tract *de velandis Virginitibus*, it so clearly and confessedly relates to *Montanus' Paraclete*, that we are lost in wonder at the hallucination which could bewilder so acute a person into supposing that it spoke, in any way, the sense of the Catholics. Taken *cum grano salis*,

however, we hold it to be sound in the main; and so little anti-Protestant did Le-Clerc think it, that, having quoted a part of this very passage at the close of his Ecclesiastical history, he subjoins: "In quæ verba desinemus, *cedro quippe digna*; quamvis Tertullianus, Jam Montani delirius fascinat, inanem in Religione emendationem animo agitare."

Mr. Taylor feels that many will be shocked by the attempt which he makes in support of his second proposition to trace the errors he exposes to the first and second centuries; but he says—and we think truly—that of all romantic dreams, the dream of the perfection of this age of the Church is one of the most baseless.

"The opinion that has forced itself upon my own mind, is to this effect, that the period dating its commencement from the death of the last of the apostles, or apostolic men, was, altogether, as little deserving to be selected and proposed as a *pattern*, as any one of the first five of church history:—it had, indeed, its single points of excellence, and of a high order, but by no means shone in those consistent and exemplary qualities which should entitle it to the honour of being considered as a model to after ages. We need, therefore, neither feel surprise nor alarm, when we find, in particular instances, that the grossest errors of theory and practice are to be traced to their origin in the first century. In such instances, for my own part, I can wonder at nothing but the infatuation of those who, fully informed as they must be of the actual facts, and benefited, moreover, by modern modes of thinking, can, nevertheless, so prostrate their understandings before the phantom—venerable antiquity—as to be inflamed with the desire of inducing the Christian world to imitate what really asks for apology and extenuation. Any such endeavour must, however, inevitably fail; nor can it be for more than a moment, after once the subject has attracted general attention, that an illusion, so fantastic, can hold the minds of any except a very few, who are constitutionally disposed to admit it. When the bubble bursts, let the promoters of ancient principles look to it, that they are provided with some other means of keeping their doctrines in credit; and I am far from assuming that the general doctrines of the Oxford writers will disappear along with the ill-founded prejudice they have laboured to support in favour of ancient christianity."

In the general truth of these remarks we perfectly concur; but we have some doubts whether, in this particular instance, Mr. Taylor has been perfectly

successful. His first testimony, drawn from the second Apology of Justin Martyr, is simply to this effect, that many Christians, of both sexes, might be shown, who, having been disciples from their youth, continued to a great age undefiled *ἀσφραγ.** Really it requires some more acuteness than we possess to read here the doctrine of meritorious celibacy. That St. Paul has recommended celibacy in times of persecution, though not on the grounds of merit, we suppose can hardly be denied. What fault was it then for those Christians who could do so, continuing undefiled by fornication and irregular lusts, to follow his advice? Mr. Taylor, indeed, in his honest zeal for the honour of the married clergy has persuaded himself (p. 109) that the same Apostle has mentioned a wife, in those same troublesome times, "as a main article in a bishop's qualifications;" reading the text, we suppose, *one wife*, at least. But we apprehend most people will not require much argument to convince them that *one wife* is only a *major limit* to a bishop's qualifications in the conjugal way. Mr. Taylor's appeal to Ignatius is still more unfortunate. Any strong reliance upon isolated passages in a work that has confessedly been tampered with in one shape or other; and which in its most creditable form exists in one single Greek MS. alone, would appear to us misplaced. But when not content with his solitary and very ambiguous quotation from the epistle to Polycarp (where it is probable that celibacy is not indicated by *ἀγρία* but by *μίσος*), he shows such a grievous ignorance of criticism as to quote the convicted forgeries to Hero and the Philippians, we cannot but lament that he should have thus unwarily made himself a laughing stock to his enemies. There are some sources, however, upon which Mr. Taylor has not drawn, that

we think it fair to indicate, before we pass from this part of the subject.

Those are, 1.—The Syriac Epistles of Clement, whose authenticity has been so strenuously—though in our opinion, we candidly confess, so unsuccessfully—defended by Wetstein. If the authority of these documents be admitted, they will show that the principles of virginity and the abuses consequent upon them, had been carried as high every whit in the Apostolic age itself as in the time of Cyprian. 2. The antiquity of the second document is less questionable; it is the legend of Paul and Thecla, which may be found in the first volume of Dr. Grabe's *Spicilegium*. It was forged, as we are assured by Tertullian, by a Presbyter of Asia, an admirer of St. Paul, who was deposed by St. John himself for this very offence: so early had the mystery of iniquity begun to work. Yet this did not prevent the fame of Thecla from being celebrated by Cyprian, the two Gregories, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Isidore of Pelusium, and Basil of Seleucia. In this romantic tale, a noble lady, Thecla, overhears St. Paul holding forth in praise of celibacy, and forthwith vows herself a virgin, and refuses to marry the youth to whom she had been espoused. After ten thousand strange adventures (amongst which we may mention her baptizing a very christianly-disposed lion, who seems to have been the prototype of Una's guardian) she at last, at the advanced age of ninety, is reduced to great peril of losing that virginity which she valued as her greatest treasure, by the machinations of certain evil-minded physicians whom her miraculous cures had made jealous of her fame; from whom she is rescued by being mysteriously translated to paradise, on the 24th of Sept., in a year which chronologists find it rather hard to fix. Such trash could be vented ere yet the last of the

* No great stress ought to be laid upon the etymological force of the term *ἀσφραγ* considering its perpetual use to express celibacy, by the heathen Greek writers. An argument framed on single expressions is generally precarious. It is but fair, however, to indicate a passage in Athenagoras, (*Legat. pro Christ.* p. 129. edit. Dechair.) far more to Mr. Taylor's purpose than the one he has quoted from Justin. "You may find many of us (Christians) both men and women, who continue unmarried to old age, in hopes of a nearer conjunction with God. But if now, abiding in virginity and celibacy (*σινωχία*) brings us nearer to God, and the mere thought and desire sets us at a distance from Him, much more do we shun those deeds, the very thoughts of which we fly from —" Another, too, in Minucius Felix, is scarcely less explicit. "Plerique inviolati corporis virginitate perpetua fruentur potius quam gloriantur: Tantum abest incesti cupido, ut non nullis rubori sit etiam pudica conjunctio." But here that amiable writer rather speaks the sentiments of others than his own.

Apostles was in his grave, by men who must have been contemporaries of the whole college! Behold, here, the magnified efficacy of oral tradition!

We now approach what we look upon as certainly the most valuable and successful portion of Mr. Taylor's work; in which, tracing the abuse, whose existence he has demonstrated, to its spring, he shows that it was not a mere accident of the scheme of Nicene Christianity, but one great development of a general principle, pregnant with corruption, that had wrought itself into the very vitals of the ecclesiastical system. That there is nothing impossible, or even improbable, in the assumption of such a radical perversion of christianity taking place through the great body of the church, he argues with a force and eloquence that, we think, must carry conviction to every mind which prejudice has not placed beyond the reach of reason.

"The writers of these tracts have, and, as I must humbly think, in a very seasonable as well as able manner, protested against the modern phase of infidelity, called rationalism, and which, if followed out consistently, can come to nothing but, first, unitarianism, and then deism, and then pantheism, and then the purest atheism. They may have taken an unfair advantage of the incautions language of some well-meaning writers; but yet have, as I think, truly exhibited the inner quality, and the necessary tendency of this modern scheme of theology. Moreover, they have not merely protested against this prevailing illusion, but have admitted the fact that it has actually become the type of our modern Protestant christianity; and, also, have intimated their fears that, unless vigorously repelled, it will, ere long, embrace the Protestant world, a few remonstrants excepted, and propel all down the slippery descent toward universal unbelief.

"Now, let us for a moment suppose, that nearly as much as this, melancholy as is the idea, had actually come about in our times; and that (the few remonstrants excepted) there was no other form of genuine belief extant in the world than that of the Romish church, which, as is admitted, is laden with corruptions. In such a case, then—nor does it appear why we may not imagine it as possible, or even as probable—there would prevail, notwithstanding our Lord's promise to be with his church always, an almost universal defection or apostasy—on the one side toward atheism, on the other side toward superstition.

"We suppose, then, such an apostasy to have had place in the nineteenth century. What, then, stands in the way of our supposing an analogous defection to have be-

longed to some preceding age, or even to the first, or to the second? If we say—the extant historical evidence contradicts any such supposition, this is the very point in dispute; nor can I allow the question to be begged so easily. But what general principle is there which forbids our admitting such a supposition? Not any vague belief concerning the divine benevolence toward mankind; for this is unchangeable; and, if it must have prevented an apostasy in the first century, must also have prevented it in the nineteenth; nor, by the same rule, can we admit any other contravening principle, as applicable to the one period, which does not equally apply to the other.

"Among the predictive promises, or the official instructions addressed by our Lord to his personal followers, some, very clearly, were applicable to themselves individually, and ceased to have any operation or efficacy, at the moment when the functions of these individuals were fulfilled. Other of these promises, not less clearly, are the property of his servants and ministers, in all ages. But is there so much as one of these words of power and comfort, which, while it passes onward beyond the individuals who first heard it, yet does *not* pass forward for the benefit of the church universal; but stays within certain limits, as, for example, the limits of the first, the second, or the third centuries? In other words, was there any promise of guidance, or assistance, or of exemption from error, granted to the ancient church, other than what belongs, in its fullest force, to the church of all ages? I presume it cannot be pretended that the ancient church had any such advantage over ourselves; or that it was, in any sense whatever, the occupier of a peculiar benefit 'on lease,' or 'for a term of years.'

"But if not, then the question concerning the actual condition of the ancient church is entirely open; and after we have dispelled from our minds the fancy, really childish as it is, about 'antiquity,' and a 'golden age,' we then turn, with perfect coolness, to the documents in our possession, and submit its pretensions to a candid, but unsparing analysis.

"If the ancient church was benefited by no interpositions more direct than those which, in every age, have maintained truth and piety from utter extinction, then we must believe, and must expect to find our belief verified, that, in coming, as it did, suddenly, and without the aid of any experience, into contact with the most prodigious evils, it at once imparted an impulse, and admitted an impulse;—or, as we say in mechanics, action and re-action were equal. Did christianity encounter the rigid, punctilious, and self-righteous pietism of the Jew? In the collision the Judaism of those who, of the Hebrew race, embraced the gospel, gave way to some extent, and was christianised; and, in return, christianity at large was judaised. Or, did

it meet the vain philosophy and platonism of the speculative Greek? It did so; and platonism and christianity thenceforward were intimately commingled. Did it impinge upon human society, then debauched in a most extraordinary degree? It did so; and, with a violent revulsion, it distorted its own principles of virtue, in an equally extreme degree. Finally, did the religion of the New Testament, rational, spiritual, pure, confront the degrading superstitions of the pagan world? It did so, and on this ground, while it bore a clear testimony against the doctrine and the flagitious practices of polytheism, yet merged itself in the boundless superstition of the times, as a system of fear, spiritual servitude, formality, scrupulosity, visible magnificence of worship, mystery, artifice, and juggle. Such were the antagonist principles, in contending with each of which the holy religion of Christ triumphed in each instance, and in each was trampled upon; conquered and was conquered;—diffused light and health, and admitted darkness and corruption."

The whole of Mr. Taylor's second number is occupied in developing this argument; and so rich is the subject in topics for observation, that, were we to follow him here with the same minuteness as heretofore, our remarks would swell to a bulk wholly disproportionate to the character of such an article as the present. We must content ourselves, therefore, with a very brief summary. Upon close examination it will be found that the principle of which the doctrine of celibacy was the result, extended itself widely through all the primitive theology; that it affected—1. the notions entertained of the Divine Nature; 2. of the scheme of salvation; 3. the system of morals; 4. the sacraments and outward rites; 5. the position of the hierarchy, as commonly explained by the doctors of the Nicene age. This principle, when traced to its source, will be perceived to be no other than the oriental theosophy, or, in plainer terms, gnosticism. The essence of this principle consists in regarding matter and the passions as in themselves evil, and the source of all pollutions—placing virtue mainly in contemplation—and redemption solely in a moral disentanglement from the body, by a victory analogous to that whose model was set us by the Redeemer. Hence the origin of *asceticism*, and a total withdrawal from the world and its occupations. Hence virginity and fasting, which cut up the strongest ties that bind men to the flesh, assumed the foremost place in the

gnostic catalogue of cardinal virtues.

Hence the Deity came to be looked on as a Being in whose sight all earthly affections and terrene connexions were loathsome and impure, and who could only be approached in ecstatic trances, and abstracted contemplations. Hence the sublime nonsense of mysticism was substituted for rational piety, and ascetic mortification for cheerful temperance. Mr. Taylor follows the traces of this gnostic principle through the ramifications we have already enumerated. Under the first head he has made considerable use of Synesius, but not as much as he might. Let the reader ask himself what was the state of religious orthodoxy in the church, when a man was actually *forced*, by the solicitations of clergy and people, to accept a bishopric, he making, at the same time, the following declaration: "I can never prevail with myself to renounce my belief in the pre-existence of the soul. I shall never say that the universe and the other parts will perish together. The resurrection which is so commonly spoken of, I judge to contain in it a certain mystery not to be communicated to the vulgar; and I am far from agreeing with the general opinion about its nature. But a philosophic mind, admitted itself to see the light, acquiesces in the use of falsehood towards others; for truth corresponds to light, and the popular mind to the eye. As, therefore, darkness is more beneficial to the eye, so I deem falsehood useful to the people, and truth injurious to those who are not able to look steadily on the bright effulgence of reality. If the rules of the priesthood indulge me in this, I shall submit to be consecrated, PHILOSOPHIZING IN PRIVATE, BUT TALKING FABLES TO THE CROWD (*τὰ μὲν εἰς αὐτὸ φιλοσοφῶν, τὰ δὲ εἰς τὸν λαὸν φιλολόγῶν*") Ep. 105.; and so he was consecrated accordingly. Cognate with the gnostic, is the buddhist, or expiatory principle, which proposes penance, not merely as a means of disentanglement from sense, but as an atonement for crimes to justice. These two principles, which Goëthe seems to have typified by the Pater Profundus and the Pater Ecstaticus, in the second part of Faustus, were blended in the system of the Nicene age, and displayed themselves most remarkably in connexion with the scheme of salvation. We esteem Mr. Taylor's section on this topic one of the most convincing in his book, and

most likely to produce a strong impression upon the wavering. He shows that throughout the remains of that age, there is an absence of hearty or plain mention of the atoning work of Christ; that where the subject leads to it most naturally, there is a strange and significant silence about it, and an equally strange and significant volubility upon those substitutes for its efficacy which a debasing superstition had devised; while, in those cases, where the fathers of that time professedly undertake to expound the nature of the doctrine, the exposition is so meagre and deficient, as to show a manifest repugnance to those parts of it which are repugnant to principles of gnosticism, or the practice of penitential satisfaction. Mr. Taylor has given many instances of this: we will add one which he has not noticed. Jobius, large extracts from whom are preserved by Photius, cod. ccxxii., proposes to himself this question:—Why God the Word, was made man? and answers it thus:—“Partly that he might leave us an example, whereby we might be enabled, not of constraint but willingly, to follow in his steps, (according to the words of Gregory, the divine), for he carries flesh on account of my flesh, and unites with a reasonable soul, on account of mine, purifying the like by the like. Further, that He being reason (*λόγος*) might reclaim into liberty our reason before enslaved. Further, because Adam, being overcome, suffered his godlike nature to be overborne by the innumerable passions of the flesh, and transmitted this injury to his successors; therefore our Lord took flesh, and swallowed up in the ocean of his divinity the drop of our human nature, that death might be swallowed up of life, and the blessing come on our whole race; and because it was fit that the Creator should also be the renewer of his own creature when it fell.” Had this profound doctor never heard that “without shedding of blood there is no remission”?

“No fact in the history of religion, or philosophy, obtrudes itself more forcibly, or more frequently, upon our notice, than that of the utter contrast between the apostolic writings and the writings of the fathers, especially of the Nicene fathers, (who are now to be our masters,) in this particular, namely, the relative position of the diverse elements of religion. I can hardly believe that any will be so bold as roundly to deny, or as in

any important sense to qualify, the statement of this fact. Assuredly none—not the Oxford Tract writers, for they have confessed the very contrary—none will dare to say that the apostles were mainly intent upon the enhancement and glorification of the rites, forms, dignities, and exterior apparatus of christianity. If any will say this, I have no reply to make to them. Nor can I suppose that any, except a very few, who, by long and fond converse with antiquity, have lost the vigour of their moral and intellectual perceptions, will deny that the fathers, and the Nicene fathers especially, look at the components of their christianity from an opposite point. They do not, as I have stated twenty times, deny, or altogether forget, that which is spiritual in religion; but they place foremost, and they urgently direct the minds of the people towards that which is visible, ritual, and ecclesiastical. It is on these matters that their seriousness and fervour are employed; it is, while upholding these, that they kindle and spend their force. When do they lavish rhetoric? in glorifying the Saviour of sinners, and in recommending the gospel?—seldom; some of them *æcer*. But they can, one and all, glow, and burn, and roll thunders, and dart their sparks, when the mysteries and powers of the church are in question!

“An illustration in harmony with the subject offers itself among the stores of graphic ecclesiastical antiquity, where one may find the delineation of this or that sacred edifice, fairly depicted in bold lines, and strong colours; embossed, too, and palpable, in its glittering decorations. Then there are about it, and about it, flimsy, faint-coloured cherubs, and seraphs, hovering in the clouds, and chirping anthems; and, altogether, making a seemly border to the temple of St. Peter, or St. Mark. Now, much like this is the view of christianity presented to us in the patristic records—there is the *curach*, boldly drawn, and bodily laid upon the parchment, so as that one may feel its outlines, as well as look at it; and this church is made awful to the mind of the spectator by its hiding the ‘terrific mysteries,’ while around it, and over it, flutter the airy figures of spiritual piety—faith, hope, charity, joy, peace, and the like; and, to render justice to the system, the moral virtues—temperance, self-denial, charity (almsgiving) are seen, in substantial quality, moving in and out of the building, as living personages. Yet such is the general arrangement of objects in the piece—such the grouping and the distribution of light and shade. As to the crowd around, if the few and the better taught kept their eye fixed upon spiritual objects, the many could do nothing else but look directly toward that which, in a practical sense, was alone of any consequence to them. They looked to the sacraments, which they were solemnly assured conveyed, infallibly and entire, the benefit

they were in search of, namely, exemption from future peril. Nay, so direct is the tendency of perverted human nature toward whatever is visible and formal in religion, that, with the mass of men, it was not so much the sacrament—the *whole* religious rite—which fixed their attention, as the mere material, or instruments of the sacraments: the glassy surface of the baptismal pool, as yet unruffled, and reflecting the marbled magnificence of the church, seemed the very mirror of eternity, and, as if, while intently gazing upon it, the glories of heaven might be dimly descried beneath. An analagous instance—and hundreds of the like kind might be adduced—I have already referred to; I mean that of the brother Ambrose, who had been taught to attach such importance to the mere eucharistic wafer, as to think that, tied about his neck, it would serve him better than the stoutest of the ship's timbers, in making his way to land, through the breakers!"

"The florid orators, bishops, and great divines of the fourth century, we find, one and all, throughout the east, throughout the west, throughout the African church, lauding and lifting to the skies whatever is formal in religion, whatever is external, accessory, ritual, ecclesiastical: it was upon *these* things that they spent their strength; it was these that strung their energies, these that fired their souls. Virginity they put first and foremost; then came maceration of the body, tears, psalm-singing, prostrations on the bare earth, humiliations, alms-giving, expiatory labours and sufferings, the kind offices of the saints in heaven, the wonder-working efficacy of the sacraments, the unutterable powers of the clergy; these were the ripe and favoured themes of animated sermons, and of prolix treatises; and such was the style, temper, spirit, and practice of the church, from the banks of the Tigris, to the shores of the Atlantic, and from the Scandinavian morasses, to the burning sands of the great desert; such, so far as our extant materials give us any information. And all this was what it should have been! and this is what now we should be tending toward!"

Mr. Taylor proceeds to examine an objection which strikes at the very foundation of his system; that the primitive doctrine of virginity is no other than the doctrine of Jesus and St. Paul. We esteem this reply triumphant; and, did not our contracting limits warn us to forbear, would gladly indulge in a quotation. But we must say a few words upon the interpretation of 1st Tim. iv., by which he elicits from it a prediction of the great ascetic apostacy. It seems to be supposed by some, that in order to apply this text to the church

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of Rome, it is necessary that we should make out a departure from the fundamentals of the faith, in her offensive doctrines as they are scholastically delivered in her accredited formularies. These writers would admit that in *practice*—at least among the ignorant—saint-worship and image-worship resolve themselves into a setting up of other mediators besides Christ, and idolatry; but contend that, as long as their doctors reject such inferences, "the whole communion" cannot truly be called apostate. We will not now enter into the question how far incautious statements of the common Protestant interpretation may have furnished them with some advantages in this part of their reasoning; but shall only express our agreement with Mr. Taylor in thinking that the apostle here describes an apostacy not confined to the Roman church, though more fully developed in it than elsewhere: an apostacy not of whole communions in their corporate capacity, but of great masses within the Christian community. Now that such an apostacy has taken place, within the Romish church at least, through the means of her most admired doctors, and their sanctioned teaching, we think may be made to appear even on their own principles; and this is all the text requires, which plainly distinguishes between the teachers and their dupes: "Some shall depart from the faith, *through the hypocrisy of liars*," while the subtle distinctions and scholastic jugglery by which practices manifestly tending to the subversion of the unstable, are vindicated by these hypocrites serve only to brand the stigma more indelibly on their foreheads. If, as the Church of England plainly teaches, it is *impossible* that images should be set up publicly in churches without idolatry ensuing, and if the consequence of their use has ever been idolatry; and if, notwithstanding, the church of Rome and her doctors have sanctioned, commended, and enjoined the setting up and honoring of images; if paying the same honour to an image as to the archetype be idolatry, and if accredited teachers in the church of Rome have, nevertheless, taught men to do so, uncensured by their superiors; if the forms of prayer, and invocation of saints commonly used, and checked by no authority, but in most cases encouraged, and in some imposed by the church,

be by necessary tendency with most minds, blasphemous and derogatory to the honor of the Lord and His Christ: if these things be so—and we hardly think that these writers will deny they are so—we think we have forced them to admit that “certain” in the Romish church “have departed from the faith” through the very teaching of her doctors. Again, does any man doubt that fasting and celibacy are inculcated commonly in the church of Rome, on grounds inconsistent with the apostle’s aphorism, “that every creature of God is good, and nothing to be despised;” that Gerbert, for example, represents marriage as so far from being honorable *in all*, that he makes it inconsistent with the holiness necessary in the members of the priesthood; and that this is, though it may not be recognized as an authentic dogma, the mode in which, in nine cases out of ten, the subject is practically regarded by the bulk of that communion. Does any one, at all acquainted with the subject, doubt that the practical working of that church’s elaborate superstitions, about abstinence and distinction of meats, has been to introduce and sanction a Judaical punctiliousness in such exercises, irrespective of any spiritual end which fasting may be a means of compassing? If this be admitted—as, we think, it must be admitted—in the case of the church of Rome, a man must wink hard not to see that the same abuses had begun in the Nicene age. Nor can we see why the orthodoxy of the Nicene fathers, as to the doctrine of the trinity, should any more be allowed to involve them with the attributes of impeccability and infallibility, than the undoubted orthodoxy of the Tridentine fathers upon the same point, is permitted to confer similar immunities upon them. Nor can we see how doubts of the absolute orthodoxy or purity of the Nicene clergy can be fairly construed into an attack upon their creed. If the Socinians are fond of attacking the Nicene church, they are equally fond of attacking the Roman; and if every man who joins them in the former assault is to be reckoned a Socinian, with what fairness shall we refuse to apply the same rule to the latter?

“Protestant commentators, in referring to this prediction, have been wont to call it—‘a striking prediction of popery.’ But why

of popery? As well say, ‘of Spanish Catholicism,’ or ‘of Irish Catholicism.’ The special marks herein given us, attach, distinctively, neither to the Irish nor to the Spanish forms of the general superstition; nor to the papacy peculiarly. The Romish church, centuries after the monastic institute had been everywhere established, and long after the time when the celibacy of the secular clergy had been universally assented to as proper, if not indispensable, gave its sanction, formally, to the common opinion, by specific enactments. But in what terms had the Nicene church uttered itself on this subject long before? Hear its highest authority:—‘*Certe confiteris non posse esse episcopum, qui in episcopatu filios faciat; alioqui, si deprehensus fuerit, non quasi vir (husband) tenebitur, sed quasi adulter damnabitur.*’ That is to say, in effect, whereas Paul had distinctly spoken of a bishop as a married man, and a father, the Nicene church, having first had its ‘conscience seared as with a hot iron,’ read the apostolic text, and then deliberately decided that a bishop who did not separate himself from his wife, should be regarded as no better than an adulterer! Again:—‘*Ant virgines clericos accipiunt, aut continentes; aut, si uxores habuerint, mariti esse desinunt.*’ That is to say, whereas the Lord had solemnly decreed that ‘what God had joined together, man should not put asunder,’ the Nicene church, having lost all religious sensibility of conscience, could coolly look at this divine law, and then reverse it by its own impious ordinance, that its ministers, in receiving orders, should *separate themselves from their wives*—a law to which submission was yielded in innumerable instances. Upon many, excommunication was actually inflicted on account of their having returned to the society of their wives, after ordination: in many instances, when married men had been promoted to ecclesiastical dignities, in compliance with the tumultuous will of the populace, a long course of penance was imposed upon them, in order to expiate the offence. In several recorded instances, men who sincerely desired to evade such promotions pleaded their disqualification, on the very ground of their being married men. The second Council of Carthage, held within the limits of the Nicene era, thus speaks:—‘*Omnibus (episcopis) placet, ut episcopi, presbyteri, et diaconi, et qui sacramenta contractant, pudicitiam custodes, etiam ab uxoribus se abtineant.*’ Epiphanius offers an apology for those cases in which, by sheer necessity, married men had been admitted to priest’s orders; and, from Cyprian downwards, the flagrant impiety of a man’s ‘putting away his wife,’ when promoted to the episcopate, received authentication in the practice of the most eminent persons. During the same time, not only did thousands of persons yield obedience to the monastic law, and renounce marriage; but hundreds put away their wives, deserted

their children, and hid themselves in monasteries; and their doing so, especially when they surrendered their patrimony to the church, was lauded as the highest act of piety.

"Does, then, the prophetic mark of 'forbidding to marry,' attach, or not, to the Nicene church generally, and to the monastic institute specifically; or is it equitable to go on saying, as we have been used to do, that this is a sign of the apostate papacy? Is not this a question simply *historical*, and admitting of a peremptory answer—Yea or Nay?

"As to the other definite sign, the 'commanding to abstain from meat,' there can, I think, be no need to adduce formal evidence. The practices of abstinence from animal food, and the rigorous fasts enjoined by the ancient church, and especially enforced within the monastic houses, are too well understood, and have been too often described, to leave room for a question on the subject. But let us turn to the other, and less definite characteristics of the predicted apostacy, and in doing so, we may recede, in our order, from the fixed points, already considered."

In these hasty remarks it will be seen that we have not glanced at all at Mr. Taylor's fourth and concluding number. The subject—the indications of coming corruption in the church, to be gathered

from the New Testament itself—is, however, so exclusively theological, that, even had we ample room to do it justice, we should hardly be inclined to discuss it in this place. The principal value of Mr. Taylor's work in our eyes, and that which has induced us to bestow upon it the present notice, consists, as we have already intimated, in the light which it throws upon the history of religious opinions; and the assistance it yields to the evidences of christianity, by affording a tangible rule for discriminating, in some important cases, between species of evidence that have been incautiously confounded. We have freely indicated the faults of it; our opinion, nevertheless, of its substantial merits will be perceived to be high, when we add, that, if Mr. Taylor were once emancipated from his inveterate habit of periodical writing—(for what have all his works been but so many *periodicals*?)—and fairly set down to a mature and diligent preparation for so great a work, we know few better fitted than himself to supply the grand desideratum of A PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THE INTELLECTUALITY OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Being the substance of a Lecture delivered before the Zoological Society of Dublin.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

BEYOND a doubt, a change has come over the habits and tastes of the better classes in Dublin—the third part of a century shows an alteration in their pursuits and pleasures not a little remarkable—and, therefore, if we could call a lady of the eighteenth century back to life, and show her how fashionables were now flocking to an evening lecture at the Dublin Society, instead of to the play-house, it may be imagined how her volatile soul would in horror evaporate away in the form of aromatic vinegar, and, abjuring such unfeminine philosophy, ere dissolving into thin air, her stridulous voice would exclaim—"Save me, oh, save me from the blue devils!" But withal, who can say that this change, however beneficial, originates with the ladies. It is to be feared that *they* have not so revolutionized Society—for, weak things, they *must* attend the stronger sex—and, living as they do to please, they have but followed the men from the ball-room to the lecture-room. If then, in former days, evenings were principally devoted to fun, frolic and dissipation—if the dance of the assembly-room, the trials of temper of the card-table, the scenic display of the theatre, were resorted to by our wives and daughters—it was because they took the tone from the men, whose after-dinner potations, while they dulled the memory and intellectual qualities, inspired them for the reel of the ball-room, the jests of the theatre, and the excitements of the card-table. But men are metamorphosed—sobriety, one of the first of social virtues, now holds sway—and, as in the former century, the crimes and neglects of the higher orders brought down on the lower poverty, recklessness and degradation, under which the land now mourns; so it may be fairly asserted, even in the face of an overstrained, fanatical, and, as we apprehend, unsubstantial temperance movement, that the gradually growing, and now we may

say established sobriety of the gentry, would in due time, and in a quiet manner, have produced a commensurate change amongst the people. But we have not room here for this disquisition, our object being to trace *another* effect of fashionable sobriety; 1b, play-houses are deserted—card-tables almost out of use—balls not very common—dancing, when it does take place, a sad thing, the very caricature of the prevailing sobriety, the moving figures showing off more the *tableaux vivants* of a tragic procession, than the vivacious outbursts of young animals making a natural display of courtship and love.

What then is to be done—the race of gentry is not to be extinguished—men and women must marry and be given in marriage? How are mothers to act?—how attract Messrs. Sober-sides?—how bring into approximation, the cautious, solemn *non chalan* exquisites, who must not *seem* to admire anything but themselves?—Bait the trap with money—that would do, if it were an Irish product. Good looks?—they are too plenty. Accomplishments?—why, our tailor's daughter is a pianist, a sketcher, and keeps an album. None of the aforesaid *will* do. Try then philosophy—make your house a museum—patronize electro-magnetism—let the girls learn to talk glibly on the —ologies—let the curls fall off from the forehead, and display the organs of intellectuality—show them foremost in the march of mind. But have a care—don't manœuvre too openly—let the dark stocking peep *unobtrusively* from under the petticoat—prove that the indigo tinge don't disfigure the well-turned ankle and small foot, that the jewel can be a brilliant and "beautifully blue" at the same time—a sapphire in cotton. This is the way, now-a-days, to catch men; yet, as old Aken-side says,

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness heaven and earth,
The living fountains in itself contains."

And if mothers and daughters wise in their generation act so, men should rejoice in the change of tactics; for what, after all, is better than a religious and clever wife? The former quality, as we are not writing a sermon just now, we shall take for granted, as very common; the latter, when found in conjunction, is worth more than gold or green acres to a husband; for, independent of his own high enjoyments while breathing in the BLUE serene of a clever wife's company, we say it is the best conjugal speculation he can venture on. Only let marrying men, think how much they will *save*—and saving, in this utilitarian age, is every thing—by having clever children. And let it be observed, and *nostro periculo* we assert it, that the child in intellectuals takes more after the mother than the father. If then, gentlemen, you consider that a fine intellect, properly and religiously cultivated, is more to be coveted for our offspring than any other inheritance, don't as your forefathers, dote so much on a pretty face, as delight in a mind accomplished and gifted; choose the better part—look to the head as well as to the heart. Go to the lecture-room rather than the ball-room in search of a partner. Don't, as your doltish sires did, fear the blue-stockings as much as turkey-cocks do scarlet mantles. Truc, your puddings and pies may not be as well seasoned; your *cuisine* not so closely managed; you may sometimes come home to a cold dinner, and may chance to put on a damp shirt; but bear with all this for the sake of better things. You can't expect perfection here below—keep up your courage then, with the consideration that your sons will be judges or generals your daughters Martineaus, or Edgeworths, or Trollopes; what is the lack of creature comforts in comparison with the triumphant march of intellect, and the victory of mind over matter. You see then, young men and maidens, the uses of zoological and other —ogical lectures.

Such are the compensations a new state of society has called forth for the loss of balls, plays and bazaars; they are the reunions that the wants of *sober* society have called into existence; and they therefore, as they deserve, so they shall have our patronage; and as we understand the Zoological lectures have been most in fashion, as the attendance has been steadily increasing, and as they have been dignified by the presence of our sober Viceroy, who, by the way, is as unlike the viceroy we recollect half a century ago, as a goshawk is to a popinjay, we shall honor said society by making UNIVERSAL one of these lectures; and to that effect we wrote to our friend C. O., one of the BEAUTIES of our magazine, to favour us with the lecture he delivered on the 27th of February, to a crowded and most

amused audience, and in reply received from our friend the following favourable note :—

“MY DEAR POPLAR,—For three reasons I comply with your request: first, because I desire to please you; secondly, because an imperfect report was given of my lecture in one of the newspapers; and though this report was fair enough as far as it went, yet I would rather that the public had it *all*, and would read it fully as delivered; thirdly, because, to my great regret, one or more Roman Catholic gentlemen took it into their heads that I had said what was insulting to their religion, and one in consequence actually left the lecture-room. I therefore desire to show, by giving publicity in your widely circulated periodical to my lecture, that I *really* gave to these individuals no just cause of offence; and that, even supposing the opinions of Jesuits and Roman Catholics were identical, which I hope no Irish Roman Catholic will allow, yet, that I have said nothing that even a Jesuit might take in dudgeon. The conduct of the worthy gentleman who shot out of the lecture-room like a bottle of ginger pop, reminds me of the susceptibility of certain dogs of the turnspit tribe, in the city of Bath, who used to go hide, cunning rogues as they were, in the Abbey church, during the time of divine service, calculating that the kitchen maids would not go *there* in search of them. Well, on a certain Sunday the minister, in reading one of the lessons, mentioned the word *SPIT*, whereupon all the truants scampered out of the church. Just so with regard to Mr. O——. The word *Jesuit* set him agoing, when I had as little idea of insulting him as the Bath minister had of securing the turnspits.

“Desirous thus, to disabuse him and any other Roman Catholic, I wish to publish my lecture as it was delivered, putting some additional matter into the notes, leaving it to the reader to decide whether in what I said there was given any *just* cause of offence.—I remain, dear Poplar, your's truly,

“To Anthony Poplar, Esq.”

“C. O.

LECTURE.

I AM about to say what I am able on the habits and intellectuality of animals. I allude to two qualities—habits, or in other words, instinct—intellectuality, or in other words, understanding. I confine myself, in order to keep within bounds, to domestic animals. We all must allow that animals have instincts that distinguish one species from another—those of a sheep, for instance, as differing from those of a dog. Well, supposing I identify habits with instinct, should I not define what instinct is? Perhaps I am not able—I stand not here as a philosopher—but this I know, that one who has given the subject more consideration than I can, has said that no one can define properly what instinct is, until he has spent some time in the head of a brute, *without being a brute himself*. But the same author ventures to give what may stand for a definition, and it is this—“those faculties that God has implanted in animals, whereby, independent of instruction, observation, or experience, and without knowing the end in view, they are impelled to the performance of certain actions conducive to their own well-being, and the preservation of their

species.” But will those at all acquainted with animals be content with ascribing to them *such a limited quality as this*? Do not we find an adaptation of plans to circumstances, and an exercise of individual judgment, reflection, induction, and memory? I *must* insist, then, that the creature has personal and independent mental powers; and if you will not call it reason, confess that it is akin to it, and call it intellectuality.

It is *this* opinion of individual capability, *beyond that of mere instinct*, that induces us to educate in the limited way we do, our domestic animals; this induces us to caress them when they do well, and punish if disobedient; as, for instance, is there any lady here who has a pet dog? Now you fondle him, and by and by you scold him; don't you find the animal reflecting and reasoning upon your conduct; and supposing Pompey has a few minutes before done wrong, and you call him to you, and you have the leg of a chicken, which you hold out to him with your *left* hand, and you have your riding-whip in the *right*, which you hold behind your back, see how Pompey hesitates between instinct and

intellectuality. Instinct tells him that a chicken's leg is a savoury bit, but intellectuality says, I have done wrong; my mistress is angry; why is the hand that used to feed me held back and hid;—and reflection infers, I am certainly deserving of correction. I won't, then, decides the dog, go near the chicken's leg, because at the same time I will come within the range of the armed hand.

Here the dog is certainly a better reasoner than many a puppy on two legs, who gratifies every appetite, follows every tempting evil, without memory, reflection, or foresight; and rushes upon disease, ruin, and damnation.

Animals, then, have instinctive habits belonging to their species, they also have faculties of a higher order, in which families and individuals may excel others of the same order. I think I may show you an instance of instinct in the case of a dog, who, in spite of education and his own intellectuality, yet follows the habit of his race, by attempting in your parlour, and on a boarded floor (which it is impossible to penetrate) to hide a portion of his food that he has not appetite to finish; and you may observe him in this case using all the acts of secreting, as if he were penetrating soft ground, and could therein hide what he intended should be kept in future for his own use. An instance of that adaptation to circumstances, the work of reflection and judgment, which I would call intellectuality, came lately within my knowledge, in Erris.

A considerable landed proprietor has a large tract of sandhills within the Mullet, which tract (open as it is to all the Atlantic storms) has been greatly injured by the introduction of rabbits, who by burrowing and disturbing the bent grass, gave facilities to the wind to operate; and so the sandhills were year after year changing their position and encroaching on the cultivated ground. To remedy this he determined to destroy the rabbits, and, in their place, introduce hares, that he knew, or thought he knew, would not burrow; but *here* he was mistaken, for the animal soon found that it must either leave the district, or change its habits, for if in a winter's night it attempted to sit in its accustomed open form, it would find itself buried perhaps twenty feet in the morning under the blowing sand, as under a snow-wreath. Accordingly the hares have here burrowed; they chose out a thin and high sand-hill, which stands something like a solidified wave of the sea; through this puss perforates an horizontal hole from east to west, with a double opening, and seating herself at the mouth of the windward orifice, she there awaits the storm, and as fast as her hill wastes away, she draws back, ready at all times to make a start, in case the storm rages so as to carry off her hill altogether.

I assume, then, that animals, as well as men, have both intellectuality and instinct;* for who will deny that man has instinct—or what makes the child at once seek for sustenance

* My friend, Mr. Clibborn, of the Royal Irish Academy, has furnished me with the following anecdote illustrative of a sagacity in swallows that, also, in my opinion, goes beyond instinct. When resident in the city of Cincinnati, on the River Ohio, a small species of swallow, very numerous in that state, set about, in the proper season, to build their nests against the wall of a barrack near the town. Their mud edifices not proving very slightly additions to the building, the officer in command, being, of course, inimical to what was not bright and tight, ordered the poor swallows to be ejected, and so all their work was promptly demolished. They then, after much chattering, fixed on a wooden barn as the new site for their nests, and against the upright planks of this building they began to plaster their mud; but here their science was at fault; for when their nests were finished, and began to dry in the sun, there was not sufficient cohesion between the mud and the timber, and so one hot day, their whole structure came down with a crash; and now, what was to be done—we shall see—it chanced that Mrs. Bullock, the wife of the famous museum collector, was then resident in an adjacent villa, that had, as is common in that warm climate, a long verandah in front, supported by wooden pillars; hither the swallows, after holding another sub-committee of building, all came in a body, for they had no time to lose, and they set about the nidification; and here, having, one would think, the fear of the martinet officer before their eyes, they actually contrived to make their nests ornamental, by forming circular capitals to the pillar, like the volutes of the Ionic order; and Mrs. Bullock was not a little proud of her little colony. But alas, sel-

from his mother's bosom? The difference to a certain extent here is, that man has more intellect than instinct, and it is the reverse with brutes. But it may be said, why then deny that they have souls? and if souls, why deny immortality? This truly is a puzzling subject, and a great deal of discussion has taken place about it. Some, seeing the difficulties, determined to oppose it at the threshold, by asserting that animals were mere machines. I believe Descartes, the French philosopher was of that opinion.* He might maintain such a paradox for argument sake, but the man could not look in his dog's face and believe it. But besides this refutation, I think the Frenchman would be drawn into the vortex of an absurdity by his dogma, and in that case should make *machines* of the men who hunted the dogs and rode after them; they discovering not half so much intellect, or so much honesty, as the horse they rode on, or the hound they kept in view. I think the opinion

of the French Jesuit, Father Bougeant, *if not more satisfactory*, is at least more amusing, who maintained that the habits and faculties of brutes were entirely owing to the operation of evil spirits. This astounding truth was enough to alarm half the world. Only think of a French Seigneur, who most orthodoxly went to mass every Sunday, and every other day followed the hounds, and he now, under the authority of a clergyman, must believe that the pack of beagles he has heretofore hunted, are a pack of devils; or of Mademoiselle Julia, who has been lavishing caresses on her lap-dog, and now she finds she has been wantonly dallying with a demon. The Jesuit's argument is this:—"experience and reason convince us that brutes have a thinking faculty—if so, then a soul; for if not a soul, you must allow that matter can think, and if you allow a soul, the beasts only differ from man by degrees of *plus* and *minus*." Oh but, concludes the Jesuit, "this position

fishness is not confined to the human race—and combination can be got up and brought to bear against interlopers in the feathered race, as well as amongst the most determined Billy Welters in the city of Dublin. A tribe of martins, seeing that the new colony of swallows would be likely to diminish their supply of flies, determined to slate the swallows, and drive away the intruders that interfered with their monopoly. Now, the American martin is five times as large as a swallow, and is almost as big as a thrush. So they not only hunted the poor swallows, but also, with all their force of flight, would make a dash at their nests, and so knock them down, while yet unfinished. But here Mrs. Bullock proved a friend in need; and taking the side of the weaker, she stationed men, during the day, who, with long poles, struck at the martins whenever they made a charge at the nests; and the swallows soon observing what the meaning of the friendly interference was, without at all minding the men or their poles, went on with the construction of their nests, and soon had them finished, and so hard built, that the martins found it useless any more to batter at them. And now they begin to incubate, and the eggs are laid; but their troubles are not over, for the cruel martins then come, and, taking a dirty advantage of the poor little swallows, fasten themselves on the sides of their nests, *they* drive the swallows off, and then put in their beaks and break the eggs. Poor things, what was now to be done?—we shall see—for a day or so, nothing could equal the chattering and *colloquing*, as an Irishman would say, in the air; and then they fell to work, and constructed long necks to their respective nests, which, under Mrs. Bullock's protection, they were allowed to do in peace. By this means they effectually avoided the intrusion of the martins; and without further molestation, brought out their young. I would ask, are not wondrously displayed here the resources of intellect, rather than fixed and unvarying characteristics of instinct?

* Dr. Arnaud d'Antilli, one day talking with the Duke de Laincourt upon the new philosophy of M. Descartes, maintained that beasts were mere machines; that they had no sort of reason to direct them; and that when they cried or made a noise, it was only one of the wheels of the clock or machine that made it. The Duke, who was of a different opinion, replied, "I have now in my kitchen two turnspits which take their turns regularly every other day to get into the wheel; one of them not liking his employment, hid himself on the day he should have wrought, so that his companion was forced to mount the wheel in his stead; when released, by crying and wagging his tail, he made a sign for those in attendance to follow him. He immediately conducted them to a garret, where he dislodged the idle dog and bit him severely."

would demolish the very foundation of religion." Well, how does he save the rationality of his brutes, and keep himself from the censures of his church? Why, by asserting that the souls of animals are devils, who, though for their first sin are doomed to hell, yet God, in order not to suffer so many legions of reprobates to be of no use, has, until the day of doom, distributed them over our lower world, there as animals to serve his designs and make his omnipotence appear; some, it is true, continue in their original state, and busy themselves in tempting man, as is shewn in the book of Job; others are

made, however unwillingly, to serve the uses of man, and fill the visible universe. Thus, as the Jesuit states, "he can conceive how devils still tempt, and brutes think; and this without at all offending the doctrines of the Catholic faith." And certainly this tenet of the Reverend Father places the devils in a very unpleasant predicament; for it must be a great humiliation to them, to see themselves reduced to such a low condition. This degradation is the first effect of divine vengeance—it is their anticipated hell.

But I am disposed to think that the witty Jesuit* did not reflect upon the

* Pere Bougeant, whose singular views as to the origin of the intellectuality of animals, I have above stated, was a Jesuit, placed in confinement by his superior, in the college of La Fleche, near Paris, for what he had written on the subject. His views, if not orthodox, were certainly curious and amusing, and there is a sprightliness in his mode of treating the subject, graceful at least in the Frenchman, if not conformable to the divine. I think the following observations I have extracted from that section of his work, which treats of the language of beasts, may amuse the reader:—

"Our first observation upon the language of beasts is, that it does not extend beyond the necessities of life. However, let us not impose upon ourselves with regard to this point. To take things right, the language of beasts appears so limited to us only with relation to our own, however it is sufficient to beasts, and more would be of no service to them. Were it not to be wished that ours, at least in some respects, were limited too? If beasts should hear us converse, prate, lie, slander and rave, would they have cause to envy us the use we make of speech? They have not our privileges; but in recompense, they have not our failings.

"Birds sing, they say; but this is a mistake. Birds do not sing, but speak. What we take for singing, is no more than their natural language. Does the magpie, the jay, the raven, the owl and the duck sing? What makes us believe they sing is their beautiful voice. Thus, the Hottentots in Africa, seem to cluck like turkey-cocks, though it be the natural accent of their language; and thus several nations seem to us to sing, when they indeed speak. Birds, if you will, sing in the same sense, but they sing not for singing's sake, as we fancy they do. Their singing is always an intended speech; and it is comical enough that there should be thus in the world so numerous a nation which never speak otherwise but tunably and musically. But, in short, what do these birds say? The question should be proposed to Apollonius Tyaneus, who boasted of understanding their language. As for me, who am no diviner, I can give you no more than probable conjectures.

"Let us take for our example the magpie, which is so great a chatterer. It is easy to perceive that her discourses or songs are varied. She lowers or raises her voice, hastens or protracts the measure, lengthens or shortens her chit-chat; and these evidently are so many different sentences. Now, following the rule I have laid down, that the knowledge, desires, wants, and of course the expressions of beasts, are confined to what is useful or necessary for their preservation, methinks nothing is more easy than at first, and in general, to understand the meaning of these different phrases.

"It may be objected, that birds always repeat the same thing, and consequently vary not their phrases, as I suppose. I answer, that besides the differences of quick and slow, loud and low, long or short, easy to be observed in the language of beasts, there are probably many others which we do not, but birds among themselves perceive very well. Can we distinguish their physiognomy? We hardly suspect that there is any difference among them. Nothing, however, is more certain; I have seen a swallow feeding six or seven young ones ranged upon the hand of a dial; they changed their places every moment, and yet their mother never mistook in giving twice together food to the same. Let a ewe, in a flock of a hundred lambs, hear her own bleat, she immediately knows it, and hastens to it. Two sparrows will know one another by their voice among a thousand. I might here allege a hundred like facts, to prove that all animals have in their mutual correspondence, a delicacy of discernment which is not

consequence of his theory, and he ought to have paused before he gave it to the public, even suppose he were convinced of the truth himself; it were better he had coincided with him who said, that had he his handful of truths, he would hold his fist tight, rather than scatter his unappreciated commodities. For though there may be some plausibility in the theory, as accounting for the Almighty's giving a privilege to man to treat as he does the inferior creatures,

and so torture, abuse, and destroy millions of animals; yet see the consequences of making man, as he would be, the scourger of demons. How would it aggravate existing cruelty—how would it load the lash already held in the hands of the hard-hearted, and make him strike home with the malignity of an enemy and avenger. Suppose a Donnybrook jaunting carman—the fellow is on fire with whiskey; see his poor horse's breast and back all

within our reach, and which makes them observe differences among themselves altogether imperceptible to us. If many birds seem to us always to sing the same note, as the sparrow, chaffinch and canary bird, we must not conclude they are saying the same thing for ever; let us rather believe that it is occasioned by the grossness of our organs of hearing, with regard to a language which is quite unknown to us. When we say in French, *chassez ce matin*, and *je suis arrivé ce matin*, we distinguish these two *matins* by the pronunciation; a foreigner can hardly perceive it. The Chinese language is full of differences of this kind, which foreigners are at the greatest loss to perceive or imitate. A man born deaf, who should for the first time hear people converse, would, (not knowing any thing of vowels, words and syllables,) believe that they repeat the same thing over and over. Such is the judgment we pass upon the language of birds.

"If the nightingale seems to use fewer repetitions, it is only because his phrase is longer, and the difference of his notes more perceptible. But it is nevertheless true, that birds have different phrases for the different sentiments they would express, though but one expression for each object. Is this a fault in their language?—I don't deny it. But again, compare, if you please, this pretended fault with the pretended advantage of our amplifications, metaphors, hyperboles and intricate phrasers, and you will ever find in birds simplicity and truth, and in the human language abundance of idle words and rank falsities; at least you cannot refuse the simplicity of their language an advantage which ours has not; for it is uniform, and with regard to each species, at all times and in all countries the same; whereas, in the human kind, not only each nation has its peculiar language, but the dialect of every people varies perpetually. A Frenchman of Charlemagne's time would no more understand us, than we now understand a Spaniard or an Englishman. The language of beasts and birds is not subject to these troublesome variations. The nightingales and canary birds that now are, speak exactly the same language as their species spoke before the flood. Carry them to the Indus and China, and the very moment of their arrival they will be able to converse with their like without interpreters. Is it not to be wished that men, as once proposed, would upon this model establish a general language that might be understood all over the universe?

"There is, for instance, a kind of spiders which have a very singular method of signifying to each other their desire of being together. A spider who wants company strikes with, I know not what instrument, against the wall or wood where she has settled, nine or ten gentle blows nearly like the vibrations of a watch, but a little louder and quicker, after which she stays for an answer; if she hears none, she repeats the same by intervals for about an hour or two, resuming this exercise and resting alternately night and day. After two or three days, if she hears nothing, she changes her habitation, till she finds one that answers her in the same manner, as it were by echo; if the latter likes the proposal, the conversation grows brisker and the beating becomes more frequent; attend to it and you will find they gradually approach each other, and that the beating comes at last so close that they are confounded; after which the noise ceases; very likely the rest of the conversation is whispered. I have sometimes amused myself in imitating the echo of a spider which I heard beating; she answered me punctually, sometimes attacked me and began the conversation; and I have often given that discourse to several people whom I told it was a familiar spirit.

"How many like discoveries might we make upon insects, if our organs were delicate enough to perceive their ways and motions, and to hear the voices, or what serves them instead!—we should find in the ants, worms, beetles, caterpillars, palmer-worms, mites, and all insects, language designed for their preservation. And as there

lacerated ; see him driven beyond his breath and speed ; bleeding from both nostrils ; see his knees torn bare to the bone, as he falls under the merciless blows of the avaricious and cruel man. Why, give the fellow the Jesuit's conviction, that he is only a meritorious instrument of punishment, commissioned by his God, and he improves on the abominable complacency of the cook, when skinning her eels alive, for he holds that such treatment is not only natural to the animal, but that it deserves it.

An English parson* goes upon a quite different theory from that of the French Jesuit, and he takes ground which he assumes to be consistent, reasonable, worthy of God, and agreeable to holy Scripture. He maintains that animals have reasoning powers, and if so, they have souls, and if souls, that they are immortal. He holds that they

were all originally happy, and when Heaven had pronounced *all* to be *very good*, they were endowed with every perfection that their nature and rank in the scale of being required ; but that when man fell, the link was broken that connected the lower animals with the Deity ; that the divine light and life no longer flowed downwards through the free channel of unfallen human nature, and therefore the whole system of visible creation sympathises and suffers with their rebellious lord ; and that, therefore, it "now groans and travails in pain," and "the creature is made subject to vanity, not willingly (that is by no fault of its own) but by reason (on the account of—by the sin) of him who hath subjected the same in hope,"—that is Adam. As thus in human sovereignty, when an attainder is passed on a subject, the sentence not only affects the *individual*

are certain species of insects, in which we observe greater industry and knowledge than in large animals, it is probable that these species have likewise a more perfect language in proportion.

"I have insensibly made here a little dictionary, which may, if you will, serve as a key to explain, as nearly as may be, the language of all beasts. Will you again have another very plain method? This is it—the whole language of beasts amounts to expressing the sentiment of their passions ; and all their passions may be reduced to a very small number, viz., pleasure, pain, anger, fear, love, the desire of eating, the care of their young. If, then, you intend to have the dictionary of the language of beasts, observe them in the circumstances of these different passions, and as they commonly have but one expression for each, you will soon compose your dictionaries ; and from thence a polyglot, which will contain all the different languages of beasts. For instance, this phrase, 'I feel pain,' you will render at once in the language of the dog, the cat, the hog, the magpie, the blackbird, &c., the whole correctly pricked down in sharps and flats, and I give you my word, this will produce a very comical reading."

The following are the very pertinent remarks of Father Bougeant, on the intellectuality of animals as distinct from instinct:—

"Wolves hunt with great cunning, and concert warlike stratagems. A gentleman walking in the fields, perceived a wolf who seemed to be watching a flock of sheep. He told the shepherd, and advised to set his dog on him. 'Not so,' answered the shepherd ; 'yonder wolf is there only to divert my attention, and another wolf lurking on the other side, only watches the moment when I shall let loose my dog upon this, to carry off one of my sheep.' The gentleman, willing to be satisfied of the fact, promised to pay for the sheep, and the thing happened just as the shepherd had foretold. Does not so well concerted a stratagem evidently suppose that the two wolves had agreed together, one to show, the other to hide himself? and how is it possible to agree in this manner without the help of speech? A sparrow possessed himself of a swallow's nest, the swallow called for help to expel him ; a thousand swallows flew immediately to attack the sparrow, who being covered on every side, and presenting only his large beak at the strait entrance of his nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest assailant repent his rashness. After a quarter of an hour's combat, the swallows disappeared ; the sparrow thought himself a conqueror, and the spectators judged that the swallows had abandoned the undertaking. Not at all ; they soon returned to the charge, and each being provided with a little of that tempered earth of which they make their nest, they fell all at once upon the sparrow and inclosed him in the nest to perish there, since they could not drive him thence."

* See *Free Thoughts on the Brute Creation*, by Rev. John Hildrop, D.D. Rector of Wath, Yorkshire. London. 1761.

but his *children* and *domestics*—so man, by his transgression, devoted his dependents to degradation, misery, and death. But no violent execution was permitted to be made on them, except in the way of sacrifice; none were to be put to death but by God's own appointment, as the types of the great propitiatory sacrifice of the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world, for the salvation and redemption of a lost world. No power was given to man to abuse, or even to kill and eat, until the world, still more deteriorated after the flood, left the vegetable products of the earth less capable of nourishing, and then the much abused liberty to hunt, to kill, and eat. "The fear of you, and the dread of you shall now be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all fishes of the sea: into your hand they are delivered: every moving thing that liveth, to you it shall be for meat; even as the green herb have I given you all things." Such has been the state of the brute creation since the fall, very different, indeed, from its former condition; but still both reason and revelation represent them as guiltless sufferers for our transgressions, and, therefore, peculiar objects of our care and compassion; and it is not only a sin against mercy, but against justice to abuse or oppress them. How strong on this point is holy Scripture. Thus the wise man in the 12th chapter of Proverbs, makes kindness to domestic animals an act of righteousness—the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, "but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Thus in the fourth commandment, the rest of God's own day is declared to be for the care of *cattle* as well as their owners; and not only does God's law protect animals as *part of his property*, and connected with *his selfishness*, but it enjoins mercy to the cattle of our enemies. "If thou meet," says the sacred law-giver, in the fourth and fifth verses of the 23d chapter of Exodus, "thine enemy's ox or ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring him back to him again; if thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldst forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help him." The blessed Saviour himself enjoins us to look after the wants of animals—to lead them to water—if they fall into a pit, to draw

them out, even supposing it were on the Sabbath day; and how tenderly does the Almighty declare his mercy to the brute creation, when he announces to the querulous prophet, that he withholds the execution of his sentence against a wicked city, because of its animals and irresponsible human beings—"Shall I not spare Nineveh, that great city, in which are more than sixty thousand people that cannot discern betwixt their right hand and their left, and also much cattle."

The author whose arguments I am using, supposes that our domestic animals are less poisoned with the general malignity diffused over the whole system than others; and that, perhaps, they are not now very different from what they were in their original state; and he further expatiates in fields of fancy, and supposes that as each species of animal might before the fall represent some specific virtue or power of humanity, and thus exhibit emblems and unisons in the universal harmony: so now, in their present degeneracy, they show forth, and that but faintly, some specific fault and corruption in ourselves, and are but shadows of what is silly and vicious or disgusting in mankind; as, for instance, you look at a monkey; it is a ridiculous, a mischievous creature; may he not be a type of some absurd and idle coxcomb, that struts and frets and chatters amongst fine people. And I am sure there is many a poor dog on four legs, acting agreeably to his nature, not half so despicable as the said dog, with all pretension to rationality, religion and gentility, who is every day guilty of social crimes, that if his brother brute committed he would be driven out of town with a kettle to his tail. The swine wallows in the mire, it is an ugly thing; so is it also swilling its food in a trough; but is it half so contemptible an animal as the gourmand who over-eats himself, and whose life's happiness depends upon his palate, and "whose god is his belly;" and lo, the ferocity of wolves, the cunning of foxes, the treachery of cats—but what are they to the cruelty, and unfaithfulness, and barbarity of mankind? And there are faults of which no type can be found amongst the lower order of animals—ingratitude and insincerity are but of HUMAN growth. And, oh, how many stories could I tell you of the dog, the elephant, or even the tiger, that would

put to shame the unfaithful servant, the false friend, the cruel slanderer. Need we then be surprised if some, sick of their experience of human life, and smarting under wrongs committed, or fearful of treachery and evil to come, have fled from human to brute nature, and expended that love on the dog, or even the cat, they feared to lavish on one of their own species. "Fie, madam," says Captain O'Doherty to a lady caressing her lap-dog, and to whom he was paying his addresses, but whose wealth was greater than her beauty, "fie, to lavish *all your* fondness upon a dumb brute, when you can find a man whose happiness depends upon the condescension of your smile." "Ah, sir," says the fearful lady (and wealth enjoyed by the unmarried female often carries this forfeit), "I am quite sure that Fido, my dog, loves me for myself, and therefore I can return *his* affection; but I have yet to find that you, or any other of your sex, love me rather than my money; and therefore, with all the suspicion of the miller, while I fondle my dog—

" 'I care for no man, no, not I,
Since no man cares for me.' "

The learned man whose arguments I have just been using having stated as his premise, that animals think, reason and will, draws the conclusion that they have souls, and if souls, that these souls must be immortal; for God gave them the benediction of immortality when he pronounced them *all* very good; and though he allows that there are difficulties in the way of deciding on the immortality of their souls, he holds that there are greater connected with the utter extinction of their being after death. He allows, however, that in a future state each will retain its specific dignity and quality—the spirit of a man going upwards, the spirit of a beast going downwards, each assuming their proper rank; but with this difference, that beasts will not be liable to punishment, because they transgressed not any command, *they* were not disobedient to the will of their Creator. The apostle Paul declares they were made subject to vanity, *not willingly*, not by any fault of their own, but by reason of (that is, on account of him, that is man) who had subjected them to it in hope.

I am sorry I cannot follow out

further the arguments of this ingenious and very pious divine, who has been joined in his belief of the immortality of animals by many able and religious men. Oh! but some may reply to the theorist whose arguments I adduce, there is such a *monstrous* difference between a man and a brute! Yea, and so there is between a man and an angel; and who can determine the lowest degree of human intelligence, and the highest pitch of brutal knowledge. I have a story before me of John Clod, the farmer, who went every night to the ale-house, his dog attending him. Clod generally came home drunk; the dog was a teetotaller; Clod made himself worse than a beast, and would roll into the ditch were it not for the dog, who showed his unimpaired rationality by holding his master by the coat, and dragging him home safe from the ditches, ponds and pits he otherwise would have tumbled into.

Understanding, then, according to my author, is but in degree; and, therefore, if slowness of apprehension, narrowness of understanding were an exclusion from the other world, what would become of a large portion of the human race? Why, our species should tremble for the consequence. So many honest fellows turned to grass, degraded to the measure of an ass, and left to browse on thistles. Take, for instance, out of Squire Brown's head, his dog, his horse, and his whiskey punch, and what would remain but a vacuum, that his own pointer would be ashamed of? Take from Lord Very Soft the aids of his tailor, his hair-dresser, and his perfumer—what would he be?—a butterfly would be his superior; and I have in my eye a group of solemn, sallow, lank-haired saturnine *half-thinkers*, and therefore they *call* themselves *free-thinkers*, and they decide they are free from all prejudices, because they are full of their own sufficiency, and they know as much about logic as a horse does about logarithms. I wish I had power to confine them to a room, with a sufficiency of pens, ink and paper—still keeping from them Paine's Age of Reason, and Owen's Social Bible, and a certain string of stale jokes out of the Parson's Hornbook, about priestcraft and superstition—and what would they be? Why, the elephant I have read of, who saw a piece of bread so far beyond the bars of his enclosure that

he could not reach it with his proboscis, and therefore blew against an opposite wall so as to cause it, by the force of his breath, to rebound and come within his reach—was a better arguer and a sounder philosopher than a whole band of such Socialists.

It is now time, after, perhaps, too tediously laying down the opinion of others, to state my own; and it is, that I see nothing in the structure, or instincts, or intellectual capacities of *any* animal but *man*, that has a tendency to the renewal of life in another world; observing as I do various intellectual powers, capable of promoting their own well-being and of contributing to the welfare of man, still I find no power of accumulating knowledge. The elephant is now no wiser than he was in the days of Alexander; the dog has not learnt anything from his forefathers—he has not taken advantage of their mistakes or attainments; the ant advances not in the polity of her republic; the bee was as good a mathematician a thousand years ago. There is no progression—no power of combination; and this is as it should be; it is the means of upholding God's original grant of dominion to man. Give animals but a sense of power, and a capability of combination, and the brute or the insect creation could and would drive man from the face of the earth. But what is of still more consequence, I find no

developement whatsoever of the religious principle—not a spark of the expectation of another life. With man we see in the lowest of his species an expansiveness in the intellectual and moral structure, that produces longings for immortality, and within the most darkened of the human race you can light up the aspirations, the hopes and fears, connected with another world. Compare in this way the lowest of the human family. The Bushmen of South Africa, whom Captain Harris, in a recent work, describes as follows:—"They usually reside in holes and crannies in rocks; they possess neither flocks nor herds; they are unacquainted with agriculture; they live almost entirely on bulbous roots, locusts, reptiles, and the larvæ of ants; their only dress is a piece of leather round their waist, and their speech resembles rather the chattering of monkeys than the language of human beings." Now there is little or nothing here better than what is found amongst many of the inferior animals. But let us take a young Bushman, and put his mind under a right educational process, and we shall soon excite in him what we must ever fail to do in the young monkey, or dog, or elephant. We can communicate to him the expansiveness that belongs to an heir of immortality; within him are the germs of faith, hope, and religious love, which do *not* exist in inferior animals.*

* For the following observations on the human soul, and its distinctiveness from the animal life, both in men and brutes, I am indebted to my friend, the Rev. Joseph Baylee.

The Scriptures teach us that man is a threefold being. "I pray God," says the apostle, "your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Your spirit"—*πνεῦμα*—i. e. your rational soul; "your soul"—*ψυχή*—i. e. your animal life; "your body"—*σῶμα*—your corporeal frame. Those two living, *thinking*, principles are again distinguished by him in his epistle to the Hebrews. "The word of God is able to divide asunder soul and spirit"—*διεισδυμὸς ἀπὸ τοῦ σώματος τῆς ψυχῆς καὶ τοῦ πνεύματος*—penetrating as far as to the division of soul and spirit. We are here taught two important truths respecting our thinking principle—that it is twofold, the one part perfectly distinct from the other, and yet both so interwoven, that it requires divine skill to separate them.

The Hebrew language, which seems to have been divinely suited to theological purposes, is carefully accurate in distinguishing these two lives in man. In the account of man's original formation, we are told that God *breathed* into his nostrils the *breath* of life, and man became a living soul. The word here rendered *breath* is *נֶשְׁמָה* (*neshamah*), and is applied exclusively throughout the Scriptures to *rational* powers. In our translation it is frequently rendered *breath*, probably from its having been *breathed* into man by God. From a careful examination of all the passages where it occurs, it will be found—1. It is never applied to animals; 2—it is applied to man to distinguish him from animals; 3—it is applied to man's rational soul, as distinguished from his animal life; 4—it is applied to God.

The word *רוּחַ* (*ruach*, spirit) is applied equally to animals and to men, and also to the wind, and to the Spirit of God. As far as it relates to our present inquiry, it

Still I hold to my thesis that there are intellectual qualities belonging to animals, which call for our observation, demand our aid in their development, and which in proportion as observed and respected and developed, will be conducive to the animal's happiness and to man's use and profit. Now, I beg to say that I do not think that even the best educated amongst us consider as we *might* and *ought* to do the character and claims of even our

domestic animals—observing them but in the light of things created for our use. We look upon the horse but as the means of carrying us along; or on the cow as supplying us with meat and milk. To be sure the dog forces *himself*, almost whether we will or not, upon our attention, and even a bull-beating butcher is constrained to fondle and make much of his dog. Now, what I want is, to excite in my readers a greater attention to and therefore a greater respect

seems to be the generic term for sentient life, of which נִשְׁמָה (neashama) is a species exclusively applicable to rational life.

רוּחַ (ruach) spirit, is applied to the sentient powers of men and beasts in Eccl. iii. 21, "Who knoweth the spirit (רוּחַ) of man that goeth upward, and the spirit (רוּחַ) of a beast that goeth downward to the earth."

On the other hand, man is distinguished from animals by his having a (נִשְׁמָה) rational soul. "All the spoil of these cities, and the cattle, the children of Israel took for a prey unto themselves; but every man they smote with the edge of the sword, until they had destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe"—לֹא חָשְׁדוּ כָל-נִשְׁמָה—they did not allow to remain any rational soul—Josh. xi. 14.

Here it is plain that the distinction between man and the inferior animals is the נִשְׁמָה rational soul.

Again, we find man declared to be possessed of two living principles, the רוּחַ animal life, and נִשְׁמָה rational life. Job xxxiv. 14, 15—"If he set his heart upon man, if he gather unto himself his spirit, (רוּחַ animal life,) and his breath, (נִשְׁמָה rational life,) all flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto dust"—thus assigning a twofold deprivation as the cause of death. To the same purpose Isaiah says, "God the Lord giveth breath (נִשְׁמָה rational life) unto the people upon it, and spirit (רוּחַ animal life) to them that walk therein"—c. xlii. 5.—recognizing two living principles in man. We might cite other examples.

This breath (נִשְׁמָה rational life) is declared to be the seat of understanding. "The spirit (רוּחַ) of man is the candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the belly"—Prov. xx. 27. "There is a spirit (or He, the Spirit) is in man, and the inspiration (נִשְׁמָה breath or rational powers) of the Almighty giveth them understanding."—Job. xxxii. 8. We here find the word applied to God, as also in Job. xxxiii. 4.—"The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath (נִשְׁמָה) of the Almighty hath given me life."

The word occurs only twenty-four times in the Old Testament, and is always (with two exceptions) rendered by some derivative of שָׁנָה (shana twice, שִׁנְיָה once, שִׁנְיָה four times, שִׁנְיָה once, שִׁנְיָה fifteen times.) It is never rendered by ψυχή. Between the period of the Septuagint translation, and the writings of the New Testament, πνεύμα seems to have taken the place of שָׁנָה, for the latter is not once employed in the New Testament to designate the rational soul. There is one ambiguous phrase (ζῆν καὶ πνεύμα) life and breath, in Acts xvii. 25. Indeed, πνεύμα occurs but twice in the New Testament.

We have thus seen that man agrees with animals in having an organized material frame—a body, and a living principle animating that frame, and capable of thought and will. Superadded to this, man has a rational soul. It is most probable that all the powers of the rational soul have their corresponding powers in the animal life. As an animal, man is capable of love, joy, hatred, fear, hope, &c. Our actions are the result of the combined energy of these two principles, making the body the instrument of their will.

These two principles harmonize in man's natural state. But when the Holy Ghost renews the soul, the animal part is left unrenewed, and then commences the struggle referred to by the apostle—"I delight in the law of God, after the inward man, but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind."—Rom. vii. 22, 23: 1 Pet. ii. 11.

This continued struggle produces all that defective obedience, tainted service, and defilement of life, which beclouds the Christian's course, until he has laid down his vile body awaiting its renovation in the morning of the resurrection.

for, the animals that are domesticated around them. I am quite sure that a study of their characters will add greatly to our amusement and convenience. I am quite sure that it will induce us more and more to use our influence in future to protect them from abuse, and that as it is very true that the master's eye makes the beast fat, so also the master and mistress's respect will make the beast happy. I remember an observation made to me by one of the most gifted of the human race—one of the stars of this generation—the poet of nature and of feeling—the good and the great Mr. Wordsworth—having the honour of a conversation with him, after he had made a tour through Ireland—I, in the course of it, asked what was the thing that most struck his observation here as making us differ from the English; and he, without hesitation, said it was the ill-treatment of our horses; that his soul was often, too often, sick within him, at the way in which he saw these creatures of God abused. Now I am sure you will agree with me, that here is a great evil, and you will allow, that it depends very much on the upper classes to discountenance and counteract, especially the hard usage of horses.

Would you believe it, that in Ireland, though there was an express act of parliament passed against it 300 years ago, the practice of harrowing by horses drawing from the tail, is still resorted to; the following is part of a letter I received yesterday:—

“The good old custom of harrowing by the tail, is still followed in Erris. In justice to those who continue the practice, it is said that it is not cruel, for the horses submit to it quietly. Indeed, some people here assert, that it is the most humane way of doing the work; in proof of which, I shall sketch the following anecdote. I was on my way to dine with a worthy old gentleman, who resided here on my first arrival, 19 years ago; and observing, as I went through the farm, this practice, it was natural for a foreigner to express strongly his feelings on the barbarity of the thing. ‘I beg your pardon,’ said my host, ‘you are quite mistaken; for I assert, and feel assured I will induce you to agree with me in opinion, that it is the most humane way of working the beast; and for this reason, that he harrows with more ease to himself.’ ‘Impossible,’ said I. ‘I will

prove it to a sailor as you are, with ease,’ replied the old gentleman. ‘Pray, when you anchor your ships, why do you give them a long scope of cable when it blows hard.’ ‘Because,’ said I, ‘the hold the anchor has of the ground is in an inverse ratio to the sine of the angle the cable makes with the ground.’ ‘Oh!’ says my old friend, ‘being neither an orangeman nor ribbonman, I know nothing about your *signs*, though I guess at what you mean. Now, if you give a long scope of cable to increase the resistance, don’t it stand to reason that a short scope must have a contrary effect; and therefore, must not harrowing by the tail be easier to the animal than from the collar, inasmuch, as in the latter case, the harrow rope is shortened by the whole length of the horse.’ My host, chuckling with delight, seemed to consider this argument a floorer. And my ‘But, dear sir, there is a vast difference between securing a cable to the bolt and making it fast to the rudder pintles,’ neither diminished his glee nor induced him to change his opinion. He continued this practice to his dying day; and up to last year it was, and now 1840, it will be practised. It is hard to break a custom attended with no expence. ‘Of what use is a tail,’ says the Erris man, ‘if not to save all sorts of harness?’”

But it is not only horses that are ill-treated. There is that poor little inferior beast, the ass, that appears to be consigned, by general consent, to all the wrongs that the lowest of the human race may inflict; the urchin's sport, the tinker's drudge. I suppose, besides the cross marked on his withers, the reason why it has been considered a religious animal, is its patient endurance of contumely and injury; and is he a fool for that? No; I think he deserves credit for it; and if the truth were known, he has often more wit than his master. I have read of a man who undertook to teach an ass Greek. There are two-legged fellows, every one knows, crammed with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and yet they are downright donkeys. John Wesley tells of an ass, that while he was preaching, walked gravely up to the door of the chapel, stood stock-still, put forward his long ears, and remained in a posture of pious attention all the time of the sermon. I myself once saw something like that. I was at

a country church in Munster; there was a large congregation, the day was sultry, and all the windows were open, to let in air; and the minister was in the middle of his sermon, which was muddy in doctrine, prosy in its composition, and altogether mighty soporific; when, lo! an ass that was grazing in the church-yard, put in his head and ears through the window, just opposite the pulpit, and set up a long and loud bray. The effect of the double discourse was irresistible. Laughter could not be controlled, until all were brought back to seriousness by seeing the minister's wife carried out in a fainting fit.

I assert, that were you to make yourselves acquainted with asses, you would find them clever enough. I once purchased an ass for the amusement of my children. I did not allow him to be cudgelled, and he got something better to graze on than thistles. Why, I found him more knave than fool; his very cleverness was my plague. My ass, like the king's fool, proved the ablest animal about the place; and, like others, having more wit than good manners, he was for ever, not only going, but leading other cattle into mischief. There was not a gate about the place but he would open—there was not a fence but he would climb. Too often he awoke me of a summer's morning, braying for sheer wantonness, in the middle of my field of wheat. I was obliged to part with him and get a pony, merely because he was too cunning to be kept.

I could relate some curious instances of their memory for persons and places, and their attachment to individuals—I shall allude but to two; one, the well-known story of Captain Dundas' ass, that he had shipped from Gibraltar to Malta; and when a storm came on, when far on their voyage, and the vessel was in such danger, that all the livestock was thrown overboard, the ass swam to shore at Cape de Gat, and in an incredibly short space of time, made his way over the rivers and mountains, of the Ronda, for 200 miles, until he found himself standing at the door of his master's stable, in Gibraltar. But this is a book story, and the thing happened far away. I shall tell you what I know of an ass. There is a lady, resident in a parish, where I was for some years minister. She is the most tender-hearted of the human race; her tender-

ness, though a general feeling, is principally confined to the lower animals, I am disposed to think, that if in Turkey or India, she would leave all her worldly goods to endow an hospital for deserted, disowned, and abused animals. Well, this lady was walking along the road, and she met a train of tinkers, proceeding towards Connaught, and one tall, tan-skinned, black-haired, curly-polled fellow, in all the excited cruelty of drunkenness, was belabouring his ass's sides with a blackthorn cudgel. This was too much for my friend. She first rated the man for his barbarity. She might as well have scolded Beelzebub. She then coaxed the ruffian, and asked him would he sell the creature, which he consented at once to do, asking, of course, three times the common price. You may judge of the joy of this amiable woman, when the beast, now her own ass, was relieved from its paniers, allowed to roll about in the dust, and graze at liberty. For a long time she kept him perfectly idle, until he recovered his spirits; then he became troublesome, and would break his bonds, and used to go a-braying and curvetting, and seeking for assinine society, all over the country. Idleness is, certainly, after all, a bad thing for asses, as well as men; and so this capricious fellow found it; for shortly a tinker, (perhaps the very one who sold it,) stole it, and for three or four years there were no tidings of the ass, until one day, as his kind mistress was taking her usual walk along the road, she saw a man urging along an ass, straining and bending under a heavy laden cart.

Now the moment my friend came near, there was an evident alteration in the deportment of the ass; immediately the ears that were but just now hanging listlessly over its eyes were cocked, and its head elevated in the air; and raising its voice more like a laugh than a bray, it urged itself under its heavy load into a trot, and came and laid its snout on the shoulders of the lady, who at once, and not until *now* recognized her long-lost property, which she had again to purchase at a high price. It is many years since that occurred; the beast is alive, and so is the lady. I hope it wont be her lot to see in it that rare spectacle, a dead ass.

There is another domestic animal, that, I think has not got fair play from man, and that is a goose. If we

want to write down a mark of *positive* contempt against the intellect of a man we say he is an Ass ; if we would proceed in our lowering designation, we assert he is a Goose. Now wild or tame, I hold that geese are not to be sneered at. The wild are the most wary of all that take wing—see how aloft the flock soars, observe with what beautiful mathematical precision the order of flight is kept—listen to the voice of direction or of warning that the sentinel keeping in advance, every now and then gives out ; look how each bird in turn takes the leadership, and how the one relieved assumes his regular position in the rear ; let no one venture to tell me that there is not considerable intelligence in these animals ; every one knows how watchful geese are even in their domesticated state ; every school-boy has learned how they saved the Roman Capitol. I must tell you amongst many anecdotes I know of geese, one that came under my own observation ; when a curate in the county of Kildare, my next neighbour was a worthy man who carried on the cotton printing business, and who though once in very prosperous circumstances, was now, in consequence of a change in the times, very poor ; in his mill-yard was a gander who had been there 40 years ; he was the finest, the largest bird of his kind I ever saw, his watchfulness was excessive ; no dog could equal him, in vigilance, neither could any dog be more fierce in attacking strangers and beggars ; he followed his old master wherever he went, and at his command would fly at any man or beast ; and with his bill, wings, and feet he could and would hurt se-

verely. Whenever my neighbour paid me a visit, the gander always accompanied him, and as I was liberal of oats, and had besides one or two geese in my yard he would, before his master rose in the morning, come up and give me a call ; but neither the oats nor the blandishments of the feathered fair could keep him long away, and he soon solemnly stalked back to his proper station at the mill. Well, year after year I was perfecting my friendship with Toby the gander, and certainly had a share in his esteem, when one winter after being confined to the house with a severe cold, I, in passing through the mill-yard, inquired for my friend, whom I could no where see—"Oh, sir," says the man, and he was about the place as long as Toby himself, "Toby's gone"—"gone where?" "Oh, he is dead,"—"how dead?" "Why we eat him for our Christmas dinner." "Eat him!!!" I think I have been seldom in the course of my life more astonished and shocked ; positively I would have given them a fat cow to eat, could I have saved poor Toby ; but so it was. Upon inquiry I found out, that the poor gentleman had not means to buy his Christmas dinner ; that he was too proud to go in debt, and determined as he was to give his people a meat dinner, poor Toby fell a sacrifice to proud poverty. While honouring the man for his independence, I confess I never could look on him afterwards without a sense of dislike ; I did not either expect or desire that he should suffer as he *who slew the albatross*,* but I was sure he would not be the better in this world or the next for killing the gander.†

Pigs, also, are in my opinion ill used

* Who has not read Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

† I have been favoured with the following anecdote of a goose, by Mr. Thomas Grubb.

At the flour mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr. Newbold, there was a goose, which by some accident, was left solitary, without mate, or offspring, gander or goslings. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck-eggs under a hen ; which in due time were incubated, and of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker ; her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile, up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly (being interpreted) meant, leave them to my care—she swam up and down with the ducklings, and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning, down came again, the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great frustration. On this occasion, we are not at all sure that the goose *invited* the hen, observing her maternal trouble—but it is a fact, that she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event ; day after day, the hen was seen

and slandered animals; if men are dirty, debased, and ignorant, they are called a swinish multitude. But I hold that there is no animal cleaner in its habits than a pig; they are debased it is true, but man has done it by bad breeding; and as to ignorance, I utterly deny the charge: no, quite the reverse, they are most intelligent; no inferior animal, neither dog, horse, nor cow makes his own nest as does the pig; their senses are so acute, that they foresee better than any other animal the changes of the weather: and I am sure you all must have observed how they carry straw in their mouths to make themselves comfortable when they see the storm approaching.

To be sure such intellectual qualities are only observable in those of the race that are allowed to come to years of discretion, as in sows; for by our modern breeding we fatten and kill off pigs, before they come of age. The Dublin Society and other agricultural bodies have much to answer for in this way, encouraging a precocity, in fattening up childish pigs before their intellectuals are expanded: in this way we are condemned to eat bad pork and worse bacon.

Why, when I observe at one of our cattle shows, a huge unwieldy bag of blubber, a poor apoplectic young thing, that can scarcely walk or breathe for very plethora; sirs, it is no more like an old bristly, high-backed, long-legged, sharp-snouted grunter, such as ere-while I used to see in Munster, and such as I have lately observed in Germany, than an Irish spalpeen is to a London alderman. Now suppose that all of you ladies were cut off in your teens, what would become of the educated intellect, the judgment, the wisdom, the wit, the learning you have exhibited in your more mature life? So it is with pigs. By the intentional degradation of man and by the greedy knife, they are not allowed the development of intellectuality. Still after all they are cunning creatures, and they know both friends and foes. Have you ever seen, for if you have not, I have, when a certain functionary, whose business it is to put rings in pigs' snouts, and perform *other offices*, rather disagreeable to the creature, when he comes sounding his horn, every pig in the place goes off to hide. There is no animal which knows its home and loves it more; you will see them going forth

on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good humour—numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.

While this paper was passing through the press, a lady supplied me with the following anecdote of a goose, which she assures me can be depended on. I have every confidence in her credibility:—A goose—not a gander—in the farm-yard of a gentleman, was observed to take a particular liking to her owner. This attachment was so uncommon, and so marked, that all about the house and in the neighbourhood took notice of it; and, consequently, the people, with the propensity they have to give nicknames, and with the sinister motive, perhaps, of expressing their sense of the weak understanding of the man, called him GOOSEY. Alas! for his admirer—the goose's true love did not yet run smooth. For her master, hearing of the ridicule cast upon him, to abate her fondness, insisted on her being locked up in the poultry yard. Well, shortly after, he goes to the adjoining town to attend petty sessions, and in the middle of his business what does he feel but something wonderfully warm and soft rubbing against his leg, and on looking down he saw *his* goose, with neck protruded, while quivering her wings in the fullness of enjoyment, looking up to him with *unutterable* fondness. This was too much for his patience or the bystanders' good manners, for while it set them wild with laughter, it urged him to do a deed he should ever be ashamed of; for, twisting his thong-whip about the goose's neck, he swung her round and round until he supposed her dead, and then he cast her on the adjoining dunghill. Not very long after, Mr. GOOSEY was seized with a severe illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave; and one day, when slowly recovering, and allowed to recline in the window, the first thing he saw was *his* goose, sitting on the grass, and looking with intense anxiety at him. The effect on him was most alarming. "What!" says he, "is this cursed bird come back to life, and am I, for my sins, to be haunted in this way?" "Oh! father," says his daughter, "don't speak so hardly of the poor bird. Ever since your illness it has sat there opposite your window—it scarcely takes any food." Passion, prejudice, the fear of ridicule, all gave way before a sense of gratitude for this unalterable attachment. The poor bird was immediately taken notice of—treated, from henceforth, with great kindness; and, for all I know, goose and goosey are still bound in as close ties as man and bird can be.

in the morning, to look for food, and coming home in the evening ; have you not seen at a cabin door how imploringly poor muck asks to get in ; what different notes of entreaty it uses, and sometimes it stands scolding for admission, as much as to say "Judy agra why wont you let me in to my supper, seeing that I'm the boy that pays the rint." I know no animal that shows such sympathy in the sufferings of its fellows, and it is very capable of attachment ; it is also often beloved. Peter Pindar tells of the passionate sorrow of an English lord for the loss of a favourite pig, and he consoles him in the following pathetic strain.

O : wipe those tears so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind ;
You've only lost a single pig,
Your wife and son are left behind.

I have also heard a pitiful poem of a poor Galway weaver on the death of his pig : now you must know that in Galway, pigs are kept in the top floors of the houses, and that many are littered, reared, fattened, killed, salted, and made into bacon without ever touching the ground, living this way they help to pay the rent of the garret,—it's well for you I dont recollect more than the following stanza :—

Paddy Blake the weaver had a little pig,
The pig was little because it was not big ;
This pig was sick and like to die,
Which made poor Paddy and his wife to cry.

Now this, if not so elegant, is not so tedious as the poem of the two thousand lines which some one wrote on pigs, the beauty of which consisted in this, that it was all written in Latin hexameters, and every word began with a P.* An Italian abbot has also written a poem in praise of pigs, and he calls upon Apollo and all the muses to assist him in celebrating their virtues.

Now this production is in great estimation with the people who love their swine, and let them live on to an age of discretion, and the pig, returns the love lavished on it. An English traveller in south Italy, describes the pigs running out on the roads to meet their respective owners, as they come from their work in the fields, and declares himself much amused by the mutual caresses that passed between man and pig on the occasion ;† in that country they are employed to hunt for and set truffles, which grow under ground ; they have been known also to set partridges.

I shall trouble you with but one story about cows ; it came within my knowledge this summer ; the circumstance occurred to one of my own. I am in the habit every year of buying two or three Kerrys, they are the kindest little creatures in the world, they pay very well, and though wild at first, they become under proper treatment exceedingly gentle and familiar ; when I buy them I always choose from the head and horn ; I pick out those I consider to have good countenances. Last year I was very lucky in the three I bought ; they became in a short time great pets ; I generally go out in the morning before breakfast, and they always meet me at the gate of the pasture, expecting to have their heads scratched and be spoken to ; one in particular, a quaint crumpley-horned little lassie, used to put her snout into my pocket like a dog, to look for bread and potatoes which I generally brought with me ; her breath was so sweet and large eyes so placid, that I was almost tempted to be of the humour of the man who loved to kiss his cow. Well, there was a swing-swong in this field and my Kerry lass, who was inordinately curious, seeing my young ladies swinging, thought (I suppose) she might take a swing herself ; be this as it may, one day, about noon, a constant

* This poem is entitled "*Pugna Porcorum.*"

† The late learned and good Dr. Brinkley, Bishop of Cloyne, used to tell an interesting anecdote of one of his pigs. In the farm yard, a person appointed for that purpose, used to give corn to the turkeys at a certain place, and the pig observing this, took care diligently to attend ; and though his snout did not seem well adapted for picking up single grains of oats, yet Muck beat the turkeys all to nothing, and contrived to get the largest share. This, the henwife seeing, took a dirty advantage, and had, on the following day, the pig locked up, while the turkeys were being fed. On his enlargement he hastened off to the feeding ground, but there were neither oats nor turkeys. So off he set, found out where the flock of turkeys was, and drove them before him as a shepherd would his sheep, until he had them at the usual spot, and there he kept them the whole day, not one would he allow to budge, expecting that old Molly would come with her sieve of oats.

and loud lowing of cows was heard at the gate nearest the house, and my brother, who was within, hearing the unusual and continued noise, went out to see what was the matter; as soon as he came to the gate he saw two of the Kerry cows very uneasy, but not the third, so he proceeded into the grounds, and as he went, the cows followed him still lowing, until he arrived at the farthest end of the land, when he saw my pet, the third Kerry, entangled in the rope of the swing and caught by her head and horns, where she must have been soon strangled if not relieved; the moment my brother extricated her, the lowing of the others ceased; I could not learn that my Kerry fair one ever after attempted the humours of a swing-swing.

Of cats, time does not allow me to say much, but this I must affirm, that they are misrepresented, and often the victims of prejudice. It is strictly maintained that they have little or no affection for *persons*, and that their partialities are confined to *places*; I have known many instances of the reverse. When leaving about 15 years ago a glebe house, to remove into Dublin, the cat, that was a favourite with me and with my children, was, in our hurry left behind; on seeing strange faces come into the house she instantly left it, and took up her abode in the top of a large cabbage stalk, whose head had been cut off, but which retained a sufficient number of leaves to protect poor puss from the weather; in this position she remained, and nothing could induce her to leave it, until I sent a special messenger to bring her to my house in town. At present I have a cat that follows my house-keeper up and down like a dog; every morning she comes up at day-break in winter to the door of the room in which the maid-servants sleep, and there she mews until they get up; I don't expect that she will be long lived.

Of dogs, I need not say much. Large books are to be got, descriptive of their fidelity, intelligence, and usefulness; and each of you no doubt, has some fact that has come under your own knowledge, and which convinces you, that dogs have almost reasoning powers. Many of you no doubt have read of the Newfoundland dog in Cork, who, when vexed, barked at, and bitten at by a cur, took it up in his mouth, went quietly to the quay, and dropped it into the river; and when, after a time, he saw it carried down by

a strong tide, and unable to swim to shore, he plunged in, took the culprit by the neck, brought it to land, and giving it a good shake, departed; the shake being as much as a *hint* to go and sin no more. Here was justice tempered with mercy—here was an acquaintance with the nature and uses of secondary punishments, that would have done credit to a political economist. But I cannot leave the subject of dogs without recounting what I heard within these few days, respecting a dog I have the pleasure of knowing; and I am assured, that the *facts* can be attested by fifty persons or more; in truth, by the inhabitants of a whole village.

The rector of a parish in the county of Sligo, at whose house I spent some days last September, has an English spaniel, now rather advanced in years. He has been of great value as a sporting dog; and besides, being remarkable for general sagacity, has acted as a play-fellow, a guide, and a guardian, to seven sons. Now the eldest, had just gone out into life with every promise of being a credit to his parents, and a blessing to them and others. He had been ordained and appointed to a curacy, where he was loved, honoured and followed. But in the midst of his sacred labours, and in attendance on a sick bed, he got a fever; during the progress of the disease, his parents were apprized of his illness, but not so as to communicate much apprehension; but still being at a distance of 140 miles, they were anxiously looking out for another letter. In this interval, the spaniel was observed to have left the hall-door, where he usually basked during the day, and betake himself to a high ditch that overlooked the road towards Dublin. There he continued to howl at intervals, and though sometimes coaxed away, and sometimes driven by his master with blows, he returned, and for two days, continued; when, without any apparent reason, he left the spot, and came back to his usual haunts. In the regular course of post a letter brought the sad tidings, that on the day on which the dog ceased howling, the young man had breathed his last.

Of all the sights under the sun, perhaps the most touchingly grievous is the spectacle of parents mourning over the death of children that have arrived at maturity, and who just give the goodly promise of being the sure stay of their declining years. The parents I now

allude to, have been sorely tried in this way ; for the year following, the next son, a youth of 20, a fine manly fellow, with every quality of head and heart, that a fond father could desire ; *he*, also, was seized with fever. It is not for me to detail the alternations of hope and fear, that possessed the minds of this much-tried family. But what I must relate is, that the spaniel was found to have returned to his former station on the ditch, and there, was uttering his melancholy howl. I can never forget the deep feeling with which the father told me how an aged female follower of the family, and who had nursed the boy, taught him to lisp Irish on her lap, came up and told him in an *agony of tears*, that it was all of no use—he might as well send away the doctor—for that yonder was the dog, and there he was howling, and it was all over with Master Edward, for God had called him

away. And so it was. The youth died ; and from *that moment* the dog ceased to howl ; neither was he any more seen resorting to the place he had so ominously occupied. I have heard of many similar instances of dogs being acquainted with the coming death of those they love, but not with one so well attested as this. I tell what I believe to be true, and without drawing any superstitious or supernatural inferences from it. I can only conclude, that there may be communicated to the acute senses of dogs and other animals, (as for instance, ravens and magpies) evidences of approaching dissolution which, to us, are altogether unexplainable ; and that there may be in heaven and earth, things not dreamed of in our philosophy.*

It is now time for me to have done ; done, I say, for I have not finished ; for though I have satisfactorily proved,

* In corroboration of the above statement, I give the following extract of a letter I received from a lady with whom I had subsequently conversed, and who, I am assured, would not knowingly assert what she thought was untrue.

"I hope you will accept the following statement, in return for the gratification I received from your lecture on the sagacity of animals.

"When I was a child on my dear mother's knee, she often amused me with stories of the affection and sagacity of 'Dick,' her father's favourite dog. One incident remained deeply impressed on my mind. My grandfather, Mr. H——m, of the county of Cavan, came to Dublin, on business, and shortly after, Dick repaired to an old lime-kiln, which he refused to leave, and then set up a dismal and incessant howl. The next post brought the news that Mr. H——m was seized with gout in his stomach, and before his son could reach Dublin, he was no more. The dog ceased to howl exactly at the period of his master's death ; and having refused the food brought to him, was found dead before the funeral arrived at the family burial place."

My valued friend, Robert Ball, the devoted and able naturalist, to whom Dublin owes the establishment of the Zoological Society, on the 8th ultimo, concluded the lectures by a well-digested *resumé* of what had been delivered by those who had gone before him during the season. When he came to *my effort*, he thought it necessary to cull me out from the rest, as deserving of censure, for my story of the Sligo dog, thinking it proper, no doubt, to warn off the minds of the audience from the superstitious feelings which he assumed, my narrative was calculated to engender. Now, on this occasion, I must, with great respect say, that I am neither convicted by his inference nor converted by his explanation. And first, with respect to his inference, that my story was superstitious, I don't consider that it was. I allow, it is to *me*, (if true) unexplainable—but what of that, are we, at this day, to withhold circumstances that are well attested, because we cannot explain them. If thus afraid of *FACTS*, what would become of geology. No ; fearlessness of investigation is the character of sound philosophy ; and, as Sir Philip Crampton rightly said in his lecture on the same evening—that it was the proper work of the scientific world not to deny a statement, however startling, because improbable—but to investigate dispassionately whether it were a *fact*. Well, but Mr. Ball is determined to take the sting of superstition out of the tail of my story, and he is right if he could, by explaining in a very common-place way, what I would make believe to be unaccountable as follows. I don't say these are the words of Mr. Ball, I merely quote from memory. People *superstitiously* believe dogs know and announce the coming death of those to whom they are attached, by howling. But this is a vulgar error, and arises from the common practice of dogs howling by night, and persons, when any in a family are sick and dying, being then more watchful, or more liable to hear when dogs howl. I myself, says he, on one occasion was witness to this superstition, and instrumental in removing both the cause and the feeling. I

at least to myself, that inferior animals have intellectuality, I have not shown how the mere intimate observation and study of their capabilities can make them more happy in themselves, or more useful to us. But I think that it may be *inferred* without any extended process of reasoning, that the more we study the character of animals, the more we shall respect and cherish them. It is want of consideration, rather than absolute cruelty, that makes us inflict the wrongs we do. To this also tends the bad education which young persons receive—the vulgar errors they imbibe. I remember, when a boy of seven years old, squeezing a cat to death under a gate, in order to put to the test the philosophical theory of my father's stable-boy, who assured me that a cat had nine lives. What, I say, has perpetuated the tyranny of man over the inferior animals but bad education.

The vicious trainings of the nursery, in the first instance; then the kitchen; then the stable-yard; and when Master Tom is grown in obstinacy, cruelty, and mischief, *too* bad to be borne *at home*, then comes a public school to case-harden the youth in all his tyrannical propensities; and so in due course he becomes a reckless man, hunting, shooting, fishing, cock-fighting, and in all his sports abusing the creatures of God.

Ladies who now hear me; mothers as you are, or may be, look to your nurseries; there are planted the first germs of cruelty. My mammy nurse set me the example of catching flies on the window and tearing off their legs and wings; or, as it is better described as follows:—

Who gave me a huge corking pin
That I might the cock-chaffer spin,
And laughed to see my childish grim,
My Granny.

was in a house when an important member of the family was so sick as to cause serious apprehension for his life. One night, when thus dangerously ill, the dogs began to howl. Oh! all concluded the man *must* die—don't we hear the dogs. But this was not Mr. B.'s conviction; for he went out to the kennel where the dogs were, and then found that a cat had interloped, and ventured to abstract some of the dogs' food—that they hunted her, and she escaped through a hole, where they could not follow, and therefore they howled with vexation. Mr. B. put an instant stop to the howling, by stopping the hole through which the cat escaped, and so debarred the cat from future access to the kennel, and the dogs from their provocation. Moreover, what was better than all—his friend recovered. With this explanation and this narrative, the secretary considered he had made my story "reading made easy," for all the young ones attending the lecture. But, begging his pardon, I think that he leaves my narrative as unexplained as ever. And I might as well say that I overthrew the credit of every circumstance handed down to us by strong and creditable testimony as having the *appearance* of being supernatural; because, the other night, I detected my servant boy in the act of terrifying a chamber-maid into hysterics, by passing before her in a white sheet and a chalked face. Who denies that it is common for dogs to howl by night in town or country—who denies that the watchful are vexed and pained, when such noises alarm and disturb the sick. I wanted no explanation on this point, but what I told as extraordinary, and which, (if true) I demand a philosophical explanation of, is the fact, that a dog, not accustomed to howl, went on two occasions, to a *certain spot*, whither he was *unaccustomed to resort*; that he there continued howling for *two days*, and could not, by force or entreaty, be driven away, up to a *certain period*, and that that period was found to coincide with the death of the individuals to whom he was attached. And what was still more extraordinary, that the first death took place at a distance of 140 miles. Now, I hope Mr. B. will hit off before the commencement of another series of lectures, a more satisfactory solution; and to keep his hand in, I beg he will unriddle the following as *two instances amongst many* of the same kind I could adduce, of dogs having a power of knowing circumstances through the medium of some sense, not cognizable by us. A poodle dog, belonging to two ladies of the name of P——re, in the county of Mayo, was equally attached to both; his sagacity was remarkable, and his action denoted sense common and uncommon. Now, the ladies, his owners, used to take in turn, the pleasurable relaxation of visiting amongst their friends; and in this way they ranged through a wide circle of acquaintances. The day either was to come home, no matter whether the time was fixed previously or not, or was known to those at home, Poodle was seen to start forward to meet his coming mistress. And even suppose there were more roads than one by which she *might* return, the dog, with unerring certainty, was found to go forth on the very road the lady had taken.

The lady who has supplied me with the story of the *tender goose*, gives the follow-

Who put me on a donkey's back,
And gave me whip to lash and smack
Till its poor bones did almost crack,
My Granny.

But I shall say no more on this subject, except to recommend to your notice—and if this my lecture does no other good, it will do well in recommending to your perusal—and as it is not dear, to your purchase, a treatise on the rights of animals, and man's obligation to treat them with humanity, by our amiable townsman, Dr. Drummond, whose book, on this subject, (THOUGH I CANNOT RECOMMEND HIS SERMONS,) I can venture to say, is learnedly, feelingly, and persuasively written, and is quite free from any taint of his peculiar tenets.

That the study of the habits of animals may enable us not only to domesticate many that are now wild, but also to improve the powers of those now in use, I think also may be shown. I am sure it will be found better to train a horse than to break him. In this respect I assume that the Bedouin Arab manages better than the Irish horse-breaker; the one makes his fleet courser his friend—the other, with the spur of whiskey in his head, and the iron rowel of another in his heel, extinguishes the spirit, while he forms the gaits of the trembling creature he has subdued. I remember the first horse I ever had broken in. I was obliged to contract with the old ruffian (for want of better) I had to employ, to give him half-a-pint of raw whiskey as his *morning* before he would condescend to mount the colt. But, ladies and gentlemen, I must cease; allow me to do so with the observation, that man has not yet

fulfilled his duties even towards the animals he has contrived to domesticate; that in all his improvements, he has advanced but little in the *morale* of treating inferior animals; and I cannot but express the opinion that much has to be learned and much practised that may be conducive to *our* use and *their* happiness.

Surely I who have seen bull-baiting and cock-fighting, and many other cruel and ferocious games discountenanced, and in a great measure disused, may anticipate a brighter day, when education based upon the religion of our merciful Redeemer, will teach us to use and not abuse; when knowledge, true knowledge, knowledge founded upon the gospel, may teach us to treat kindly, considerably, inferior animals. I really do consider that there is much yet to be done for our benefit and their happiness; and benevolence, guided by experience, induction and judgment, may achieve great things; and so knowledge and humanity going hand in hand, and the love of God in Jesus Christ presiding over all our views, that happy millennial period will come when the inferior animals may stand in the same relation to man as they did to Adam before the fall, when the Sovereign of heaven pronounced *all* to be very good; and the figurative language of the prophet be almost realized, when he foretold that the most ferocious animals would be so tame, and domesticated, that “a little child shall lead them;” and “they shall not hurt nor destroy any more in my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

ing narrative of a dog, which can be vouched for:—A gentleman of property had a mastiff, of great size, very watchful, and, altogether, a fine, *intelligent* animal. Though often let out to range about, he was in general chained up during the day in a wooden house, constructed for his comfort and shelter. On a certain day, when let out, he was observed to attach himself particularly to his master; and when the servant, as usual, came to tie him up, he clung so to his master's feet—showed such anger when they attempted to force him away, and altogether was so *particular* in his manner, that the gentleman desired him to be left as he was, and with him he continued the whole day; and when night came on, still he staid by him, and on going towards his bed-room, the dog resolutely, and for the first time in his life, went up along with him, and rushing into the room, took refuge under the bed, from whence neither blows nor caresses could draw him. In the middle of the night a man burst into the room, and, dagger in hand, attempted to stab the sleeping gentleman; but the dog darted at the robber's neck, fastened his fangs in him, and so kept him down that his master had time to call for assistance and secure the ruffian, who turned out to be the coachman, and who afterwards confessed, that seeing his master receive a large sum of money, he and the groom conspired together to rob and murder him—and that they plotted their whole scheme leaning over the ROOF OF THE DOG'S HOUSE!!!

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FLIGHT FROM GURTNAMORRA.

It was by one of those sudden and inexplicable revulsions, which occasionally restore to sense and intellect, the maniac of years standing, that I was no sooner left alone in my chamber, than I became perfectly sober. The fumes of the wine—and I had drank deeply—were dissipated at once; my head, which but a moment before was half wild with excitement, was now cool, calm, and collected; and, stranger than all, I, who had only an hour since entered the dining-room with all the unsuspecting freshness of boyhood, became, by a mighty bound, a man—a man in all my feelings of responsibility—a man who, repelling an insult by an outrage, had resolved to stake his life upon the chance. In an instant a new era in life had opened before me—the light-headed gaiety which fearlessness and youth impart, was replaced by one absorbing thought—one all-engrossing, all-pervading impression—that if I did not follow up my quarrel with Bodkin, I was dishonoured and disgraced. My little knowledge of such matters not being sufficient to assure me that I was now the aggressor, and that any further steps in the affair ought to come from his side.

So thoroughly did my own griefs occupy me, that I had no thought for the disappointment my poor uncle was destined to meet with in hearing that the Blake interest was lost to him, and the former breach between the families irreparably widened by the events of the evening. Escape was my first thought; but how to accomplish it. The door, a solid one of Irish oak, doubly locked and bolted, defied all my efforts to break it open; the window was at least five-and-twenty feet from the ground, and not a tree near to swing into. I shouted, I called aloud, I opened the sash and tried if any one outside were within hearing, but in vain. Weary and exhausted, I sat down upon my bed and ruminated over my fortunes. Vengeance—quick, entire, decisive vengeance—I thirsted and panted for; and every moment I lived under the insult inflicted on me, seemed an age of torturing and maddening agony. I rose with a leap, a thought had just occurred to me.

I drew the bed towards the window, and fastening the sheet to one of the posts with a firm knot, I twisted it into a rope, and let myself down to within about twelve feet of the ground, when I let go my hold, and dropped upon the grass beneath, safe and uninjured. A thin, misty rain was falling, and I now perceived, for the first time, that in my haste I had forgotten my hat; this thought, however, gave me little uneasiness, and I took my way towards the stable, resolving, if I could, to saddle my horse, and get off before any intimation of my escape reached the family.

When I gained the yard all was quiet and deserted—the servants were doubtless enjoying themselves below stairs, and I met no one in the way. I entered the stable, I threw the saddle upon “Badger,” and before five minutes from my descent from the window, was galloping towards O'Malley Castle at a pace that defied pursuit, had any one thought of it.

It was about five o'clock on a dark wintry morning, as I led my horse through the well-known defiles of out-houses and stables which formed the long line of offices to my uncle's house. As yet no one was stirring, and as I wished to keep my arrival a secret from the family, after providing for the wants of my gallant grey, I lifted the latch of the kitchen door—no other fastening being ever thought necessary, even at night—and gently groped my way towards the stairs; all was perfectly still, and the silence now recalled me to reflection, as to what course I should pursue. It was of all importance that my uncle should know nothing of my quarrel, otherwise he would inevitably make it his own, and by treating me like a boy in the matter, give the whole affair the very turn I most dreaded. Then, as to Sir Harry Boyle, he would most certainly turn the whole thing into ridicule, make a good story, perhaps a song out of it, and laugh at my notions of demanding satisfaction. Considine, I knew, was my man; but then he was at Athlone, at least so my uncle's letter mentioned; perhaps he might have returned—if not, to Athlone I should set off at

once. So resolving, I stole noiselessly up stairs and reached the door of the Count's chamber. I opened it gently, and entered, and though my step was almost imperceptible to myself, it was quite sufficient to alarm the watchful occupant of the room, who, springing up in his bed, demanded gruffly, "who's there?"

"Charles, sir," said I, shutting the door carefully, and approaching his bed-side, "Charles O'Malley, sir; I'm come to have a bit of your advice, and as the affair won't keep, I have been obliged to disturb you."

"Never mind, Charley," said the Count, "sit down; there's a chair somewhere near the bed—have you found it? There—well now, what is it? What news of Blake?"

"Very bad—no worse; but it is not exactly that I came about. I've got into a scrape, sir."

"Run off with one of the daughters," said Considine. "By jingo, I knew what those affable devils would be after."

"Not so bad as that," said I, laughing; "it's just a row—a kind of squabble; something that must come——"

"Ay, ay," said the Count, brightening up, "say you so, Charley. Begad, the young ones will beat us all out of the field. Who is it with? not old Blake himself? how was it?—tell me all."

I immediately detailed the whole events of the preceding chapter, as well as his frequent interruptions would permit, and concluded by asking what further step was now to be taken, as I was resolved the matter should be concluded before it would come to my uncle's ears.

"There you are all right, quite correct, my boy; but there are many points I should have wished otherwise in the conduct of the affair hitherto."

Conceiving that he was displeased at my petulance and boldness, I was about to commence a kind of defence, when he added—

"Because, you see," said he, assuming an oracular tone of voice, "throwing a wine glass, with or without wine, in a man's face, is merely, as you may observe, a mark of denial and displeasure at some observation he may have made, not in any wise intended, to injure him, further than in the wound

to his honor at being so insulted, for which, of course, he must subsequently call you out. Whereas, Charley, in the present case, the view I take is different; the expression of Mr. Bodkin, as regards your uncle, was insulting to a degree, gratuitously offensive, and warranting a blow. Therefore, my boy, you should, under such circumstances, have preferred aiming at him with a decanter—a cut glass decanter, well aimed and low—I have seen do effective service. However, as you remark, it was your first thing of the kind, and I am pleased with you—very much pleased with you. Now, then, for the next step;" so saying, he arose from his bed, and striking a light with a tinder box, proceeded to dress himself as leisurely as if for a dinner party—talking all the while.

"I will just take Godfrey's tax-cart and the roan mare on to Meelish, put them up at the little inn, it is not above a mile from Bodkin's, and I'll go over and settle the thing for you; you must stay quiet till I come back, and not leave the house on any account. I've got a case of old Ryensberg's broad barrels there, that will answer you beautifully; if you were any thing of a shot, I'd give you my own cross handles, but they'd only spoil at starting."

"I can hit a wine glass in the stem at fifteen paces," said I, rather nettled at the disparaging tone in which he spoke of my performance.

"I don't care sixpence for that; the wine glass had no pistol in his hand. Take the old German then; see now, hold your pistol thus: no finger on the guard, there, those two on the trigger. Fire. They are not hair triggers; drop the muzzle a bit; bend your elbow a trifle more; sight your man outside your arm—outside, mind—and take him in the hip, and if any where higher, no matter."

By this time the Count had completed his toilette, and taking the small mahogany box, which contained his peace-makers, under his arm, led the way towards the stables. When we reached the yard, the only person stirring there was a kind of half-witted boy, employed about the house, running of messages for the servants, walking a stranger's horse, and doing any of the many petty services that

regular domestics contrive always to devolve upon some adopted subordinate. He was seated upon a stone step, formerly used for mounting, and though the day was scarcely breaking, and the weather severe and piercing, the poor fellow was singing an Irish song, in a low, monotonous tone, as he chafed a curb chain between his hands with some sand. As we came near he started up, and as he pulled off his cap to salute us, gave a sharp and piercing glance at the Count, then at me, then once more upon my companion, from whom his eyes were turned to the brass-bound box beneath his arm; when, as if seized with a sudden impulse, he started to his feet, and set off towards the house with the speed of a greyhound, not, however, before Considine's practised eye had anticipated his plan; for, throwing down the pistol case, he dashed after him, and in an instant had seized him by the collar.

"It won't do, Patsey," said the Count, "you can't double on me."

"Oh, Count, darlin', Mister Considine, avick, don't do it, don't now," said the poor fellow, falling on his knees, and blubbering like an infant.

"Hold your tongue, you villian, or I'll cut it out of your head," said Considine.

"And so I will; but don't do it, don't for the love of —"

"Don't do what? you whimpering scoundrel. What does he think I'll do?"

"Don't I know very well what you're after; what you're always after too; oh, wirra, wirra." Here he wrung his hands, and swayed himself back and forwards with a truly Irish picture of grief.

"I'll stop his blubbering," said Considine, opening the box, and taking out a pistol, which he cocked leisurely, and pointed at the poor fellow's head. "Another syllable now, and I'll scatter your brains upon that pavement."

"And do, and divel thank you; sure it's your trade."

The coolness of the reply threw us both off our guard so completely, that we burst out into a hearty fit of laughing.

"Come, come," said the Count, at last, "this will never do; if he goes on this way, we'll have the whole house about us. Come, then, harness

the roan mare, and here's half-a-crown for you."

"I would'nt touch the best piece in your purse," said the poor boy; "sure its blood-money, no less."

The words were scarcely spoken, when Considine seized him by the collar with one hand, and by the wrist with the other, and carried him over the yard to the stable, where, kicking open the door, he threw him on a heap of stones, adding, "if you stir now, I'll break every bone in your body"—a threat that seemed certainly considerably increased in its terrors, from the rough grip he had already experienced, for the lad rolled himself up like a ball, and sobbed as if his heart were breaking.

Very few minutes sufficed us now to harness the mare in the tax-cart, and when all was ready, Considine seized the whip, and locking the stable door upon Patsey, was about to get up, when a sudden thought struck him—

"Charley," said he, "that fellow will find some means to give the alarm; we must take him with us;" so saying, he opened the door, and taking the poor fellow by the collar, flung him at my feet in the tax-cart.

We had already lost some time, and the roan mare was put to her fastest to make up for it. Our pace became accordingly a sharp one, and as the road was bad, and the tax-cart "no patent inaudible," neither of us spoke. To me this was a great relief; the events of the last few days had given them the semblance of years, and all the reflection I could muster was little enough to make any thing out of the chaotic mass—love, mischief, and misfortune—in which I had been involved since my leaving O'Malley Castle.

"Here we are Charley," said Considine, drawing up short at the door of a little country ale-house, or in Irish parlance, "shebeen," which stood at the meeting of four bleak roads, in a wild and barren mountain-tract, beside the Shannon; "here we are, my boy, jump out and let us be stirring."

"Here, Patsey, my man," said the Count, unravelling the prostrate and doubly knotted figure at our feet; "lend a hand, Patsey."

Much to my astonishment, he obeyed the summons with alacrity, and proceeded to unharness the mare with

the greatest despatch. My attention was, however, soon turned to my own more immediate concerns, and I followed my companion into the house.

"Joe," said the Count, to the host, "is Mr. Bodkin up at the house this morning."

"He's just passed this way, sir, with Mr. Malowney of Tillamuck, in the gig, on their way from Mr. Blake's—they stopped here to order horses to go over to O'Malley Castle, and the gossoon is gone to look for a pair."

"All right," said Considine and added in a whisper, "we've done it well, Charley, to be before-hand, or the governor would have found it all out, and taken the affair into his own hands. Now, all you've to do is, to stay quietly here 'till I come back, which will not be above an hour at farthest. Joe, send me the pony—keep an eye on Patsey, that he doesn't play us a trick—the short way to Mr. Bodkin's is through Scariff—aye, I know it well, goodbye, Charley—by the Lord, we'll pepper him."

These were the last words of the worthy Count as he closed the door behind him, and left me to my own, not over agreeable reflections. Independently of my youth and perfect ignorance of the world, which left me unable to form any correct judgment on my conduct, I knew that I had taken a great deal of wine, and was highly excited, when my unhappy collision with Mr. Bodkin occurred. Whether then I had been betrayed into anything which could fairly have provoked his insulting retort or not, I could not remember; and now my most afflicting thought was, what opinion might be entertained of me by those at Blake's table; and, above all, what Miss Dashwood herself would have, and what narrative of the occurrence would reach her. The great effort of my last few days had been to stand well in her estimation, to appear something better in feeling, something higher in principle, than the rude and unpolished squrearchy about me; and now here was the end of it! What would she, what could she think, but that I was the same punch-drinking, howling, quarrelling bumpkin as those whom I had so lately been carefully endeavouring to separate myself from. How I hated myself, for the excess to which passion had betrayed me, and

how I detested my opponent as the cause of all my present misery. How very differently thought I, his friend the Captain would have conducted himself. His quiet and gentlemanly manner would have done fully as much to wipe out any insult on his honor as I could do, and, after all, neither disturbed the harmony of a dinner table, nor made himself, as I shuddered to think I had, a subject of rebuke, if not of ridicule. These harassing, torturing reflections continued to press on me, and I walked the room with my hands clasped, and the perspiration upon my brow. One thing is certain, I can never see *her* again, thought I; this disgraceful business must in some shape or other become known to her, and all I have been saying these last three days, rise up in judgment against this one act, and stamp me an impostor; I that decried, nay derided our false notion of honour. Would that Considine were come. What can keep him now? I walked to the door—a boy belonging to the house was walking the roan before the door, what had then become of Pat, I inquired, but no one could tell—he had disappeared shortly after our arrival, and had not been seen afterwards. My own thoughts were, however, too engrossing to permit me to think more of this circumstance, and I turned again to enter the house when I saw Considine advancing up the road at the full speed of his pony.

"Out with the mare, Charley—be alive my boy—all's settled." So saying, he sprung from the pony, and proceeded to harness the roan with the greatest haste, informing me in broken sentences, as he went on with all the arrangements.

"We are to cross the bridge of Portumna—they won the ground, and it seems Bodkin likes the spot; he shot Peyton there three years ago. Worse luck now, Charley, you know, by all the rules of chance, he can't expect the same thing twice—never four by honours in two deals—didn't say that tho'—a sweet meadow, I know it well; small hillocks like mole hills all over it—caught him at breakfast; I don't think he expected the message to come from us, but said that it was a very polite attention, and so it was, you know."

So he continued to ramble on, as we

once more took our seats in the tax-cart, and set out for the ground.

"What are you thinking of, Charley?" said the Count, as I kept silent for some minutes.

"I'm thinking, Sir, if I were to kill him, what I must do after."

"Right, my boy; nothing like that, but I'll settle all for you. Upon my conscience, if it wasn't for the chance of his getting into another quarrel and spoiling the election, I'd go back for Godfrey; he'd like to see you break ground so prettily.—And you say you're no shot?"

"Never could do anything with the pistol to speak of Sir," said I, remembering his rebuke of the morning.

"I don't mind that, you've a good eye; never take it off him after you're

on the ground—follow him everywhere; poor Callaghan, that's gone, shot his man always that way: he had a way of looking without winking, that was very fatal, at a short distance; a very good thing to learn, Charley, when you have a little spare time."

Half-an-hour's sharp driving brought us to the river side, where a boat had been provided by Considine, to ferry us over. It was now about eight o'clock, and a heavy gloomy morning; much rain had fallen over night, and the dark and louring atmosphere seemed charged with more. The mountains looked twice their real size, and all the shadows were increased to an enormous extent. A very killing kind of light it was, as the Count remarked.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DUEL.

As the boatmen pulled in towards the shore, we perceived, a few hundred yards off, a group of persons standing, whom we soon recognised as our opponents. "Charley," said the Count, grasping my arm lightly, as I stood up to spring on the land, "Charley, altho' you are only a boy, as I may say, I have no fear for your courage, but still more than that is needful here. This Bodkin is a noted duelist, and will try to shake your nerve. Now mind that you take everything that happens, quite with an air of indifference—don't let him think that he has any advantage over you, and you'll see how the tables will be turned in your favor."

"Trust to me, Count," said I, "I'll not disgrace you."

He pressed my hand tightly, and I thought that I discerned something like a slight twitch about the corners of his grim mouth, then some sudden and painful thought had shot across his mind, but in a moment he was calm and stern looking as ever.

"Twenty minutes late, Mr. Considine," said a short red-faced little man, with a military frock and foraging cap, as he held out his watch in evidence.

"I can only say, Captain Malowney, that we lost no time since we parted; we had some difficulty in finding a boat; but in any case, we are here now, and that, I opine, is the important part of the matter."

"Quite right, very just indeed. Will

you present me to your young friend—very proud to make your acquaintance, Sir; your uncle and I met more than once in this kind of way. I was out with him in the 92—was it, no, I think it was 93—where he shot Harry Burgoyne, who, by the bye, was called the crack shot of our mess; but, begad, your uncle knocked his pistol hand to shivers, saying in his dry way, 'he must try the left hand this morning.' Count, a little this side, if you please." While Considine and the Captain walked a few paces apart from where I stood, I had leisure to observe my antagonist, who stood among a group of his friends, talking and laughing away in great spirits; as the tone they spoke in was not of the lowest, I could catch much of their conversation at the distance I was from them. They were discussing the last occasion that Bodkin had visited this spot, and talking of the fatal event which happened then.

"Poor devil," said Bodkin, "it wasn't his fault; but you see some of the ———th had been showing white feathers before that, and he was obliged to go out—in fact, the Colonel himself said 'fight, or leave the corps.' Well, out he came, it was a cold morning in February, with a frost the night before, going off in a thin rain; well, it seems he had the consumption, or something of that sort, with a great cough and spitting of blood, and this weather

made him worse, and he was very weak when he came to the ground. Now, the moment I got a glimpse of him, I said to myself, he's pluck enough, but as nervous as a lady, for his eye wandered all about, and his mouth was constantly twitching. 'Take off your great coat, Ned,' said one of his people, when they were going to put him up; 'take it off, man.' He seemed to hesitate for an instant, when Michael Blake remarked, 'arrah let him alone, it's his mother makes him wear it, for the cold he has.' They all began to laugh at this, but I kept my eye upon him, and I saw that his cheek grew quite livid, and a kind of a grey colour, and his eyes filled up; 'I have you now,' said I to myself, and I shot him through the lungs."

"And this poor fellow," thought I, "was the only son of a widowed mother." I walked from the spot to avoid hearing further, and felt as I did so, something like a spirit of vengeance rising within me, for the fate of one so untimely cut off.

"Here we are, all ready," said Malowney, springing over a small fence into the adjoining field—"take your ground, gentlemen."

Considine took my arm and walked forward. "Charley," said he, "I am to give the signal—I'll drop my glove when you are to fire, but don't look at me at all, I'll manage to catch Bodkin's eye, and do you watch him steadily, and fire when he does."

"I think the ground that we are leaving behind us is rather better," said some one.

"So it is," said Bodkin, "but it was troublesome to carry the young gentlemen down that way—here all is fair and easy."

The next instant we were placed, and I well remember the first thought that struck me was, that there could be no chance of either of us escaping.

"Now then," said the Count, "I'll walk twelve paces, turn and drop this glove, at which signal you fire—and together mind. The man who reserves his shot, falls by my hand." This very summary denunciation seemed to meet general approbation, and the Count strutted forth. Notwithstanding the advice of my friend, I could not help turning my eyes from Bodkin to watch the retiring figure of the Count. At length he stopped—a second or two elapsed—he wheeled rapidly round,

and let fall the glove. My eye glanced to my opponent, I raised my pistol and fired. My hat turned half round upon my head and Bodkin fell motionless to the earth. I saw the people around me rush forward, I caught two or three glances thrown at me with an expression of revengeful passion. I felt some one grasp me round the waist, and hurry me from the spot, and it was at least ten minutes after, as we were skimming the surface of the broad Shannon, before I could well collect my scattered faculties to remember all that was passing, as Considine pointing to the two bullet holes in my hat, remarked "sharp practice, Charley, it was the overcharge saved you."

"Is he killed, sir?" I asked.

"Not quite, I believe, but as good; you took him just above the hip."

"Can he recover?" said I, with a voice tremulous from agitation, which I vainly endeavoured to conceal from my companion.

"Not if the Doctor can help it," said Considine, "for the fool keeps poking about for the ball; but now, let's think of the next step—you'll have to leave this, and at once too."

Little more passed between us; as we rowed towards the shore Considine was following up his reflections, and I had mine, alas! too many and too bitter to escape from.

As we neared the land a strange spectacle caught our eye; for a considerable distance along the coast crowds of country people were assembled, who forming in groups, and breaking into parties of two and three were evidently watching with great anxiety what was taking place at the opposite side. Now the distance was at least three miles, and therefore any part of the transaction which had been enacting there, must have been quite beyond their view. While I was wondering at this, Considine cried out suddenly, "too infamous, by Jove, we're murdered men."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Don't you see that?" said he, pointing to something black which floated from a pole, at the opposite side of the river.

"Yes; what is it?"

"It's his coat they've put upon an oar to show the people he's killed, that's all. Every man here's his tenant and look—there—they're not giving

us much doubt as to there intention"—here a tremendous yell burst forth from the mass of people along the shore, which rising to a terrific cry, sunk gradually down to a low wailing, then rose and fell again, several times, as the Irish death-cry filled the air, and rose to heaven, as if imploring vengeance on a murderer.

The appalling influence of the keen, as it is called, had been familiar to me from my infancy, but it needed the awful situation I was placed in to consummate its horrors. It was at once my accusation and my doom. I knew well, none better, the vengeful character of the Irish peasant of the west, and that my death was certain, I had no doubt. The very crime that sat upon my heart quailed its courage and unnerved my arm. As the boatmen looked from us towards the shore, and again at our faces, they, as if instinctively, lay upon their oars, and waited for our decision as to what course to pursue.

"Rig the sprit sail, my boys," said Considine, "and let her head lie up the river, and be alive, for I see they're baling a boat below the little reef there, and will be after us in no time."

The poor fellows, although strangers to us, sympathizing in what they perceived to be our imminent danger, stepped the light spar which acted as mast, and shook out their scanty rag of canvass in a minute's time. Considine, meanwhile, went aft, and steadying her head with an oar, held the small craft up to the wind, till she lay completely over, and as she rushed through the water, ran dipping her gunnel through the white foam.

"Where can we make without tacking, boys?" said the Count.

"If it blows on as fresh, sir, we'll run you ashore within half a mile of the castle."

"Put out an oar to leeward," said Considine, "and keep her up more to the wind, and I promise you, my lads, you will not go home fresh and fasting if you land us where you say."

"Here they come," said the other boatman, as he pointed back with his finger towards a large yawl which shot suddenly from the shore, with six sturdy fellows pulling at their oars, while three or four others were endeavouring to get up their rigging, which appeared tangled and confused at the bottom of the boat. The white splash

of water which fell each moment beside her, showing that the process of baling was still continued.

"Ah, then, may I never—av it isn't the ould Dolphin, they have launched for the cruise," said one of our fellows.

"What's the Dolphin, then?"

"An ould boat of the Lord's (Lord Clanricarde's) that didn't see water, except when it rained, these four years, and is sun cracked from stern to stern."

"She can sail, however," said Considine, who watched, with a painful anxiety, the rapidity of her course through the water.

"Nabooklish, she was a smuggler's jolly-boat, and well used to it. Look how they're pulling—God pardon them—but they're in no blessed humour this morning."

"Lay out upon your oars, boys, the wind's failing us," cried the Count, as the sail flapped lazily against the mast.

"It's no use, your honor," said the elder, "we'll be only breaking our hearts to no purpose, they're sure to catch us."

"Do as I bade you, at all events. What's that a head of us there?"

"The oat rock, sir; a vessel with grain struck there and went down with all aboard, four years last winter. There's no channel between it and the shore—all sunk rocks every inch of it. There's the breeze—the canvass fell over as he spoke, and the little craft lay down to it till the foaming water bubbled over her lee bow—"keep her head up, sir, higher, higher still"—but Considine little minded the direction, but steered straight for the narrow channel the man alluded to—"tear and ages, but you're going right for the cloch na quirka."

"Arrah, an' the devil a taste I'll be drowned for you're diversion," said the other, springing up.

"Sit down there, and be still," roared Considine, as he drew a pistol from the case at his feet—"if you don't want some leaden ballast to keep you so; here Charley, take this, and if that fellow stirs hand or foot, you understand me;" the two men sat sulkily in the bottom of the boat, which now was actually flying through the water. Considine's object was a clear one, he saw that in sailing we were greatly overmatched, and that our only chance lay in reaching the narrow and dangerous channel between the oat

rock and the shore, by which we should distance the pursuit; the long reef of rocks that ran out beyond, requiring a wide berth to escape from. Nothing but the danger behind us could warrant so rash a daring; the whole channel was dotted with patches of white and breaking foam, the sure evidence of the mischief beneath, while here and there a dash of spurting spray flew up from the dark water, where some cleft rock lay hid below the flood. Escape seemed impossible, but who would not have preferred even so slender a chance with so frightful an alternative behind them. As if to add terror to the scene, Considine had scarcely turned the boat head of the channel when a tremendous blackness spread over all around—the thunder pealed forth, and amid the crashing of the hail and the bright glare of lightening, a squall struck us, and laid us nearly keel uppermost for several minutes. I well remember, we rushed through the dark and blackening water; our little craft more than half filled, the oars floating off to leeward, and we ourselves kneeling on the bottom planks for safety. Roll after roll of loud thunder broke as it were just above our heads, while, in the swift dashing rain that seemed to hiss around us, every object was hidden and even the other boat was lost to our view. The two poor fellows I shall never forget their expression; one, a devout Catholic, had placed a little leaden image of a saint before him in the bow, and implored its intercession with a torturing agony of suspense that wrung my very heart—the other apparently less alive to such consolations as his church afforded, remained with his hands clasped, his mouth compressed, his brows knitted, and his dark eyes bent upon me, with the fierce hatred of a deadly enemy—his eyes were sunken and bloodshot, and all told of some dreadful conflict within—the wild

ferocity of his look fascinated my gaze, and amid all the terrors of the scene I could not look from him. As I gazed, a second and more awful squall struck the boat, the mast bent over, and with a loud report like a pistol shot, smashed at the thwart, and fell over, trailing the sail along the milky sea behind us; meanwhile the water rushed clean over us, and the boat seemed settling. At this dreadful moment the sailor's eye was bent upon me, his lips parted, and he muttered, as if to himself, "this it is to go to sea with a murderer." Oh God! the agony of that moment—the heartfelt and accusing conscience, that I was judged and doomed, that the brand of Cain was upon my brow, that my fellow men had ceased for ever to regard me as a brother, that I was an outcast and a wanderer for ever. I bent forward till my forehead fell upon my knees, and wept. Meanwhile the boat flew through the water, and Considine, who alone among us seemed not to lose his presence of mind, unshipped the mast, and sent it overboard. The storm now began to abate, and as the black mass of cloud broke from around us, we beheld the other boat also dismasted, far behind us, while all on board of her were employed in baling out the water, with which she seemed almost sinking. The curtain of mist that had hidden us from each other, no sooner broke, than they ceased their labours for a moment and looking towards us, burst forth into a yell, so wild, so savage and so dreadful, my very heart quailed as its cadence fell upon my ear.

"Safe, my boy," said Considine, clapping me on the shoulder, as he steered the boat forth from its narrow path of danger, and once more reached the broad Shannon; "safe, Charley, tho' we've had a brush for it." In a minute more we reached the land, and drawing our gallant little craft on shore, set out for O'Malley Castle.

CHAPTER IX.—THE RETURN.

O'Malley Castle lay about four miles from the spot we landed at, and thither accordingly we bent our steps without loss of time. We had not, however, proceeded far when, before us on the road, we perceived a mixed assemblage of horse and foot, hurrying along at a

tremendous rate—the mob, which consisted of some hundred country people, were armed with sticks, scythes, and pitchforks, and although not preserving any very military aspect in their order of march, were still a force quite formidable enough to make us

call a halt, and deliberate upon what we were to do.

"They've out-flanked us, Charley," said Considine; "however, all is not yet lost; but see, they've got sight of us—here they come."

At these words, the vast mass before us came pouring along, splashing the mud on every side, and huzzaing like Indians. In the front ran a bare-legged boy, waving his cap to encourage the rest who followed him, at about fifty yards behind.

"Leave that fellow for me," said the Count, coolly, examining the lock of his pistol; "I'll pick him out, and load again in time for his friends' arrival. Charley, is that a gentleman I see far back in the crowd?—yes, to be sure it is; he's on a large horse—now he's pressing forward, so let—no—oh—aye—it's Godfrey O'Malley himself, and these are our own people." Scarcely were the words out when a tremendous cheer arose from the multitude, who recognising us at the same instant, sprung from their horses and ran forward to welcome us. Among the foremost was the scarecrow leader, whom I at once perceived to be the poor Patsey, who escaping in the morning, had returned at full speed to O'Malley Castle, and raised the whole country to my rescue. Before I could address one word to my faithful followers, I was in my uncle's arms.

"Safe, my boy, quite safe?"

"Quite safe, sir."

"No scratch anywhere?"

"Nothing but a hat the worse, sir," said I, showing the two bullet holes in my head-piece.

His lip quivered as he turned and whispered something into Considine's ear which I heard not; but the Count's reply was, "devil a bit, as cool as you see him this minute."

"And Bodkin, what of him?"

"This day's work's his last," said Considine; "the ball entered here; but come along, Godfrey, Charley's new at this kind of thing, and we had better discuss matters in the house."

Half-an-hour's brisk trot, for we were soon supplied with horses, brought us back to the Castle, much to the disappointment of our cortege, who had been promised a scrimmage, and went back in very ill humour at the breach of contract.

The breakfast-room, as we entered,

was filled with my uncle's supporters, all busily engaged over poll-books and booth-tallies, in preparation for the eventful day of battle. These, however, were immediately thrown aside to hasten round me, and inquire all the details of my duel. Considine, happily for me, however, assumed all the dignity of historian, and recounted the events of the morning, so much to my honour and glory—that I who only a little before felt crushed and bowed down by the misery of my late duel—began, amid the warm congratulations and eulogiums about me, to think I was no small hero; and, in fact, something very much resembling "the Man for Galway." To this feeling, a circumstance that followed assisted in contributing: while we were eagerly discussing the various results to arise from the meeting, a horse galloped rapidly to the door, and a loud voice called out, "I can't get off, but tell him to come here;" we rushed out and beheld Captain Malowney, the second of Mr. Bodkin, covered with mud from head to foot, and his horse reeking with foam and sweat. "I am hurrying on to Athlone for another doctor, but I've called to tell you that the wound is not supposed to be mortal—he may recover yet." Without waiting for another word, he dashed spurs into his nag and rattled down the avenue at full gallop. Mr. Bodkin's dearest friend on earth could not have received the intelligence with more delight, and I now began to listen to the congratulations of my friends with a more tranquil spirit. My uncle, too, seemed much relieved by the information, and heard with great good temper my narrative of the few days at "Gurt-na-morra." "So then," said he, as I concluded, "my opponent is at least a gentleman, that is a comfort."

"Sir George Dashwood," said I, "from all I have seen, is a remarkably nice person, and I am certain you will meet with only the fair and legitimate opposition of an opposing candidate in him—no mean or unmanly subterfuge."

"All right, Charley; well now, your affair of this morning must keep you quiet here for a few days, come what will; by Monday next, when the election takes place, Bodkin's fate will be pretty clear, one way or the other, and if matters go well, you can come into town; otherwise, I have arranged

with Considine to take you over to the continent for a year or so; but we'll discuss all this in the evening. Now, I must start on a canvass. Boyle expects to meet you at dinner to-day, he is coming from Athlone on purpose. Now, good-bye."

When my uncle had gone I sank into a chair and fell into a musing fit over all the changes a few hours had wrought in me. From a mere boy, whose most serious employment was stocking the house with game, or inspecting the kennel, I had sprung at once into man's estate, was complimented for my coolness, praised for my prowess, lauded for my discretion, by those my seniors by nearly half a century; talked to in a tone of confidential intimacy by my uncle, and, in a word, treated in all respects as an equal—and such was all the work of a few hours. But so it is, the eras in life are separated by a narrow boundary; some trifling accident, some casual rencontre impels us across the Rubicon, and we pass from infancy to youth—from youth to manhood—from manhood to age—less by the slow and imperceptible step of time, than by some one decisive act or passion, which occurring at a critical moment, elicits a long latent feeling, and impresses our existence with a colour that tinges it for many a year long. As for me, I had cut the tie which bound me to the careless gaiety of boyhood, with a rude gash—in three short days I had fallen deeply, desperately in love, and had wounded, if not killed, an antagonist in a duel. As I meditated on these things, I was aroused by the noise of horses' feet upon the yard beneath—I opened the window, and beheld no less a person than Captain Hammersley, he was handing a card to a servant, which he was accompanying by a verbal message; the impression of something like hostility, on the part of the Captain, had never left my mind, and I hastened down stairs just in time to catch him as he turned from the door.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley," said he, in a most courteous tone, "they told me you were not at home."

I apologized for the blunder, and begged of him to alight and come in.

"I thank you very much; but, in fact, my hours are now numbered here, I have just received an order to join my regiment; we have been ordered for service, and Sir George has most kindly permitted my giving up my staff appointment. I could not, however, leave the country without shaking hands with you. I owe you a lesson in horsemanship, and I'm only sorry that we are not to have another day together."

"Then, you are going out to the Peninsula?" said I.

"Why, we hope so; the Commander-in-Chief, they say, is in great want of cavalry, and we are in scarcely less of something to do. I'm sorry you are not coming with us."

"Would to heaven I was," said I, with an earnestness that almost made my brain start.

"Then, why not?"

"Unfortunately I am peculiarly situated—my worthy uncle, who is all to me in this world, would be quite alone if I were to leave him, and although he has never said so, I know he dreads the possibility of my suggesting such a thing to him, so that between his fears and mine the matter is never broached by either party, nor do I think ever can be."

"Devilish hard—but I believe you are right; something, however, may turn up yet to alter his mind, and if so, and if you do take to dragooning, don't forget that George Hammersley will be always most delighted to meet you, and so good bye, O'Malley, good bye."

He turned his horse's head, and was already some paces off when he returned to my side, and added in a lower tone of voice—

"I ought to mention to you that there has been much discussion on your affair at Blake's table, and only one opinion on the matter among all parties—that you acted perfectly right. Sir George Dashwood, no mean judge of such things, quite approves of your conduct, and I believe wishes you to know as much, and now, once more, good-bye."

CHAPTER X.—THE ELECTION.

THE important morning at length arrived, and, as I looked from my bedroom window at day-break, the crowd of carriages of all sorts and shapes, decorated with banners and placards, the incessant bustle, the hurrying hither and thither, the cheering as each new detachment of voters came up, mounted on jaunting-cars or on horses, whose whole caparison consisted in a straw rope for a bridle, and a saddle of the same frail material, all informed me that the election day was come. I lost no further time, but proceeded to dress with all possible despatch. When I appeared in the breakfast-room, it was already filled with some seventy or eighty persons of all ranks and ages, mingled confusedly together, and enjoying the hospitable fare of my uncle's house, while they discussed all the details and prospects of the election. In the hall, the library, the large drawing-room too, similar parties were also assembled; and, as new comers arrived, the servants were busy in preparing tables before the door and up the large terrace that ran the entire length of the building. Nothing could be more amusing than the incongruous mixture of the guests, who, with every variety of eatable that chance or inclination provided, were thus thrown into close contact, having only this in common, the success of the cause they were engaged in. Here was the old Galway squire, with an ancestry that reached to Noah, sitting side by side with the poor cottier, whose whole earthly possession was what, in Irish phrase, is called a "potato garden," meaning the exactly smallest possible patch of ground out of which a very Indiaa-rubber conscience could presume to vote. Here sat the old, simple-minded, farmer-like man, in close conversation with a little, white-foreheaded, keen-eyed personage, in a black coat and eye-glass—a flash attorney from Dublin, learned in flaws of the registry, and deep in the subtleties of election law. There was an Athlone horse-dealer, whose habitual daily practices in imposing the halt, the lame, and the blind, upon the unsuspecting, for beasts of blood and mettle, well qualified for the trickery of a county contest. Then there were scores of

squireen gentry, easily recognised on common occasions by a green coat with brass buttons, dirty cords, and dirtier top-boots, a lash whip, and a half-bred fox-hound—but now, fresh washed for the day, they presented something of the appearance of a swell mob, adjusted to the meridian of Galway. A mass of frize-coated, brown-faced, bullet-headed peasantry filling up the large spaces, dotted here and there with a sleek, roguish-eyed priest, or some low electioneering agent, detailing, for the amusement of the company, some of those cunning practices of former times, which, if known to the proper authorities, would, in all likelihood, cause the talented narrator to be improving the soil of Syduely, or fishing on the banks of the Swan River; while, at the head and foot of each table, sat some personal friend of my uncle, whose ready tongue, and still readier pistol, made him a personage of some consequence, not more to his own people, than to the enemy. While of such *materiel* were the company, the fare before them was no less varied. Here, some rubicund squire was deep in amalgamating the contents of a venison pasty, with some of Sneyd's oldest claret; his neighbour, less ambitious, and less erudite in such matters, was devouring rashers of bacon, with liberal potations of poteen; there, some pale-checked scion of the law, with all the dust of the Four Courts in his throat, was sipping his humble beverage of black tea, beside four sturdy cattle-dealers from Ballinasloe, who were discussing hot whiskey punch and *spoleaion*, (boiled beef) at the very primitive hour of eight in the morning. Amid the clank of decanters, the crash of knives and plates, the jingling of glasses, the laughter and voices of the guests were audibly increasing, and the various modes of "running a buck," (*Anglicé*, substituting a vote,) or hunting a badger, were talked over on all sides, while the price of a "veal," (a calf,) or a voter was disputed with all the energy of debate.

Refusing many an offered place, I went through the different rooms in search of Considine, to whom circumstances of late had somehow greatly attached me.

"Here, Charley," cried a voice I was well familiar with, "here's a place I've been keeping for you."

"Ah, Sir Harry, how do you do. Any of that grouse-pie to spare?"

"Abundance, my boy; but I'm afraid I can't say as much for the liquor. I have been shouting for claret this half-hour in vain. Do get us some nutriment down here, and the Lord will reward you. What a pity it is," he added in a lower tone to his neighbour, "what a pity a quart bottle won't hold a quart; but I'll bring it before the House one of these days."

That he kept his word in this respect, a motion on the books of the honorable house will bear me witness.

"Is this it?" said he, turning towards a farmer-like old man, who had put some question to him across the table, "is it the apple-pie you'll have?"

"Many thanks to your honor—I'd like it as it was wholesome."

"And why shouldn't it be wholesome?" said Sir Harry.

"Troth, then, myself does not know; but my father, I heard tell, died of an apple-plexy, and I'm afeard of it."

I at length found Considine, and learned that as a very good account of Bodkin had arrived, there was no reason why I should not proceed to the hustings; but I was secretly charged not to take any prominent part in the day's proceedings. My uncle I only saw for an instant—he begged me to be careful, avoid all scrapes, and not to quit Considine. It was past ten o'clock when our formidable procession got under way, and headed towards the town of Galway. The road was for miles crowded with our followers; banners flying and music playing, we presented something of the spectacle of a very ragged army on its march. At every cross-road a mountain-path reinforcement awaited us, and, as we wended along, our numbers were momentarily increasing; here and there along the line, some energetic, and not over-sober adherent was regaling his auditory with a speech in laudation of the O'Malleys, since the days of Moses; and more than one priest was heard threatening the terrors of his church in aid of a cause to whose success he was pledged and bound. I rode beside the Count, who, surrounded by a group of choice spirits, recounted the various happy inventions by which he had on divers occasions,

substituted a personal quarrel for a contest; Boyle also contributed his share of election anecdote, and one incident he related, which, I remember, amused me much at the time.

"Do you remember Billy Calvert that came down to contest Kilkenny?" inquired Sir Harry.

"What! ever forget him?" said Considine, "with his well-powdered wig, and his hessians. There never was his equal for lace ruffles nor rings."

"You never heard, maybe, how he lost the election?"

"He resigned, I believe, or something of that sort."

"No, no," said another, "he never came forward at all; there's some secret in it, for Tom Butler was elected without a contest."

"Jack, I'll tell you how it happened—I was on my way up from Cork, having finished my own business, and just carried the day, not without a push for it; when we reached—(Lady Mary was with me)—when we reached Kilkenny, the night before the election. I was not ten minutes in town till Butler heard of it, and sent off express to see me; I was at my dinner when the messenger came, and promised to go over when I'd done; but faith Tom didn't wait, but came rushing up stairs himself, and dashed into the room in the greatest hurry.

"'Harry,' says he, 'I'm done for; the corporation of free smiths, that were always above bribery, having voted for myself and my father before, for four pound ten a man, won't come forward under six guineas and whiskey. Calvert has the money—they know it. The devil a farthing we have, and we've been paying all our fellows that can't read in Hennessy's notes, and you know the bank's broke this three weeks.'

"On he went, giving me a most disastrous picture of his cause, and concluded by asking if I could suggest any thing under the circumstances.

"'You couldn't get a decent mob and clear the poll?'

"'I am afraid not,' said he, despondingly.

"'Then I don't see what's to be done: if you can't pick a fight with himself—will he go out?'

"'Lord knows; they say he's so afraid of that, that it has prevented him coming down till the very day; but he is arrived now; he came in

the evening, and is stopping at Walsh's, in Patrick-street.'

"Then I'll see what can be done," said I.

"Is that Calvert, the little man that blushes when the Lady Lieutenant speaks to him?" said Lady Mary.

"The very man."

"Would it be of any use to you if he could not come on the hustings to-morrow?" said she again.

"'Twould gain us the day—half the voters don't believe he's here at all, and his chief agent cheated all the people at the last election; and if Calvert didn't appear, he wouldn't have ten votes to register. But why do you ask?"

"Why, that if you like, I'll bet you a pair of diamond ear-rings he shan't show."

"Done," said Butler, "and I promise a necklace into the bargain if you win. But I'm afraid you're only quizzing me."

"Here's my hand on it," said she; "and now let's talk of something else."

"As Lady Boyle never asked my assistance, and as I knew she was very well able to perform whatever she undertook, you may be sure I gave myself very little trouble about the whole affair; and when they came, I went off to breakfast with Tom's committee, not knowing anything that was to be done."

"Calvert had given orders that he was to be called at eight o'clock; and so, a few minutes before that time, a gentle knock came to the door. 'Come in,' said he, thinking it was the waiter, and covering himself up in the clothes, for he was the most bashful creature ever was seen—'come in.'

"The door opened, and what was his horror to find, that a lady entered in her dressing-gown, her hair on her shoulders, very much tossed and dishevelled. The moment she came in she closed the door and locked it, and then sat leisurely down upon a chair."

"Billy's teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled, for this was an adventure of a very novel kind for him. At last he took courage to speak—'I am afraid, madam,' said he, 'that you are under some unhappy mistake, and that you suppose this chamber is—'

"Mr. Calvert's," said the lady, with a solemn voice, 'is it not?'

"Yes, madam, I am that person."

"Thank God," said the lady, with

a very impressive tone, 'here I am safe.'

"Billy grew very much puzzled at these words, but hoping that by his silence the lady would proceed to some explanation, he said no more. She, however, seemed to think that nothing further was necessary, and sat still and motionless, with her hands before her, and her eyes fixed on Billy."

"You seem to forget me, sir," said she, with a faint smile.

"I do, indeed, madam; the half light, the novelty of your costume, and the strangeness of the circumstance altogether, must plead for me, if I appear rude enough."

"I am Lady Mary Boyle," said she.

"I do remember you, madam. But may I ask—"

"Yes, yes, I know what you would ask; you would say, why are you here?—how comes it that you have so far outstepped the propriety of which your whole life is an example, that alone at such a time, you appear in the chamber of a man whose character for gallantry—"

"Oh! indeed, indeed, my lady, nothing of the kind."

"Ah, alas! how poor defenceless women learn too late; how constantly associated is the retiring modesty which denies, with the pleasing powers which ensures success—"

"Here she sobbed, Billy blushed, and the clock struck nine."

"May I, then, beg, madam—"

"Yes, yes, you shall hear it all; but my poor scattered faculties will not be the clearer by your hurrying me; you know, perhaps, continued she, 'that my maiden name was Rogers'—he of the blankets bowed, and she resumed—'it is now eighteen years since, that a young, unsuspecting, fond creature, reared in all the care and fondness of doting parents, tempted her first step in life, and trusted her fate to another's keeping. I am that unhappy person—the other—that monster in human guise, that smiled but to betray, that won but to ruin and destroy—is he whom you know as Sir Harry Boyle.'

"Here she sobbed for some minutes, wiped her eyes, and resumed her narrative, beginning at the period of her marriage—detailed a number of circumstances, in which poor Calvert, in all his anxiety to come *au fond* at matters, could never perceive bore upon the question in any way; but as she

recounted them all with great force and precision, entreating him to bear in mind certain circumstances to which she should recur by-and-by, his attention was kept on the stretch, and it was only when the clock struck ten, that he was fully aware how his morning was passing, and what surmises his absence might originate.

“‘May I interrupt you for a moment, dear madam?—was it nine or ten o’clock which struck last?’

“‘How should I know?’ said she, frantically. ‘What are hours and minutes to her who has passed long years of misery?’

“‘Very true, very true,’ replied he, timidly, and rather fearing for the intellects of his fair companion.

“‘She continued—The narrative, however, so far from becoming clearer, grew gradually more confused and intricate; and as frequent references were made by the lady to some previous statement, Calvert was more than once rebuked for forgetfulness and inattention, where, in reality, nothing less than short-hand could have borne him through.

“‘Was it in ninety-three, I said that Sir Harry left me at Tuam?’

“‘Upon my life, madam, I am afraid to aver; but it strikes me—’

“‘Gracious powers! and this is he whom I fondly trusted to make the depository of my woes—cruel, cruel man.’

“‘Here she sobbed considerably for several minutes, and spoke not.

“‘A loud cheer of ‘Butler for ever,’ from the mob without, now burst upon their hearing, and recalled poor Calvert at once to the thought, that the hours were speeding fast, and no prospect of the everlasting tale coming to an end.

“‘I am deeply, most deeply grieved, my dear madam,’ said the little man, sitting up in a pyramid of blankets, ‘but hours, minutes, are most precious to me this morning. I am about to be proposed as member for Kilkenny.’

“‘At these words, the lady straightened her figure out, threw her arms at either side, and burst into a fit of laughter, which poor Calvert knew at once to be hysterics. Here was a pretty situation; the bell-rope lay against the opposite wall, and, even if it did not, would he be exactly warranted in pulling it.

“‘May the devil and all his angels

take Sir Harry Boyle, and his whole connection, to the fifth generation,’ was his sincere prayer, as he sat like a Chinese juggler under his canopy.

“‘At length the violence of the paroxysm seemed to subside—the sobs became less frequent—the kicking less forcible, and the lady’s eyes closed, and she appeared to have fallen asleep.

“‘Now is the moment,’ said Billy, ‘if I could only get as far as my dressing-gown.’

“‘So saying, he worked himself down noiselessly to the foot of his bed, looked fixedly at the fallen lids of the sleeping lady, and essayed one leg from the blankets.

“‘Now or never,’ said he, pushing aside the curtain, and preparing for a spring.

“‘One more look he cast at his companion, and then leaped forth; but just as he lit upon the floor, she again aroused herself, screaming with horror. Billy fell upon the bed, and, rolling himself in the bed-clothes, vowed never to rise again till she was out of the visible horizon.

“‘What is all this? what do you mean, sir?’ said the lady, reddening with indignation.

“‘Nothing, upon my soul, madam—it was only my dressing-gown!’

“‘Your dressing-gown!’ said she, with an emphasis worthy of Siddons: ‘a likely story for Sir Harry to believe, sir; fie, fie, sir.’

“‘This last allusion seemed a settler, for the luckless Calvert heaved a profound sigh, and sunk down as if all hope had left him. ‘Butler for ever!’ roared the mob; ‘Calvert for ever!’ cried a boy’s voice from without.—‘Three groans for the runaway!’ answered this announcement, and a very tender inquiry of ‘Where is he?’ was raised by some hundred mouths.

“‘Madam,’ said the almost frantic listener—‘madam, I must get up; I must dress—I beg of you to permit me.’

“‘I have nothing to refuse, sir. Alas! disdain has long been my only portion. Get up if you will.’

“‘But,’ said the astonished man, who was well nigh deranged at the coolness of this reply, ‘but how am I to do so, if you sit there?’

“‘Sorry for any inconvenience I may cause you; but in the crowded state of the hotel, I hope you see

the impropriety of my walking about the passages in this costume.'

"And, great God! madam, why did you come out in it?"

"A cheer from the mob prevented her reply being audible. One o'clock tolled out from the great bell of the cathedral.

"There's one o'clock, as I live."

"I heard it," said the lady.

"The shouts are increasing. What is that I hear? *Butler is in.* Gracious mercy! is the election over?"

"The lady stepped to the window, drew aside the curtain, and said—

"Indeed, it would appear so, the mob are chairing Mr. Butler.' [A deafening shout burst from the street.] 'Perhaps you'd like to see the fun, so I'll not detain you any longer. So good-by, Mr. Calvert; and, as your breakfast will be cold, in all likelihood, come down to No. 4, for Sir Harry's a late man, and will be glad to see you.'"

CHAPTER XI.—AN ADVENTURE.

As thus we lightened the road with chatting, the increasing concourse of people, and the greater throng of carriages that filled the road, announced that we had nearly reached our destination.

"Considine," said my uncle, riding up to where we were, "I have just got a few lines from Davern. It seems Bodkin's people are afraid to come in; they know what they must expect, and if so, more than half of that barony is lost to our opponent."

"Then he has no chance whatever?"

"He never had, in my opinion," said Sir Harry.

"We'll see soon," said my uncle, cheerfully, and rode to the post.

The remainder of the way was occupied in discussing the various possibilities of the election, in which I was rejoiced to find that defeat never entered.

In the goodly days I speak of, a county contest was a very different thing, indeed, from the tame and insipid farce that now passes under that name; where a briefless barrister, bullied by both sides, sits as assessor—a few drunken voters—a radical O'Connellite grocer—a demagogue priest—a deputy grand purple something from the Trinity College lodge, with some half dozen followers, shouting "To the devil with Peel," or "Down with Dens," form the whole *corps de ballet*. No, no: in the times I refer to, the voters were some thousands in number, and the adverse parties took the field, far less dependent for success upon previous pledge or promise made them, than upon the actual stratagem of the day. Each went forth like a general to battle, surrounded by a numerous and well-chosen staff—

one party of friends, acting as commissariat, attended to the victualling of the voters, that they obtained a due, or, rather, undue allowance of liquor, and came properly drunk to the poll—others, again, broke into skirmishing parties, and scattered over the country—cut off the enemy's supplies—breaking down their post-chaises—upsetting their jaunting-cars—stealing their poll-books, and kidnapping their agents. Then there were secret service people, bribing the enemy and enticing them to desert; and, lastly, there was a species of "sapper-and-miner" force, who invented false documents, denied the identity of the opposite party's people, and, when hard pushed, provided persons, who took bribes from the enemy, and gave evidence afterwards on a petition. Amid all these encounters of wit and ingenuity, the personal friends of the candidate formed a species of rifle brigade, picking out the enemy's officers, and doing sore damage to their tactics, by shooting a proposer, or wounding a seconder—a considerable portion of every leading agent's fee being intended as compensation for the duels he might, could, would, should, or ought to fight during the election. Such, in brief, was a contest in the olden time: and when it is taken into consideration, that it usually lasted a fortnight or three weeks—that a considerable military force was always engaged, (for our Irish law permits this,) and which, when nothing pressing was doing, was regularly assailed by both parties—that far more dependence was placed in a bludgeon than a pistol—and that the man who registered a vote without a cracked pate, was regarded as a kind of natural phenomenon—some faint

idea may be formed how much such a scene must have contributed to the peace of the county, and the happiness and welfare of all concerned in it.

As we rode along, a loud cheer from a road that ran parallel to the one we were pursuing attracted our attention, and we perceived that the cortege of the opposite party was hastening on to the hustings. I could distinguish the Blakes' girls on horseback, among a crowd of officers in undress, and saw something like a bonnet in the carriage and four which headed the procession, which I judged to be that of Sir George Dashwood. My heart beat strongly as I strained my eyes to see if Miss Dashwood were there; but I could not discern her, and it was with a sense of relief that I reflected on the possibility of our not meeting, under circumstances when our feelings and interests were so completely opposed. While I was engaged in making this survey, I had accidentally dropped behind my companions—my eyes were firmly fixed upon that carriage, and in the faint hope that it contained the object of all my wishes, I forgot every thing else. At length the cortege entered the town, and, passing beneath a heavy stone gateway, was lost to my view. I was still lost in reverie, when an under agent of my uncle rode up.

"Oh! Master Charles," said he, "what's to be done? They've forgotten Mr. Holmes at Woodford, and we haven't a carriage, chaise, or even a car left, to send for him."

"Have you told Mr. Considine?" inquired I.

"And sure you know yourself how little Mr. Considine thinks of a lawyer—it's small comfort he'd give me if I went to tell him—if it was a case of pistols or a bullet-mould, he'd ride back the whole way himself for them."

"Try Sir Harry Boyle, then."

"He's making a speech this minute before the court-house."

This had sufficed to show me how far behind my companions I had been loitering, when a cheer from the distant road again turned my eyes in that direction: it was the Dashwood carriage returning after leaving Sir George at the hustings. The head of the britska, before thrown open, was now closed, and I could not make out if any one were inside.

"Devil a doubt of it," said the agent, in answer to some question of a farmer

who rode beside him, "will you stand to me?"

"Troth, to be sure I will."

"Here goes, then," said he, gathering up his reins, and turning his horse towards the fence at the road-side, "follow me now, boys."

The order was well obeyed, for, when he had cleared the ditch, a dozen stout country fellows, well mounted, were beside him. Away they went at a hunting pace, taking every leap before them, and heading towards the road before us.

Without thinking further of the matter, I was laughing at the droll effect the line of frize coats presented as they rode, side by side, over the stone walls, when an observation near me aroused my attention.

"Ah, then, av they know any thing of Jim Finucane, they'll give it up peaceably: it's little he'd think of taking the coach from under the judge himself."

"What are they about, boys?" said I.

"Goin' to take the chaise and four forninst ye, yer honor," said the man.

I waited not to hear more, but darting spurs into my horse's sides, cleared the fence in one bound. My horse, a strong knit half-bred, was as fast as a racer for a short distance, so that when the agent and his party had come up with the carriage, I was only a few hundred yards behind. I shouted out with all my might, but they either heard not or heeded not, for scarcely was the first man over the fence into the road, when the postillion on the leader was felled to the ground, and his place supplied by his slayer: the boy on the wheeler shared the same fate, and in an instant, so well managed was the attack, the carriage was in possession of the assailants. Four stout fellows had climbed into the box and the rumble, and six others were climbing to the interior, regardless of the aid of steps. By this time the Dashwood party had got the alarm, and returned in full force—not, however, before the other had laid whip to the horses, and set out in full gallop; and now commenced the most terrific race I ever witnessed.

The four carriage horses, which were the property of Sir George, were English thoroughbreds, of great value, and totally unaccustomed to the treatment they now experienced—and dashed forward at a pace that threat-

ened annihilation to the carriage at every bound. The pursuers, though well mounted, were speedily distanced, but followed at a pace that in the end was certain to overtake the carriage. As for myself, I rode on beside the road, at the full speed of my horse, shouting, cursing, imploring, execrating, and beseeching by turns, but all in vain—the yells and shouts of the pursuers and pursued drowned all other sounds, except when the thundering crash of the horses' feet rose above all. The road, like most western Irish roads early in the present century, lay straight as an arrow for miles, regardless of every opposing barrier; and in the instance in question crossed a mountain at its very highest point. Towards this pinnacle the pace had been tremendous; but owing to the higher breeding of the cattle, the carriage party had still the advance, and when they reached the top, they proclaimed the victory by a cheer of triumph and derision. The carriage disappeared beneath the crest of the mountain, and the pursuers halted, as if disposed to relinquish the chase.

"Come on, boys. Never give up," cried I, springing over into the road, and heading the party to which, by every right, I was opposed.

It was no time for deliberation, and they followed me with a hearty cheer, that convinced me I was unknown. The next instant we were on the mountain top, and beheld the carriage half way down beneath us, still galloping at full stretch.

"We have them now," said a voice behind me; "they'll never turn Lurra bridge, if we only press on."

The speaker was right. The road at the mountain-foot turned at a perfect right angle, and then crossed lofty, one-arched bridge, over a mountain torrent that ran deep and boisterously beneath. On we went, gaining at every stride, for the fellows who rode postillion well knew what was before them, and slackened their pace to secure a safe turning. A yell of victory rose from the pursuers, but was answered by the others with a cheer of defiance. The space was now scarce two hundred yards between us, when

the head of the britaka was flung down, and a figure that I at once recognised as the redoubted Tim Finnucane, one of the boldest and most reckless fellows in the country, was seen standing on the seat, holding—gracious heavens! it was true—holding in his arms the apparently lifeless figure of Miss Dashwood.

"Hold in," shouted the ruffian, with a voice that rose high above all the other sounds. "Hold in, or, by the Eternal, I'll throw her, body and bones, into the Lurra gash," for such was the torrent called, that boiled and foamed a few yards before us.

He had by this time got firmly planted on the hind-seat, and held the drooping form on one arm, with all the ease of a giant's grasp.

"For the love of God," said I, "pull up. I know him well—he'll do it to a certainty if you press on."

"And we know you too," said a ruffianly fellow, with a dark whisker meeting beneath his chin, "and have some scores to settle ere we part——"

But I heard no more. With one tremendous effort I dashed my horse forward. The carriage turned the angle of the road—for an instant was out of sight—another moment I was behind it.

"Stop," I shouted, with a last effort, but in vain. The horses, maddened and infuriated, sprang forward, and, heedless of all efforts to turn them, the leaders sprang over the low parapet of the bridge, and hanging for a second by the traces, fell with a crash into the swollen torrent beneath.—By this time I was beside the carriage.—Finnucane had now clambered to the box, and, regardless of the death and ruin around, bent upon his murderous object, he lifted the light and girlish form above his head, bent backwards, as if to give greater impulse to his effort, when, twining my lash around my wrist, I levelled my heavy and loaded hunting-whip at his head: the weighted ball of lead struck him exactly beneath his hat; he staggered, his hands relaxed, and he fell lifeless to the ground. The same instant I was felled to the earth by a blow from behind, and saw no more.

CHAPTER XII.—MICKEY FREE.

NEARLY three weeks followed the event I have just narrated ere I again

was restored to consciousness. The blow by which I was felled, from what

hand coming it was never after discovered, had brought on concussion of the brain, and for several days my life was despaired of. As by slow steps I advanced towards recovery, I learned from Considine that Miss Dashwood, whose life was saved by my interference, had testified, in the warmest manner, her gratitude, and that Sir George had, up to the period of his leaving the country, never omitted a single day to ride over and inquire for me.

"You know, of course," said the Count, supposing such news was the most likely to interest me, "you know we beat them."

"No! Pray tell me all. They've not let me hear any thing hitherto."

"One day finished the whole affair; we polled man for man till past two o'clock, when our fellows lost all patience, and beat their tallies out of the town. The police came up, but they beat the police; then they got soldiers, but, begged, they were too strong for them too. Sir George witnessed it all, and knowing, besides, how little chance he had of success, he deemed it best to give in, so that a little before five o'clock he resigned. I must say no man could behave better; he came across the hustings and shook hands with Godfrey, and, as the news of the scrimmage with his daughter had just arrived, said that he was sorry his prospect of success had not been greater, that in resigning he might testify how deeply he felt the debt the O'Malleys had laid him under."

"And my uncle, how did he receive his advances?"

"Like his own honest self, grasped his hand firmly; and upon my soul, I think he was half sorry that he gained the day. Do you know he took a mighty fancy to that blue-eyed daughter of the old General's. Faith, Charley, if he was some twenty years younger I would not say but—Come, come, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; but I have been staying here too long, I'll send up Mickey to sit with you; mind and don't be talking too much to him."

So saying, the worthy Count left the room, fully impressed that in hinting at the possibility of my uncle's marrying again, he had said something to ruffle my temper.

For the next two or three weeks my life was one of the most tiresome

monotony. Strict injunctions had been given by the doctors to avoid exciting me; and, consequently, every one that came in walked on tip-toe, spoke in whispers, and left me in five minutes. Reading was absolutely forbidden; and with a sombre half light to sit in, and chicken broth to support nature, I dragged out as dreary an existence as any gentleman west of Athlone.

Whenever my uncle or Considine were not in the room, my companion was my own servant, Michael, or, as he was better known, "Mickey Free." Now, had Mickey been left to his own free and unrestricted devices, the time would not have hung so heavily, for among Mike's manifold gifts, he was possessed of a very great flow of gossiping conversation: he knew all that was doing in the country, and never was barren in his information wherever his imagination could come into play. Mickey was the best hurler in the barony, no mean performer on the violin, could dance the national bolero of "Tatter Jack Walsh," in a way that charmed more than one soft heart beneath a red wolsey boddice, and had withal, the peculiar free-and-easy, devil-may-care kind of off-hand Irish way that never deserted him in the midst of his wildest and most subtle moments, giving to a very deep and cunning fellow all the apparent frankness and openness of a country lad.

He had attached himself to me as a kind of sporting companion; and, growing daily more and more useful, had been gradually admitted to the honors of the kitchen, and the prerogatives of cast-clothes, without ever having been actually engaged as a servant; and while thus no warrant officer, in fact, as he discharged all his duties well and punctually, was rated among the ship's company—though no one ever could say at what precise period he changed his caterpillar existence, and became the gay butterfly, that in cords and tops, a striped vest, and a most knowing jerry hat, stalked about the stable-yard, and bullied the helpers. Such was Mike; he had made his fortune, such as it was, and had a most becoming pride in the fact, that he made himself indispensable to an establishment, which before he entered it, never knew the want of him. As for me, he was every thing to me. Mike informed me what

horse was wrong—why the chesnut mare couldn't go out, and why the black horse could. He knew the arrival of a new covey of partridges quicker than the *Morning Post* does of a noble family from the Continent, and could tell their whereabouts twice as accurately. But his talents took a wider range than field-sports afford, and he was the faithful chronicler of every wake, station, wedding, or christening for miles round; and as I took no small pleasure in those very national pastimes, the information was of great value to me. To conclude this brief sketch, Mike was a devout Catholic, in the same sense that he was enthusiastic about any thing—that is, he believed and obeyed exactly as far as suited his own peculiar notions of comfort and happiness; beyond that his scepticism stepped in and saved him from inconvenience, and though he might have been somewhat puzzled to reduce his faith to a rubric, still it answered his purpose, and that was all he wanted. Such, in short, was my valet, Mickey Free, and who, had not heavy injunctions been laid on him as to silence and discretion, would well have lightened my weary hours.

"Ah, then, Mister Charles," said he, with a half-suppressed yawn at the long period of probation his tongue had been undergoing in silence; "ah, then, but ye were mighty near it."

"Near what?" said I.

"Faith, then, myself doesn't well know; some say it's purgatory, but it's hard to tell."

"I thought you were too good a Catholic, Mickey, to show any doubts on the matter."

"Maybe I am—maybe I ain't," was the cautious reply.

"Wouldn't Father Roach explain any of your difficulties for you, if you went over to him?"

"Faix, it's little I'd mind his explainings."

"And why not?"

"Easy enough—if you ax ould Miles there without, what does he be doing with all the powder and shot, wouldn't he tell you he's shooting the rooks, and the magpies, and some other varmint; but myself knows he sells it to Widow Casey, at two and four pence a pound; so, belikes, Father Roach may be shooting away at the poor souls in purgatory, that all this time

are enjoying the hoith of fine living in heaven, ye understand."

"And you think that's the way of it, Mickey?"

"Troth, it's likely. Anyhow, I know it's not the place they make it out."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you, Mister Charles, but you must not be saying any thing about it after, for I don't like talk about these kind of things."

Having pledged myself to the requisite silence and secrecy, Mickey began—

"Maybe you heard tell of the way my father, rest his soul wherever he is, came to his end—well, I needn't mind particulars, but, in short, he was murdered in Ballinasloe one night, when he was baitin' the whole town with a blackthorn stick he had; more betoken, a piece of a scythe was stuck at the end of it; a nate weapon, and one he was mighty partial to; but these murdering thieves, the cattle-dealers, that never cared for diversion of any kind, fell on him, and broke his skull.

"Well, we had a very agreeable wake, and plenty of the best of every thing, and to spare, and I thought it was all over; but, somehow, though I paid Father Roach fifteen shillings, and made him mighty drunk, he always gave me a black look wherever I met him, and when I took off my hat, he'd turn away his head displeased like.

"'Murder and ages,' says I, 'what's this for;' but as I've a light heart, I bore up, and didn't think more about it. One day, however, I was coming home from Athlone market, by myself on the road, when Father Roach overtook me. 'Devil a one o' me 'ill take any notice of you now,' says I, 'and we'll see what'll come out of it.' So the priest rid up, and looked me straight in the face.

"'Mickey,' says he—'Mickey.'

"'Father,' says I.

"'Is it that way you salute your clargy,' says he, 'with your caubeen on your head?'

"'Faix,' says I, 'it's little you mind whether it's an or aff, for you never take the trouble to say by your leave, or damn your soul, or any other politeness, when we meet.'

"'You're an ungrateful creature,' says he; 'and if you only knew you'd be trembling in your skin before me, this minute.'

“‘Devil a tremble,’ says I, ‘after walking six miles this way.’

“‘You’re an obstinate, hard-hearted sinner,’ says he, ‘and it’s no use in telling you.’

“‘Telling me what?’ says I, for I was getting curious to make out what he meant.

“‘Mickey,’ says he, changing his voice, and putting his head down close to me, ‘Mickey, I saw your father last night.’

“‘The saints be merciful to us,’ said I, ‘did ye?’

“‘I did,’ said he.

“‘Tear-an-ages,’ says I, ‘did he tell you what he did with the new corduroys he bought in the fair?’

“‘Oh, then, you are a cowl-headed creature,’ says he, ‘and I’ll not lose time with you;’ with that he was going to ride away, when I took hold of the bridle—‘Father, darling,’ says I—‘God pardon me, but them breeches is goin’ between me an’ my night’s rest—’ But tell me about my father.’

“‘Oh! he’s in a melancholy state.’

“‘Whereabouts is he?’ says I.

“‘In purgatory,’ says he; ‘but he won’t be there long.’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘that’s a comfort, anyhow.’

“‘I am glad you think so,’ says he; ‘but there’s more of the other opinion.’

“‘What’s that?’ says I.

“‘That hell’s worse.’

“‘Oh! meila-murther,’ says I, ‘is that it?’

“‘Aye, that’s it.’

“‘Well, I was so terrified and frightened, I said nothing for some time, but trotted along beside the priest’s horse.

“‘Father,’ says I, ‘how long will it be before they send him where you know?’

“‘It will not be long now,’ says he, ‘for they’re tired entirely with him—they’ve no peace night nor day,’ says he; ‘Mickey, your father is a mighty hard man.’

“‘True for you, Father Roach,’ said I to myself; ‘av he had only the ould stick with the scythe in it, I wish them joy of his company.’

“‘Mickey,’ says he, ‘I see you’re grieved, and I don’t wonder, sure it’s a great disgrace to a decent family.’

“‘Troth, it is,’ says I, ‘but my father always liked low company. Could nothing be done for him now, Father

Roach,’ says I, looking up in the priest’s face.

“‘I’m greatly afraid, Mickey—he was a bad man, a very bad man.’

“‘And ye think he’ll go there?’ says I.

“‘Indeed, Mickey, I have my fears.’

“‘Upon my conscience,’ says I, ‘I believe you’re right, he was always a restless crayture.’

“‘But it doesn’t depind on him,’ says the priest crossly.

“‘And, then, who then?’ says I.

“‘Upon yourself, Mickey Free,’ says he; ‘God pardon you for it, too.’

“‘Upon me?’ says I.

“‘Troth, no less,’ says he. ‘How many masses was said for your father’s soul?—how many aves?—how many paters?—answer me.’

“‘Devil a one of me knows!—maybe twenty.’

“‘Twenty, twenty—no nor one.’

“‘And why not?’ says I, ‘what for, wouldn’t you be helping a poor crayture out of trouble, when it wouldn’t cost you more nor a handful of prayers?’

“‘Mickey, I see,’ says he, in a solemn tone, ‘you’re worse nor a haythen; but ye couldn’t be other, ye never come to yer duties.’

“‘Well, Father,’ says I, looking very penitent, ‘how many masses would get him out?’

“‘Now you talk like a sensible man,’ says he; ‘now, Mickey, I’ve hopes for you: let me see—here he went countin’ upon his fingers, and numberin’ to himself for five minutes—’ Mickey,’ says he, ‘I’ve a batch coming out on Tuesday week, and if you were to make great exertions, perhaps your father could come with them—that is, av they made no objections.’

“‘And what for would they?’ says I; ‘he was always the hoith of company, and av singing’s allowed in them parts—’

“‘God forgive you, Mickey, but ye’r in a benighted state,’ says he, sighing.

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘how’ll we get him out Tuesday week, for that’s bringing things to a focus?’

“‘Two masses in the morning, fastin’,’ says Father Roach, half aloud, ‘is two, and two in the afternoon, is four, and two at vespers, is six,’ says he; ‘six masses a day for nine days is close by sixty masses—say sixty,’ says he, ‘and they’ll coat you—mind, Mickey, and don’t be telling it again

for it's only to yourself I'd make them so cheap—a matter of three pounds.'

"'Three pounds!' says I; 'be gorra, ye might as well ax me to give you the rock of Cashel.'

"'I'm sorry for ye, Mickey,' says he, gatherin' up the reins to ride off, 'I'm sorry for you; and the day will come, when the neglect of your poor father will be a sore stroke agin yourself.'

"'Wait a bit, your reverence,' says I, 'wait a bit; would forty shillings get him out?'

"'Av course it wouldn't,' says he.

"'Maybe,' says I, coaxing, 'maybe av you said that his son was a poor boy, that lived by his industry, and the times was bad?'

"'Not the least use,' says he.

"'Arrah, but it's hard-hearted they are,' thinks I; 'well, see now, I'll give you the money—but I can't afford it all at onc'st, but I'll pay five shillings a week—will that do?'

"'I'll domy endayvours,' says Father Roach; 'and I'll speak to them to trate him peaceably, in the mean time.'

"'Long life to ye'r reverence, and do. Well, here now, here's five hogs to begin with; and, musha, but I never thought I'd be spending my loose change that a way.'

"'Father Roach put the six tinpinies in the pocket of his black leather breeches, said something in Latin, and hid me good morning, and rode off.

"'Well, to make my story short, I worked late and early to pay the five shillings a week, and I did do it for three weeks regular; then I brought four and four pence—then it came down to one and tenpence halfpenny—then nine pence—and at last I had nothing at all to bring.

"'Mickey Free,' says the priest, 'ye must stir yourself—your father is mighty displeased at the way you've been doin' of late; and av ye kept ye'r word, he'd be near out by this time.'

"'Troth,' says I, 'it's a very expensive place.'

"'By coorse it is,' says he; 'sure all the quality of the land's there—but, Mickey, my man, with a little exertion, your father's business is done—what are you jingling in your pocket there?'

"'It's ten shillings, your reverence, I have to buy seed potatoes.

"'Hand it here, my son—isn't it better your father be enjoying himself

in paradise, than ye were to have all the potatoes in Ireland?'

"'And how do ye know,' says I 'he's so near out?'

"'How do I know?—how do I know, is it?—didn't I see him?'

"'See him! tear-an-ages, was you down there again?'

"'I was,' says he, 'I was down there for three-quarters of an hour yesterday evening, getting out Luke Kennedy's mother—decent people the Kennedys—never spared expense.'

"'And ye seen my father?' says I.

"'I did,' says he; 'he had an ould flannel waistcoat on, and a pipe sticking out of the pocket av it.'

"'That's him,' said I; 'had he a hairy cap?'

"'I didn't mind the cap,' says he, 'but av coorse he wouldn't have it on his head in that place.'

"'There's for you,' says I, 'did he speak to you?'

"'He did,' says Father Roach; 'he spoke very hard about the way he was treated down there, that they was always jibin' and jeerin' him about "drink," and fightin', and the courses he led up here, and that it was a queer thing, for the matter of ten shillings, he was to be kept there so long.'

"'Well,' says I, taking out the ten shillings, and counting it with one hand, 'we must do our best, anyhow—and ye think this 'll get him out surely?'

"'I know it will,' says he, 'for when Luke's mother was leaving the place, ye'r father saw the door open; he made a rush at it, and, be gorra, before it was shut he got his head and one shoulder outside av it, so that ye see, a thrifle more 'ill do it.'

"'Faix, and ye'r reverence,' says I, 'you've lightened my heart this mornin', and I put the money back again in my pocket.

"'Why, what do you mean?' says he, growing very red, for he was angry.

"'Just this,' says I, 'that I've saved my money: for av it was my father you seen, and that he got his head and one shoulder outside the door, oh! then, by the powers!' says I, 'the devil a jail or jaoler from hell to Con-naught id hould him, so, Father Roach, I wish you the top of the morning; and I went away laughing; and from that day to this, I never heard more of purgathory; and ye see, Master Charles, I think I was right."

Scarcely had Mike concluded, when my door was suddenly burst open, and Sir Harry Boyle, without assuming any of his usual precautions respecting silence and quiet, rushed into the room; a broad grin upon his honest features, and his eyes twinkling in a way that evidently showed me something had occurred to amuse him.

"By Jove, Charley, I musn't keep it from you, it's too good a thing not to tell you: do you remember that very essenced young gentleman who accompanied Sir George Dashwood from Dublin, as a kind of electioneering friend?"

"Do you mean Mr. Prettyman?"

"The very man; he was, you are aware, some under-secretary in some government department. Well, it seems, that he had come down among us, poor savages, as much from motives of learned research and scientific inquiry, as though we had been South Sea islanders; report had gifted us, humble Galwagians, with some very peculiar traits, and this gifted individual resolved to record them. Whether the election week might have sufficed his appetite for wonders I know not, but he was peaceably taking his departure from the West on Saturday last, when Phil Macnamara met him and pressed him to dine that day with a few friends at his house. You know Phil; so that when I tell you, Sam Burke, of Greenmount, and Roger Doolan, were of the party, I need not say that the English traveller was not left to his own unassisted imagination for his facts: such anecdotes of our habits and customs as they crammed him with, it would appear never were heard before—nothing was too hot or too heavy for the luckless cockney, who, when not sipping his claret, was faithfully recording in his tablet the mems. for a very brilliant and very original work on Ireland."

"Fine country—splendid country—glorious people—gifted—brave—intelligent—but not happy—alas! Mr. Macnamara, not happy. But we don't know you, gentlemen—we don't indeed, at the other side of the Channel; our notions regarding you are far, very far, from just."

"I hope and trust," said old Burke, "you'll help them to a better understanding ere long."

"Such, my dear sir, will be the proudest task of my life—the facts I have heard here this evening have made

so profound an impression upon me, that I burn for the moment when I can make them known to the world at large; to think—just to think, that a portion of this beautiful island should be so steeped in poverty—that the people not only live upon the mere potatoes, but are absolutely obliged to wear the skins for raiment, as Mr. Doolan has just mentioned to me."

"Which accounts for our cultivation of lumpers;" added Mr. Doolan, "they being the largest species of the root, and best adapted for wearing apparel."

"I should deem myself culpable, indeed I should, did I not inform my countrymen upon the real condition of this great country."

"Why, after your great opportunities for judging," said Phil, "you ought to speak out—you've seen us in a way, I may fairly affirm, few Englishmen have, and heard more."

"That's it, that's the very thing. Mr. Macnamara, I've looked at you more closely, I've watched you more narrowly, I've witnessed what the French call "*your vie intime*."

"Begud you have," said old Burke, with a grin, "and profited by it to the utmost."

"I've been a spectator of your election contests—I've partaken of your hospitality—I've witnessed your popular and national sports—I've been present at your weddings, your fairs, your wakes; but no, I was forgetting, I never saw a wake."

"Never saw a wake," repeated each of the company in turn, as though the gentleman was uttering a sentiment of a very dubious veracity.

"Never," said Mr. Prettyman, rather abashed at this proof of his incapacity to instruct his English friends upon *all* matters of Irish interest.

"Well, then," said Macnamara, "with a blessing, we'll show you one. Lord forbid that we shouldn't do the honours of our poor country to an intelligent foreigner, when he's good enough to come amongst us."

"Peter," said he, turning to the servant behind him, "who's dead hereabouts?"

"Sorra one, ye'r honour. Since the scrimmage at Portumna, the place is peaceable."

"Who died lately, in the neighbourhood?"

"The Widow Macbride, ye'r honour."

" ' Couldn't they take her up again, Peter? my friend here never saw a wake.' "

" ' I'm afeerd not, for it was the boys roasted her, and she wouldn't be a decent corpse for to show a stranger,' said Peter in a whisper.

" Mr Prettyman shuddered at these peaceful indications of the neighbourhood, and said nothing.

" ' Well, then, Peter, tell Jemmy Divine to take the old musket in my bed-room, and go over to the Clunagh bog; he can't go wrong, there's twelve families there that never pay a half-penny rent; and *when it's done*, let him give notice to the neighbourhood, and we'll have a rousing wake.' "

" ' You don't mean, Mr. Macnamara, you don't mean to say ——,' stammered out the cockney, with a face like a ghost.

" ' I only mean to say,' said Phil, laughing, 'that you're keeping the decanter very long at your right hand.' "

" Burke contrived to interpose before the Englishman could ask any explanation of what he had just heard—and for

some minutes he could only wait in impatient anxiety—when a loud report of a gun close beside the house attracted the attention of the guests—the next moment old Peter entered, his face radiant with smiles.

" ' Well, what's that? ' said Macnamara.

" ' 'Twas Jimmy, yer honour, as the evening was rainy he said he'd take one of the neighbours, and he hadn't to go far, for Andy Moore was going home, and he brought him down at once.' "

" ' Did he shoot him? ' said Mr. Prettyman, while cold perspiration broke over his forehead. ' Did he murder the man? ' "

" ' Sorra murder,' said Peter disdainfully; ' but why wouldn't he shoot him when the master bid him? ' "

" I needn't tell you more, Charley; but in ten minutes after, feigning some excuse, to leave the room, the terrified cockney took flight, and offering twenty guineas for a horse to convey him to Athlone, he left Galway, fully convinced 'that they don't yet know us on the other side of the Channel.' "

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.

NO. XI.—SWIFT.—PART III.

It was, no doubt, a source of secret and bitter mortification to Swift, that the very inadequate reward of his inestimable political services, the tardy and inconsiderable promotion which at length installed him in the deanery of St. Patrick's, was accomplished by the superior elevation of a man without any claims upon the government or personal interest; that his predecessor, Doctor Sterne, should have been, without influence or merit, promoted to the see of Dromore, in order that the subordinate dignity vacated by his advancement, might require the all-important and pre-eminently effective labours of his successor. Oxford must have also regretted his inability to procure for the great champion of his administration an elevation in the church which would have entitled him to a seat in the Upper House, where his ready powers in debate, (for Swift was as great a speaker as he was a writer), his intrepid energy, and profound political knowledge, would have rendered him a truly effective advocate of

the measures of the government, and a most formidable controller of the proceedings of the opposition.

But all the interest and power of the Lord Treasurer, and all the splendid literary and political exploits of Swift, were insufficient to overcome the prejudices created by an artful and spited court woman, or to defeat an intrigue which was stimulated by unscrupulous malignity, and had dull and weak simplicity for its tool. The biographers of Swift are not agreed as to the nature of his reception in Ireland; it is not likely, however, that it was marked by any public demonstration, whether of disapprobation or applause; nor is it probable that the higher orders of society, whose education and habits qualified them to appreciate the genius and acquirements of their renowned countryman; nor the clergy, whose interests he had so considerably improved, were wanting in any of the respectful courtesies which his merits claimed. But, however this may be, it is certain that he regarded his loca-

tion in Ireland as nothing short of exile from all that his tastes, habits and ambition had rendered most dear ; and it is more than probable, that the chagrin and disappointment which he deeply felt, were strongly, though, perhaps, unconsciously, reflected upon those who approached him. From this comparative retirement he was suddenly recalled to London, almost immediately after his instalment, in the hope that his friendly offices might reconcile the alienated leaders of the Tory government, Oxford and St. John.

Swift had frequently acted with complete success, the delicate and hazardous part of mediator between these discordant spirits ; and from the commencement he saw, that if the jealousy which they mutually harboured was suffered to expand into undisguised suspicion and enmity, the ruin of the cabinet was inevitable. He, therefore, with the utmost precipitation of haste, set forth for London, stimulated by the consciousness that upon the success of his mission depended the fate of that political party with which he had so powerfully and conspicuously co-operated, and influenced no less strongly by the more generous sympathies of a friend. The intervention of Swift produced a temporary and imperfect reconciliation ; and the immediate danger having passed away, he applied himself once more to the task of political controversy. Burnet and Steele were the most prominent of his antagonists, and in his treatment of the latter, is exhibited a fierce, savage and fiery hostility, which strongly contrasts with the calm but manly dignity and forbearance of his opponent, and which, the circumstance of their previous friendship being taken into account, is difficult, if not impossible to be explained, except by supposing the existence of some unknown chapter in the secret history of the two. While this was going forward, the intimacy between Swift and Oxford was every day becoming more and more close, until

gradually it assumed the character of perfect friendship on the part of the churchman, and of something as nearly approaching to it as a great statesman is capable of feeling, upon that of Harley. The intenseness of passionate grief with which he lamented the danger and sufferings of his friend, when wounded by the assassin, Guiscard, is a strong evidence of the devotedness of the love which he bore him, coupled with the curious fact, that he preserved to the day of his death, with religious care, the pen-knife with which the wound was inflicted.*

As Swift had been the instrument repeatedly to preserve the life of the cabinet, so now it was his fortune to save that of the Lord Treasurer himself ; the frustration of a strange device intended for the destruction of the minister, was the service alluded to, and as the facts are curious, we cannot do better than lay them before our readers, in the condensed statement of Walter Scott:—

“ This strange accident made much noise at the time, but has been unnoticed by Swift’s numerous biographers. While the Lord Treasurer was dressing, a packet was delivered which excited the suspicion of Swift. He opened it with great precaution, and it was found to contain, according to the first account, three pistols cocked and charged, with a string attached, so as to discharge them when the box should be opened. But, afterwards, the three pistols proved to be the barrels of large ink-horns filled with powder, connected with a pistol-lock for striking fire. This story was ridiculed by the Whigs under the name of the band-box plot, and they did not hesitate to allege that Swift, the lucky discoverer, was also the ingenious deviser of the machine. But if the imputation had been just, there seems no reason why he should have disgraced his contrivance by the use of such ridiculous implements, since, though he had employed real pistols, he might easily have avoided danger in opening a box of which he knew the contents beforehand. Swift

* The following curious particulars we transcribe from Scott’s memoir:—“ Mr. Deane Swift has thus described the weapon:—‘ I have seen,’ says Mr. Swift, ‘ the pen-knife, with a tortoise-shell handle, and when shut it was just about the length of a man’s little finger. But, as the blade was broken within half an inch of the handle, by the violence of the blow against one of the ribs of the Earl, the doctor had a hole drilled through that part of the blade which was broken off, and another hole through that part of the piece which remained in the handle, and by that contrivance they were both held together by a little silver chain.’ ”

has himself assured Stella, that his life was actually in danger, and that he had saved that of the minister; and there appears no good reason for refusing our belief to both assertions."

Many circumstances now combined to revive the drooping hopes of Swift; and it was confidently anticipated by his friends, and feared by his enemies, that the next vacant see would elevate him to the episcopacy. But it was otherwise decreed; one after the other the high dignities of the church were bestowed upon the useless, undeserving and obscure, while he stood by, with all his services and honours about him, wholly unrequited. His just claims were defeated, sometimes by direct opposition, sometimes by intrigue, and again sometimes by mere accident. At one time the sceptre waved him back, at another his ambition was crossed by the honest zeal of an archiepiscopal blockhead, or blighted by the breath of a venomous parasite; at one time he was unfitted for a bishopric because he was "young and sprightly;" at another it was discovered that he was no christian; at another, he had dared to lampoon a court woman; at another, he had forgotten to importune with solicitation a pompous chamberlain—the result was ever the same—an invisible and mighty arm seemed to hold him down, and after some fierce but fruitless struggles, he surrendered himself up to the unseen power. But in all this there was an end; the future lot of Swift was to be cast in his own country; he was chosen of God to assert a principle, and raise a spirit in Ireland, which were to create her after history; a spirit in its first nature the most sublime, but now the most fallen and lost. Swift was born for Ireland; his mission was there begun and accomplished; all that he did before of marvellous intellectual exploits, and dazzling intellectual glory; all his aspirations, labours and triumphs until then, were but a discipline to prepare the intellect and character for the encounter and victory for which they were summoned into being. His wondrous efforts in the political battle of England have left no mark behind them—all traces of his might are there obliterated; and a century has told us that his achievements have had as little of permanent effect upon English

history as those of the stalwart Guy, Earl of Warwick. But in Ireland it is not so. There is not a man who says Irish independence—Irish trade—Irish Protestantism—Irish agitation—who does not breathe the breath and speak the spirit of Swift. It is true, these are the phrases of conflicting parties—of conflicting Irish parties—but all these parties have drank at the same fountain—all are unconsciously adorers at the same altar—all are worshippers of the same divinity—followers of the beckoning shadow of Swift. We have seen but the first rude savage act of the mystic drama, but how much is yet to come!—how and when shall the dark and bloody complexities of the plot be unravelled?—when shall the great spirit of nationality, which the patriot called from the grave, assert its dignity, and be no more seen discoloured and distorted, through the murky medium of dark, stormy faction. But strangely as this *national principle* has been perverted into ill—and long as it has been made the slave of cruelty and faction—it is, nevertheless, the germ from which must grow whatever prosperity, greatness or dignity our country is hereafter to accomplish, it is through fiery convulsions working out its mysterious task; and when, perhaps centuries hence, it has ended its mission, and that its struggles and vicissitudes and early degradation are passed away and finished in victory—its glorious nature having conquered all the vile agencies which have so long borne it down, will be seen by the world to have slowly, but steadily, through changes, tumults and many sorrows, brought the country safe to grandeur and to happiness. This spirit was evoked by Swift; he stood like the patriarch in a desert, and with the power which God had given him, he smote the dry rock, and living, ever-flowing fountains gushed forth; and though others have tainted the waters with bitterness and blood, the strong river will soon clear itself, and a few fathoms lower down it will be as though none had ever troubled it.

Self reliance in nations, as in individual men, is the secret of power and the guide to greatness; and, in the history which the Almighty is unrolling before us, if it is written that the Protestant fortresses of this country are to be broken down, and the Protestant

people betrayed by their ancient protectors, the men of England, then as sure as the spring is followed by the summer, and that by the harvest, and that again by the storms of winter, in the immutable sequence of the seasons; so surely will it come that before many years the two countries will be separated; and the rest, the speculations of politic men, with all the glow-worm light of this world's wisdom, cannot illumine with one little ray. The end of these things is hidden.

The hopelessness of the task upon which he had entered, now discouraged and disgusted Swift. He saw that the elements of discord, which had forced asunder the two ministers, were too deeply buried to be removed, and too restlessly convulsive to repose. One final effort he made to reconcile them, and its result he has himself described:

"When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able. I contrived to bring them to my Lord Masham's, at St. James's; my Lord and Lady Masham left us together; I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my Lord Treasurer; I pretended business that prevented me, expecting they would come to some [reconciliation]; but I followed them to Windsor, where my Lord Bolingbroke told me that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate; they grew more estranged every day. My Lord Treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May, before the Queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my Lord Masham's. He left us together, and therefore I spoke very freely to them both, and told them, 'I would retire, for I found all was gone.' Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, 'I was in the right.' Your father said 'all would do well.' I told him 'that I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use.'"

Swift now retired, as he had determined, to Oxford; and thence, in a few days, he proceeded to the house of his friend, Mr. Gery, at Upper Letcombe, in Berkshire, where he remained, firmly resisting every solicitation to return, and undertake anew a task which he saw to be desperate, and which he felt to be in no ordinary degree painful and embarrassing. A

thousand surmises followed this decisive step. The Whigs, with undisguised exultation, hailed the retreat of the great Tory champion as a sure indication of approaching ruin; innumerable libels and lampoons were launched against him, and all regarded the fate of the ministry as sealed. In this seclusion, Swift meditated a project, perhaps as bold and grand as any which he had conceived, and which demanded the energy and decision almost of a Cromwell. This was, an appeal to the Tory party of England, in which he censured their leaders, but particularly Oxford, whom in private he loved far above all the rest, and recommended a line of policy, the most stern and vigorous which the fixed and uncompromising resolution to secure at any hazard the ascendancy of a state party, could have suggested. This work, which was entitled "*Free thoughts on the state of public affairs*," was not published until long afterwards; and this delay is to be attributed to the interference of Bolingbroke, who having examined the manuscript without knowing the name of the author, sought to give to it a colouring decidedly favourable to his intrigues, by heightening the censures which were thrown upon Oxford, and by softening or obliterating every thing that tended to disparage himself; a kind of revival which distorted what was intended to be the advice of a strictly neutral spectator into the artful and malignant misrepresentations of intriguing partisanship. Fortunately the author discovered the use to which his pamphlet was devoted, in time to recover possession of the manuscript, and to suppress its publication.

Bolingbroke and Oxford were now in deadly rivalry, and nothing was omitted by the former whereby he might attach Swift to his interests. He solicited for him the post of historiographer, which he had long desired, but in this case his intervention was fruitless, that office having been already given away. But this was not all; during his brief administration, he procured an order on the treasury, signed by the Queen, for one thousand pounds, long solicited by Swift, as an indemnification for the expenses of induction into the deanery, which amounted at the least to that sum. The object of this good office was also

defeated, but by an occurrence which carried with it the ruin of the party.

The intrigues of Bolingbroke, aided by the interest of Lady Masham, at length terminated in the removal and disgrace of Oxford; and Swift was instantly written to in terms the most urgent and flattering, by Lady Masham. He was implored to lend his powerful aid and counsel in this season of great difficulty, to a Queen, whom her favourite represented to be willing to receive his advice and to requite it richly; at the same time, Bolingbroke, the execution of whose good intentions was unretarded by the procrastinating indolence of Harley, with the zealous activity which springs from interest oftener than from friendship, conveyed to Swift, through their common friend Barber, a distinct engagement that he both could and would effect a reconciliation between him and the Duchess of Somerset, whose hostility was the only apparent obstruction to his advancement; besides which, and far more alluring to the ambitious spirit of Swift, a direct promise that even his boldest suggestions in matters of the utmost state importance, should be adopted and carried into effect with prompt decision. Never, perhaps, was opened to the contemplation of ambition a more glorious prospect of eminence and command; and never, to that of interest, a more certain promise of personal aggrandisement. These proposals, solicitations, promises, submissions were nothing short of intoxicating. But along with all these maddening hopes and offers, came a letter from his friend, Oxford; the fallen minister, now journeying in disgrace and solitude to his villa, in Herefordshire, there to hide his humiliation in neglected seclusion—and praying Swift, with some touching allusion to former friendship, to waste so much time upon one who loved him, as to accompany him upon the way. Let those who have called Swift a practical disbeliever, in all the softness of the human heart; those who have treated him as one in whose breast the controversies, feuds and heartless calculations of politics, had killed whatever little kindness nature had awarded; those who have told the world that Swift had received but a niggard portion of the better affections and sympathies which dignify humanity,

and that even these he sank in the barren sea of ambition; let those who have pronounced him stoical, unfeeling, savage, remember that the man whom they have condemned, being tried by the proffers of power, and by the claims of friendship, threw to the winds all the rich offerings of high elevation and of almost unlimited rule, and was loyal to his friend. He did not hesitate for a moment, but resisting temptations, whose strength none who have not experienced them, can appreciate, he turned his back upon the apparent certainty of all that his life-long labours had sought, took his ruined friend by the hand, and went with him into obscurity and exile. Within three days of the accomplishment of this sacrifice, the fate of the Tory administration was sealed by the death of the Queen, and the accession of George the First. All the members of that government, the victors and the defeated—the intriguers and the intrigued against—the embittered rivals and sundered friends—all were involved in the same complete and hopeless political ruin. But amid the confusion of his colleagues—the despair of the timid, and the temporising of the dishonest—while some cowered in dark obscurity, and others avoided the severities of proscription, by flight and self-banishment—while the whole country thundered with the victorious roar which followed the total rout of the broken phalanx—Swift alone, with undaunted heart and stern composure, dared to entertain the hope that the Tory party might yet be rallied, and all be well. But the power of that party was at an end; the period of its existence had arrived, and no skill or courage could save it. St. John declared his hatred to Oxford to be so thorough and intense, that he would submit to any extremity, rather than be reconciled to him; and whatever hopes Swift might have entertained or inspired, were completely and for ever extinguished by the flight of Bolingbroke, and the imprisonment of Oxford, along with many others of note in the disbanded administration. From his deanery in Ireland, Swift fearlessly corresponded with all his denounced and degraded friends, though at the hazard not only of heightening the virulence of party rancour, which in Ireland involved him along with them, in a general,

though it is scarcely necessary to say, a most unmerited charge of Jacobitism, but even at the risk of attracting the animadversion, and provoking the vengeance of the exalted Whigs. He did not content himself with mere professions of sympathy, but with a nobleness of heroic friendship almost unequalled, he implored Oxford to permit him to attend him during his perilous imprisonment. "It is the first time," he says, "I ever solicited you in my own behalf, and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me." Oxford was not selfish enough to permit this most devoted, but to Swift, most dangerous, proof of affection. But although exempt from the more urgent danger which threatened many who had had far less influence upon the conduct of the government than he, he was not without those grievous annoyances which popular insult, not unfrequently attended with personal danger, inflicts upon the fallen and suspected; and many, whose high claims, birth and station, should have separated them from the savage throng, yet, forgot all decency so far, as to contribute in person to a system of cowardly outrage, levelled against a solitary and unprotected man. The same political defeat which had heated his enemies, cooled many of his friends; and some of those who had sought to recommend themselves to the Whig ascendancy by neglecting or affronting the Tory champion, he had afterwards, when solicited by their awkward and eager advances, an opportunity of requiting by the dignified retaliation of stern and utter contempt.

In alluding to the charge of Jacobitism once urged against the subject of this memoir, it is only necessary to observe that it were useless as well as tedious, here to enter into the merits of a controversy long abandoned as hopeless and untenable by all but the maddest of the assailants of Swift. Insulted by the rabble, and often by the semi-barbarous nobles of his own land, whenever he ventured abroad, thwarted by the insubordination of the officers of his cathedral, and racked with unresting anxiety about the fate of many of his dearest friends, some of whom were in the extremest jeopardy, his mind was for a time, wholly unfitted for any effort of vigour, and his

pen was laid aside. Many however, those perhaps most worthy such an honour, untainted by the corruption of party politics, eagerly sought the acquaintance and friendship of Swift, and in the society of some, and those not a few, capable not only of duly appreciating his powers, but of contributing to his enjoyment, he sought a temporary respite from the bitter disappointment, dreary forebodings, paralyzing suspense, and ghastly fears, which haunted him almost incessantly—solicitudes and griefs, which were, if possible, enhanced by the perpetual irritation excited by a system of galling petty insult on the part of the public, and of vexatious resistance to his authority, on that of the persons whom his office gave him a right to control.

Among the friends of Swift, the most prominent were the Grattans, seven brethren, all men of the highest character, and whom Swift recommended to Lord Carteret when he arrived in Ireland as Viceroy. "Do you not know the Grattans? then pray, obtain their acquaintance. The Grattans, my lord, can raise ten thousand men." Others were Dr. Helsham, Mr. Stopford, Dr. Sheridan, Mr. George Rochfort, Mr. Peter Ludlow, Dr. Delany, and many more; among whom, some were men born to wealth and independence, and others by their energies and merits, attained to high dignities in their several walks of life.

We are now approaching that period in the life of Swift, which is clouded with the darkest mystery of tragic romance, and with the sternest sins of cruelty, that season at which his biographer is forced to pause in horrible wonder, while acts, apparently the most unaccountable, are done, caprice and tyranny, the most savage and heartless, allowed to revel remorselessly and unrestrained, and the character whose growth he has watched over, and whose perfections he has almost worshipped, suddenly and fearfully transformed.

Swift had in London, during his latter visits, made acquaintance with a widow lady, named Vanhomrigh, who, with her family, consisting of two sons and two daughters, resided in the metropolis; and who, enjoying an easy fortune, commanded to the extent of her wishes, all that was desirable in society. The eldest of the two daughters

ters was Esther Vanhomrigh, and towards her he was irresistibly drawn by that secret influence which attracts a great intellect almost instantaneously and instinctively to whatever, in the scale of mental excellence, at all approaches it. He found her pre-eminently gifted with the richest natural endowments, cultivated almost to the highest reach of improvement, and adorned with all the accomplishments which the most refined education could bestow. Swift enjoyed no office so keenly as that of superintending the studies of such a person as she with whom he was now made acquainted. He directed her course of reading, pointed out the authors who was deserving her attention, turned her mind upon those subjects respecting which she was less informed, and in short, in all points discharged the duties of a literary mentor. The interest which Swift felt in his attractive pupil was of so gradual a growth, that it is probable he did not himself perceive its increase, or any symptoms of the impassioned fervour with which it was returned, until it was too late to retreat. But there is a kind of indirect evidence of a consciousness that the nature of his attentions to his new pupil was hardly consistent with the repose of his former, in the fact that he never mentions Miss Vanhomrigh in his journal to Stella, except as Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter; and even then, in a manner so rapid and so studiously without comment, as to imply a sensitiveness, a shrinking from inquiry, which nothing but a suspicion of his own heart could have engendered, or which at best, can have sprung from nothing better than a consciousness that his connection with Vanessa was of a nature to alarm the jealousy of Esther Johnson. But, although prudence and honour may have frequently whispered in the ear of Swift the danger and the perfidy of involving himself in another attachment while the object of the first still lived, suggestions of conscience, which, if indeed, there was any thing to call them forth, he could not promise himself much difficulty in obeying, and although he may have clearly seen, that in the eye of Stella, his intercourse with Miss Vanhomrigh must appear at least equivocal, it is nevertheless true, that when

at length the strange disclosure was made, and the docile, playful Vanessa stood before him, an impassioned, devoted, imploring woman, Swift was literally thunder-struck with wonder, fear and doubt. His first essay was to treat her vehement declaration as a jest, meant and taken merely as a piece of railery; but this was of no avail; Vanessa's character was of too ardent and adventurous a nature to hesitate when once the first bold step had been taken. She loved Swift with her whole heart and soul, and she was determined that he should either reject or answer her passion.

Miss Vanhomrigh was young, reputed handsome, possessed of extraordinary mental attractions and natural wit, by no means inferior to that of Stella; an imagination far above that of her rival, besides which, her birth and standing in society were unexceptionable, and her fortune above the usual standard. It was not extraordinary then, that with all these advantages, and being wholly ignorant of his embarrassments, she looked forward to a union with Swift as the probable consummation of the strange courtship in which she was the suitor, and he the sued; she did not immediately urge this proposal upon her metamorphosed instructor, but yielding to the warm impulses of passionate admiration and love, she sought merely to express the intenseness of her own feelings, and to produce a reciprocity in his. The eloquence of such a passion was not to be resisted; and Swift thus assailed, answered her again in the language of passion, not unqualified indeed, not without considerable admixture, sometimes of sober friendship, sometimes of levity, but still carrying through it all, now subdued, and again avowed and undisguised, a strain of gallantry, flattering, perfidious, and unintelligible. What were the feelings with which Swift frequented female society at an early period in his life, he himself has told us; and there is little reason to believe that he has misrepresented himself. The following letter, written at the age of twenty-four, to the Rev. John Kendell, in reply to one taxing him with too marked a devotion to a lady against whom report had taken exception, is worthy of study, as the fullest statement afforded by Swift

of the motives which prompted the frivolous gallantries in which he indulged.

"February 11, 1691.

"SIR,—If any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting to do so in the beginning, which indeed grew less upon knowing the occasion, since it is what I have heard from more than one, in and about Leicester. And for the friendship between, as I suppose yours to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which, as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my cold temper, and unconfined humour, is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations with going half a mile beyond the University, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. How all that suits with my behavior to the woman in hand, you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed; and when I am alone, turns all, from want of practice into speculation and thought; insomuch, that these seven weeks I have been here I have writ and burned, and writ again, upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it which a person of great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy, when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love, or conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women, in my life, to whom I have behaved myself just the same way; and I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I have always done as a man of the world, when I had no design for any thing grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence; but whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the

church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps, in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am, when I am going to choose for a wife; and, though the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it must be cleanerlier carried than this, which you think I am going to *top* upon myself. And truly, if you knew how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I would venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues; for though the people is a lying sort of beast, (and I think in Leicester, above all parts that I was in) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare, (so unpardonably jealous I am,) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman farther than a bare acquaintance. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which, I assure you, is a great number,) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw and ignorant scholars, who for want of knowing company, believe that every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else these have been a sort of honest going men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a misery on themselves and posterity, by an over-acting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from listing under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men, of sense enough, who inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that; beside that, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand; and having never heard them but so hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to show you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I hope my carriage will be such, as that my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after the manner I did in Leicester, if I had not valued my own entertainment, beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be, and so I content myself with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my service to your good wife, I am, good cousin, your very affectionate friend and servant,

J. SWIFT."

There is too much reason to believe that much of the thoughtless levity here avowed, survived the season of youth, and in manhood hardened into the callousness of selfish vanity. Had Swift early, and at once, met the declaration of Vanessa with a frank and manly confession of his own peculiar embarrassments, the dreadful catastrophe might have been averted. The slow repinings of fevered jealousy, the heart-ache of disappointed love, fierce agonies and slow corroding sorrows, griefs unspeakable, ruin, decay and untimely death, might all have been spared. But when a proud man has once diverged by one step from the strict path of honesty, the devil whispers him, that to return and acknowledge the aberration is to court contempt, and his heart would sooner break than acquiesce in the humiliation. Had Swift been content, even after he had suffered the first great opportunity to pass, to confess his weakness, to admit his own disingenuousness, he might have escaped many a bitter, maddening pang of remorse; but pride forbade him. Most surely, if read aright, there is not written in the history of the human race, a moral lesson so awful and humiliating, as the story of the sins, weaknesses, and fate of Swift. Had he possessed, in this one instance, the firmness to resist that evil passion—pride—the dark intricacies of the dreary labyrinth would never have existed. Had he announced to Vanessa his pre-engagement, or had he told to her and to Stella where lay the mysterious barrier, which for ever separated both from the reality of their hopes, it is possible that he might have stood lower in their respect; but his worst crimes would have been uncommitted, and his memory unclouded. The evil power has not on earth a more accomplished minister to work out his ends and the ruin of mankind, than that same pride, whose office is inwardly to mortify the virtues of the heart, and make it bleak and barren as a sea-rock, and in its outward operation to inflict such torments as anticipate hell.

It is undoubted, that Swift sought to moderate the vehemence of his ardent pupil; and it is no less certain, that many of the expressions and passages quoted either by ignorance or malice, to convict him of having encouraged and heightened a passion

which he was resolved to disappoint, do not bear, by any means, when taken along with the context which explains and qualifies them, the same force and significance which would seem to belong to them when read as detached and isolated sentences. But still this affords no palliation for the conduct of Swift; there existed here no puzzling involution of casuistry, there was here no divided duty, the path of rectitude and honour was clearly defined. One moment of manly candour would have saved many victims. While this wild romance was at its height, Swift was, as we have seen, compelled, by the death of the Queen, and the accompanying dissolution of the Tory Cabinet, to retire to Ireland; and here, no doubt, he had ample time to weigh the possible consequences of the headlong madness which had so fatally involved him. It is difficult to conjecture, and can never now be ascertained, whether or not Vanessa was ever preferred to his early pupil, Stella; but some expressions employed by him would warrant such a conclusion; expressions, which appear to be the utterance of a passion almost as ardent, and fully as exclusive, as that of its object. And yet again, it must be admitted as a *correction* in this strange calculation, that much of what is spoken upon such occasions, though uttered in all sincerity, is very far from representing the true tone of the speaker's feelings, and that the words of an admirer are to be valued as reflections of momentary emotions, and nothing more; qualified in real value alike by the degree of excitement under which they are uttered, and by the urgency of appeals to which they are meant to reply. Swift having retired to his Deanery, immediately secured lodgings upon Ormond Quay, upon the opposite side of the Liffey, for Stella and Mrs. Dingley, and renewed his visits with the same minute attention to outward appearances, which had characterised their intercourse heretofore.

He now began to hope, that absence and less frequent correspondence might gradually allay the extravagance of an affection, which the triumph of vanity being passed, could only afford him unmingled perplexity and uneasiness. But the error was not so easily to be atoned for. He was to learn a truth,

never to be taught by his own cold nature, which pronounced love to be one of those follies which are to be found only in play-books; the truth so often doubted, so often scorned, so often proved, that there is such a thing as love. The man who can bring himself to trifle with the affections of the human heart, sports with what is sacred; and Swift, with all his early contempt for the school-boy passion, with all his avowed disbelief in the real existence of love among the emotions of the heart, was forced, as he beheld the slow wasting of decay, more fatal and more piteous than ever witchcraft wrought, the fading of beauties, hardly in their spring—young hearts corroded by dark passions, or broken by agony, great qualities, kind nature's high intelligences, all lovely, all young, laid in the grave; as he beheld all this, he was taught that there was indeed such a passion, strong and terrible as death. A melancholy fatality seemed now to urge their story onward to its conclusion.

Mrs. Vanhomrigh died, and shortly afterwards her two sons. Almost immediately after the occurrence of these events, Miss Vanhomrigh and her sister left England to reside upon a small property which had belonged to her father, at Celbridge, in the neighbourhood of Dublin. This was to Swift a formidable occurrence, and its effects were immediately visible in the increased jealousy of Stella. He could not now refuse to the entreaties of Miss Vanhomrigh, those attentions which his former encouragement, or at least his indecision, entitled her to demand, and to which, in addition to the right which she might have pleaded, she possessed a claim in common charity and pity. But these attentions, although their real motives were studiously concealed from Stella, could not fail to create in her bosom doubts, fears and resentment, a continued state of excitement and solicitude, which a weak constitution was ill suited to support, and which soon began to exhibit their baleful agencies in the decline of health and spirits. The indisposition of Stella gradually assumed a character so decided and alarming, that it became clear, that unless the hidden weight which was slowly withering the vital strength within her, was removed, she must perish under its pressure. Urged

by the instant fear of losing one, who, spite of all, was unspeakably dear to him, and irresistibly affected by her moving appeals, it is now past controversy, that Swift consented to a formal union with the faithful and ill requited Stella. The conditions under which this concession was to be made were unsatisfactory and harsh in the extreme. The marriage was to remain a secret, the nature of their intercourse was to be unaltered, and in short, this mysterious bridal was to confer upon her no privilege, but the solitary and melancholy one of knowing, that he could never, during her life, give his hand to another. Swift and Stella were married in the garden of the Deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in 1716. The conduct of Swift, immediately before and after this event, was marked by strange peculiarities; and we again apply to the comprehensive and masterly memoir by the hand of Scott, for assistance, which we should have sought elsewhere in vain.

"Immediately subsequent to the ceremony, Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have learned from a friend of his relict,) being pressed to give his opinion on this strange union, said, that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated; so much so, that he went to Archbishop King, to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason he said, 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question.' Swift secluded himself from society for some days. When he reappeared, his intercourse with Stella and Mrs. Dingley was re-assumed, with the same guarded and cautious attention, to prevent the slightest suspicion of a more intimate union with the former, as if such intimacy had not now been legal and virtuous."

The causes of this dark and appalling frenzy of agitation, the causes of this systematic and cold self-denial and cruelty, are buried in the graves of their victims.

Miss Vanhomrigh had, for a considerable time, resided in Dublin before permanently fixing her residence at

Celbridge, and during this period, her intercourse with Swift was little interrupted. Upon her settling there, his visits became necessarily less frequent; but during this period, his letters were continued, and a close correspondence maintained upon both sides. About the year 1720, his visits to Celbridge became much more frequent; and for a short sketch of a scene of so much of melancholy romance, along with some interesting particulars, we again turn to Sir Walter Scott's narrative.

"Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety, by his own account,) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponds with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and she then seemed happy. The garden was, to an uncommon degree, crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels, indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the information of the old man, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them. And the verses composed among such objects, by that unfortunate lady, will perhaps help us to guess at the subject of their classical interviews."

The death of her younger sister left

Vanessa altogether companionless, and the bereavement which placed her alone in the world seemed only to concentrate and to render more intense her passion for Swift. Maddened by uncertainty and love, she resolved to end all her doubts, and to apply to Stella herself to learn whether she had such a claim upon his affections as to render her aspirations hopeless. The dread missive was despatched, whose answer was to be the fiat of her doom. And who can tell the agonies of hope and sickening of despair, with which she awaited the hour of its return? Who can imagine the tumult of emotions, the breathless suspense, the bleak despondency, the glowing confidence, the thousand colours and forms of woes and joys that thronged into the delirium of that dreadful hour? On a sudden the door of the chamber in which she sat was abruptly opened, and Swift stood before her. One glance revealed her fate. The blackness of concentrated and appalling fury was in his countenance. Heedless of the faltering salutation which dropped from her pale lips, he strode to the table, flung a letter upon it, and, turning about, quitted the room with the same awful silence; leaving his victim bewildered, terrified, and hopeless. When she found strength to open the packet, she discovered only her own letter to Stella. The delusion was over—the baleful delusion—which had mocked her heart and blasted all her hopes—a voice of thunder had burst the dream—the death-blow was struck. For a few short weeks her affliction was prolonged, and then she left the shade of her favourite laurels and her lonely haunts by the tranquil river for the still more quiet solitude of the grave.

Upon the death of this most unhappy lady, Swift, writhing under agonies of compunction, hid himself in some unknown retreat in the South of Ireland, for two months; and it was not until after his return that Stella, who had been naturally much offended at the clandestine intimacy so unexpectedly and fatally disclosed, at length forgave him. After this he gradually resumed his habits of study, and even returned to his political occupations.

Swift had long looked with deep indignation and a swelling heart at the oppression under which the country of his birth was labouring; but the

assertion of her rights was then no holiday entertainment to gratify the dramatic taste of a scoundrel mob. The assumption of the title of national vindicator was not then a canvassing for place, or a passport to promotion, but quite the contrary. True patriotism was a principle whose exercise was then a vocation of sore trial, beset with troubles, vexations, dangers, and sorrows, more in number than the sands; and no man might take up that cause who was not ready to endure the oppression of evil authority, persecution, the insolence of libel, the total ruin of every hope of personal ambition, the ingratitude of countrymen, the derision of the crafty, the cruelty of the powerful, besides the fiery excitement that burns the heart to ashes—the magnanimous and eternal hatred of oppression, the “*sœva indignatio*,” the sleepless abhorrence and loathing of men’s corruptions and villanies, the scorn and rage which “eat the flesh and exhaust the spirits”—and again, the yearnings of unutterable love bestowed in vain, generous and mighty efforts hampered and thwarted—and all for the sake of country—all made tolerable by the fortitude and sublime devotion of one fierce, mysterious passion. Ireland had then real grievances—she was without a constitution—she had, indeed, a parliament, but there existed beyond it, another power, the English parliament, in which she had no friend, no representative, no advocate, and by whose acts she was tyrannically controlled. This was the fountain of every pernicious measure which killed her prosperity and palsied her strength—the same which has flowed down to us in streams of bitterness and of blood. Swift loved and pitied his country—he mourned in her tears, he groaned in her oppression. He saw that to be her patriot was to be a martyr, but he saw that she needed a patriot, and he gave himself to her. Molyneux had pleaded the cause of Ireland’s independence with the eloquence and power of truth in his tract entitled “The case of Ireland’s being ruled by acts of Parliament in England, stated.” But this advocacy was unavailing, and the raising the question had not even the effect of arousing among the class of Irishmen who were disinterested and honest, the spirit

to testify against oppression and to struggle for freedom. The commercial restrictions by which Ireland was cramped and fettered did not appear likely to be relaxed, for the predominant party in that country were thoroughly broken to the English bit and whip, and were not without fat English fodder, while the lower classes, to whom alone, where the aristocracy are corrupt and servile, lies the appeal, were suspected and terrified—the one class would not, the other dared not demand justice. No doubt many there were—for the sake of manhood we must believe it—who keenly felt the wrongs of their country and burned to redress them; but such spirits were grieved, and returned not often. The elements with which they had to work were weak and lifeless, and the ascendancy against which they had to war was unscrupulous in iniquity and politically omnipotent. To moot the independence of the Irish parliament was to avow oneself a Jacobite. To demand free trade was a declaration of rebellion. To be a patriot was to be denounced as a traitor; and between the advocacy of freedom and the gaols there scarcely intervened a step. It required then, a lofty defiance of all personal danger—a resigned intrepidity and godlike confidence, which nothing but the consciousness of right can inspire or sustain, to enable mortal man to run the tremendous and altogether thankless hazard. Such were the troubles and dangers of the cause to which Swift devoted himself. In 1720 he began his mission, by the publication of a pamphlet entitled “A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures, utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from England.” Scott has well observed, that Swift was pre-eminently exposed to all the dangers likely to arise from the utterance of such daring advice, inasmuch as he was, above all other men, hated by the government, and even branded by proscription. Swift has himself, in a letter to Pope, furnished a history of the measures taken by the government in consequence of this publication, and as it affords a curious picture of the spirit in which Ireland was then governed, we hesitate not to transcribe it:—

“I have written in this kingdom a

discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England; this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance, directing, at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. The chief justice has so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were effectually practised with, to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published, for several weeks, in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry. The chief justice sent them back nine times and kept them eleven hours; until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by what they call a *special verdict*. During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise; and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the Duke of Grafton's (the lord lieutenant's) arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*."

Thus defeated in his first attempt, Swift did not desist; he was baffled and embarrassed, but neither silenced nor intimidated; burning with indignation at the disgraceful prostitution of the judicial authority, which had perverted the very laws into the abettors of a system of atrocious wrong, he singled out the venal minister of insulted justice, Lord Chief Justice Whiteshead, and hurled upon him a storm of lampoons and epigrams which might have galled even a Scrogge, and

which were no doubt keenly felt by his worthy ectype.

It is a trite remark of one who should have known well what it is to govern mankind, "Let me write the ballads of a country and I will allow whom you please to rule it." But even allowing for a certain sacrifice of accuracy to paradox, this is an extravagant hyperbole, and the spirit of the observation is untrue. A national ballad is the offspring and not the origin of national character; and the profound author of the *mot* just quoted might as wisely have said, "Let me but hold the hour and minute hands of St. Paul's clock, and show me the astronomer who will limit the day or the alderman who will want his dinner." A national ballad is the index and not the guide of national feeling. The *Songs of a Nation*, if there be any meaning in the phrase, are so in virtue of general and permanent popularity—a degree of acceptance which necessarily implies, in the temper of the country, a previous aptitude for the sentiments which they embody. But although the saw above noticed is nothing more than one of those flippancies which have become popular because they are paradoxical, it does not follow because it is untrue that therefore the class of composition which it falsely dignifies, may discharge no useful function in the machinery of government. The great success of the coarse and savage, but always humorous lampoons, distributed by Swift among the public hawkers of ballads, clearly shows that as an instrument of punishment they may be made terribly effective, in fostering and perpetuating popular antipathies; and there cannot be a doubt that by such productions, unstable though they are, a certain degree of vitality and a fixedness of direction may be given to the applause or condemnation of a people.

Swift continued to keep a faithful watch over the rights of Ireland, and awaited only a favourable opportunity to hazard with the evil power which oppressed his country, the formidable and eventful struggle in whose issue her cause was to be either saved or lost. But few occasions for interference had presented themselves from the period of the publication of his tract upon the exclusive use of Irish

manufactures down to the year 1723, a space of three years; but at the expiration of this interval arrived that crisis which was to call forth into aroused and gigantic exertion, every energy of the two great warring principles—the evil and the good—to place the powers of tyranny and freedom in the stern decisive death-grapple which is never loosed but by the doom of one.

A deficiency in the coinage of copper money in Ireland having been for some time grievously felt, the patent right of striking pence to the amount of £108,000 for that realm was granted to William Wood. The inconvenience was acknowledged, and the remedy, at first sight, sufficient and unexceptionable: but the patent had been passed without even the *consent* of the lord lieutenant and privy council of Ireland—the whole proceeding was a consistent portion of the arbitrary and insulting system upon which the government of that country was conducted. It re-asserted the humiliating and outrageous maxim to which Swift had vowed immitigable enmity—it was the symbol of that despotism which he was born to shatter to pieces. The opportunity was a favourable one—the proposed measure not only exemplified the noxious usurpation of the English parliament, but had startled into distrust and opposition some of those political leaders who had hitherto stood among the firmest and most prominent of the adherents of government. Among these the foremost was the family of Broderick, whose powerful influence had hitherto been uniformly exerted in support of the Whig interest. The spirit of resistance began to spread in the Irish parliament—the stirring activity and increased number of the opposition—the gradual expansion of the national excitement through the upper orders of society—besides the conjunction of what are called chances, the combinations of what seem to be accidents, which, in great national struggles, draw powerful men by sordid and evil motives into a noble cause—all these signs portended some strange political convulsion. The storm which had long been gathering first spoke in the voice of Swift, and from the beginning to the end of that grand and awful moral conflict, through every vicissitude of fluctuating disaster

and success; in the tumult and deadly peril of the battle, until the hour when the warfare ended in the grandeur of national triumph, strong and clear over all the din and uproar was heard that voice, counselling, encouraging, and commanding.

Swift saw, that for the purpose of defeating the proposed measure with permanent advantage to the country, it was necessary that the whole nation, in all its orders, should testify against it. His first appeals, therefore, were entirely of a practical kind, and calculated to alarm the fears of the trading classes, who, having little leisure or inclination to scrutinize the remote consequences of political acts, cannot be supposed to feel the same interest in the assertion, or neglect of an abstract principle, which they must inevitably entertain, respecting those measures which immediately affect the prosperity of their trade. To this comparatively unexcitable class of men, Swift first addressed himself, and three letters appeared in rapid succession, signed by Mr. B. Draper, in Dublin, insisting strongly upon the injurious results which must inevitably flow from the alleged inferiority in weight, and purity of the coin intended for circulation. There was sufficient practical political economy in those days to enable the country to see that the introduction of a copper currency, whose intrinsic value bore no proportion to that which it legally represented, must necessarily drain the country of its gold and silver coinage, upon the very same principle which has since been applied to the regulation of Bank issues. There is no doubt that the reports so loudly circulated respecting the adulteration of the metal, and the smallness of the coin, were monstrously exaggerated; and indeed, by the experiments of Sir Isaac Newton, they were proved to be groundless. Yet, we are not to suppose, that Swift was himself satisfied of the unsoundness of the statements upon which he dwelt. He seems to have shared the opinions which he promulgated with many, who might have tested the reports which they helped to circulate, by actual proof; and it is easily conceivable, that an ardent temper, like that of the Draper, might, with little question admit, and in all sincerity, re-assert as truth, whatever might have

been plausibly uttered by report, to the prejudice of a measure against which, generally, his most indignant antipathies were enlisted. Topics so judiciously chosen, and handled with all the rough energy and caustic humour of Swift, could hardly have failed to produce the desired effect; and the success of these tracts was altogether unprecedented in the history of Ireland. Men of all ranks, of all politics, of all religions, forgot their differences in the one universal sympathy which bound them by all means, and at every peril, and to the last extremity, to resist the threatened imposition. The two houses of parliament united in addressing the sovereign against the measure, and the example of the legislature was followed in detail by every class and section of the community, against the introduction of this hated coin. Combinations of every order, from the most opulent merchants down to the pedlars, ballad-singers and errand-boys, were framed; and to such a pitch of frenzy was this abhorrence of Wood's halfpence carried, that instances occurred of persons seeking to avoid the odium, if not the actual danger, consequent upon an imputation of sharing even indirectly, and in the most trifling circumstance, in the execution of the project, by publishing disclaimers in the way of advertisements, in the public journals. The following is a curious sample.

"ADVERTISEMENT."

"Whereas I, Thomas Handy, of Meath Street, Dublin, did receive by the last packet, from a person in London, to whom I am an entire stranger, bills of lading for eleven casks of Wood's halfpence, shipped at Bristol, and consigned to me by the said person on his own proper account, of which I had not the least notice, until I received the said bills of lading.

"Now I, the said Thomas Handy, being highly sensible of the duty and regard which every honest man owes to his country and to his fellow-subjects, do hereby declare, that I will not be concerned, directly or indirectly, in entering, landing importing, receiving, or uttering any of the said Wood's halfpence; for that I am fully convinced, from the addresses of both houses of parliament, as otherwise, that the importing and uttering the said halfpence will be destructive to this nation, and prejudicial to his Majesty's revenue.

"And of this my resolution, I gave notice by letter to the person who sent me the bills of lading, the very day I received them, and have sent back the said bills to him.

"THO. HANDY.

"Dublin, 29th August, 1724."

The labours of Swift were not confined to the production of these masterly compositions, whose influence had made the people of Ireland abhor and denounce the proposed measure as a ruinous blow to the incipient national prosperity, but with that indefatigable zeal which delights to do thoroughly whatever it has undertaken, he gave the direction and the strength of his genius, even to the minutest details of the great machinery of agitation which he was the first to move. With a rapid fertility, scarcely, if ever, matched, he supplied the street hawkers with ballads, lampoons and satires, in prose and in verse, innumerable. All levelled against the project and the projector, with the utmost severity of biting sarcasm, and seasoned with that pungent personal ridicule, which finds a ready and a sure response in the liking and applause of the lower orders; and trifling, and perhaps unworthy as this condescension of Swift may appear in the eye of the hasty reader, to the observation of the reflecting, it affords an object of unqualified admiration. It was necessary, for the complete success of the movement which he directed, that the aroused national excitement should be universal, and the national mind was therefore to be appealed to through every channel, each class was to be addressed in its appropriate language; besides, it is not enough to convince the reason—an *average* man, before he will act with bold decision, must be assured of sympathy; and in order to produce an epidemic and peculiar political temper in a country, much more than lucid and unanswerable argument is necessary. That men are creatures of habit is a trite observation, but one rarely indeed remembered in politics. There is in every human mind a little place devoted to the reception of prejudices, those inevitable results of all education. A certain unoccupied corner, in which crawl and batten those reptiles whose existence we forget, but who nevertheless, while we take no note, plunder and be foul

the stores of the mind ; but so it is that men cannot live without these companions, and where prejudices are hostile to the views of a politician, he must not content himself with showing their usurpations and their nastiness, for, even though he procure their temporary expulsion, they will return again, unless he supply their place with others, strong enough to devour their predecessors. To create these new prejudices is not the least difficult task of the man of policy, and to make a new principle generally accepted, the convincing of the reason is but the first step. Its antagonists cannot be at once removed ; they must be, as it were, worn away by a process of mental trituration ; and having traced with the finger of reason the character of his favourite maxim upon the adamant mind, he must then, with long laborious hammering and chiseling, cut there in graven letters, the truth which will abide. Swift possessed that wisdom which ever distinguishes the true statesman from the political quack-salver. In all his calculations he regarded the materials upon which he was to work—human minds—as things not to be moved and shifted from place to place, by the hand of the player, like the pieces on a chess-board, but as possessed of wills, prejudices, motives and weaknesses, as well as of reason ; and containing within them innumerable forces, a consideration of all which make the correction by which the operation of political mechanism is to be calculated. The writings and measures of Swift are a beautiful illustration of a consistent and grandly triumphant adherence to the practice of this political truth ; and the history of his political agency is to that theorizing flippancy which would treat the subjects of government not as *men*, but as cast-iron wheels, an eternal pattern and reproof.

Having thus called into loud and universal tumult the long slumbering spirit of the country, Swift saw that the hour was come when he might, with an assurance of sympathy, speak of the real principle at issue, the independence of the Irish parliament and the honour of his country, and in the succeeding letters of the Drapier, the mere commercial arguments to which the reasoning of the first three letters is exclusively confined, are completely thrown aside,

and the proposition of Ireland's independence asserted in its boldest form, and with the eloquence of indignant and fearless enthusiasm.

The pamphlet which, three months before, would have filled even the friends of the maxims which it asserted with dismay and fearful forebodings of dire consequences, alike to the cause and the indiscreet zealot who pleaded it, was now hailed with the welcome of a nation's rapture and applause. In thus grasping, as it were, by the throat, the political villainy which had so long cajoled and crushed down his country, the daring champion not only stimulated the courage of his adherents, but aroused the terrors of the liberal tyrant—the Whig Walpole. Carteret, who had been suspected by the minister of having fomented the excitement against the introduction of Wood's half-pence, and who had in reality furnished the history of the manner in which the patent had been procured, was, with a malicious ingenuity, forced by the premier into the centre of those difficulties and embarrassments which he had intended for others, and now, at the very crisis of the struggle, was despatched to Ireland in the character of viceroy, to curb that agitation and to disappoint those hopes which he had helped to excite. The first act of the new Lord Lieutenant was to imprison Harding, the printer of the Drapier's Letters, and to proclaim a reward of £300 for the detection of the author of the fourth and most offensive of these productions. A bill of indictment was ordered to be prepared against the publisher ; and upon the day previous to that on which the bill was to be presented, Swift printed and circulated among the members of the panel, a short paper called, "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury," &c. It is not probable, however, that they required any stimulant to urge them to that course which they unanimously pursued, and with a consciousness that the gaze of the empire was fixed upon them, and that a great and a good cause depended on their firmness and decision, they threw out the bills. This act of conscience and manhood did not fail to enrage the iniquitous and uncompromising minister of faction—Chief Justice Whitshed—whom we have already mentioned, and who presided upon this occasion, and in a paroxysm of im-

tent and ungovernable rage he dissolved the panel. They had done their duty, and the applause of a grateful country covered them with honour. The unconstitutional insolence of the judge, however well meant for the interests of his party, only served to heighten the indignation and to confirm the resolution of those whom it was meant to terrify and to subdue—and the dangers which seemed to gather more closely and darkly over the head of Swift, as the contest became more defined in its objects and inveterate in its spirit, so far from dismaying or paralyzing the confidence of his heart, only roused from its depth all the dauntless and indomitable courage of his nature. One of the most striking and inspiring of the courageous acts of Swift is finely given by Sheridan: "The day after the proclamation was issued out against the Drapier, there was a full levee at the castle. The Lord Lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the crowd, never stopped till he got within the circle, where, with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the Lord Lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, 'So, my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood.' He then went on for a long time inveighing in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displaying in the strongest colours all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves, and vassals of power, felt, and shrunk into their own littleness, in the presence of this man of mind. For some time a profound silence ensued. When Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's:

* *Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt Moliri.*

"The whole assembly was struck with the beauty of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour—some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant's answer."

Another instance of the bold and decisive measures which sprung from the proud ardour and defiance of his character, is also vividly sketched by the pen of Sheridan: "During the publication of the Drapier's Letters, Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. The only persons in the secret were Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. As Robert was not the most accurate transcriber, the copies were always delivered by him to the Doctor, in order to their being corrected, and fitted for the press, by whom they were conveyed to the printer in such a way as to prevent a possibility of discovery. It happened that Robert Blakely, the very evening of the day on which the proclamation was issued, offering a reward of £300 for discovering the author of the Drapier's fourth letter, had staid out later than usual without his master's leave. The Dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour, and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition; when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but abusing him outrageously, bid him strip off all his livery, and quit his house that moment. 'What—you villain,' said he, 'is it because I am in your power, you dare take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery.' Mrs. Johnson, who was at the deanery, and greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately despatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan, to come and try to make up matters. Upon his arrival he found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears; inquiring into the cause of this, he was told that his master had just discharged him. The Doctor bade him be of good cheer, for he would undertake to pacify the Dean, and that he should still be continued in his place. 'That is not what vexes me,' replied the honest creature; 'to be sure I should

• Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign, compel me to such measures.

be very sorry to leave so good a master ; but what grieves me to the soul is, that my master should have so bad an opinion of me, as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever.' When this was told to the Dean, struck with the generosity of such a sentiment in one of his low sphere, he immediately pardoned him, and restored him to favour. He also took the first opportunity in his power of rewarding this man for his fidelity. The place of Verger to the Cathedral soon after becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and asked him if he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery ; to which the other replying in the affirmative, he desired him immediately to strip off his livery and put on those clothes. The poor fellow, quite astonished, begged to know what crime he had committed, that he should be discharged. ' Well—do as I ordered you,' said Swift. When he returned in his new dress, the Dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow-servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, Verger of St. Patrick's Cathedral, which place he had bestowed on him as a reward for his faithful services. The grateful creature poured forth a thousand blessings on him, and begged as the greatest favour he could confer on him, that he might still be continued in the same station without fee or reward, as he was sure no one could give such satisfaction to his master in the discharge of it as himself. As he was an excellent servant, and was accustomed to all Swift's peculiarities, the proposal could not but be very acceptable to the Dean ; and Mr. Blakely accordingly continued to officiate in that capacity for some time, as a volunteer, without any of the badges of servitude. But the master was too liberal to accept the generous proposal made by the servant ; for, though he paid him no wages, he took care, by handsome presents, to make him a full equivalent."

The new grand jury summoned to supply the place of that which had been so arbitrarily dissolved, so far from regarding the dissolution of the preceding one as a moral lesson to be implicitly obeyed—so far from seeking favour from the great by the desertion of their country—so far from yielding to the presence of intimidation, or to the hopes of a bribe—the service either

of sordid fear or of avarice, presented thus :

" The Presentment of the Grand Jury of the County of the City of Dublin.

" Whereas several great quantities of base metal, coined, commonly called Wood's half-pence, have been brought into the port of Dublin, and lodged in several houses in this city, with an intention to make them pass clandestinely among his Majesty's subjects of this kingdom, notwithstanding the Addresses of both Houses of Parliament, and the Privy-Council, and most of the Corporations of this City against the said coin : and whereas his Majesty has been graciously pleased to leave his loyal subjects of this kingdom at liberty to take or refuse the said half-pence :

" We, the *Grand Jury* of the County of the City of Dublin, this Michaelmas Term, 1724, having entirely at heart his Majesty's interest, and the welfare of our country : and being thoroughly sensible of the great discouragements which trade hath suffered by the apprehensions of the said coin, whereof we have already felt the dismal effects, and that the currency thereof will inevitably tend to the great diminution of his Majesty's revenue, and the ruin of us and our posterity, do *present* all such persons as have attempted, or shall endeavour by fraud, or otherwise, to impose the said half-pence upon us, contrary to his Majesty's most gracious intentions, as enemies to his Majesty's Government, and to the safety, peace, and welfare of all his Majesty's subjects of this kingdom ; whose affections have been so eminently distinguished by their zeal to his illustrious family, before his happy accession to the throne, and by their continued loyalty ever since.

" As we do with all just gratitude acknowledge the services of all such patriots as have been eminently zealous for the interests of his Majesty and this country, in detecting the fraudulent imposition of the said Wood, and preventing the passing of his base coin, so we do, at the same time, declare our abhorrence and detestation of all reflections on his Majesty and his Government ; and that we are ready, with our lives and fortunes, to defend his most sacred Majesty against the Pretender, and all his Majesty's open and secret enemies, both at home and abroad.

" Given under our hands, &c."

Other juries followed the brave example thus set before them, and the Government were at length forced to

see that unless they were prepared to compel obedience by an appeal to the doubtful and bloody issue of a civil war their cause was desperate—the patent was recalled, and the Drapier triumphed.

Now, in the glorious moment of victory, did the nation single out the man who had so wisely and so bravely fought the good fight. The irrepressible outburst of enthusiasm which hailed him wherever he appeared, the admiration and devotion of the country for whose sake he had hazarded every risk, showed him that Irishmen could be grateful as his services had been unequalled. His popularity was without precedent. Portraits of the Drapier appeared in every window, and upon almost every substance, prints, medals, even handkerchiefs were all made to carry his likeness; his image became a favourite sign; and a club, called by his name, was formed, where all honour was paid to his principles and achievements. Whenever he stirred abroad he was welcomed by the loud applause of millions;

the anniversary of his birth was observed as a day of public rejoicing. When he visited the provincial towns of his country, his reception was enthusiastic and reverent as would have been that of a monarch; and when he returned, after a considerable absence, to his native city, it poured forth all its tide of population to do him heartfelt honour—and amid the waiving of banners, the gratulations of the great, the thundering shouts of the mighty multitude, who greeted him as their liberator, the blaze of bonfires, and the loud general pealing of the city bells, to conduct the Drapier to his home. Nor did this popularity subside with the first warm impulse which accompanied his victory—long after the darkness of mental night had closed over him for ever, when the applause of the populace could awaken no echo in his mind, the carriage which bore the wreck of the venerable patriot of Ireland, was followed by the acclamations and the blessings of grateful thousands.

PROFESSOR BUTLER'S SERMONS, AND THE CHURCH EDUCATION SOCIETY.*

WHILE the revolutionary armies of France were impressing upon a thousand bloody fields, the sad memorials of their progress, it was pronounced by an illustrious authority, that the world's next great contest would be a war of PRINCIPLES. We live in the fulfilment of the prediction. Our lot is cast amidst strife, and discord, and division. Unbloody, but relentless, conflicts are waging all around us; and these "*plus quam civilia bella*" are wars of *principle*. The divisions into which society is separated are marshalled under their leaders, distinguished by peculiar watch-words, and carry inscribed upon their banners the principles which form the bond of their association. Appeals which would have summoned our fathers to the field, impel us to take up our pens; to vote at an election; to be the inflictors or the sufferers of a popular oration. A single word kindles

into a national conflagration, which terminates in the *extinction of titles*. A British House of Commons is content to inflict upon the empire the *real* curse of a government, despised at home, and disgraced abroad, in order to vindicate a theoretic *principle* of *appropriation*, which the ministerial leader himself confessed to be, practically inapplicable and impossible. From such angry conflicts about principles, whose nature, too often, the combatants themselves so little apprehend, we are recalled, by an irresistible suggestion, to the ages when Europe was rent asunder by the memorable war of abstract ideas, and nations hastened to the field to demonstrate a theory of universals!

In this conflict of opinion, every thinking man *must* take his part. We do not require the threatened penalty of the Spartan legislator to deter us

* Church Education in Ireland: its claims and its adversaries: two sermons, preached in behalf of the Church Education Society for Ireland, in St. Stephen's Church, Dublin, January 19, and 26, 1840; by the Rev. W. Archer Butler, A.M., Prebendary of Clondelorka, in the diocese of Raphoe; and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Grant and Bolton, Dublin; James Fraser, London, 1840.

from neutrality. The war pursues us into the retirement of our closets, and the more secluded recesses of our hearts. The principles at issue are too deeply important, and too universally applicable, not to *force* themselves upon our attention. They cross our speculations at a hundred points. They are too fruitful of consequences, too intimately connected with our every day actions, and practical conduct, to render it safe for ourselves, or just towards others, that we should bestow upon them less than our most devout, and most solicitous attention.

Amongst the topics of these agitating controversies, a position of foremost prominence is occupied by the CHURCH. She cannot now,

"As one secure,
Sit on her throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom."

The age of authority is gone. Prescription is no longer admitted as proof of real value. None will receive for current what he has not weighed in his own balance and found sterling. Every portion of our ecclesiastical system is undergoing the jealous inspection of the spirit of the age, whose peculiar pleasure it is to find that whatever is, is *wrong*. Every tower, and every bulwark of the citadel is reconnoitred with the minutest care; nay, every stone of its very foundations is submitted to the most searching scrutiny. At no period of our history did the Church, in its aspect as a temporal establishment, occupy a larger space in the public view. The *Church question* forms the line of demarcation between the two great opposing parties of the nation. Animated discussions of the utility or mischief of our national establishment are eagerly listened to by all classes of the community, from the orthodox exclusives of Hanover-square, who intersperse the lectures of Dr. Chalmers or Mr. McNeile with their aristocratic plaudits, down to the ale-house Rational Religionists, who, inspired by the fumes of tobacco and of liquor, vote the church a tyrannical oppression; vindicate the rights of man against the aggressions of priestcraft, and felicitate themselves upon the auspicious appearance of socialism in the palace of their Queen, under the "good-natured" patronage of the first minister of the crown.

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But it is not respecting the importance of maintaining the church as a national establishment that *our* readers will be perplexed by any oscillations of opinion. However the question may be eventually decided *de facto*, unquestionable it is, that amongst its defenders are to be found, with scarcely an exception, the entire worth and respectability of the nation. The very legislators who are most busy in undermining the foundations, assure us, and exclaim at our political discourtesy if we refuse to believe, that they are carrying on their sap for the very purpose of securing the strength and stability of the structure. But there are not a few momentous questions at the present hour debated within the bosom of the church—questions, not merely affecting the *accidents* of her temporal endowment, or legal establishment, but involving her intrinsic and essential characters—which are every day engaging more and more widely the attention of thinking men. The doctrine and discipline of the church; her unity, catholicity and apostolicity; her relation to antiquity—her alliance with the state—her position with respect to dissent—her legitimate claims in the work of NATIONAL EDUCATION—these, and subjects such as these, are occupying the public mind with an interest as eager and as fresh, as if they were novel topics of disquisition. Nor can we prevent ourselves anticipating a glorious result from this chaos of divided sentiments. It seems as if He, who has promised perpetuity to his church, now that danger seems to threaten her external frame-work with dissolution, graciously designed to fix our regards upon her divine and immortal part; that if ever she is spoiled of her temporalities, and severed from her connexion with the state, we may have learned to feel that the church herself is no more destroyed than is the soul of man when it has been relieved from its "gross impediment of clay," and soared to its native skies!

Of these deeply important questions, the one which at present most anxiously engages attention both in this and the sister country, is the legitimate province of the church in national education. The anomalous attitude now occupied by the state in relation to the Church of Ireland on the

tion question—an attitude of friendship to Romanists and sectarians, of hostility only to the *National Church*—has naturally awakened her members to serious reflection on the subject of national education. The examination has not resulted merely in the reprobation of so atrocious an attempt to trample down the authority of the church, and rob her of one of her noblest prerogatives;—with many it has fortunately gone farther—it has given them a clearness of view, and a definiteness of principle which they were strangers to—and discovered to them vacillation, and dubiousness, and unsatisfactoriness, and *compromise* even in other systems which they had been in the habit of considering peculiarly adapted to meet the difficulties of Irish education.

The rightful supremacy of the church in national education, and the *indispensableness of the diocesan and parochial system* in carrying on that education, are now pretty well understood in England by most professing churchmen, with the exception of her Majesty's cabinet. The spread of latitudinarianism at the commencement of the present century, under the auspices of Mr. Lancaster*—disguised, as now, under the mask of "christian charity," and recommended to the country through the medium of the admirable mechanical system of instruction which bears his name—excited the alarm and the suspicions of the friends of the church. They soon discovered that his "principles"† of "generalizing christianity," and "exalting the beauty and excellence of our holy religion without exalting a peculiar creed," contained the seeds of destruction even to christianity itself, and

germinated, before long, in wholesale secessions from the national church. In a celebrated discourse, delivered before the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in June, 1811, the Bishop of Peterboro' fully aroused the church to the alarming magnitude of the evil, and indicated the only means of arresting its progress—a close connexion of the education of the country with its national church. The simple, but resistless argument of the bishop communicated a powerful impulse to the mind of England; and the zeal thus kindled, was, in a few months, concentrated and embodied by the formation of the National Society, which has ever since continued the great bulwark of church education, and, at this moment, directs the instruction of more than *one million* of children.

But in Ireland, unfortunately, no such close connexion of the scriptural education of the country with the church has, until very recently, been attempted. The educational societies which presided over the schools of Ireland, and were conducted by gentlemen of the very highest character and most distinguished abilities—were, nevertheless, unsatisfactory, and we must say it, *unsound* in their fundamental principles. They postponed *primary to secondary* duty. From an amiable anxiety to benefit Roman Catholics and dissenters, they were induced altogether to overlook the interests of the children of the church. They were not, by their constitution, connected with the church; nor were they, except casually, under the direction of the bishops and clergy. They could not, of course, be conducted on the diocesan and parochial system, a

* The Lancasterian system, with some mechanical alterations, was, very unscrupulously, plagiarised from that *invented* by Dr. Bell, in the year 1789, and first exemplified by him in the Male Asylum, at Madras, whence it is so often named. Of both systems, the fundamental principle was *monitorial instruction*, or "tuition by the scholars themselves;" their grand difference was in *religious instruction*—which, in Dr. Bell's scheme, was strictly Church-of-England; in Mr. Lancaster's, "not built on creeds, but on the grand basis of christianity alone." Dr. Bell was a Church of England clergyman; Mr. Lancaster a rancorous dissenter.

† The same disgusting jargon, which sickens us every day, we find anticipated, by Mr. Lancaster, and reiterated as nauseously by himself as by his Marlboro'-street sectators:—"I feel a fervent wish that names may perish, but *truth* prosper." "I object to the use of creeds." "The grand basis of christianity alone is broad enough for mankind to stand on." "The object is, setting aside all *party distinctions*, to instruct in the *leading uncontroverted* principles of christianity." Whoever requires a stronger dose, may resort to Mr. Lancaster's "Improvements in Education."

machinery which we deem indispensable. They were indifferent as to the religion of their school-masters. They not only made no provision for the education of the children of the church in its doctrines and formularies, but they *did not permit* such instruction to be given in their schools. It is an ungrateful task to speak with any censure of institutions which, in spite of their radical defects, have unquestionably operated much practical good; and which have been patronised by men, for whose piety and zeal we entertain the greatest respect. But now that the church is thrown altogether on its own resources to provide education for its members;—and not only this, but now that, by the desertion of *treacherous allies*, it is left alone to maintain a *christian* education in the land; it is no time for hesitations or compromises of principle. The combined efforts of the church, *as a church*, must be brought into action in our dioceses and in our parishes, under the direction of our bishops and clergy; and we must stand or fall by principle, definite, decided and uncompromising. We earnestly recommend to the serious attention of our readers the following very practical sentences:—"Do the members of the establishment show the same wisdom with the dissenters, in promoting any plans of education, where no provision is made for the national religion; where the liturgy is disregarded, or where it is a matter of indifference whether the children on a Sunday frequent the conventicle or the church? Do we act consistently if, while we profess to 'believe all the articles of the christian faith,' we encourage a system of education from

which those articles of faith are excluded? Can the clergy, especially, who not only subscribe to the liturgy and articles, but even hold their preferences by this very tenure, conscientiously support any other than a Church of England education? Can they do it without betraying the cause which they are pledged to defend? Neutrality, however strictly observed, is in this case a kind of hostility. *It is hostility to the establishment to deprive our children of the early attachment to it which an education in the church cannot fail to inspire, and which if lost in their youth, can never after be recovered.*"—Bishop of Peterboro's Sermon before the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," 1811.

The formation of the Church Education Society for Ireland has at length removed many of the perplexities which have most embarrassed the education question in this country; and has opened for the members of the Church a plain and obvious line of duty. Founded under the sanction and direction of the Lord Primate and a large majority of the episcopal bench—united* with the great National Society in England—based upon the grand fundamental principle of affording scriptural instruction to every child in its schools—worked through the machinery of the diocesan and parochial system—securing to the children of the Church full instruction in its catechism, creeds, and formularies, under the tuition of such teachers *only* as are members of the Church, and under the superintendence of the parochial clergy;—the Church Education Society fully answers all the requirements of the strictest church-

* At a meeting of the General Committee of the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Established Church, throughout England and Wales, (held June 5, 1839, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair,) a memorial requesting that the Church Education Society for Ireland might be received into union with the National Society, and the prospectus containing the fundamental laws of that institution having been considered; it was

"Resolved unanimously—That the Secretary do express, in reply to the same, the great satisfaction experienced by this Board, at the establishment of the Church Education Society for Ireland, under such distinguished patronage, and its disposition to enter into as close a connexion with that institution as the circumstances of the respective Societies will admit.

"It was further resolved unanimously—That the National Society do receive the Church Education for Ireland into union; and do at all times render it every assistance usually afforded to Diocesan Societies and Schools in union, as far as is consistent with the charter, which restrains the application of the National Society's funds to England and Wales."

man. While full and complete instruction is thus secured to the children of the Church, the Society gladly extends its benefits to the children of every other denomination, imposing no other condition as to their religious education, than that they shall receive daily instruction in the Holy Scriptures—a condition not more stringent than has always been demanded by both the Kildare-place and London Hibernian Societies. We consider this combination of sound and full Church instruction for the children of the Church, with a liberal provision for the scriptural education of all, to be a very masterly conception—calculated, with a peculiar felicity, exactly to meet the difficulties of the Irish education question, without involving the slightest compromise of principle. That the details of the plan will be wisely and efficiently carried out, the names which appear on the committee list afford a sufficient guarantee.

In behalf of this Society were preached the very powerful sermons, from the pen of Professor Butler, to which we are about to invite the attention of our readers. The author is already well known to the public as a pulpit orator of the highest celebrity. But we confess that we were agreeably surprised by the *perusal* of the discourses before us. The most successful performances of popular oratory are, in general, sadly "shorn of their beams" when submitted to the calm criticism of the study. It is not so with Professor Butler's sermons. We find in them, indeed, the brilliancy, and fervor, and pathos of the best days of Irish eloquence; but we also perceive, on a deeper examination, that the beauties of his language, and the copious variety of his illustrations, are but the drapery which clothes profound thoughts, and logical argumentation.

The text selected for these discourses actually startled us by its applicability to the present times—"And as they spake unto the people, the *priests*, and the *captain of the temple*, and the *Sadducees*, came upon them, being grieved that they taught the people."—Acts, iv. 1, 2. Professor Butler discerns, in those three parties, appropriate symbols of the adversaries of the Church's teaching in our own day; and, unquestionably, the resemblance is most strikingly made out. The pa-

rallel between the Jewish and Hiberno-Roman priesthood is drawn with singular ingenuity.

"The '*priest*,' then—this Jewish priest—was one who had inherited peculiar privileges by a long and glorious descent, but who had assumed privileges to which he had no legitimate claim, and abused those he rightfully possessed. Placed to minister between heaven and earth, to assist in the blessed office of bringing God nearer to man, of exalting man to God, he had too often perverted his prerogatives to the miserable and wicked purpose of exalting himself above both; had overlaid the simplicity of primitive ordinances with unworthy embellishments, and bade men find that in the rite itself, to which the rite was only the portal. Over and above this was the fatal error, that he knew not the *limits* of even his own misconstrued power; conceived that system universal in its essence and privileges, which (in any sense of it) was essentially local; combined this boastful catholicity with a territorial qualification; and while he lavished his easy promises of salvation, through the fulfilment of heartless ceremonies, upon all who embraced it, denied with stern bigotry to all who lay beyond his own communion (centred as it was in a single earthly locality) the possible mercies of heaven. The priest was usually a Pharisee, and patronised the theology of the Pharisees. With them he maintained, that a sect not three hundred years old in its formal establishment as a separate party, was really in all its peculiarities the very image of primitive antiquity, and had thence inherited its chaos of traditions; with them too often, by these traditions, 'he made the Word of God,' even in its simplest morality, 'of none effect;' with them, eager to meet the popular curiosity, he spoke largely and learnedly of the secrets of the invisible world, of the state of separate spirits, and the influence of angels at the throne of God; with them he 'fasted twice in the week,' to neglect 'the weightier matters of the law;' with them he secretly rejected legitimate civil authority, as opposed to a universal spiritual supremacy; with them, doubtless, claimed an unbounded deference from a misguided people, and appealed to a popularity that ignorance alone had fostered as evidence of zeal, and faithfulness, and patriotism, and truth. When, then, the apostolic ministers of Christ, standing in the midst of a land overrun by these blind leaders of the blind, claimed the privileges of a commission as divine as

theirs, and in that place and time alone legitimate in its exercise; when these servants of the living God, filled with the genuine lore of heaven, recalled the minds of the listening multitude from the inventions of a spurious and modern theology, to the ancient records of the faith; following the steps of their Lord, who evermore thereunto appealed, and affirmed, that he himself was that which Abraham had seen, and Moses had delivered through type and shadow; when with this purpose they hovered not on the verge but advanced into the very heart of society, claiming to be heard by all men for their Master's sake, and boldly introducing into the world the great work of universal national education on Christian principles: I repeat that we cannot wonder, that as loud a voice as any that proclaimed they should not 'teach the people,' should have arisen from 'the priests,' that a voice no less loud, and quite as influential, should be heard from all in any age, who in similar circumstances occupy a similar place."

The Sadducees find their successors in the Infidel and Latitudinarian party in unnatural combination with the Romanists of our day; while the Captain of the Temple finds too accurate a resemblance in the civil power, in its present relations to scriptural education. We can only give a place to the Sadducee:—

"The other party, which the sacred writer declares to have united, and for that union surrendered their private dislike of their temporary allies, against the commissioned authority of the apostolic instructors, presents, unfortunately, with even more precision, the melancholy image of the future. The Sadducees were the latitudinarians of Palestine. Professing to venerate the letter of Scripture, they contrived to extract from it a life of enjoyment, and a future of annihilation. Beyond a few ritual observances, ineffective, objectless, and unspiritual, they would not permit it to contain any thing more than those moral precepts which, after all, might be gathered with more pleasure and facility from the philosophic instructors of the time. Disgusted with the false and immoral traditions of Pharisaism, they rejected along with them the unbroken evidence of the Jewish church to the interpretations of type and prophecy—interpretations, which the preaching of Christ and his apostles has subsequently proved so profoundly true. The spirit of

the Jewish sceptic—of this rationalist of the elder time, was harsh, irreverent, and selfish; his vaunted independence, a timid servitude to the 'spirit of the age;' his intellectual freedom, the license to exchange the calm dependance on consentient wisdom, for worship of the oracle of his neighbourhood or his party.—Strange, indeed, would it have been, if this denier of 'resurrection, or angel, or spirit,'—this man of the visible and material world, to whom all beyond it was a dream, and a weary dream, had heard without distaste the preachers of a new society, whose object was to make the infinite and eternal the daily staple of meditation, to interfuse a spiritual element through every thought of every hour. Stranger still would it have been if this easy advocate of a tolerant scepticism had been other than intolerant; if he who had narrowed his creed to the minimum of belief, had not been among the first to persecute those who ventured to enlarge their own. In the Sadducees' opposition, then, to popular instruction by the authorised ministers of the church of Christ, we see but the first sample of what all history has reiterated; and even in the modern combination of the Sadducee and the priest, however much there is to alarm us as perilous, there is nothing whatever to surprise us as new."

After a statement of the principles and plans of the Society, the preacher enters upon a most masterly and perspicuous discussion of the inherent prerogatives of the Church in the business of public moral education. The argument, which is illustrated by clear and convincing answers to the popular objections against the principle of ecclesiastical education, scarcely admits abridgment. But the learned Professor shows most unanswerably, that the superintendence of moral education is as essential a privilege of the ministers of Christ, as the right of exhortation from the pulpit;—and that there is not an argument adduced against the former prerogative, which does not apply with equal force against the latter;—nay, that, in some respects, the moral supervision of the young, is even more obligatory upon the clerical guides of the Church than any other branch of their duties as public instructors. We must extract the following specimen of his mode of argument:—

"We maintain that when the Lord

Jesus Christ came on His stupendous mission from heaven to earth, to announce the moral legislation of the world, He did promulgate a law of human life, which He expressly designed should, in authority, supersede every other; inasmuch, that all which contradicted it should be discarded, and all which agreed with it taught no longer as truth merely, but also as the truth of Christ. We maintain that as the moral existence is the highest element in man, so is Christianity the highest element in the moral existence; itself essential happiness to nations and to individuals, and the sole assured means of happiness infinitely greater to come. We hold it indispensable that this law, in common with every law designed to constantly influence the will, be woven into the very texture of the thoughts, all principles and all actions habitually referred to it, as their standard; and we hold that both the reason of the case and the language of Christ and His apostles establish, that this greatest of all conceivable results can only be attained (in the ordinary dispositions of Providence) by a course of careful discipline begun early, and unremittingly prosecuted. For this purpose it was, as we affirm, that Christ himself appointed a successive ministry; and that the apostles under His guidance began the permanent location of that ministry in the various districts of the converted world; that is, began the diocesan and parochial system which we inherit. We further maintain, that from the nature and objects of such a body, it plainly follows, that their authority of spiritual superintendence extends equally over every period of life; the obligation becoming only more urgent in proportion to the importance of the period on the general formation of the moral character. The circumstances of its fulfilment may vary—the principle of the obligation is unchangeable: and whether in the pulpit, the sick room, the cottage parlour, or the school, the minister of Christ is equally doing what he cannot, without a crime, neglect, what no man, without a crime, can hinder his doing. The direction of moral education is as much involved in the ministerial commission, as the office of preaching; and in point of fact, the minister of Christ is not more impressively warned to *preach* the truth in public exposition, than he is to *teach* it in every other practicable form. And if—what we have assumed, and what no adversary is bold enough openly to question—the formation of moral principle be the highest end of education, and the morals of Christianity the highest

form of moral principle, and—as we have now seen—the ordained minister the legitimate teacher, as well as preacher, of Christianity; it is hard to conceive what is required to establish that that ministry rightfully demands to be concerned in the education of the people.”

We have never seen cleaner work done in the way of demolition, than the annihilation (in the second sermon) of the vulgar objection of our modern illuminati, that the religious education of the young may be very well carried on *independent of school teaching*; as well as of the parallel objection that the religious instruction *in schools* (if it must be conceded) may be conducted so as to include on a common level every denomination of professing Christians. We can only admit the following striking passage upon the latter point:—

“But the apostles of National Education, in this and the sister country, usually include in their calculations a certain mystic *uniformity* of education. The principle of union, the suppression of differences, the sacrifice of all petty disagreements at the shrine of science,—is the idea which sheds its true light and beauty upon their project. That an entire country should be transformed into one vast academy, with its thousands of pupils ardently engaged in the pursuit of knowledge,—that through the whole vast scene no rude voice should be heard to disturb the serenity with a breath of dissension; all agreeing in the admitted truths of science, and no *other* truths being ever suffered to interfere with that agreement; this is the lovely vision which fascinates so many, and to realize which so much has been surrendered. But here again, we are the worshippers of a name.—Union in itself is no assured blessing ‘That they may be all one,’ said Christ, but it was ‘*as we are one.*’ The value of the union depends on its basis and its objects. And for that union which is cemented by the suppression of all which makes the Gospel that God incarnate came to publish, rise above the morality of enlightened heathenism; which casts aside all in which Revelation is indeed a Revelation, and pretends to clothe shivering souls in shreds and patches of its moral sentences: for that union which gives up all that can really consolidate the union of hearts and hands, in order that children may read and write at the same table—the union of the desk and the class-roll,—for this, I confess, I have little

value and little respect. But does such a scheme *ensure* even the nominal, and temporary, and superficial, union it proposes? If the parties be numerically unequal, is it not inevitably lost in ascendancy; if they be equal, in prolonged and bitter hostility? If, without authorizing truth by your own decision, you *separate* them for their religious exercises, do you not deepen the distinction in the very instance where you profess to conciliate; if you combine them, do you not erase the distinction by erasing every thing distinctive in religion along with it? If such a union could be ensured on such terms, would it be justifiable? What is the material difference between a conspiracy against God Himself, and a combination, such that the first definite knowledge of God and His truth must tend to break it? Is it right to bind the hearts of children together on such a principle as that the bond must be shattered when they think of heaven? that they can agree, and love, and be one in Spirit, as long as Christ and his Truth are forgotten; but that the moment when *that* religion which should be the animating principle of our thoughts, the life of our life, is uppermost, the union vanishes? What does this amount to, but to make the forgetfulness of that 'faith which worketh by love,' the only safeguard for loving each other? With, indeed, the whole spirit and management of the school a perpetual assertion of divine truth,—the exclusive supremacy of that truth every where recognized in the patron of the school, in its master, in its forms,—we may justifiably (as the Society for which I speak proposes to do) allow and encourage the dissident to enter and receive the pure Scriptures of God from our Church's hands, even though he will receive no more; this is, as it were, a parallel system of 'equity' to meet the occasional difficulties, not to supersede the authority, of law, and is safe as long as it is in safe hands;—but to destroy the ascendancy of truth and its recognition, in order to make the lifeless residue a basis of Christian union, is a principle essentially false, and narrow, and impracticable, and unblest."

The elevated tone, and extreme beauty of the following passage, for which indeed, we should find it difficult to mention a parallel, must excuse us for introducing so long an extract.

"Yes—the Church—for in this, as I began, so must I end my argument—the Church is the fitting educator of the people. From that hour of feebleness, when

she receives the infant at the font, and blesses it in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to that hour of as helpless feebleness, when she feeds the parting spirit with the bread of life and the promise of immortality,—from the first to the last hour of human existence—the Church is the instructor, the consoler, the friend of her people. And if such be her daily attributes and claims, shall we forget them in the most momentous period of all? If she be entitled to receive us as we enter the world, to console us as we leave it; if she superintend and sanctify the chiefest event of life, and hallow by her services the blessed seventh of our time; if she claim to be constantly around us, and with us, as the very presence of God in His servants, His temples, His observances,—shall we defraud her of the most important of all her practical functions—her function of training her own youth for the heaven she promises? Shall we insult her claims by consigning to her disposal the weary fragment of a laborious day, the refuse of a mind already harassed by over-wrought attention, and think that we have allowed the high prerogatives of religion, when we give to the science of the skies what the exhausted memory can spare from the demands of its geography and its arithmetic? Decide the matter as you will, the ministers of the Church know their duty. Christ has commanded them to 'feed his lambs,' and they will not yield the work to an alien hand. They will no more resign the school than the pulpit to occupants in whom they cannot confide; for what is the desk of the schoolmaster but the pulpit of hourly preaching? In such a resolution they ask your aid and co-operation; they act for the Church at large, and you are as essential an element of the Church as they; as genuine a portion of the body, as deeply interested in its welfare, as the most exalted of its commissioned ministers. Engaged on such a topic, I would not willingly descend to lower considerations; but were the transition ever in this place admissible, I might surely be justified in reminding you how deeply, on grounds of even *temporal* calculation, the lovers of peace are interested in the power and permanence of the Church of Ireland; the great link, as she unquestionably is, between us and that country which it is our honour as well as our security to accompany on the page of history; the strong cable which, more durably than all others put together, anchors us beneath the majestic shadow of England's power and England's fame. Were even such grounds as these our only grounds, we might call

upon you to aid us, and in aiding us, to strengthen your own tenure of national prosperity and peace. It is true we cannot speak of state support; I will not believe that we are to be ultimately left without it; or that the National Church—so long the martyr of its principles—shall still continue to be the only body in the state whose children are coldly abandoned to the chances of private charity. But in resolving to labour for ourselves, neither despairing of such support, nor delaying for it, we achieve no novelty in our history. It is the known and recorded characteristic of these British Isles, that nearly all their most comprehensive and important undertakings, those works and institutions which urge civilization in a year beyond the growth of ages—the Post Office, the Railway, the College, the Canal—have begun in private enterprise, and not received the support of the state until they had become of sufficient magnitude to require assistance, or encouragement, or direction. Let it be for us to impress the country with maxims which must impress the state. By large and liberal support to the Society, your prelates have organized, encourage the great principle, that in all which concerns the education of the people, and, above all, of the *labouring* people (who can get but *one* education, not like the children of wealth and leisure, who can get a thousand educations from a thousand sources,)—that in all which regards the education of the masses, the Church of Christ, through all its local divisions, is the appropriate organ, the consecrated teacher, and cannot be dispossessed of her right, until convicted of incompetence inherent and irremediable. Her right is derived from a source beyond earth, it cannot without a crime be surrendered. Her commission is from the skies; it cannot be superseded by the self-constituted emissaries of self-constituted associations. We are the ordained and entrusted teachers of the people; the charter is from Christ, and through Christ from the throne of God. Schemes of instruction, projects of enlightenment, arise, and flourish, and die; alone, immortal, and impassible, the Church of Christ has lived a life of centuries, and shows no symptoms of decrepitude yet. The corruptions of her earthly scene (for she is yet but militant) have often darkened her with their gloomiest shadow, but no earthly power shall ever pierce a vital part. The Body of Christ is immortal as its immortal Head! And if you know what is the essence of all legitimate 'National Education' in the eye of Him who is Lord of nations, read

it in the promise in which, commissioning her to be Instructress of the People, Christ, ere He passed to Heaven, breathed into her frame the breath of imperishable life; 'Go ye and TEACH ALL NATIONS. . . and lo, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, even unto the end of the world!'

The argument of Professor Butler, as our readers may perceive, proceeds upon one important assumption—into the proof of which he could hardly have entered in a pulpit address—the assumption that the Church of Ireland, as by law established, is, in truth, *THE* Church of this island. Another body, however, claims the title. The Romanists would fully concur in his strongest representation of the rights and privileges of the Church, assuming to themselves the application. "We are the ancient Church of Ireland," say they;—"You are the mushroom growth of heretical oppression and Saxon violence." As the subject is one of paramount importance, we must entreat our readers to bear with us while we proceed a little out of our path to support the truth of our author's suppressed premises, and to crush the pretensions of these insolent schismatics.

Few passages of history have been more studiously, more shamefully, and, we regret to add, more successfully misrepresented than the introduction, and early progress, of the Reformation in Ireland. The common-places of declamation have been exhausted in depicting the sufferings of the persecuted Church, and the outrages of the Virgin Queen. For upwards of two centuries the leaders of the Romish party have continued, with untiring mendacity, and too often without contradiction, to reiterate the slanderous charges, that the reformed religion was intruded upon Ireland solely by the power of the secular arm—that the united voice of the Church reclaimed against the *innovations*—that her adherence to the faith was attested by the deprivation of her bishops, the expulsion of her clergy, and the substitution, in their room, of strangers, and of foreigners. The youth of our country have been taught to glow with a generous indignation at the barbarous sentence which ejected those venerable prelates who could trace their episcopal descent from the first promulgators of

Christianity in this island ; to regard, with a tender sympathy, the present Romish hierarchy, *as the inheritors of the same injured fortunes, the same illustrious lineage*; and to view the established ecclesiastics, with mingled scorn and hatred, as a race of schismatical intruders, dating their origin from the tyranny of Elizabeth, and substituted for the legitimate pastors by secular and Saxon oppression. So industriously, and so confidently, have these misrepresentations been disseminated, and so enforced by every artifice that could engage the popular attention, that even Protestants have learned to sigh at the stern necessity which exiled from their venerable seats the successors of St. Patrick and St. Jarlath ; and planted the Reformation upon the ruins of the ancient Irish Church. Even of our own readers, some may, we think it possible, feel surprised at the following statements, every one of which is, nevertheless, substantiated by the plainest evidence of history :—That these complaints are lying figments, without one shadow of foundation, and first *invented* by Jesuit malevolence ;—that the ecclesiastical changes introduced under the reign of Elizabeth, were *sanctioned by the prelates of the Irish Church, and adopted by the great body of its clergy* ;—that NO DEPRIVATION OF BISHOPS took place, except in the case of two, who had *illegally* possessed themselves of their sees ;—that *the episcopate has descended, in an unbroken series, from the first age of the Irish Church, to the existing hierarchy of the establishment* ;—that the ROMISH PRELATES ARE NOT THE SUCCESSORS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH, but of “intrusive missionaries,” who, some time *subsequent to the Reformation*, and in direct violation of the laws of the Catholic Church, were nominated to sees *already filled* by the legitimate occupants ; who derived their orders from *foreign* bishops ; who first appeared, as the emissaries of the papacy, and of the Spanish king, to disturb the *existing arrangements* of the Irish Church by the setting up of a schism, and reared their rival altars by treason, treachery, and blood.

Our straitened limits prevent such an adduction of documentary evidence as we should desire to lay before our readers fully to elucidate these state-

ments ; it must suffice very briefly to glance at one or two of the leading points.

In the first place, then, the ecclesiastical reforms introduced under Queen Elizabeth were not forced upon the Church of Ireland by violence, but were sanctioned and approved by her constituted authorities. On this head we must content ourselves with the following succinct statement from the pen of Mr. Palmer :—

“The ecclesiastical regulations made at this time consisted in the rejection of the papal jurisdiction, the acknowledgment of the regal power in ecclesiastical affairs, and the adoption of the English, instead of the Roman ritual. The Earl of Sussex was sent by the Queen in 1560 to promote the adoption of these measures in the Irish parliament, and also to convene a general assembly of the clergy, and to secure their sanction. In the parliament which met, and enacted these regulations, nineteen prelates were present, of whom only two were opposed to their adoption. At this time we know that not more than twenty-six bishops were (could have been) living in the Irish Church, probably not so many. Thus a great majority of the whole synod of Irish bishops assented to the measures of parliament, and the assembly of the clergy offered no opposition. So that it is evident that the reformation of the Church of Ireland was not effected by secular authority in contradistinction to that of the Church itself.”—*Essay on the Church*, vol. i. p. 551.

Next, for the cruel expulsion of the Irish prelates at the time of the reformation. We shall subjoin a few sentences from Bishop Mant's valuable work on the History of the Church of Ireland.

“The enactments concerning the church in Queen Elizabeth's first parliament, had no unpleasant effects upon its governors, save that by the act of supremacy, or rather by their own obnoxious conduct in defiance of it, two bishops were deprived of their see, Leverous, bishop of Kildare, who refused to take the oath of supremacy, and Walsh, bishop of Meath, who not only refused to take the oath, but preached also against the Queen's supremacy, and against the book of common prayer. These are the only two Irish prelates who appear to have been deprived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Had any others been deprived, the fact must have been known and recorded by the ecclesiastical historians of the time. The simple fact may be thus stated, without fear of reasonable contradiction; that whilst many of the temporal lords retained their attachment to the religious scruples in which they had been educated, and transmitted the same to their descendants, *all, with only two exceptions of the spiritual peers, who had formerly been friends of the papacy, either saw cause to approve of the recent alterations, or perceiving no disposition in the government to treat them with rigor, contentedly acquiesced in the existing order of things.*—*History of the Church of Ireland, pp. 275—278.*

Thus the persecutions of the Irish Church,

“Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,”

are at length reduced to the ejection of two prelates, for a treasonable invasion of the laws of the realm. But the bishop has suppressed part of the piteous story of this noble pair of episcopal martyrs. He has omitted to inform us that they had been intruded into their sees by illegal violence; that by an enormous act of arbitrary tyranny, their predecessors, Lancaster, bishop of Kildare, and Staples, bishop of Meath, had been deprived by Queen Mary, in 1554, in consequence of the friendship which, in Edward's reign, they had evinced towards the reformed doctrines; and, that had our worthies been never so submissive, instead of being open rebels, yet nevertheless, any just or equitable arrangement of ecclesiastical affairs must, as a matter of course, have displaced them from their plundered honours.

From the fact that the Irish bishops were not deprived at the time of the reformation, it follows, by easy inference, that the existing hierarchy of the establishment are the successors of the ancient Irish Church. Romanists will not pretend that any interruption of the succession has taken place *since* the reformation; we have shown that their assertion of such an interruption having taken place *at the time of* the reformation is an idle tale; and, we presume, they will not feel very anxious to prove that the chain was broken *antecedent* to that period.

Our readers will now be anxious to learn something of the *real* spiritual

ancestry of the Romish hierarchy in Ireland; and of the means adopted by them for the propagation of their faith. We can only indulge them with a *peep* at one or two of those reverend revivors of the Roman Schism; sufficient, however, to enable them to judge, whether the existing titulars have degenerated from, or improved on, their high original; or whether they are, in truth, faithful transmitters of the same apostolic lineaments. For farther information, in an accessible shape, we should recommend reference to the works of Bishop Mant, and Mr. Palmer, from which we select “a few facts,” as specimens of a similar multitude.

The *first titular primate* of Ireland was the celebrated Richard Creagh, who has been styled, “*præclarus fidei Catholicæ pugil; et primarius ejusdem, vel propagator, vel restaurator, in suo natali solo.*” A native of Limerick, he received his education at Louvain, and returned to his birth-place eager for the overthrow of Queen Elizabeth's heretical government. Having proved his zeal by several attempts at insurrection, he was nominated by the pope to the see of Armagh, already occupied by Loftus; and succeeded, by the most nefarious frauds, in establishing a schism in opposition to the legitimate primate. Upon the death of Creagh, about the year 1590, Edward Magabraham, or Magauran, was nominated in his room. The new archbishop arrived from Spain, where he had been residing, with a *commission to make war upon the Queen*, and with ample promises of aid from the Spanish monarch. But this “too daring” primate fell a sacrifice to his military ardor; for having broken into an immature rebellion, he *perished in an engagement with the Queen's troops!*

Some years after, O'Donel, desirous to fortify his rebellion by foreign aid, employed, as his emissary to the Spanish court, O'Hely, the *Titular Archbishop of Tuam*, to claim fulfilment of the promises made, as we have seen, to the Irish insurgents, through Magauran, the deceased primate. When O'Donel had at length raised his standard, he found by his side O'Gallagher, the Romish Bishop of Derry; and was soon reinforced by Oviedo, the *first Titular Archbishop of Dublin*, who brought from the pontiff a supply

of money, and a plenary remission of sins to all such as took up arms against the Queen.

In the year 1567, one Maurice Gibbon was nominated by the pope to the Archbishopial See of *Cashel*. Having proceeded thither, he demanded from the legitimate archbishop the instant surrender of his see; upon the refusal of which modest request, *he assaulted, and maimed him*, with a skeine or Irish dagger!

So much for the *Romish archiepiscopates* in this country. Of their first *suffragans*, we can take only a single specimen.

“Ex uno,

Disce omnes.”

We are informed by the *Popish* historian, O'Sullivan, that, in the year 1575, Geraldine of Desmond, plotting an insurrection upon a grand scale, was desirous to concert his measures with Pope Gregory, and proceeded to Rome for that purpose. He found there Cornelius O'Melrian, an Irish Franciscan, who had been recently appointed *Bishop of Killaloe*, and who at once became a principal in the counsels of Desmond. To their united solicitations for assistance, his holiness readily consented; and granted to the *banditti* then desolating Italy, a free pardon, on condition of their undertaking an expedition to Ireland. At the head of these *missionaries* the Bishop of Killaloe landed in Ireland; distributed arms and indulgences among the rebels who flocked to his standard; and inscribed upon his banners the device of the keys, “because he fought for him

who had the keys of the kingdom of heaven.”

We cannot now bestow even a passing glance at the many interesting collateral discussions contained in the professor's sermons; some of which are calculated to awaken deep and serious reflexion. But we cannot dismiss them without expressing our earnest hope that such principles, and such a spirit may, more and more widely pervade our national mind. Circumstances seem to be every day more forcing the Church to stand upon her own inherent and imperishable rights;—the desertion of the state;—the violation of her privileges by the suppression of her bishoprics, and the confiscation of her property; and, perhaps as much as any, the late treacherous separation of the Presbyterian interest from the Anti-Romanist cause in Ireland. In such times nothing will stand the shock but *principle*; clear, definite, decided, Church principle. The Church is left alone to maintain the cause of *Protestant* and of *Christian* education in Ireland; nor will she *betray*, or shrink from the glorious trust. An inextinguishable strength—an ardor—a devotion—is rising within her bosom, which will triumph over the ten thousand perils which are set round about her. But if she would sway the nation's mind, she must not wilfully stint or curtail her own powers; she must appear before us in the symmetry of her own majestic proportions, and then she will feel neither shame nor fear to meet her enemies in the gate.

LAW AND LAWYERS*—SECOND ARTICLE.

In the hagiology of the middle ages Saint Nicholas was the patron of scholars and thieves—the tailors had their saints—and the cobblers. The printers were men of a later generation, but they were a bad set; and every one knows the fate of Dr. Faustus, who had too many dealings with them, and with the devil. He was lost for want of a patron saint. Who now rules over the destiny of the gentlemen who profess the mysteries of the black art, we may hereafter reveal, when we come to deal with *Books and Booksellers*. Our present business is with “Law and Lawyers.”

“When I lived in Rome,” says Carr in his Remarks, “going with a Roman to see some antiquities, he shewed me a chapel dedicated to one St. Evona, a lawyer, of Britannie, who, he said, came to Rome, to enfreath the pope to give the lawyers of Britannie a patron, to which the pope replied that he knew of no saint but was disposed of to other professions; at which St. Evona was very sad, and earnestly begged the pope to think of one for them; at last the pope proposed to St. Evona that he should go round the church of St. John de Latera, blind-fold, and, after he had said so many Ave Marias, that the first saint he laid hold of should be his patron, which the good

* Law and Lawyers, or Sketches of Legal History and Biography, 2 Vols. London, 1840.

lawyer willingly undertook, and at the end of his Ave Marias, he stooped at St. Michael's altar, where he laid hold of the devil under St. Michael's feet, and cried out 'this is our saint, let him be our patron;' so being unblind-folded and seeing what a patron he had chosen, he went to his lodgings so dejected that, in a few years after, he died, and coming to heaven's gate, knocked hard; whereupon St. Peter asked 'who it was that knocked so boldly,' he replied, 'that he was St. Evona, the advocate.' 'Away, away,' said St. Peter, 'there is no room for you lawyers.' 'O but,' said Evona, 'I am that honest lawyer who never took fees on both sides, or pleaded in a bad cause, nor did I ever set my neighbours together by the ears, or lived by the sins of the people.' 'Well, then,' said St. Peter, 'come in.' This news coming to Rome, a witty poet wrote on St. Evona's tomb: 'St. Evona, un Breton, advocat, non ladro.'

'God works wonders now and then,
Here lyes a lawyer, an honest man,'

was Ben Jonson's epitaph on Randall, and the feeling of surprise at any honesty in a lawyer which it expresses, is one in which, we believe there was, and perhaps is, pretty general sympathy. We do not think, that in any branch of the legal profession, there is less integrity than among other bodies of men of the same rank in life; and it is curious enough, that we believe this feeling against the profession, which is expressed in a hundred proverbial forms of speech, is derived not from any peculiar dishonesty attributable to the lower class of practitioners, but arises from the obligation which the barrister, who is retained in any cause, civil or criminal, is understood to contract with his client, to do all that is possible for his defence. The unrighteousness of the cause is transferred, by an easy process of the imagination, to the counsel; and the fact that a barrister cannot refuse a retainer from the party who first seeks his services, makes him appear in the public eye as a man indifferent to right or wrong.

"When a barrister," says a writer of no great power, who sees but one side of the question. "When a barrister arrives at an assize town on his circuit, and tacitly publishes that, abating a few, and only a few cases, he is willing to take the

brief of any client; that he is ready to employ his abilities, his ingenuity, to prove that any given cause is good, or that it is bad; and when having gone before a jury, he urges the side on which he happens to be employed, with all the earnestness of seeming integrity and truth, and devotes the faculties God has given him, in promotion of its success. When we see all this, and remember that it was the toss of a die whether he should have done exactly the contrary, I think that no expression characterises the procedure but that of moral and intellectual prostitution."

We do not feel surprise at the popular prejudice which such a view of the conduct of the bar suggests, and while we are quite satisfied that society is greatly benefitted by the advocate's undertaking the statement of every cause that may be offered him; yet we are not quite sure, that in the same way in which the clerical profession is, in some respects, unfavourable to the personal piety of the clergyman, there may not be something in all this, unfavourable to the lawyer's own moral being—something, which may render greater watchfulness, and perhaps counteracting studies, desirable for him. At no time does it appear to have been the notion of the English law, that the advocate should pledge himself to the court that he thought his client's cause just, though such an engagement was exacted in the courts of civil law. In Scotland, a statute of James I. (of Scotland) orders the advocate to take the following oath:—

"*Illud juretur, quod illi sibi iusta videtur,
Et al quaeretur, verum non inscietur;
Nil promittetur, nec falsa probatio detur,
Ut illi tardetur dilatio nulla petetur.*"

In Holland, an advocate may be even at present, condemned in the costs of the suit, if he defends a case, which the court regards as unjust. But though this be the law, it is never enforced. Of the English system, it is justly observed by the author of the volumes which we review, that "the defence of the system is to be found in the fact that it works well; that it produces the ends for which advocates and tribunals exist; that it produces these ends with more certainty and expedition than they could in any other way be attained." The same allowances, and the same deductions, are in fact

• Our readers may be amused by comparing this authentic narrative with the account of the matter, given by the "Connaught Ranger," in the January number of the Dublin University Magazine of this year. How is it that he makes St. Evona, the lawyer who never took fees, an Englishman?

made by the hearers, as if the party himself was heard, instead of the advocate—and the advantage society gains is, that the case comes before the tribunal, which is to decide, disembarassed of the superfluous matter with which the ignorance and the passions of the parties interested in the result of the decision would involve any, even the most trifling question. The effect is in general the interruption of litigation in an early stage, and of much wrong-headed pertinacity and altercation, even in those cases which run the gauntlet of litigation. The facts which the advocate states, are those which the client would state, were he able to form a just opinion of their bearing on the ultimate decision. It may be said, that there is in this the disadvantage of the suppression of much of the real facts of every case; but little is to be apprehended from this, when it is remembered, that the parties cognizant of the entire fact, or their confidential attorneys are watching every statement, and that the barrister who states the case, is understood to be stating nothing from his own authority. *His* statements, if unsustained by evidence, have no undue effect,—they are disregarded and forgotten by the tribunal that is to decide between the litigants. Would the same be the effect, if the habits of the country encouraged persons who themselves, must know the truth or falsehood of unproved allegations, to state for themselves, their view of disputed facts? The weight of personal character could not but have an undue influence; and the plausible scoundrel, who could wear the mask of honesty and simplicity, while it served his purpose, would often have the advantage over the poor devil, who, for the first time, came into public, with all the embarrassments, which arise to distract a man, unaccustomed to the sound of his own voice. We think the advantage to society from the institution of a class of men, set apart for the study of the laws, and whose bounden duty it is to secure to all who may consult them, every advantage which the laws can give, is one of which no reasonable doubt can be entertained.

"Sir," said Johnson to Sir William Forbes, "a lawyer has no business with the justice or the injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice, or injustice of

the cause, is to be decided by the judge. Consider too, what is the purpose of courts of justice—it is, that every man may have his cause fairly tried by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie—he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed—but he is not to usurp the province of the judge and the jury, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence, what shall be the result of legal argument. If, by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, and a better method of communication, a lawyer has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled, there must be always some advantage on one side or the other; and it is better the advantage should be by talents than by chance."

It is not improbable that there has been some mistake in the record of this conversation, as the policy of instituting an order of advocates is undoubtedly that of equalizing, as much as is possible, the intellectual power of the plaintiff and defendant, inasmuch, as the security of life, or freedom, or property, ought not to depend on the knowledge or intellectual power of the litigant. These advantages, society does what it can to prevent having any weight. There is recorded by Boswell, a conversation, in which Johnson's opinion is yet more strongly expressed, than that which we have given.

"I asked him," says Boswell, "whether as a moralist, he did not think, that the practice of the law, in some degree, hurt the nice feelings of honesty.

Johnson.—"Why, no, sir; if you act properly, you are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion; and you are not to tell lies to a judge."

Boswell.—"But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?"

Johnson.—"Sir, you do not know it to be bad, till the judge determines it. I have said you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing a cause to be bad, must be from reasoning, must be from your supposing your arguments to be weak and incohesive. But, sir, that is not enough. An argument, which does not convince yourself, may convince the judge to whom you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your own opinion,

that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion."

Boswell.—"But, sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion, when you are in reality of another opinion; does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?"

Johnson.—"Why, no, sir. Every body knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is therefore, properly, no dissimulation; the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behaviour. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands, when he should walk upon his feet."

The question which was agitated between Boswell and Johnson has been handed down ever since, and the author of "Law and Lawyers," cites many authorities, in his rambling way, on both sides of the question. The prejudice, in whatever cause it may have originated, still affects the popular estimate of the *attorney*. They are dreaded like fairies or witches; and often in their absence, called through some superstitious feeling or other, "honest men," "good people"—as the fairies of old, and the fairies of Dr. Lardner's era, were called by some milder name, than properly expressed their nature. An attorney's executor was complaining to Foote of the expenses of the funeral. "Why, do you *bury* attorneys here?" gravely enquired Foote. "Yes, to be sure, how else?" "Oh! we *never* do that in London." "No! how do you manage there?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room, overnight, by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed; and pray, what becomes of him." "Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there is a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

"Sir William Garrow had a peculiar dislike to attorneys—He hated them to a degree that made him behave to them with positive ferocity. Sir Vicary Gibbs concurred in this aversion. Indeed, 'Vinegar' is said, to have punished one

of the tribe by boxing his ears in open court. This was of course when he was at the bar. The little mean dirty tricks of which some of the class have been guilty, entitle such persons to be despised and shunned. Mr. Chitty relates an anecdote of a young attorney who had been carrying on a correspondence with a young lady, in which he had always, as he thought, expressed himself with the greatest caution. Finding, however, that he did not perform what he had led the lady to believe that he would, she brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against him. When his letters were produced on the trial, it appeared that he had always concluded—'this *without prejudice*, from your's faithfully, C. D.' The judge facetiously left it to the jury to determine whether these concluding words, being from an attorney, did not mean that he did not intend any prejudice to the lady, and the jury found accordingly."

There is a chapter in this book called "Literary Lawyers," from which we borrow a few sentences.

"The connection between poetry and law is very ancient. The old British laws were written in verse—in the Cymric triads we have preserved the jurisprudence of the Welsh people, and the wisdom of the Frisian legislation is handed down to us in the same form. Amongst 'Les Usages de Kent,' those privileges which the Conqueror conceded to the proud and independent spirit of the Kentish people, we find the following distich—

'The sader to the donghe,
And the son to the ploughe.'

by which we are to understand that the commission of an act of felony, punishable with death, did not involve the forfeiture of the criminal's land and the consequent injury of the heir.

'Nighon sithe yeld,
And nighon sithe geld,
And viſ pund for the wara,
Ere he became healdere.'

This was the law by which a tenant, whose land had been seized through his having neither paid the rent, nor performed the services in consideration of which he held it, was enabled to recover possession by paying five pounds as a were or amerement. 'The Forest verse,' says Sir Francis Palgrave—

'Dog draw,
Stable stand,
Back berend,
And bloody hand—'

'justified the verdurer in his summary execution of the offender. And in King Athelstane's grant to the good men of Beverley, and inscribed beneath his effigy in the minster—

'Alls free,
Mak I the
As heart may think,
Or elgh may see,'

we have, perhaps, the ancient form of enfranchisement, or manumission.'

"Coming down to a comparatively modern period, Sir Edward Coke's reports have been, by some laborious poetaster, paraphrased in verse. This has been rather ingeniously done, as each case is comprised in a single distich, the initial word being the name of the case. Thus 'Flower's case' is thus termed—

'FLOWER. On indictment, alse evidence,
Is ever within the statute an offence.'

Sharp's case—

'SHARP. A demise for life is but at will,
If liv'ry or words equivalent want still.'

Again—

'ROSS. Lease for life to one and assigne,
And of two more, good lease for life of three.'

"As late as Burrowes' Reports, do we find legal 'truths severe,' drest in the 'fairy' garb of verse. The case is that of the parish of Shadwell, versus the parish of St. John's, Wapping—

'A woman having a settlement
Married a man with none;
The question was—he being dead,
If that she had was gone.

'Quoth Sir John Pratt, her settlement
Suspended did remain,
Living the husband—but him dead,
It doth revive again.'

CHORUS OF PUNNE JUDGES.

'Living the husband—but him dead,
It doth revive again.'"

Of our permanent literature, there has not been as much as we could expect, the production of Lawyers. We have, to be sure, chancellors and chief justices, honorary members of the poor fraternity of authors. But Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" has survived the satirical reply to it which was ascribed to Lord Chancellor Somers.

"How many an Orië was in Murray lost,"

we have no means of determining; and had Cowper's health permitted him to pursue the same active course of life with his fellow-apprentice, Thurlow, both time and inclination would have been wanting for the noble translation, which has made Homer our own; and for his original poems, which have perhaps given greater delight to a greater number of persons than any other volumes in the language. During the active years of a lawyer's profession, there is not time for literature; and supposing him to be able to retire from the profession in unbroken health, it rarely occurs that new habits can be formed. Charles Butler's works are praised. His notes on Coke Littleton, we think deservedly; for nothing can be clearer than his language, and the difficulties of abstruse disquisition are certainly lessened by his admirable style. But his other works, his lives of Erasmus and Fenelon, and histories of English Catholics, and Creeds, and Controversies, are more easily praised than read. Lumber of the kind ought to be relentlessly thrown out of the library; this is, however, our own opinion, and not that of our author.

"He was," says the gentleman before us, "an able controversialist and biblical scholar; well read in continental literature, and by no means ignorant of that of his own country. The diversity of his own learning may be guessed from the circumstance that the works which he left unfinished were, 'a Life of Christ; or Paraphratical Harmony of the Gospels;' and 'a History of the Binomial Theorem.' He was, in short, rather greatly than deeply learned. He was an able mathematician. Some of his happiest hours, he declared, were those which he devoted to mathematical studies. In his habits he was temperate. He was of a candid and amiable temper, and managed to conciliate the regard and affection of all with whom he came in contact. He devoted all his leisure time to study and composition, regularly rising at four in the morning. He was fond of music; often amusing himself with playing on the pianoforte, and occasionally would sing, if entreated by any friends present. His memory was most extraordinary; and he once excited the astonishment of his friends in this way in a strange manner. He was, in early life, employed by Lord Sandwich, (then first Lord of the Admiralty,) to compose a speech for him, in defence of Press Warrants, which his lordship

delivered in the house. Butler was present, and, after he left the house, joined a party, where he was asked how Lord Sandwich had spoken. He replied, that he had listened so attentively, that he thought he could repeat his whole speech, which he forthwith did, to the surprise of all his hearers.

"Amongst his pupils, may be mentioned Lord Denman, Mr. Brodie, M. D uval, and Mr. Preston. At the instance of the former, a silk gown was given him in 1832. This is an honor rarely conferred on conveyancers. He died in the same year at the age of eighty-two."

Some mention of Sir William Jones follows, and then we have more modern worthies :—

"Lord Eldon is said to have perpetrated some half dozen poetical *nugas*—one of which was a new version of 'Chevy Chase,' in the form of a chancery bill. We understand that this last specimen of 'ingenious trifling' is yet extant. Lord Tenterden was renowned for his Latin versification.

"Sir Edward Sugden is not a name that our readers would probably have expected to see here. But we have been told, on competent authority, that this eminent lawyer is the author of a humorous parody on the well-known air, 'Wake, Dearest, Wake.' This parody is supposed to be a dialogue between a sheriff's officer and the unhappy object of his pursuit. The officer finding the door closed against him, advises the debtor, *as a friend*, to come out and surrender himself, for

"If you don't, I shall nab you to-morrow."

DEBTOR.

"I don't care, I don't care, I don't care."

"Lord Lyndhurst, too, has wooed the muse. The following anecdote may be relied on as authentic :—While he was at a school kept by a Mr. Franks, a circumstance occurred which will serve to show how early the ardent temperament and ready talent, which has distinguished his public career, developed itself in this remarkable man. At Clapham, there was a young ladies' school which was attended by the same dancing-master as that employed by Mr. Franks; and, previous to his annual ball, the two schools used frequently to meet together for the purpose of practising. At one of these agreeable reunions, young Copley, then not more than fourteen years of age, was smitten with the charms of a beautiful girl, and,

at their next meeting, slipped into her hand a letter containing a locket with his hair, and a copy of verses, of which the following is a transcript. They were entitled—

'VERSES ADDRESSED BY J. COPLEY TO THE MOST AMIABLE

'Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, love,
I feel thy soft, resistless flame;
Glide swift through all my vital frame;
For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows,
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul;
My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs;
Condemned to muse eternal care
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unheard I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

'I beg you will do me the honor to accept of the trifle that accompanies it, and you will oblige

'Your affectionate admirer,

'J. S. COPLEY, JUN.

'P.S.—Pray excuse the writing.'

"It is only necessary to add that the lady to whom these verses were addressed still survives, and retains in her possession both the letter and its contents.

"Lord Denman possesses poetical talents of no mean order, as the following translation from the Greek Anthology, published in Mr. Bland's collection, will show :—

'In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave!

'Loved Harmodius, then never shall die!
The poets exultingly tell,
That thine is the fulness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

'In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
And buried his pride in the grave.

'At the altar the tyrant they seized,
While Minerva he vainly implored,
And the goddess of wisdom was pleased,
With the victim of liberty's sword.

'May your bliss be immortal on high,
Among men as your glory shall be,
Ye doom'd the usurper to die,
And bade our dear country be free.'

"'In my profession,' Sir W. Jones writes to Dr. Parr, 'the reputation of a scholar is a dead weight on a person.' Literary reputation is, certainly, not the best means for obtaining a practice. A

poetical lawyer has described one more available :—

' THE MODERN WAY TO GET ON AT THE BAR.

' My Commons all eat, and my terms all past,
To the bar I'm now call'd, my dear father, at
last;
To its profits I look, to its honours aspire,
The first of our name ever titled *esquire*.
That I'm proud of the title, I'm free to con-
fess,

No longer plain *gentleman* now of the *press*;
By a penny-a-line I was scurvily paid,
I was starving—but think now my fortune is
made!

I've struck out such a line as you'll say is by
far

The best of all ways to *get on at the bar*.
Some try to get on as great black-letter readers,
But all now aspire to be thought *special pleaders*.
The title all claim, it belongs but to few,
Tho' first asked, when you're called, "Pray
whose pupil were you?"

I said I was Tidd's, though you know that the
fact is,
He taught me, 'tis true, by twice reading his
practice.

Some to book-making take, but that's starving
employment
I never could read, or in books find enjoy-
ment.

I laugh at translators, call editors ganders,
Who were paid, as was Williams, for editing
Saunders;

Be praised, but left briefless, at last find, how
hard!

Poor Probity's meed is their only reward.
What were Vaillant's great gains by 's transla-
tion of Dyer?

He was made city pleader, but never got
higher;

Had that place been a gift, some reward I'd
have thought it,

But now with his own proper money he
bought it.

But the way to get on I've struck out is much
shorter,

I never draw pleadings, I read no reporter—
Those courses don't suit me—the way which I
choose

To get on, is by paragraph puffs in the *News*.
For example, when call'd, there appeared in
the *Star*,

Mr. Lignum, last Wednesday, was call'd to the
bar.

And it then lets the world obligingly know,
The home circuit, we hear, Mr. L. means
to go.

In the front of the paper, this holds a first
place;

And my name in large print stares you full in
the face.

Then soon after, we hear, and we hope it is
true,

Mr. Lignum, at Clerkenwell, made his debut;
At the Old Bailey, the public, as well as his
friends,

With pleasure, will hear he in future attends;
And the night of his call five retainers were
sent.

VOL. XV.

In five parish appeals, for the sessions in Kent.
This, half-news and half-puff, I take care sha'n't
be lost,
But appear in the *Chronicle*, *Herald*, and *Post*;
And in all other papers, all which you may
guess,

I owe to my gentlemen friends of the press,
Those who crowd up the courts every day,
taking notes,

With greasy black heads, and more greasy
black coats.

These are all dear friends, and they gave me
the hint,
Of th' advantage I'd find from appearing in
print.

Your name seen so often, folks naturally say,
"Why Lignum's the most rising man of the
day."

You'll find business bring business, and we
shall not fail,

Though you move for a nonsuit, or justify
bail;

That your name shall appear, and you'll seem
to have all,

Or, at least, half the business of Westminster
Hall."

Thus you see, my dear father, it answers my
ends

To make all these black-headed gentry my
friends;

And think, just as I've hit to a tittle,
The way to get on, and it costs me but little;
At chambers I now and then give them a
lunch,

Or, at night, a regale of hog's puddings and
punch."

We have a chapter called the Bench
and the Woolsack. There is a good
deal on the subject of "judicial cor-
ruption"—a crime, which, frequent and
disgraceful as it was in old times, must
have had its origin rather in Eastern
notions of paying for every service by
presents, than in any consciousness of
wrong. It has no existence in later
days. The delinquencies of judges in
Alfred's golden reign seem to have
been in strange contrast with the vir-
tues of the rest of the nation. If we
are to believe the poet,

"A single gaol, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice, then, without constraint, adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheathed the
sword;

No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Blest age!"

If we look at the old almanack of
the day, we find the "Mirror of
Justices" telling us that among the
other abuses of the common law,

"It is abuse that justices and other
officers, who wile people by false judg-

ments, be not destroyed as other murderers, which King Alfred caused to be done, who ordered forty-four justices in one year to be hanged for their false judgments."

"He hanged Cadwine, because he judged Hackery to death without the consent of all the jurors; and whereas he stood upon the jury of twelve men, and because three would have saved him against the nine, Cadwine removed the three and put others upon the jury upon whom Hackery put not himself."

Very right, say we.

"He hanged Cole, because he judged Ive of death, when he was a madman."

Right again. We would have hanged Cole ourselves at the equity side of the big tree, under which in those primitive times, law was administered.

"He hanged Athulf, because he caused Copping to be hanged before the age of six-and-twenty years."

"He hanged Athelstane because he judged Herbert to death for an offence not mortal."

"He hanged Horne, because he hanged Simon at days forbidden."

"He hanged Therborne, because he judged Osgot for a fact, whereof he was acquitted before against the same plaintiff, which acquaintance he tendered to own by oath, and because he would not own it by record; therefore would not allow of the acquittal which he tendered him."

Alfred deserves high praise for all this. In Edward the First's time, when the king wanted money, he in general accused the judges of corruption, and punished them with heavy fines. Sir Thomas Wayland, chief justice of the common pleas, was tried for murder, and fled the country. The object of the king was attained, for his estates, said to be worth seventy thousand pounds, were forfeited. Thorpe, the chief justice of the king's bench, was scarcely more fortunate: he was accused of staying a writ for a bribe of ninety pounds; was convicted, and his fine went to swell the king's coffers. The exchequer was not more lucky than the other court, for Adam de Stratton, the chief Baron, "a man," says Lord Coke, "of great possessions and riches," was attainted of felony. All the judges, in short, were, according to their wealth, regarded as more or less guilty, and

were fined and imprisoned. Two poor devils escaped, and we record their names—"Johannes de Mettingham, and Elias de Beckingham, who, to their eternal memory and honour, were found upright, and free from all bribery and corruption." Poor devils, they had not a farthing in the world, and therefore were they permitted to escape.

In Latimer's time, the judges were a bad set; but it must be always remembered, in defence of those who have the appointment of these officers, that they are selected necessarily from the bar, and were probably among the best men that learned and exemplary profession then afforded.

"Now-a-days," says Latimer, "the judges are afraid to hear a poor man against the riche, insomuch, that they will either pronounce agaynste him, or to drive the poor man's mit, that he shall not be able to go through with it. Cambises was a great emperour, such another as our master is; he had many lord deputies, lord presidents, and lieutenants under him. It is a great while sithe I read the hystorie. It chanced he had under him, in one of his dominions, a briber, a gift-taker, a gratifier of rich men; he followed gifts, just as he that followed the pudding, a fund-maker in his office, to make his son a great man; as the old saying is, happy is the child whose father goeth to the devils. The cry of the poor widow came to the emperour's ear, and caused him to slay the judge quick, and layde his skinne in the chayre of judgement; that all judges that should give judgement afterward, should sit in the same skinne. Surely it was a goodly sign, a goodly monument, the sign of the judge's skinne. I pray God, we may once see the sign of the judge's skinne in England. Ye will say, peradventure, that this is cruelly and uncharitably spoken. Not no! I doe it charitably for a love I beare to my country."

We forbear to follow our author over the beaten ground of Henry the Seventh's oppressions, through the instrumentality of venal lawyers. In such a book some mention of such matters could not have been well omitted; and the same excuse may be reasonably pleaded for his repeating the old stories of Lord Bacon. There are some stories of the disposal of church patronage. The following we transcribe, adding, that we think there is probably some mistake in the matter:—

"A very important living in his gift

becoming vacant, the Chancellor received a communication from Sir Robert Walpole, strongly recommending a friend of his to his lordship's consideration. Finding the candidate to be qualified, the Chancellor promised him the living. Shortly after he had done so, he was waited on by the curate of the late incumbent, with a memorial signed by almost all the parishioners, testifying to his merits and his poverty, and entreating the Chancellor to use his influence with the new rector, to continue him in his curacy. Lord Talbot received the poor parson with his usual urbanity, and entering into conversation with him, inquired the value of his curacy. 'Fifty pounds a-year, my lord,' was the reply. 'Well, sir,' said the Chancellor, 'I will not only grant your suit, but do what I can to get your salary raised;' and so dismissed the poor curate with an elate heart. Shortly after this the rector-expectant called on Lord Talbot to thank him for his promise. The Chancellor took the opportunity of mentioning the curate's request, and begged that it might be granted. 'I should be indeed happy to oblige your lordship,' replied the clergyman, 'but I have promised my curacy to a particular friend.' '*Promised your curacy!*—what, sir, before the living is yours?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'Then, sir,' replied the Chancellor, with warmth, 'I will afford you an admirable opportunity of dismissing your friend—I will dispose of the living elsewhere;' and, without suffering a reply, dismissed the astonished 'clerk.' When the poor old curate waited on him to learn the result of his application, the Chancellor said to him, 'I am, indeed, sorry to tell you, that I cannot get you the curacy.' The old man bowed, and was about to retire, overcome with grief. 'Stop, sir,' exclaimed Lord Talbot, 'though I cannot give you the curacy, I can give you the living, and yours it is; so you may write to your family, by the next post, and tell them that although you only applied for the *curacy*, your merit and your modesty have obtained for you the *living*.' "

The church patronage in the hand of the chancellor was not unreasonable, when the great seal was held by an ecclesiastic. The instances which are given in these volumes of its exercise, are in general creditable.

There is some discussion as to the origin of the equitable jurisdiction of the chancellor: in these matters our book-maker becomes ultra-crepidarian. He plainly knows nothing about its origin; and, in spite of all legal antiquarian-

ism, it is impossible to give a quite consistent and intelligible account of it. "The court of equity," says Coke, "increased most when Cardinal Wolsey was Lord Chancellor of England; by whom the old saying was verified, that great men in judicial places will never want authority."

Wolsey was, after all, a glorious being; one of those, who holds the imagination in captivity, and thus continues to give evidence that he was rightfully a ruler over men. We are not surprised at the effect of the magnificence of old times; and did we feel authorised to depart so far from our proper subject, it would give us pleasure to tell of this "father of equity." Cavendish, after telling us of the various officers of his chapel, mentions his "two secretaries, his two clerks of the signet, and four counsellors learned in the law of the kingdom." The "furniture"—an amusing word—of the court of chancery in his days, is described by his biographer. It gives but an inadequate idea of Wolsey's own establishment, as every thing in Chancery was on a less scale than his appointments as legate. He had, as chancellor, officers to attend on him daily.

"First, the clerk of the crown; a riding clerk; a clerk of the hanaper; a chaffer of wax. When he had a clerk of the check, as well to check his chaplains, as his yeomen of the chamber; he had also four footmen, which were apparelled in rich riding coats, whosoever he rode any journey. Then had he a herald-at-arms, and a serjeant-at-arms; a physician; an apothecary; four minstrels; a keeper of his tents; an armourer; an instructor of his wards; two yeomen in his wardrobe; and a keeper of his chamber in the court. He had also daily in his house the surveyor of York, a clerk of the green cloth, and an auditor. All this number of persons were daily attendant upon him in his house, down-lying and uprising."

"Now," says Cavendish, "I will declare unto you his order in going to Westminster Hall daily in the term season:—First, before his coming out of his privy chamber, he heard most commonly every day two masses in his privy closet; and there then said his daily service with his chaplain; and, as I heard his chaplain say, being a man of credence and of excellent learning, that the Cardinal, what business or weighty matters soever he had in the day, he never went to his bed with any part of his divine service unsaid, yea, not

so much as one collect; wherein, I doubt not, but he received the opinion of divers persons; and after mass he would return in his privy chamber again, and being advertised of the furniture of his chambers without, with noblemen, gentlemen and other persons, would issue out unto them apparelled all in red in the habit of a cardinal, which was either of fine scarlet or else of crimson satin taffety, damask, or cassa, the best that he could get for money; and upon his head a round pillion, with a noble of black velvet set in the same; in the inner side, he had also a tippet of fine sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections, against the pestilent airs, the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with many suitors."

Before him was borne first the great seal of England, and then his cardinal's hat by a nobleman, a "right worthy gentleman," walking solemnly, bare-headed; and thus did he enter his presence chamber, where

"There were attending his coming to wait upon him to Westminster Hall, as well noblemen and other worthy gentlemen, as well noblemen and gentlemen of his own family, thus passing forth with the great silver crosses borne before him, with also two great pillars of silver, and his pursuivant-at-arms with a great mace of silver gilt. Then his gentlemen ushers cried and said, 'on, my lords and masters, on before, make way for my lord's grace!' Then passed he down from his chamber through the hall, and when he came to the hall-door, there was attendant for him his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet, and gilt stirrups. When he was mounted, with his cross-bearers, and pillar-bearers also upon great horses trapped with scarlet. Thus marched he forward, with his train and furniture as I have declared, having about him four footmen with gilt poll-axes in their hands; and thus he went until he came to Westminster Hall door, and there

alighted, and went after this manner up through the Hall into the chancery; howbeit, he would most commonly stay awhile at the bar, made for him a little beneath the chancery, and there commune with the judges, and sometimes with other persons. And that done, he would repair into the chancery, sitting there till eleven of the clock, hearing suitors and determining of divers matters."

From thence he went to the star-chamber, when that court sat, "where," says Cavendish, "he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to its merits."

It will perhaps startle some of our readers to hear of the chancellor habitually rising, after having disposed of the business of his court, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The business of the court was then comparatively trifling, and the hour at which Wolsey left home for chancery was probably eight in the morning. In Sir John Fortescue's work *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ* is a very interesting chapter on "the judges of the courts in Westminster Hall, which among other things tells us, that the judges of England, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, did not sit in court above three hours in the day, from eight in the morning till eleven."

"The courts," he adds, "are never open in the afternoon. The suitors of the courts betake themselves to the *pervise*," and other places to advise with the serjeants-at-law, and other their counsel, about their affairs. The judges, when they have taken their refreshments, spend the rest of the day in the study of the laws, reading of the Holy Scriptures, and other innocent amusements at their pleasure. It seems rather a life of contemplation than of much action; their time is spent in this manner free from care and worldly avocations; nor was it ever found that any of them has been corrupted by gifts or bribes. [This is a bold word which Fortescue's editors satisfactorily disprove.] And it has been observed, as

* "A serjeant-at-law, ware and wise,
That often had been at the *pervise*."—CHAUCER.

It signifies an afternoon's exercise, or moot to the instruction of young students, bearing the same name originally with the *parvisie* in Oxford, as they call their sittings general in the afternoon, which, I confess, I learned from Mr. Wake's *Musa Regnantes*, page 125, where he derides the *quodlibets*, or disputationes *magna*, which are their exercises of Regents Masters in the forenoon, from *Parva*, that is scholars' exercise in the afternoon. *Has, quia iis inferiores, Parvas, jam etiam corrupto nomine parvisias dicere consuevimus.*—SELDEN.

an especial dispensation of Providence, that they have been happy in leaving behind them immediate descendants in a right line. ‘*Thus is the man blessed that feareth the Lord;*’ and think it no less a peculiar blessing, that from among the judges and their offspring more peers and great men of the realm have risen than from any other profession or estate of men whatsoever who have rendered themselves wealthy, illustrious and noble, by their own application, parts and industry, although the merchants are more in number by some thousands, and some of them excel in riches all the judges put together.”

This he refers to the peculiar blessing of God, whose promises are “to the generation of the upright.” Fortescue was himself the lineal ancestor of the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

We cannot at present follow our author through the more serious part of his subject; we have scarcely room indeed for more than an allusion to the care with which the education of the young lawyer was in the days of old conducted in the inns of court.

“I have known,” says Roger North, “music, geometry, and natural philosophy, as well as the knowledge of geography, states and republics in great perfection harboured in *eadem subjecto* with the body of the common law and coexistent with as great practice and preferments as have been known in the profession. Of this, Bacon was an instance; and, in latter times, Selden.”*

Fortescue, in the treatise we have just quoted, gives an interesting account of the pursuits and studies of the young lawyers of his day. The expenses of living at the inns of court, he says, were greater than merchants were willing to afford; the students were, therefore, generally men of high birth and adequate fortune.

“There is,” he adds, “both in the inns of court and the inns of chancery, a sort of academy or gymnasium, fit for persons of their station, where they learn singing and all kinds of music, dancing, and such other accomplishments and diversions (which are called revels), as are suitable to their quality and such as are usually practised at court.”

In a very amusing book, of which we

gave an account in a former number of the magazine,† ‘*Roger North’s Life of Lord Keeper Guilford,*’ we are told of Lord Guilford’s admirable skill as a musician, and he was fond of saying “that if he had not enabled himself by such studies,” and he particularised his practice of music upon his base or lyra viol, which he used to touch lute fashion upon his knees, “to divert himself alone, he had never been a lawyer.” Saunders, too—such of our readers as have the opportunity, will be rewarded if they look back to Roger North’s account of him in one of our articles on Lord Guilford’s life—used “to play jiggs upon a harpsichord, having taught himself with the opportunity of an old virginal of his landlady’s.”

The revels to which Fortescue alludes, and of which some account is given by Dugdale, were held on certain solemn festivals in the inns of court, and consisted, as far as we can make out, of a series of stately measures. There were also the post-revels ‘which consisted of galliards, corantoës, and other regular dances, performed by the better sort of young gentlemen of the society.’ These revels were matter of actual obligation, as appears by the following order of the society of Lincoln’s Inn, made in 1610:—

“That the under barristers be by decimation put out of commons for example’s sake, because the whole bar were offended by their not dancing on Candlemas day preceding, according to the ancient order of this society, when the judges were present.”‡

The masques and revels of the Templars continued, at least occasionally, for more than a century longer. The last was in the Inner Temple, when Mr. Talbot took leave of that house, of which he was a bencher, on having the great seal delivered to him. A minute account of the scene is given in the note to Wynne’s *Eunomus*, from information supplied by two gentlemen who were present.

“On the 2nd of February, 1733, the Lord Chancellor came into Inner Temple Hall, about two of the clock, preceded by the Master of the Revels, (Mr. Wollaston) and followed by the Master of the Temple

* North’s Study of the Law.

† No. LVI., for August, 1837.

‡ North’s Study of the Law, page 68. Herbert’s “Inns of Court.”

(Dr. Sherlock) then Bishop of Bangor, and by the judges and serjeants who had been members of that house. There was a very elegant dinner provided for them, and the Lord Chancellor's officers; but the barristers and students of the house had no other dinner got for them than what is usual on the grand days, but each mess had a flask of claret, besides the common allowance of port and sack. Fourteen students waited at the bench-table, among whom was Mr. Talbot, the Lord Chancellor's eldest son; and, by their means, any sort of provision was easily obtained from the supper table by those at the rest. A large gallery was built over the skreen, and was filled with ladies, who came, for the most part, a considerable time before the dinner began; and the music was placed in the little gallery at the upper end of the hall, and played all dinner time.

"As soon as dinner was ended, the play began, which was 'Love for Love,' with the farce of 'The Devil to Pay.' The actors who performed in it, all came from the Haymarket in chairs, ready dressed; and, as it was said, refused any gratuity for their trouble, looking upon the honour of distinguishing themselves on this occasion as sufficient.

"After the play, the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Temple, Judges, and Benchers, retired into the Parliament-chamber, and in about half an hour afterwards came into the hall again, and a large ring was formed around the fire-place, but no fire or embers were in it. The master of the revels, who went in first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, he, with his left, took Mr. Justice Page, who, joined to the other judges, Serjeants and Benchers present, danced, or rather walked round about the coal fire, according to the old ceremony, three times, during which, they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the Prothonotary, then of sixty: and all the time of the dance, the ancient song, accompanied with music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar-gown, whose father had

been formerly Master of the Plea-office, in the King's Bench.

"When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the Parliament-chamber, and stayed about a quarter of an hour, while the hall was putting in order; then they went into the hall and danced a few minutes. Country dances began about ten; and at twelve a very fine collation was provided for the whole company; from which they returned to dancing, which they continued as long as they pleased; and the whole day's entertainment was generally thought to be very genteelly and liberally conducted. The Prince of Wales honoured the performance with his company part of the time: he came into the music-gallery incog. about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of walking round the coal-fire was over."

But we must conclude. The witch-dances of the lawyers must have been as grotesque a sight as any ever fancied by the wildest of romancers. They are alluded to pretty often by our poets: by Donne, by Prior, and by Pope; our readers, too, will remember Gray's long story—

"In Britain's isle—no matter where—
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons, and Hattons, there
Employed the power of fairy hands,

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievement clothing
Rich windows, that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
The grave Lord Keeper led the trawls,
The seals and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble
it."

CHINA.

WHAT a visionary world is presented to the mind of the reader, when the word is pronounced which constitutes the heading of this paper! A people of an almost dateless antiquity; reserved and jealous, in their habits and forms, above all other people upon the face of the earth; numerous almost beyond calculation; and rivaling the most civilized portion of the habitable globe in opulence and refinement; having been possessed of some of the most distinguishing inventions and discoveries of modern Europe, at a time when the rudeness of a primeval barbarism had covered the most cultivated portions of Christendom with its shade; and presenting this great peculiarity, as compared with all other nations, that the most enormous extent of territory ever yet held together under a single ruler, has been so consolidated, and so perpetuated, under a system which impresses it as a sort of religion upon the people, to hold in disdain, or rather in abhorrence, an intercourse with distant, or even its surrounding nations.

With this great and distant empire, our friendly relations are, for the present, suspended. Indeed, it might be more truly affirmed, that that country and Great Britain are this moment in a state of war. Respecting the causes, or the probable issues of that war, we shall say but little at present; deeming it necessary that the whole subject should be more fully developed, before we pronounce a fixed opinion respecting the conduct of ministers in a matter of such immense importance. But as our readers may desire to know something of the country and the people with whom we are about for the first time, to come into unfriendly contact, we have deemed it right almost to confine this paper to such a brief account of China, her people, and her institutions, as may enable them to form somewhat more definite notions of that country and its inhabitants, than their ordinary sources of information may have furnished them with before.

China, (confining the term to China proper, and not taking into account the extensive territories subject, or tributary to the emperor, such as Mand-

shuria, Mongolia, Thibet, &c. &c.), may be said to be, in its length and its breadth, about half the extent of Europe. It is about 1260 geographical miles from north to south, and 1050 from east to west. Its southern and eastern boundaries are the ocean, the Yellow sea, and the sea of China. Its northern and western, the mild and but little explored or cultivated countries, known by the names of Great Thibet, Sifan, and Kokonor; and Mongolia proper, and Mandshuria.

From this brief and general description, it will appear, that this country comprises within itself almost every variety of climate which is known upon the surface of the globe. In its warmer latitudes, it abounds with the productions of the tropical countries; in its more northern, with those of the temperate and the arctic regions; so that nature would seem to have provided, by the abundance and the variety of its products, for those wants which other nations can only supply by looking beyond themselves; and this, no doubt, has been one cause of the jealous exclusiveness of its policy; that as it contained within itself all the elements of national prosperity and greatness, so there was no necessity for that intercourse with foreign countries which would have been felt to be indispensable, had it been less favoured.

But this immense extent of country is, in other, and very important respects, the most favoured of any with which we are acquainted. The stupendous chains of mountains, the loftiest on the globe, which enclose the high table lands of Thibet and Tartary, upon entering the Chinese provinces, assume a milder and more manageable aspect, sloping into ranges of moderate altitude, and adorning the country and diversifying the landscape by every variety of beauty and of grandeur by which Alpine scenery is distinguished. It is traversed, from west to east, by two mighty rivers, which are only exceeded in magnitude by some of the great streams with which the discovery of America has made us acquainted; and which sweep through their cultivated provinces with a fertilizing influence, facilitating the interchange of

their respective productions, and contributing to the unity and the consolidation of the empire. These rivers are denominated the Hoangho, or Yellow river; and the Yank-tee-Kiang, or Blue river; and the course of the former has been estimated at 1800 British miles; and that of the latter, at 2200. They are fed by various considerable streams which flow from north to south; and by a most wonderful extent of canal communication, which render their advantages co-extensive with the whole empire.

These important features of the country, are, we confess, as it appears to us, amongst the most prominent of the causes of its early prosperity and civilization. It has always been remarked that social improvement first begins along the borders of the ocean; and these great rivers in China may be considered as a sort of inland seas; so that the civilization, which commenced along the coast, would, naturally, be carried along their banks; and, connected as they were with the noble streams which are their feeders, and which flow through the country from north to south, the same causes would have operated to multiply and ramify the projects of commercial enterprise, and the products and contrivances of human industry, until every separate province began to teem with the evidences of a skilful and a numerous population.

But these streams, which are the life-blood of the empire, would lose much of their importance, if it were not for the immense extent of champaign and fertile country, which constitutes a still more striking feature in the territorial aspect of this great empire. There is, perhaps, upon the habitable globe, no other instance of any tract of level country, similar to the vast plain in China; stretching one thousand miles in length from north to south, and from two to three hundred miles from east to west; irrigated by fertilizing waters; and covered, from one extremity to the other, with the most astonishing evidences both of the industry of man and the bounty of nature. Other immense plains, of almost equal

extent, but which are not at present so well known to Europeans, contribute to enrich and adorn other portions of this mighty monarchy; and it may almost be affirmed, that had the wisest of its sovereigns the absolute arrangement of its territory, he could hardly have desired a more happy one than that which has been furnished by nature, and which would seem, almost of itself, to invite the formation of a great, united and extensive empire.

The Chinese, it is well known, have laid claim to a pre-Adamite antiquity; but we have no certain records of their history of a date anterior to that of the Egyptian and Assyrian monarchies. The celebrated Confucius was the compiler of the records which contained their earliest memorials. But his work, denominated the Shoo-King, was, 213 years before the Christian era, committed to the flames, by order of an emperor who conceived the preposterous design of consolidating his authority and exalting his name, by destroying the historical records of the empire. He was succeeded, about sixty years after, by a ruler of a different stamp, who was desirous, as far as possible, to repair the ravages of his predecessor; and a very old man was found, who had committed to memory the work of Confucius, and from whose recitation it was again transcribed. A striking confirmation of the correctness of his recollection was soon after afforded, by the discovery of a manuscript in the house where Confucius had lived; which corresponded, in all important particulars, with the old man's representation of it; and this work now constitutes the chief source of all that is known respecting the early history of China.*

The next work of authority, upon the subject of Chinese history, is entitled, "The True Mirror for Governing well a State," and was composed by a society of learned men. It contains a history of the monarchy from 208 before, to 960 years after, the Christian era, together with an introductory view of events from the foundation of the empire. About the middle of the seventeenth century,

* In the work above alluded to, an eclipse of the sun is mentioned as having taken place in the year 2159 before Christ; which eclipse, it is said, according to Halley's Tables, really ought to have taken place at the period specified. It is right, however, to add, that the grounds of this conclusion are disputed.

Kang-hi, a prince descended from the conquering race of the Matchao Tartars, caused this work to be translated into their tongue; and while the translation was proceeding, Noella, a Jesuit missionary, who understood the Tartar language, took advantage of the opportunity which presented itself of turning it into French. His manuscript was transmitted to France in 1737; but, in consequence of the subversion of his order, it lay dormant until 1777, when it was edited by the Abbe Grosier, and, in thirteen volumes quarto, given to the world. This work now constitutes the text of almost all that is valuable or interesting in the records of this singular people.

The north-western province of Shensee, seems to have been that which was earliest occupied, by some of those roving tribes of Tartars, who were, perpetually, upon the foot in quest of new settlements, and who there, for the first time, experienced those natural advantages by which their migrative propensities were arrested. Their first sovereigns were individuals who distinguished themselves by teaching the people some useful arts, indispensable to their progress in civilization;—and it is remarkable that almost every invention by which their social advancement was distinguished, has been referred, by their annalists, to the individual ruler who at that time exercised dominion over them.

The monarchy was, at first, elective. And the sovereign was generally chosen, because of the possession of some quality by which he might be enabled to contribute to the well-being of the people. But in process of time, in proportion as the empire extended, this practice was changed; although it was long before the principle of hereditary right was so completely established, as to cause the son, in a quiet and natural manner, to succeed to the kingdom. If the minister was reputed wise and prudent, he was often preferred; and the practice continued for a long time to be regulated by a mixed principle, partly hereditary and partly elective, which seemed not ill calculated for inspiring the people with a respect for the *office*, rather than the *person*, of the king, and the sovereign with a due regard for the welfare and the wishes of the people.

Our space would not permit us, even

if we deemed it judicious, to detail, with any minuteness, the various events which marked the progress of this people in their course of peaceful and uninterrupted prosperity. Province after province was annexed to the empire, more by a process of growth than of acquisition; and as it became more extended, it was necessary that its rulers should govern its distant parts by a delegated authority; which, according as the central government was weak or strong, either preserved subordination, or asserted independence. A civil war, which continued, with but slight interruptions, for nearly five hundred years, placed the whole empire in fearful jeopardy, had there been at hand any formidable power to take advantage of its internal dissensions. But, strange to say, that period was remarkable above any other in its annals, for those intellectual efforts to which the Chinese refer as the brightest trophies of their literary glory. It was during the midst of civil commotion that Confucius gave utterance to the wisdom and the learning upon which they love to dwell; and that some of those great discoveries were made which anticipated, by centuries, the progress of European improvement.

The following advice of a Chinese politician, to a king who was disposed to play the tyrant, nearly eight hundred years before the Christian era, indicates not only a shrewd observer of the signs of the times, but also presupposes a course of sagacious inductive observation upon a long established and extensive empire: "An emperor knows how to govern, when he leaves poets at liberty to make verses, the populace to act plays, historians to tell the truth, the ministers to give advice, the poor to murmur while they pay taxes, students to repeat their lessons aloud, the people to talk of news, and old men to find fault with every thing,—affairs then go on without much inconvenience."

At a very early period the Tartars were troublesome neighbours; but they were not able to make any permanent impression upon a people now so numerous and powerful. There were, however, large tracts of the country not unfrequently desolated by their incursions; and the quiet policy of the empire submitted to the payment of a sort of black mail, in order to avert

the recurrence of calamities against which no precaution could effectually guard. A Chinese princess was granted to their chief, in the hope of soothing their pride; and when the first proposal of this kind was about to be indignantly rejected by the sovereign, at the instance of an adviser who counselled him rather to drive his foe to the extremity of the earth, than welcome him as a son-in-law, it was remarked by an experienced sage, "that the Hiong-mow, (the Huns,) are like flocks of birds, rising now here, now there; when you seem about to catch them, they fly off as on wings and disappear. Without fixed dwellings, no moveable tents, changing their post every instant, sure to fall suddenly upon us and take us by surprise, they might be pursued a thousand *ly*, and beaten a thousand times, without anything but loss to ourselves." In this one speech may be seen the genius of Chinese policy, from the commencement, to the consolidation of their empire. The great wall, which runs, for a thousand miles, along the borders of the northern and western provinces, was built for purpose of protection against these enterprising barbarians.

But a still more assured protection was found in a division which took place, about the year 90, A.D., amongst the barbarians themselves. They split into two portions, the Northern and the Southern Huns. The latter acknowledged themselves the vassals of the empire, for the purpose of securing its protection against their rivals; and, preserved by its mighty aid, they were soon enabled to prevail against them. This may have been one of the determining causes which precipitated the northern Huns upon the western regions; where they accumulated, and became formidable; until, under Attila, during the fifth century, they contributed their full share to the subversion of the overgrown dominion of Imperial Rome.

Thus, while Europe was crumbling under the inroads of barbarian power, China saw the besom of destruction sweep by without alarm; and continued its peaceful progress in the arts which embellish life, when the great empire, so long the queen and mistress of the nations of the West, was sinking under

the violence of its rude and ruthless assailants.

Centuries rolled on, not altogether free from domestic jars, which were not, however, able to arrest the steady march of prosperity and improvement, by which the country was converted into a beehive of industry and wealth, and the people enjoyed a full measure of happiness and tranquillity. The emperors, with few exceptions, felt themselves in duty bound to govern as the fathers of their people; and this parental solicitude on the part of their rulers, was regarded with a religious reverence, and returned by a profundity of filial respect and veneration.

The celebrated Ghengis-Khan, the conqueror of the east, was the invader who made the most formidable impression upon the empire. He had been invited to co-operate with the Chinese themselves in their hostility towards the neighbouring and a kindred state, with which they were at war; and the allies succeeded, with but little difficulty, in reducing their antagonists to subjection. This conquest of the barbarians has been rendered memorable by the manner in which the worst events which threatened from it were averted. The country of the kin was exceedingly populous and highly improved. It was suggested to the Tartar chief that its inhabitants, (a base mechanical race, as they were represented,) should all be put to the sword; and its fields, which waved with golden harvests, should be turned into pasture grounds; and the edict was about to be issued, which would have thus consigned the country to sterility and desolation; when a Chinese, who had won the favour of the chief, ventured to represent to him, not the wickedness and the inhumanity, but the want of policy, and even the folly of the proposal. He showed him how much more profitable it would be to the conqueror to levy a tribute from the inhabitants, instead of putting them to death; and made it quite clear to him that the lands, in their cultivated state, were more valuable than they could be in a state of nature. The Chinese triumphed. He was appointed prime minister to the victorious chief; and by his wise contrivance, not only were the measures of awful severity arrested, which would have made his country a desert; but the Tartars

were imbued, for the first time, with a respect for the peaceful arts, and, being gradually rescued from their rude and savage mode of life, made some advances in civilization.

This was most important, as a providential arrangement, preparatory to the invasion and subjugation of China itself. Its invaders were, in a considerable degree, reclaimed by its arts and tinctured by its polity, before they became its masters. These were, the descendants of Ghengis, who, owing to a departure from the wary and the pacific policy which usually characterised the Chinese rulers, were provoked into hostilities, which ended in placing the whole of the country at their mercy; but, in truth, from their preparatory discipline, it was less brought under *their* violence, than *they* were subjected to the influence of *its* civilization.

The dynasty of Ghengis lasted 162 years. It cannot be denied that this infusion of Tartar vigour, contributed to revive the decaying energies of the empire. It operated as an alloy does upon the precious metals, by which, if their intrinsic value is diminished, their usefulness as a circulating medium is augmented; and to that it is, probably, owing, that the Chinese empire has subsisted in undiminished greatness to the present day.

The Ming dynasty succeeded that of Ghengis; and was succeeded, in its turn, by that of the Tartar dynasty; but we will not follow in detail the series of sovereigns, who, down to the present day, have filled the throne of China. Upon the whole, the prosperity and the tranquillity of the country, bespeak the presiding care of a beneficent and vigorous administration. About the middle of the last century, a large accession of territory was made, by the annexation of Thibet to the dominions of the emperor; an appropriation which seems to have been as coolly carried into effect, by the quiet and quaker-like Chinese, as those of Napoleon himself, when he threatened to be the Tamerlane of the western empire. They were thus brought into immediate contiguity with our possessions in the East Indies.

The first Europeans who visited this distant empire, appear to have been the Venetians. And Marco Polo has left behind him an account of what he saw and heard, which, towards the end of the thirteenth century, excited the

admiration and the astonishment of Europe. In the judgment of many, he for a long time shared the fate of those travellers who see strange sights, and who are supposed to deal in the marvellous, in proportion as their narratives relate to what is extraordinary; but, subsequent accounts, by eye-witnesses, have abundantly confirmed the fidelity of his statement. We can do no more than thus briefly refer to it here.

The Portuguese were the first of the European nations by whom a commercial intercourse with China was attempted. They were desirous of propagating their religion, as well as of carrying on an advantageous trade; but they found an insuperable obstacle to their designs, in the wary and jealous policy of the empire.

The Dutch, who succeeded the Portuguese in the sovereignty of the eastern seas, were the next of the European nations whom a spirit of commercial enterprise prompted to visit the shores of China; but, as far as trade was concerned, with little better success than their predecessors; who succeeded in exciting no little prejudice against them, and whose jealousy, both as a nation, and as religionists, prompted, against the heretical and republican Hollanders, a variety of malicious and unfounded representations. They were described as a species of sub-marine animals, who had thrown off the authority of their lawful king; and, at their first interview with the emperor, they were asked, whether they had not learned to live "three days and three nights under water." Their disclaimer of this extraordinary power was hardly credited; and they soon found that they could not hope to effect any commercial relaxation of the rigid and exclusive policy of the empire.

The French, during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, sent Jesuit missionaries for the conversion of the people. They were thrown into prison upon their arrival; but, by the intercession of Father Verbiest, (a Flemish priest, who had been employed in the service of the Portuguese, and who had had the good fortune to render himself useful to the Emperor, by teaching him how to reform the calendar,) they were not only released, but received into favour at court, and permitted not

only to profess but to propagate their religion. Father Verbiest died before their arrival at Pekin; but, agreeably to his advice, their scientific attainments were turned to good account, and we owe to their labours by far the most correct delineation which we possess of the geography of China. The strong measures of severity which were adopted towards them, in the succeeding reign, would seem to prove that they were not wholly unsuccessful in their efforts for the propagation of their own notions of the true religion. In the memorial which was presented for their suppression, the chief points dwelt upon were, the scandal of the two sexes meeting together for public worship; and the practice of celibacy, which was represented as threatening a serious diminution of the population of the empire.

In the year 1792, Lord Macartney was deputed by the British government to proceed to the court of Pekin; and he executed his mission with considerable address, having been well received by the reigning emperor, and treated with marked attention. His imperial majesty was graciously pleased to dispense on this occasion with the ceremony of the Ko-tou; being contented to receive the homage of the ambassador on bended knee, as was customary in England; but no commercial advantages, in addition to those already enjoyed by the English, could be obtained. As usual, in all similar cases, the embassy were suffered to bow themselves into, and were then very politely bowed out of the empire.

In 1816, Lord Amherst was deputed to represent the British government, upon occasion of some misunderstanding between our naval authorities and the Chinese, respecting which it is admitted that the complaints of the latter were far from groundless. But, after a tedious journey to the capital, he was not so fortunate as to obtain the wished-for audience. He had arrived at the gates of the palace, with all the fatigue and the soil of travel; and, his arrival having been announced, the mandarin who was in attendance upon him was desirous of hurrying him at once into the imperial presence; but this his lordship positively resisted, and represented that rest and refreshment were absolutely necessary, before he could en-

counter so august and imposing a ceremonial. The mandarin, (who dared not allege to his sovereign that any thing short of an impossibility could detain the ambassador one moment from his presence after he had signified his permission that he should approach,) stated that he was obliged to retire, having been taken suddenly ill. The excuse was admitted; but unfortunately his majesty carried his attention so far as to send his own physician to prescribe for the patient; when the truth was discovered, and his lordship was forbidden the royal presence, and sent out of the empire with strong marks of indignation and resentment.

In 1833, the trade to China was thrown open to all the subjects of the United Kingdom, the monopoly of the East India Company having been done away. This was one of the first measures of the reformed parliament; and the nation is now somewhat better able to judge of its wisdom, than they were in that season of political excitement, when it was adopted with so many acclamations.

Under the old system, the Company exercised a strict control over the trading vessels; and so studiously did they accommodate themselves to the habits of the Chinese, and so completely had they won their confidence, that the trade was carried on with the utmost regularity, and nothing was ever permitted to be done which could, by possibility, offend the dignity or arouse the jealousy of the empire. But our reforming legislators were determined to conduct matters after a different fashion for the future. The authority of the supercargoes, under the East India Company, having expired, Lord Napier was chosen to represent the mercantile interest of Great Britain, as chief superintendent, *and directed to take up his residence at the city of Canton.* This immediately alarmed the supreme government, who issued an interdiction prohibiting his appearance in that city, until they were fully satisfied respecting his character and his objects. But the Whig Lord disregarded the injunction; and by so doing, compromised the safety of all the British residents, and caused a temporary interruption to the trade. Still he was not without hopes, that by a

strong demonstration of force, the Chinese authorities would be overawed. Accordingly, in an attempt to force his way through the river up to the city, blood was spilt; when, recoiling from the contemplation of the calamities which seemed in prospect, his lordship retracted his orders, and announced his determination to quit Canton. The trade was then restored.

During Sir Robert Peel's short administration, in 1834-5, our relations with China came under the vigorous mind of the Duke of Wellington; and that able man soon perceived that our functionaries in that quarter were getting us into difficulties, from which it would be no easy matter to effect our extrication. He accordingly dictated one of those pregnant despatches, by which he put the superintendent fully in possession of the views of the government at home, and gave him clearly to understand, that it was by peaceful, not by warlike demonstrations, that he would best fulfil the object of his mission, namely, the maintaining a good understanding with the Chinese. His grace also left, in the official bureau, at his departure from office, a memorandum, containing a general view of the mode in which our intercourse with that peculiar people should be conducted, which is characterised by his usual good sense and discrimination; and, had its spirit been adopted by his successors, all the perplexities and all the calamities which have since occurred, would have been avoided. It proceeded upon the principle, that *substance* was not to be sacrificed to *form*; and that it would neither be wise nor justifiable to innovate suddenly upon the ceremonial observed in all our previous intercourse with that empire, and which had been submitted to for more than two hundred years. But the Duke belongs to an old school of politicians, whose rules for the conduct of government are, in the judgment of our Whig-Radical cabinet, "more honoured in the breach than the observance;" and the shallow, conceited, and unprincipled man who seized upon the seals of the foreign office when the illustrious Duke was removed, either left his agents in the Chinese waters without any instructions at all, or else gave them such

as only served to embroil matters more, and to remove to a greater distance the possibility of an amicable arrangement.

While we were thus at issue with the Chinese authorities respecting the mode of carrying on the legitimate trade; and while they were naturally in a state of anxiety and alarm, caused by the sudden alterations in our proceedings towards them, (an alarm which can only be understood, by considering the peculiarly jealous character of their government, and its tenacity respecting the immemorial usages of the empire,) the opium question arose, by which our character as a nation became compromised, as the promoters of a contraband traffic, by which we sought to make gain at the expense of the health and the morals of the people.

The recent discussion in parliament, upon Sir James Graham's motion, has so fully explained the grounds and the bearings of this part of the subject, that we should hold ourselves unjustifiable in dwelling upon it at any length. A majority of nine in a very full house, have decided, that ministers are not chargeable with any culpable negligence in the transactions which have led to a collision with the Chinese, and which now seem about to embroil us in war with an empire containing 360,000,000 of people. Be it so. The decision, we must take it for granted, was honest and wise. Our reformed legislators are far too enlightened, and have far too exalted notions of national honour, to permit, for a moment, the thought, that they could be influenced in their judgment by any unworthy considerations. And therefore it is the more important to set down, for the instruction of the successors of the present government, (for *they* need no such instructions themselves,) what it is that is not negligence, and what not supineness, in the conduct of negotiations involving, to a most perilous, to an almost incalculable extent, the character and the well-being of the empire.

The illicit trade in opium had rapidly increased. The attention of the Chinese government was strongly attracted by it. It became a subject of anxious deliberation at the imperial court; and the consequence was, that the strictest orders were issued to

prohibit the importation of the deleterious drug, and to carry into effect the existing laws, (which had long been connived at or evaded,) against all, whether natives or foreigners, concerned in the traffic, with a rigour previously unexampled.

Under these circumstances, the superintendent made strong representations to Lord Palmerston, so early as 1837, touching the necessity of some definite arrangement by which angry collisions might be avoided ;—but under the hourly increasing difficulties of his situation, no such definite arrangement was proposed. And this, we are taught to believe, by the recent vote of the house of commons, was wisdom and vigour, upon the part of the foreign secretary, which deserves to be commended !

We are told, indeed, that it was not until a very recent period that the Chinese government knew their own mind ; and that strong expectations were entertained that the opium trade would be declared legitimate ;—but under our old constitution it would not have been thought inexpedient to be prepared for either alternative ; and, by arming the superintendent with adequate powers, to prevent those offences and those accidents by which national jealousy might be aroused ; while our merchants were ready to take advantage of any additional trading facilities which might be conceded. But the house of commons have decided that no such foresight would have been expedient ; and that Lord Palmerston was praiseworthy in turning a deaf ear to the importunities of his official in the Chinese seas ; and suffering him to battle it as well as he could between the conflicting demands of Chinese functionaries, who expected that he should do every thing, and our own mercantile adventurers, who knew that he could do nothing ;—until the imperial vigilance of the Celestial Empire would no longer be trifled with, and the crisis arrived, by which the safety of all British residents became compromised, property to an immense amount was confiscated, and all further intercourse with the offending nation peremptorily interdicted.

For this we are now at war with China. We are expediting an armament to exact satisfaction for injuries,

which but for that wisdom and vigour of the foreign secretary which has received the approbation of the reformed house of commons, would never have been inflicted. Indeed it is very well that the nation has now an opportunity of comparing the course that would have been pursued by the Duke of Wellington, with that which has been pursued by his successors, in this painfully important business ; as it exhibits, in the clearest point of view, the advantage which has been gained by that change in our representative system which has served to fix Lord Palmerston and his followers firmly in office, while the Duke, and those statesmen who are fit to be his colleagues, are astracised from the national councils. Let our mercantile community, our trading, our tax-paying community, think well of that. The Duke, from his tameness and his blindness to the national interest, would have prevented—Lord Palmerston, by his foresight, his wisdom, and his vigour, has precipitated a war with China. This, although not the first, is one of the most conspicuous of the foreign achievements of the reform bill. We are now at war with the antipodes. We must stretch our hostility across the globe. All the pride, and all the moral feeling of the proudest, the most populous, and the most parental despotism that ever existed on the surface of the globe, is committed against us in this combat. What allies they may have, we, as yet, know not. That Russia will be an indifferent spectator of such contest, no one can suppose. That our recently acquired dominion in India will be more secure because of the necessity imposed upon us for this great exertion, will scarcely be maintained. That, with our present debt, any additional taxes will not be felt as an heavy burden, will no more be gainsaid, than that without them the war cannot be carried on. And that the issue is, at best, uncertain and precarious, will scarcely be denied by any who are competent to speculate with sagacity upon the contingency of human affairs. For all this we are indebted to the wise men who reformed our legislature upon the principle of giving an ascendancy to the masses, above the old, hereditary interests of the kingdom ; and if it should turn out to be a righteous and a prosperous war, they

are entitled to all the credit; as, should it, unhappily, prove otherwise, and disgrace and ruin be the consequence, infamy is too mild a word to stamp them with the merited reprobation.

And here, let us observe, that we are infinitely more concerned that the war in which we have engaged should be a just one, than even that it should be successful. We do not understand either the morals or the logic of those who say, "Oh! take care; do not raise any questions respecting the justice of this war; nor insinuate that we have been involved in it by the recklessness or the indiscretion of ministers. Such considerations cannot now affect the certain necessity that lies upon us of vindicating ourselves from outrages by which our honour and our dignity as a nation have been compromised, and to which if we were tamely to submit, we must abandon the high position which we have hitherto maintained amongst the nations of Europe." There is a higher consideration still by which we are old fashioned enough to acknowledge that we are influenced, and which we cannot help regarding as of paramount obligation; and that is, whether this war is justifiable in the sight of God; whether we have, indeed, a sufficient warranty to carry our implements of destruction against this ancient people—and to use our superiority as a naval and a military power for the purpose of capturing their vessels, and shedding their blood. To our minds it is clear that we are without any solid justification.

The iniquity of the opium trade has been admitted on all hands. No one has dared to assert that we had any right to force upon any people that dreadful poison; and Dr. Lushington, one of the strongest advocates of ministers, has admitted, that not one, out of every thousand pounds of that pernicious drug, was used for medical purposes, after having been introduced by our traders into China.

It is also admitted, that the prohibitory laws against the admission of opium, began, of late years, to be more strictly enforced than they ever had been before. Of this our Government was fully apprised by their own agents; when, assuredly, it behoved them to take some efficient step for the purpose of averting the impending crisis. The very great alteration which took place

in the mode of carrying on our trade, rendered it imperative on Government to communicate with the imperial court, as well for the purpose of guarding against the jealous eye with which the Chinese Government always regard any innovation upon ancient practice, as, of entering into the various explanations, and communicating the requisite suggestions, by which our intercourse might be, directly, and quietly, and with mutual advantage, conducted for the future. No such embassy was sent. We contented ourselves with a haughty and irregular intimation to the provincial governor, of the new position in which we were placed; which was, in itself, an additional cause of offence, rather than a means of quieting existing apprehensions; and, while our relations with the Chinese Government continued of this ambiguous kind,—we insisting to be recognized in a new character, *they* exhibiting a strong reluctance to recognize us in any but the old,—the illicit importation of the baneful drug went on without stint or limit; and it clearly appeared that nothing short of the strongest and the most decisive measures could prevent its introduction into the kingdom.

We have already observed, that so early as 1837, our own functionaries became convinced that the Chinese were more serious than they ever had been before, in their determination to put a stop to the trade in opium. In 1838, an American merchant, Mr. King, was so satisfied of the immorality of the traffic, and the danger to which those who were concerned in it was exposed, that he drew up a declaration, with the hope of having it subscribed by a majority of our residents, pledging them to do what in them lay to discountenance it both by their influence and example. The pledge was refused. The gains of the trade were too great to be relinquished.

This was in August. In the September following the Chinese government, following out, rigorously, the spirit of its interdiction, made many heavy seizures. In October, the trade revived again, and opium, to the amount of 2,256 chests were disposed of. Again measures of rigour were resorted to, by which the evil was considerably abated; "when at length," as Mr. King writes, "the detection of a quantity of the drug, in the act of

being carried into a foreign factory, December 3d, (only six days after a strenuous remonstrance on the very point, from the Cohong), compelled that body to declare a general stoppage of trade." Thus, the party most interested in the continuance of friendly relations with the British, were themselves so satisfied with the determination of their own government, to put down the trade in opium, and of the determination of our people, by any and by every means, to carry it on, that, when all other means, both of persuasion, and of interdiction, failed to accomplish the end in view, in order to avoid the appearance of conniving at these irregularities, they resolved to separate themselves at least from all suspicion of being concerned in them, even by the sacrifice of all their commercial advantages.

Then it was that the Chinese government resolved upon making an example of an individual convicted of concealing opium, by ordering him for execution in the front of the British factory. This the residents attempted to resist, and a collision with the populace was the consequence, by which they were for some hours exposed to danger. But the Chinese authorities prevailed, and the wretched individual was strangled. We know not how the imperial government could have more unequivocally manifested their determination to carry the law strictly into effect, against all who, for the future, should be detected so offending.

This was followed by earnest proclamations, warning Chinese subjects against the use of the drug, and calling upon foreigners to send their opium ships away. We were openly charged as the cause of all the dreadful evils of which the traffic was productive; and admonished, that if the government did not spare its own people, when they were found trespassing against its imperial ordinances, much less would it spare the still more guilty foreigner by whom they were seduced into transgression. But all in vain. *The ships were not sent away*, and the love of gain still blinded our merchantmen, not only to their crime, in thus forcing this accursed traffic, but to their danger. Our resident was not only without powers, but without instructions from home, by which he might have been enabled, or felt authorised to take

any decisive step, in a matter that was becoming more and more embarrassed and complicated every hour, and respecting which the final issue could not long be doubtful.

The arrival of an imperial commissioner was announced, by whom it was stated, the edicts of the emperor would be carried into effect by measures of the last severity. His arrival was delayed, as Mr. King tells us, "*as if on purpose for the local cautions to take effect, and the opium ships to disappear.*" In vain. The hint was not taken, and the hateful and interdicted drug was still floating in the Chinese waters, waiting for the first convenient opportunity to be smuggled amongst the people. Again, another execution before the factory took place; the only effect of which upon our people was, that they hauled down the consular flag, as if it was dishonoured, and they were insulted, by such a spectacle; forgetting the object which the Chinese government had in view, and that they were living by sufferance in the country, and had no right whatever to express any feeling of indignation at the manner in which the laws were administered, even if they were not themselves chargeable with having caused the offences for which the wretched culprit suffered death.

But still we could not believe that the Chinese were in earnest. At length the commissioner arrived; and after a week of secret inquiry and deliberation, the extreme measures were resorted to, which are relied on as furnishing a justification of the war. These were, the confiscation of all the opium within the jurisdiction of the Chinese authorities; and the strait duress of all the British residents, the superintendent himself amongst the number, until the obnoxious drug was delivered up.

It is unnecessary to add, that, had the warning given six months before been suffered to produce its proper effect, there would have been no opium to be seized; and, consequently, however severely our traders may have suffered, their losses have been the consequence of the most blameable neglect of injunctions and admonitions, (rendered more emphatical by the severities practised by the Chinese government towards their own subjects), by which, had they been influenced as

they should have been, they would have escaped all risk and danger.

But was the Chinese commissioner justified in the seizures he made, and in his mode of making them? That is a question of Chinese usage; and is not to be either condemned or justified by those rules of action which are applicable to contraband trade in other nations. The theory of commercial intercourse with China, hitherto acquiesced in and acted upon by all European states, is, that it is an act of great condescension on the part of the celestial empire, to permit it; that it is of his pure benevolence the emperor admits strangers to trade with his subjects; and that all those who are permitted thus to traffic, are called upon to acknowledge their obligation for that permission, by strictly confining it within the limits prescribed, and being observant, even to punctilio, of all the laws and usages of the empire. Now, all this should be heedfully remembered, when the question is, peace or war. Had we, or our traders, any right to set the laws of this empire at defiance? Had we any right to keep our vessels hovering on their coasts, laden with a deleterious drug, and waiting our opportunities to unship the pernicious cargoes, to the destruction of the health and the morals of the people, while *they* were to remain with folded arms, in a state of the most helpless inefficiency, incapable of doing any act by which the meditated evil might be prevented? We had despised their warnings—we had set at naught their injunctions—they clearly saw that neither words, nor grass, would do; and they resolved to try what virtue there might be in harder materials. They came, accordingly, in one fell swoop, upon our residents; whom the commissioner had taken very good care to ascertain were almost all of them concerned in the opium trade. These men were made responsible for the due surrender of the contraband property of which they were known to be the agents; and as soon as it was surrendered they were enlarged.

Let it never be forgotten that we were dealing with a despotic government, the forms of whose polity, and whose civil usages, we have, hitherto, at least ostensibly respected; that there never was any attempt made to bring them within the sphere of the law of nations; and that China stood, in this respect,

a singular exception to all other civilized countries upon the face of the earth; that intercourse between it and Europe, was more like intercourse between different planets, than different portions of this terraqueous globe; that an atmosphere of repulsion seemed to exist around it, by which the advances of foreigners to intercommunion with its people, were steadily and systematically repelled; and when all this is considered, and the recent changes in our policy are taken into account, which led to a disturbance of all pre-existing arrangements; and the fixed determination of the imperial government to put a stop to the trade in opium; and the utter powerlessness of our agent to take any measures by which that iniquitous traffic might be restrained; and the downright refusal of our traders to give any pledge that it would be abandoned; we do think that the reader will be of opinion that the long forbearance of the Chinese government is more to be admired, than their adoption, at length, of a vigorous policy, to be regarded as a cause of wonder, or their reprisals upon the guilty contrabandists a justification of war.

For our parts, we firmly believe that nothing short of the vigour which was thus manifested, would have convinced the guilty smugglers that they were even sincere in their desire to put an end to the accursed traffic; as even still there are many who cannot possibly bring themselves to believe that considerations relating to the health or the morals of a people, could be dearer to a pagan government than they have ever been to a Christian.

And here let us stop for a moment, to settle a question that might otherwise perplex the mind of the reader. "It is a foul calumny," says Dr. Lushington, "to maintain, that we are going to war with China, for the purpose of forcing upon her the opium trade." Undoubtedly, this would not be a true mode of stating the case, as it stands at present. But if it were said, we are at war, because our contrabandists persevered in carrying on that trade, in defiance of repeated injunctions to leave it off, it would be a statement very near the truth. Their persistency it was, in this unholy traffic, which gave occasion to the strong measures of the Chinese, by

which we now choose to regard the national honour as compromised; so that our dispute very much resembles that which the drunken sailor had with the quaker, when he d—d his eyes and knocked him down, because he was in his way when he staggered against him. We commend this illustration of the subject to the consideration of that most exemplary of the society of Friends, Mr. Joseph Pease, who helped ministers with his vote upon Sir James Graham's motion, and thereby affirmed the justice of a war, in which we could not have been involved, had any proper precaution been taken, on the part of her majesty's ministers.

"You blame us," say the ministers, poor innocents! "for omissions, without telling us what we ought to have done." How cruel! We find the Chinese government alarmed by groundless jealousies, which we do not see any fitting attempt to remove, and yet the opposition were not considerate enough to suggest the precise course by which their removal might best be effected; *therefore*, no attempt should have been made to remove them at all! We find the superintendent in a state of great perplexity, for want of full and precise instructions; and the opposition were not kind enough to say just the precise instructions which he should have received; *therefore*, it was quite right to leave him without any instructions at all. We find a determination to adopt vigorous measures upon the part of the Chinese, for the suppression of the illicit trade in opium; and the opposition have not been pleased to intimate the precise course which they would have pursued, in warning or restraining the British merchants, by whom it was supposed to be carried on; or, the powers they would have conferred upon the superintendent, for the purpose of manifesting, at least, the determination of our government to co-operate with the imperial government for its suppression; *therefore*, it was quite right to leave our merchants under an impression that the government at home was rather favourable to the traffic than otherwise; and the superintendent without any of the powers by which he could have commanded the least consideration, either from his own countrymen or strangers! Was there ever before, such a defence of systematic negligence, culpable ig-

norance, and helpless, hopeless, almost pitiable imbecility! We are to be reconciled to this heartless, and as it may prove, sanguinary war, because it is by acts of *omission*, not of *commission*, it has been occasioned! But the acts of omission begat the acts of commission, by which, already, collisions have taken place, and blood has been spilt! One act of omission left the vessel without a rudder, and without a pilot, under circumstances when both were indispensable to safety; and we are now to be reconciled to the dangers by which she is beset, because it is to *neglect*, and not to *deliberate treachery*, her imminent peril is to be attributed! Verily, a strange truth has now, for the first time, been brought to light; and great as we before knew Whig incapacity, and Whig profligacy to be, we now see, clearly, that they are both exceeded by Whig impudence!

Matters being in this hopeful state, the bull being about to break his way into the china shop, for the purpose of having "every thing his own way," it may be interesting to our readers to have laid before them a somewhat more detailed account of the government of China, than they might be able, very readily, to pick up for themselves. It is one of the simplest forms of despotic monarchy; unchecked by either an aristocracy or a priesthood. Landed property is so subdivided, that the possessors are generally also the cultivators of the soil—and there are but few instances of mercantile opulence; and no wealthy or powerful mercantile class, by whom any political influence could be exerted.

The great peculiarity of this country is, that its chief posts in government are all filled by the lettered men of the empire. Learning, as they understand it, is the indispensable, and, indeed, the only qualification for office. Every individual in this extensive empire has thus opened to him a career of ambition, by which his highest worldly aspirations may be realized, provided only he attains to the requisite proficiency in those studies which are prescribed, by the regulations of the empire.

In this country, it is rather remarkable, that there are no seminaries appointed at the public expense, for the instruction of the people. That is entirely left to the people themselves. The constitution stamps a value upon

educated men, which is sure to produce a demand for education; and, where that is the case, like any other product, the supply of it will not long be wanting. In that respect, we might, we are of opinion, advantageously take a hint from them.

The examination, for ascertaining the qualification of candidates for literary distinction, takes place, for the first degree, in the village, or small city, before the chief magistrate; for the second, in the district, or great city, within which the smaller is comprehended, before the governor; and, for the third, or highest degree, before the great officer of state, denominated *Hio-tao!* who makes a circuit through the provinces for that purpose, once in three years. The examinations are said to be conducted with the strictest impartiality; and the individuals who have distinguished themselves, are forthwith invested with a mark of distinction, by which their rank in the country is ascertained; and, immediately upon vacancies occurring, promoted, in their turn, to the various important offices connected with administration.

May we not see, in this arrangement, one powerful cause, at least, of the long continued stability of this empire? All the active mind of the country is thus pressed into the service of the government; and those who would otherwise be strenuous in the promotion of seditions, or insurrectionary movements, have a fairer field of ambition presented to them, in the honours and emoluments, which are, in a legitimate way, within their reach. They are the actual, or the prospective occupants of all the offices of state. They constitute the only recognised aristocracy, and furnish both the magistracy, and all that is respectable of the priesthood. What could they gain by revolution? Or rather, what would they not lose, if the present constitution were overthrown?

The monarch is regarded as the vicergerent of deity; but then he is expected to imitate the power which he represents, in his paternal benevolence towards the people. He is assisted in his administration by a council, denominated *pou*, and consisting of six boards, to whom are referred the various matters which relate to the concerns of the empire. The first

board is analogous to our home department, having the superintendence of all the officials; it being their duty to report upon the conduct of those entrusted to their charge; and recommend some for promotion, others for degradation. The second is the finance department, having the whole of the public revenue and expenditure subject to its control. The third is the board of rites, and of ceremonial; to them are entrusted all the concerns relating to public worship, together with the arrangements respecting titles of honour, and matters of etiquette, which constitute no unimportant part of the affairs of state in China. To this board is, also, committed the duty of seeing the imperial table suitably supplied. The fourth is the board of arms, and resembles our horse guards; having the charge of the troops, fortresses, and arsenals of the kingdom. The fifth is the board of criminal justice; their jurisdiction extending to all offences committed within the kingdom. And the sixth is, the board of works; whose duty it is to maintain and keep in repair, all the public structures of the empire, including canals, bridges, palaces, together with the boats, and other shipping employed in the imperial service.

In addition to these boards, there is a class of persons, denominated censors, whose duty it is to reprove every thing which they see amiss, either in the emperor or his advisers. They consist of mandarins of the very highest order; and are said, in Chinese phraseology, to stand between heaven and the prince, between the prince and the mandarins, between the mandarins and the people. There are examples on record, of the honesty and the integrity with which, on some critical occasions, they have discharged their arduous trust; freely expostulating with the sovereign upon the errors of his conduct, and laying before him, with plainness and fidelity, his duty, as the father of his people. They have access, *ex officio*, to all the boards; and they are empowered to visit the provinces, either in person, or by deputy. Any delinquencies which they denounce, rarely escape severest animadversion.

A despotism thus modified, by the action of bodies of learned officials, appointed to give the best advice to the emperor, upon all matters of govern-

ment which come before him, cannot be the capricious and the arbitrary tyranny which many have supposed. On the contrary, these boards give to it much of the character of regular government. The emperor is effectually controlled, in all matters relating to the ancient usages of the empire, by a power of influence and opinion which cannot well be resisted; and which the people, also, have learned to feel as a great constitutional break-water, which for ever forbids the approach of innovation. The consequences have been, for centuries upon centuries, (with inconsiderable exception,) a parental monarchy, and a tranquil and contented people.

From what has been stated, it will be manifest, that no government in the world possesses such a power of making a simultaneous impression upon the people at large; and of uniting them as one man in favour of any project upon which it may have resolved. The whole body of its lettered men are at its command; and their duty, their interests, and their prejudices conspire, to render them active in promoting the most implicit obedience to all the ordinances of the empire.

Respecting the military concerns of China, we have not any data upon which we can implicitly rely; but from various accounts which have been given, its foot soldiers would seem to vary from a million to seven or eight hundred thousand, and its cavalry from about the latter number, to five hundred thousand. Respecting the character of its troops, we have no means of forming an accurate judgment; as they have never yet been brought into collision with the disciplined battalions of modern Europe. It is suspected, that, from a long disuse of war, they have degenerated from the valour by which their ancestors were distinguished; and that they are far behind the European nations in the great improvements for accomplishing, upon a large scale, the destruction of their fellow-men. This, we have very little doubt, is the prompting impulse to the valorous enterprise of our goodly ministers; who think, no matter what any other authority says to the contrary, that the battle is to the strong, and the race is to the swift—who knew how to sing small enough, when Russia, or when France, was con-

cerned; and when they made our merchantmen suffer under their arbitrary measures, in the Black Sea, or on the coast of Mexico; but who fancy that they will be invincible and omnipotent against the peace-loving Chinese! And in this they are encouraged, with all his might and main, by Mr. Pease the Quaker! Do these men believe that there is a God in heaven?

The people with whom the recklessness of our Government is now plunging us into hostilities, were possessed of all the great inventions upon which Europeans prize themselves, long before they were known in Europe. The art of printing, gunpowder, the use of the compass, the circulation of the blood, were known to them, and in familiar use, when we were yet involved in error or in ignorance respecting matters of such immense importance, and which have since exercised so much influence over human affairs.

In the manufacture of silks, they have been, from the earliest times, celebrated—and some of their tissues, at the present day, still bear the highest price in the European market. In the manufacture of porcelain, they have never been equalled; and the peculiar brilliancy and durability of the colours which they impress upon their ware, as well as the hardness and the fineness of the ware itself, renders it an article greatly admired even in those places where it is most successfully rivalled. Cotton is cultivated to a great extent; and they produce from it the nankeen, the use of which, for purposes of summer dress, was once so general amongst ourselves. But it is upon their agriculture that they chiefly pride themselves. Some of the most venerated names amongst their emperors, acquired their honours by the inventions which led to the construction of the implements of husbandry which are still in use, and by which they carry on all the important processes of cultivation. The entire extent of cultivated land, is stated, by Amiot, to be, very nearly, five hundred and ninety-six millions of English acres. The extreme density of the population renders it important to appropriate the greatest possible proportion of the soil to the rearing of products for the food of man; so that China has long ceased to be a pasturage country. The hog and the duck constitute almost the only animals with

the flesh of which the great bulk of the people are familiar—if, indeed, that be not too strong a word to express the stinted measure in which they are permitted to enjoy even such humble luxuries.

Rice is the staple commodity upon which the crowded population of this extensive country depend for their subsistence. It may be described, in fact, as the potato of China; and the very same deplorable consequences which follow a failure of the potato crop here, are there felt when the rice crop suffers under a blight, or has been destroyed by an inundation. The amazing resources of the country in inland communication, by means of canals and rivers, render the transit of commodities, from one part to another, extremely easy, and thus reciprocates the interchange of manufactured for agricultural produce, to a degree that diffuses over the whole of the empire, according to its wants, all its acquired and natural advantages.

The mining wealth of China has been as yet but little explored; at least, Europeans are very little acquainted with it. But it is certain that it is very great, and consists of iron, copper, tin, mercury, gold, silver, zinc, coal; and the more precious metals are supposed to exist in an abundance, which, if suffered to flow out upon general commerce, would very soon lower their value in the market of the world.

That trading facilities exist to an extent that has hitherto been little thought of, along the whole extent of its eastern and southern coast, and by means of the mighty rivers which, in those latitudes, find their entrance to the ocean, is the opinion of every competent judge who has turned his attention to the subject; but the wisest men have always been most strongly impressed with the absolute necessity of maintaining a good understanding with the imperial government; and rather seeking for such extension of trade as might be compatible with its good pleasure, and its growing sense of its own and its people's interest; than aiming, suddenly, at advantages, which must, at best, be precarious, and which could only be attained by alarming the prejudice, and revolutionizing the policy of the empire.

But, if ever there was a period when an extreme of caution should have

marked our conduct, it was when the free-trade system had begun to operate, and the Chinese seas to be crowded with eager and enterprising mercantile adventurers, from every port both of America and Europe. It was, then, morally certain that, unless a controlling power were established somewhere, similar to that exercised by the East India Company when they enjoyed a monopoly, offences must come, by which trade would be interrupted, and a profitable commerce interchanged for angry and vindictive recrimination. And yet, that was the very time when no precaution whatever was taken by our government, to avert those untoward events by which hostile collisions might be caused; and during which, we seemed rather to court those provocations which might lead to deeds of violence, than cultivate that cautious and moderate policy which would be the best security against war.

There is one thing for which the Emperor of China has not got the credit which we believe he deserves; and that is, his sincerity in desiring to exclude opium from his dominions, because of its depraving and contaminating effects upon his people. It is true, the sycee (or native) silver had begun to be very largely exported for the deleterious drug, which was felt, at length, to be the bane of China; and, doubtless, that fact was not without its influence upon a government which has not as yet arrived at a just notion of national wealth; but which still retains the errors upon that subject under which we ourselves laboured, before the delusions of the mercantile system were dissipated by the great author of "The wealth of nations." But, nevertheless, there is abundant proof, to our minds, that that constituted but a small portion of the moving impulse which actuated the imperial mind, when the final and irrevocable determination was taken to put down the trade in opium at all hazards; and it is our assured conviction, that, in coming to such a resolution, the Emperor was actuated, paramountly and predominantly, by moral considerations.

No cabinet is qualified to sit in judgment upon the Chinese government, who trade, habitually and systematically, upon the health and the morals of their own people; who calculate the tax upon gin and whiskey with the

single view to the increase of the revenue; and adjust it, with diabolical nicety, to the precise standard at which a maximum will be consumed. Let no such paganized christians presume to judge either of the acts or the motives of those who may be called, comparatively, the christian pagans of China. The government there have a real solicitude for the moral and physical well-being of the people. They cannot behold with indifference the wasting and polluting influence of a drug by which hundreds of thousands have been already reduced to a condition worse than that of drivelling idiots; and if they have not made an earlier or a more resolute effort, to arrest the evil before it arrived at its present height, it was only because it had not, until lately, made itself felt in its entire enormity.

That China, as well as England, has her political economists, by whom every thing is considered merely as money's worth, and who have a most sovereign contempt for all moral considerations, is, indeed, most true; and the memorial of Hew Naetse is as heartless and diabolical a document, as could be concocted by any of the contributors to the Westminster Review. But the true mind of the government may better be discovered in that of the able and honest councillor by whom he was succeeded, and whose opinion finally prevailed. The following sentiment does him honour, and is well calculated to put many amongst us to shame:—

"To sum up the matter, the wide-spreading and baneful influence of opium, when regarded simply, as injurious to property, is of inferior importance; but when regarded as hurtful to the people, it demands most anxious consideration: FOR IN THE PEOPLE LIES THE VERY FOUNDATION OF THE EMPIRE. Property, it is true, is that on which the subsistence of the people depends; yet a deficiency of it may be supplied, and an impoverished people improved; whereas, it is beyond the power of any artificial means to save a people enervated by luxury."

Nor is it surprising that this oriental statesman should express the conviction that the English have views beyond those of vulgar mercantile gain, in persisting, with such desperate and profligate tenacity, to force this drug upon the Chinese people; and that, "in thus introducing it into the country, their purpose has been to *weaken and enfeeble the central empire.*" He therefore advises the adoption of vigorous measures, by which the evil may be promptly repressed; and it was in consequence of that advice, that our contrabandists, and Captain Elliot, found themselves suddenly in so much danger, and that the Chinese government would be trifled with no more.

But they are a feeble people, and we shall soon be able to terrify them into terms with us. Thus it is that our mercantile politicians reason. They laugh at the sentimentalism of any solicitude respecting the health or the morals of the Chinese; and smile at the folly of any scruple in disturbing the peaceful relations which have subsisted between us and them for so many generations, when any thing may be gained by breaking the peace. Visions of conquest, which outvie the achievements of Ghengis Khan, already begin to haunt their imaginations.

But the end is not yet. It remains to be seen how far our grounds of quarrel will be regarded as legitimate, by the other powers of Europe; and how far America will be an acquiescing party to measures, by which its relations of profitable amity with the Chinese must be so injuriously disturbed. It remains, also, to be seen, how far the Chinese themselves are the contemptible poltroons they are reputed to be; and how far they may not, in a good cause, be aided by the accidents of war, in repelling the pollution of the opium dealers from their shores, and vindicating the honour and maintaining the integrity of their ancient empire.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Antipopery; or an Attempt to Liberate and Purify Christianity from Popery, Politickity, and Priestcraft. By John Rogers. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

THIS volume is the first of three intended by their author to purify Christianity from its present corruptions. It gravely parallelizes Popery, the Church of England, and Wesleyan Methodism. It may be briefly, but truly characterized as self-sufficient Sectarianism, clothing bad theology in barbarous English.

Of the author, we know nothing. From some passages in his work, he appears to be a man under the influence of personal religion. That such a mind could produce such a work, has forcibly reminded us of the Psalmist's words, "Lord, what is man?"

An Analytical Examination into the Character, Value, and just application of the Writings of the Christian Fathers during the Ante-Nicene period. Being the Bampton Lectures for the Year 1839. By W. D. Conybeare, M.A. Oxford: John H. Parker.

THE writers of the Tracts for the Times have called forth a spirit of inquiry which cannot leave the Church of Christ as it has found it. Much as we deplore the admixture of pernicious error which is in those tracts, and what we cannot but characterize as diluted statements of some of the best privileges of the believer in Christ, we cannot but rejoice that they have given a turn to the public mind upon the important topics of sacramental grace, church ordinances, government, and discipline, which is calling forth an exercise of mental energy upon them, which, under the Divine blessing, must result in great good.

The volume before us is an example of this. We have read it with unmingled pleasure, and we hope profit. Its title fully explains its object. The able author is neither the panegyrist, nor the captious critic of the venerable writers of Christian antiquity. If he exhibits their virtues, he does so with the sober moderation of a candid friend; if he exposes their errors, it is with the filial respect of one who passes a censure which truth compels him to do with justice, while affection forbids him to do it without pain.

He gives the Bible its supreme authority as the sole standard of our faith, while he claims for the church her lawful prerogative as "a witness and keeper of holy writ."

We regret that in his examination of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, he has omitted the consideration of the Shepherd of Hermas, the Epistle of Barnabas, and some other primitive writings on the ground of their not being the genuine production of the writers to whom they are ascribed. As works, which obtained very general approval and circulation, they appear to us to have deserved a place in his inquiry as illustrative of the state of opinion in the early church. Their omission is, however, a proof of the author's candour, for a reference to them would have very much confirmed his view of the moderate authority which can fairly be claimed for the early Christian writers.

We heartily recommend the volume to the perusal, we may add the attentive study of our readers.

The Authoritative Teaching of the Church, shewn to be in Conformity with Scripture, Analogy, and the Moral Constitution of Man. In eight Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1838, at the lecture founded by the late Rev. John Bampton. By H. A. Woodgate, B.D. Oxford: J. H. Parker.

THIS is another treatise whose subject originated in the Tracts for the Times. It is evidently the work of a man, whose views are in general accordance with them. The author assumes that, because the Bible was originally addressed to persons already instructed in the faith, it was intended as an instrument to teach by, and not a volume from which the entirely uninstructed could safely learn the mind and will of God. While we acknowledge the value and excellence of many of his statements, we have seen no reason from the perusal of the author's work to alter our conviction, that the simple word of God in the hands of the illiterate peasant is able to make wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus. The theological student who has learned to think for himself, may, however, derive much advantage from a careful study of this volume.

The Modern Literature of France. By George W. H. Reynolds. London: Henderson, 1839.

THIS, without having any right to be described as a very well-written or pleasant book, is a convenient, and, with reference to its purposes, a useful one. It is convenient, as from it may be formed, at but small expense of

time and money, a sufficiently good notion of the contents of the French Circulating Library. We here have a selection of stories, if not from the best, yet from the most popular of the French writers since the last revolution, with biographical notices. There is an attempt not very successful to connect these writers together, as if, because they are contemporaries, they necessarily belong to the same class, possessing their gifts in common, and deriving their inspiration from the three days of July. The three days of July had nothing to say to the growth or development of any one of the writers from whom extracts are here given. The Guillotines of the first French Revolution did not, we believe, interfere with the sale of one profligate French novel, nor has the last retarded or created one of the kind. What the writers since 1830, have in common, is the bad taste which makes them imitators for their daily bread, of the anglo-German horrors of Mrs. Radcliffe and Maturin, the last writers of any genius among us, that were misled into the spectre-and-grave-yard style of Romance.

The English Critics of a few years ago described the revolution of 1830, as produced by the licentious novels and dramas of the day, and now we find the revolution in its turn blamed or praised for producing the novels.

We do not think any of the stories have as much merit, as the worst of the tales which every month appear in this Magazine, and which we should necessarily displace, were we to make room for extracts from this book. In the poetical translations, Mr. Reynolds is now and then not unsuccessful—better, however, in the serious than in the playful. *La Martine* is pretty well translated, Beranger, indifferently.

Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry, with Explanatory Appendix, &c. By W. D. Cooley, A.B.

Geometrical Propositions Demonstrated, or a Supplement to Euclid. Being a Key, &c. by the same. London: Whittaker & Co. 1840.

WHILE fashions change and literary tastes vary round the compass, the first principles of mathematics stand unmoved—we might almost say unmolested, and modern classes persevere in studying the elemental treatise of the ancient Greek.

Considering the growing importance

of that study, and the immutability of its character, we have often felt surprised that so little should have been done to give it popularity and aid its extensive diffusion.

Mr. Cooley seems to have thought with us; and he has produced an edition of Euclid's *Elements*, which, for brevity, clearness, and discerning attention to the wants of learners, cannot be easily surpassed. When we add that it is remarkable for its typographical neatness, that its form is convenient and price moderate, we feel justified in predicting for it an extensive circulation.

It resembles Dr. Elrington's excellent edition of the *Elements*, in rejecting Euclid's syllogistic method, and in adopting conciser language; but it adheres to the Greek original in abstaining from the introduction of corollaries not absolutely necessary to the series of deductions. All the corollaries of Elrington's Euclid are to be found, however, in the Appendix to Mr. Cooley's edition, which undergraduates will do well to consult, as well as the *Key*, which contains a collection of deduced propositions calculated to make the learner familiar with the chief properties of geometrical figures.

The Polish Mother—by B. Kelly, Esq. Dublin, 1840.

WE wish that our space permitted us to give extracts from this drama, or an analysis of the story. This is altogether out of our power; nor, indeed, do we think it quite fair to an author, some part of whose task must be the excitement of curiosity, to betray his stage-secrets. The verse, though generally vigorous, sometimes wants ease and harmony. Snatches of song are introduced with good effect between the acts, in a form not unlike the ancient chorus. In Mr. Kelly's work, they do not interrupt the action, but are in general so contrived, both with respect to the persons by whom they are sung, and the subject to which they relate, as to carry on the plot, and afford fit preludes to the after scenes. We augur favourably of the author's future success, if he make the drama his serious study. We should be glad to see the *Polish Mother* produced on the stage, with proper scenic embellishments, which it would require; it would, we have little doubt, prove an attractive and interesting play.

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THE PRESENT SESSION.

THE IRISH MUNICIPAL REFORM, AND LORD STANLEY'S REGISTRATION BILLS.

THE session progresses as it had begun, with cautious sparring on the part of ministers, together with a desperate tenacity of office, and somewhat more of stern determination on the part of the opposition, to put the incapables to their last shift, by pressing discussions which must cause them grievous inconvenience, and causing exposures by which they must be greatly disconcerted. But trouble and confusion is the element in which such a ministry can best live. In ordinary times, twenty occurrences and accidents which the present ministry have survived, would have caused the overthrow of any other administration. No other ministry dared encounter the disgraces of the British legion in Spain. The nation would have been up as one man to drive them, with ignominy, from office. No other ministry could have hoped to outlive the Canadian rebellion, which was caused by their incapacity alone. No other ministry could have survived the Chartist insurrection in Wales. No other ministry could have survived the exposures of the Normanby mal-administration in Ireland. No other ministry would have dared to adventure upon the infidel education project, by which such an insult has been given to the moral and religious feeling of the people of England, and such an outrageous indignity perpetrated against the church. No other ministry could have had the face to meet the parliament, after having so grossly mismanaged affairs in the South and East of Europe, as to have brought the country to the

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very brink of war. No other ministry could have had the brazen confidence to stand up and defend their profligate negligence and gross mispolicy, in relation to our intercourse with the Chinese empire, by which feelings of amity, and arrangements guaranteeing profitable intercourse, which had subsisted undisturbed for more than two hundred years, have been rudely violated; and fierce and bitter hostility generated, which may yet lead to consequences by which our existence as a nation may be endangered.

And let us look our new condition steadily in the face, and ask ourselves, why is this? To us, the answer is plain; it arises from the turbulent ascendancy of *the masses*, in contradistinction to the responsible worth and ability of the country, which has been caused by the reform bill. By that, the intellect of the nation has been addled and confused, so that it cannot steadily see its way through the difficulties by which it is surrounded. The quarrel of the ascendant faction is still so keen with their betters, who have been for a season put down, that every effort on the part of the latter to maintain the honour and the interest of Old England, by which the profligate men in power might be inconvenienced, is regarded with suspicion, if not positively resented as a rebellious manifestation of Tory predilections. By the concessions which have already been made, the appetite of the masses has been only whetted for a larger indulgence of democratic power. They

are purblind to distant and future, they are sharp-sighted to immediate and present consequences. Their eager desire for a large personal share in the fierce political contest which is going on at home, renders them altogether insensible to those political crimes, or errors, or mishaps, which have characterised our foreign negotiations; and our ministers now have only to put on the mask of the demagogue, when they wish to disguise the bungler, or to play the traitor.

But, damaged as the constituency of the empire has been, by a measure which has thus thrown the whole country into confusion, it cannot be denied that of late years old English good sense and good feeling have been rapidly resuming their ancient ascendancy in the minds of the people. Indeed, were it not for the partialities of the court, it is now manifest that the vilest administration that ever insulted the majesty of England, would ere this have been sent to its own place. The nation, in truth, are heartily tired of them. Even the most strenuous of their old supporters have been repeatedly put to shame, by their blunders and their profligacy, and compelled to join in a vote, by which, upon particular occasions, they have been subjected to parliamentary condemnation, although they have not as yet been brought to agree in one, by which a general want of confidence would be declared. But in that respect, the faction in the house, by which the ministry are supported, are at issue with their own constituents, as well as with the great Conservative party, by whom the ministry are opposed. Otherwise, why not appeal to the people? If there was the slightest chance of strengthening their hands by such an appeal, do our readers suppose that it would not be made? No, truly. Ministers and their adherents are well convinced that the country is against them; that if such an appeal were made, the verdict would be one by which their profligacy and their incapacity would be declared; and that they could not stand a single hour against the aroused indignation of the country, if such an opportunity of testing their public estimation were afforded. They, therefore, like other reptiles, continue to drag on a crawling existence as they

may, depending upon the chapter of accidents by which hitherto they have been marvellously favoured, and using or abusing the prodigious extent of patronage placed in their hands, in order to buy off or to mitigate the hostility and the antipathy of which they are conscious—determined to live as long as the confidence of an abused sovereign affords them a refuge from the scorn of an indignant people; and well knowing that ejection from power at the present, would be tantamount to utter political annihilation.

While ministers contend, like desperate men, for an existence which is in jeopardy every hour, the opposition, although strenuous and able, are far from pushing matters against them with the vigour by which it is desirable they should be assailed. In truth, there can be no security for England, no protection either for its interests or its honour, until such men cease to preside in its councils. And as it was the wicked policy of the first reformed ministry so to agitate the country at home that Conservative councils would not be listened to; it has been *their* wicked policy so to embroil us in our relations abroad, and so to embarrass us in our financial resources, that the most intrepid Conservative statesman must see, that the service of his country, in a responsible capacity, is now a service of most imminent danger, and one which should be undertaken by no one of a right mind, unless he felt prepared for a degree of devotion and self-sacrifice to the public good, not to be exceeded even by the selfishness and the recklessness, which are the prominent characteristics of her majesty's present advisers.

England, with an increasing expenditure, and a diminishing revenue; threatened with war in America; threatening war in China; her East Indian possessions in a state of perilous insecurity, menaced by Russian power, and undermined by Russian intrigue; what Conservative statesman could desire, from personal motives, to make himself responsible for the issue of councils by which dangers and difficulties like these are to be averted? And yet, if a man be not found, by whom the perils of our position may be boldly confronted, all will be lost! It is our belief that Sir

Robert Peel is that man. He has manifested qualities by which we have been satisfied that for him is reserved the proud distinction of securing the honour, and restoring the fortunes of his country. But in order to that, it is first necessary that that country should become duly sensible of the demerits of those by whom it has been brought into danger; and Sir Robert has, perhaps, judged wisely in leaving the people to find out their own mistake; to discover for themselves how far their confidence has been abused; to feel the true position in which they have been placed by the base contrivances of the present men; before he could, upon truly Conservative principles, undertake the formation of a new administration.

And, already has that response been given. Already are the people of England loudly, and almost unanimously prepared to second the premier expectant in any efforts which he may be disposed to make, to exclude from the royal presence and confidence the present iniquitous junto by whom her majesty has so long been abused and deluded. We repeat it, the country is ripe, thoroughly ripe, for any vigorous and determined efforts which may be made by the opposition with that view. And the ministers know it. They know the certain fate that awaits them, if they should be forced to appeal to the present constituencies, democratised as they have been by the reform bill; and they are working heaven and earth to damage them still more, in order that, in the "confusion worse confounded," there may be afforded, if not some chance of recovering lost authority, at least some prospect of maintaining a precarious existence. Now here it is wherein we desiderate some little want of vigour on the part of the Conservatives, who should assuredly exhibit the same degree of alacrity and boldness in the exposure of these profligate and pernicious schemes, as their adversaries display in the concoction and the prosecution of them. But all, we have no doubt, will yet be done. Even without any strong manifestation of impatience or of indignation on the part of the opposition, the nation at large is becoming alarmed. The trading and mercantile interest begin to feel that general

sense of insecurity which is the sure forerunner of difficulties and dangers, and to desire a change of rulers, by which the pre-existing stability may be restored. The agricultural interest are fully alive to the perils which beset them, if the corn laws should be repealed—a measure for which ministers in their folly or recklessness are fully prepared, if by carrying it an additional quarter's salary could be secured. *They*, therefore, cannot wish them well. The friends of true religion, the friends of the church, indeed it may be said, the orthodox Christians of every denomination, all professors of Christianity, except Papists and Socinians, and those whose sectarian differences partake more of a political than a religious character, and who desire the downfall of the church much more than they love the spread of the Gospel, are unanimous in reprobating the infidel education scheme, by which our present rulers have acquired so much infamous notoriety, and are well prepared to second any efforts by which they and their pestilent project may be extinguished. It is needless to speak of the gentry and the educated classes, as from them the wretched incapables never received any quarter. They were odious from the beginning, as unprincipled charlatans, to every man who had a capacity for public affairs, or who could judge aright respecting the fitness of those who aspired to the chief places in administration. Where, then, are the friends and supporters of the present ministry to be found? They are to be found almost alone, amongst the disaffected, the irreligious, and the profligate of every denomination, who cordially lend them their assistance to continue a state of things, by which Popery has been made to flourish at home and abroad, by which Socialism has been encouraged to raise its head, and to diffuse itself far and widely in England, and by which ribandism, in return for its important services, has been indulged with a legal impunity in Ireland. Such are the allies of her majesty's present advisers. Such are the body guards, relying upon whose assistance, they take the field, resolved to maintain their own existence, at the expense of lending themselves to the worst projects of their profligate support-

ers.* For this, the monarchy is to be undermined; for this, the church is to be subverted; for this, the agricultural interest is to be sacrificed; for this, our trade, our colonies, our commerce, our foreign dependencies, are all to be endangered; for this, we are to be involved in a war which may arouse the slumbering jealousy of our continental rivals, who may now have an opportunity of revenging upon revolutionary England, the losses and the discomfiture which they incurred, when England, in the possession of her right mind, was the inspiring soul of the coalition of Conservative Europe.

But the nation, as we have said, is beginning to be fully alive to its perils; and the day cannot be distant, when this incubus administration must be removed. The question has now become only a question of time. The "*when*" may be somewhat distant; the event itself is certain; that is, as certain as is the existence of England as an independent nation, when the people shall again be called upon to choose representatives in parliament. That, we are fully prepared to grant, is, also, a question of time; and we can easily conceive the conjunction of circumstances in which ministers may anticipate their own, by precipitating the destruction of the country.

Therefore it is that we are not quite prepared to acquit the opposition altogether of a degree of forbearance which should be blamed. That it were right to suffer the people to awaken of themselves, to a sense of the disgrace and the ruin which impends, and which assuredly must descend upon them, if the Whig-radical cabinet be suffered much longer to play their fantastic tricks before them, we are disposed to believe. But, being once awakened to them, their eyes being fully opened to the manifold delinquencies of their rulers, nothing should be left undone by those who truly have the good of their country at heart, to deepen and to strengthen such salutary convictions;—and in this respect, we are not at all certain that the opposition have fully done their duty. However, they are mending their hand; and if they improve but a very little upon the course resolved on

during the present session, the next will see an end of our perils, as far as a termination of them may be effected by the removal from power of their guilty authors.

The Irish municipal corporation bill is now before the lords; and the position of the Conservative party with respect to it, has been the result of a grave miscalculation, to say the least of it, which is very much to be deplored. Our readers will remember that shortly before the last dissolution, the Duke of Wellington gave what has been considered a pledge, by which he bound his party, that if a tithe bill and a poor law bill were passed by the commons, he and his friends in the upper house would no longer throw any obstruction in the way of passing a bill in favour of municipal corporations. He confessed that his opinion still remained in favour of abolition, rather than of reconstruction; but that, so desirable did the measures alluded to seem, he would sink the opposition to the one, provided the government consented to the passing of the others.

This declaration, it is to be noted, was made at a time when the opposition apprehended, and ministers confidently anticipated a triumphant majority in the ensuing parliament; and is only, therefore, to be faulted, inasmuch as it presumed that ministers would, in such a case, be disposed to pay any respect to such a declaration. If they were strengthened, as they expected to be, they would have had a power of compelling the house of lords to come into any measures which they might propose. The threat which effected the passing of the reform bill, might, with like effect, be resorted to again; and municipal corporations be established, without either of those correcting measures by which, in the Duke's apprehension, some compensation for their evils might be afforded. It was therefore a declaration by which he himself and his party alone were to be bound. If the returns to the new parliament were favourable to the Conservatives, they were bound to adhere to the terms of the engagement which had been volunteered on their behalf. If the returns were favourable to the

* "In tanta tamque corrupta civitate, Catilina (id quod facillimum erat) omnium flagitiorum atque facinororum circum se, tamquam stipulatorum, catervas habebat."—*Sallust.*

ministers, there was no reason whatever that they should feel themselves bound by an offer made by their adversaries, and to which there was no producible evidence that they had ever formally acceded.

We therefore fault the prudence of such a pledge, given, under such circumstances, to men, who never felt themselves fettered by any pledge, nor observed any terms of any agreement which they ever made, longer than suited their own convenience.

Well; the new parliament was called together, and it was then found that the Whig-radicals had miscalculated their political prospects. So far from being able to over-bear their adversaries by a triumphant majority, they sorely felt, that with difficulty could they maintain their own ground. They were, in fact, rendered paralytic for all purposes of extensive evil. The truth is, the Protestant feeling of the empire had been aroused, and the mere worldly politicians of every party were surprised and confounded. The Whig-radicals stood aghast. They felt that the prey had been snatched from their teeth. And the Conservative leaders, who dreaded the excitement of the public by religious topics, were perfectly astonished at the marvellous change which took place in their condition,

"*Miranatur que novas frondes, et non sua poma,*"

and felt that they might take an attitude of bold defiance against their insulting and clamorous enemies.

They had now to deal with a desperate, an unprincipled, but a *lock-jawed* administration. They were but little incommoded by the pressure from without. The working of the English Municipal Reform Bill had begun to undeceive numbers by whom before it had been eagerly desired, and who would have been ready to contend for it even to the uttermost. Chartism began to raise its head, and manifest those ulterior designs, by which the whole frame-work of society must be dislocated; and if any thing was wanting to complete the conversion of every honest reformer who had been deluded by the bait of municipal privileges, it was accomplished by the insurrection in Wales, in which Frost, (Lord John Russell's pet magistrate,) and his

wretched accomplices, became so unhappily notorious.

In truth, the tide began to ebb, rapidly, from the advocates of revolutionary change, and a current of enlightened public opinion to set in favour of the sounder views of the more honest men by whom they had been resisted. What then, remained, in order to escape the political evils which were threatened by the people *when they were mad*? Nothing but simply to wait upon their judgment when they became sober. And that they were becoming more and more every day. The noisy demagogues now began to feel that there was but little hope of exciting the masses by any of the customary topics by which they had been previously inflamed. Ireland, all men now began to see, wanted peace. It was not by communicating to it a St. Vitus's dance, by conferring upon a rabble popish populace, extensive democratic privileges, that it was now to be restored to tranquillity and contentment. Sober Englishmen could scarcely be brought to believe that that which had been found in practice a curse in the one country, could prove a blessing in the other. They, therefore, were not to be deluded by the parrot cry of "justice to Ireland." Nor were the thinking people of this country without a quick discernment of the evils which must ensue if the proposed measures for municipal enfranchisement were adopted. Petition after petition found its way to the imperial parliament, deprecating any such unwelcome boon. It is true, the nimble fingered gentry were all agog at the prospect of the sudden revolution in their condition which would be produced by the power that would be conferred upon them, of making free with the property of their superiors. But we scarcely exaggerate the real state of the case when we say, that the advocates for, and those against municipal corporations in Ireland, might be divided into two classes, the first consisting of those who were desirous of picking pockets, and the second, of those who had pockets to be picked.

Under these circumstances, in what consisted the hopes of the revolutionary party. *They were confined, solely, to the supposed pledge of the Duke of Wellington—a pledge never given in*

the sense in which the faction are now pleased to construe it, and coupled with conditions which have never been fulfilled! A pledge, which, had they been enabled to take their former rampant attitude, they would have despised, which they never would have suffered to operate as a restraint upon themselves, which could no more have muzzled them than a tiger could be muzzled by a woollen thread, was now regarded with delight, as binding the noble Duke to concessions from which he could not recede; but, by granting which, as matters at present stand, we boldly say he would be violating the spirit of the engagement.

Such is the position in which the Duke and his party are at present placed. How should they act? That is the question. We are clearly of opinion that their conduct should be regulated solely with reference to the good of the country. But, we are told, that the rejection of the bill will cause a collision with the other house. We dread it not. Is the House of Commons, now, when the country is against it, to be regarded in the same light as it was before, when the country was supposed to be in its favour? Is the House of Commons, when a bankrupt in public confidence, to be regarded, in its bullying demonstrations, with the same deference which it might inspire, when it could draw to any amount upon public credulity? Would the illustrious Duke act so in the affairs of war? Would he give to a retreating enemy the same terms which might well have been proposed when he himself was under the necessity of retreating?

The true mode of judging how far it is wise in the politician to make concessions to the democratic spirit of the House of Commons, is, by asking whether the question at issue is one upon which they could advantageously dissolve. Is it, or is it not, one, by agitating which they could increase their numbers upon an appeal to the people? If this question must be answered affirmatively, we can recognise the wisdom of anticipating such an appeal, by such concessions as may prevent it. But if it must be answered in the negative, why, pray, should the turbulent impatience of stranded democracy be suffered to "fright the lords from

their propriety?" What have they, in such a case, to do, but to stand by their principles with unflinching resolution, and suffer the unruly waves of their uproarious adversaries to break in harmless foam around them? These men have done their worst. They are no longer backed by public support. The country is against them. And why should the peerage of England, who are now the depositaries of the national confidence, be any longer intimidated by their threats, and not rather take an attitude of proud defiance, and hurl back upon them the insolence by which they have been assailed.

We repeat it, the empire has been long tired of agitation. Popular follies have run their course. The demagogues, who trade upon public disturbance, have long felt the ground slipping from under them, until at length, even with the aid of the court, they have scarcely whereon to stand. They can no longer utter their demands with a pistol at our throats; and they are not, surely, such objects either of respect, or of compassion, as that we should give them voluntarily what they have lost the power of extorting; and thus make our own mistaken generosity as fatal as their violence to the best interests of the country.

The noble Duke fully acknowledges, that not only is there, now, no "pressure from without," to compel the passing of this bill, but that in Ireland a very strong feeling has been manifested against it. Petitions have been poured upon the table of the House of Lords, either against the bill generally, or against one or more of its more offensive provisions, from Galway, Clonmel, Waterford, Kilkenny, Londonderry, Cashel, Limerick, Belfast, and Cork; and from the parishes of St. Mary's, St. Michael's, St. Bridget's, and St. John's; and from the guilds and companies, in general, of the City of Dublin. Does this look as if it was regarded as a blessing? Does it not rather evince the conviction that it will be felt as a grievous infliction upon Ireland?

But there were three other measures upon the bona fide passing of which, it is acknowledged, even by those who contend for the pledge, that the noble Duke made his consent

to the passing of an Irish municipal reform bill contingent. A tithe bill has been carried, by which the clergy have lost one-fourth of their income, and are considered very fortunate to have secured, at such an expense, some respite from that agitation by which, for previous years, they had been made to suffer, and which had reduced them to the direst distress. Whether the remedy applied to such a state of things was, or was not, the proper one, we will not now stop to enquire. The condition of a country must be melancholy in the extreme, when a black mail is the only specific by which any class of its subjects can be protected against most iniquitous spoliation. But the measure has passed. The church, although impoverished, is at present, comparatively, at peace. And the clergy have uttered no complaining voice at the act by which they have been defrauded. "They have taken patiently the spoiling of their goods." Is it for this the country should be cursed by all the faction and all the virulence which must be the certain consequence of inflicting upon it popish and radical municipal corporations?

There was another measure, a poor-law, by the passing of which it was supposed that a safe municipal franchise might be obtained,—how has that been found to work? We shall see. The noble Duke thus expresses himself, in the debate which took place on the 4th ult, and in which he has been pleased to signify his assent to the second reading of the Irish municipal reform bill: "It was thought desirable, both in this and the other house, that a mode should be adopted of fixing the qualifications of the burgesses who were to elect the municipal bodies, which should be independent of the qualification by oath. He was afraid that it had been found that the qualification by oath could not be depended upon in that part of the empire; and therefore, though he had given his assent to the adoption of the principle of forming new corporations, he never agreed to the details of any measure until he perceived, by the establishment of a poor-law in Ireland, the existence of some system according to which the claimants to vote in municipal elections might be clearly made out. But what

had happened since the Irish poor-law had passed? *It had not been fairly carried into execution.* The boards of guardians, under whom the poor-law bill was to be carried into execution, *had not been fairly elected.* The poor-law commissioners had not performed their duty upon that point, and the government had not obliged them so to do. The qualification depended on the valuation of property; and that, again, depended on the honesty, intelligence, and fair dealing of the valuator. Let them have an enquiry into the mode by which the valutors had been named, *and it would be found that the law had not been properly carried into execution, PURPOSELY TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF FIXING FAIRLY THE QUALIFICATION OF THE VOTERS FOR MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS.* There ought to be some examination into this subject; and the present bill ought not to be passed, until some parliamentary enactment was adopted, guaranteeing that the law would be fairly carried into execution, and that the qualification of voters would not be mere waste paper."

This is all as it should be. The noble Duke has descended with an eagle pounce upon the miscreancy by which his protective enactment was sought to be evaded. The evidence by which the above statement is sustained, must be familiar to all our readers; and if an enquiry, such as the Duke suggests, should be granted, it will appear with a force and a fullness that will perfectly astonish the empire. At first it did seem as if the rating under the poor law bill must, necessarily, furnish a constituency, whose stake in the country must go far to render them safe and constitutional electors; men who would be above seduction or intimidation; and who would feel more interest in the prosperity of the country, than in the prosecution of party ends. And, accordingly, O'Connell was at first alarmed at his prospects, and earnestly deprecated the passing of any bill, the working of which would be in the hands of really substantial and independent electors. But it was soon discovered, (and the public are indebted to Professor Butt for proclaiming it trumpet tongued,) that the gross sum to be levied upon any given district would not be affected by the mode in which

the houses might be rated ; and therefore, that certain houses might be assessed as being of the value of ten pounds, without rendering the possessors of them liable to the poor law tax ; *provided other houses were rated in the same proportion above their real value.* If the sum to be raised was a thousand pounds, and the district contained one thousand houses, all rated at £10, the tax would be equally levied from all ; but if one half of them were rated at twenty or thirty pounds in value, and the other half at £10, it is clear, that while the rating conferred the municipal franchise, it did not inflict the municipal tax. Why the comitia centuriata of Numa Pompilius was not more admirable as a contrivance by which democracy was crippled in early Rome, than is this expedient of fictitious valuation, for producing a diametrically opposite effect, and rendering a beggarly or insolvent rabble the lords and masters of the propertied classes of this country. But the cheat has been detected. The Duke has taken it in hand ; and if it pleases God to spare him life, either O'Connell's tools must cease to insult common sense, and to outrage common honesty, or he himself shall never have municipal corporations.

There was another trick attempted in higher quarters, having the defeat of the Duke's arrangement for procuring a sound municipal constituency, equally for its object. Let us hear the description of it which he has given himself.

"An amendment had been made on the Irish poor Law Act, of which he conceived he had some right to complain. He had stated that he had no objection to an amendment consistent with the principles of the act ; but, when he had gone out of town on public business, and when it was known he could not attend in their Lordships' house, this amendment, *which altered, fundamentally, the bill of the preceding session with regard to the election of guardians*, was proposed and adopted, on the third reading of the bill, and without notice to any one. The opinion of the law officers of the crown had been taken on the point, and he had read that opinion since the subject was last discussed. *He would not give one pin for their opinion.* It did not apply to the subject in any one respect. What it said was this :—that the operation

of the 35th clause of the bill of the former year was not at all affected in its relation with the 32nd clause ; but the amended clause in the new bill, which enabled persons to vote for guardians of the poor without paying their rates, remained, and was not affected by the 35th clause of the former bill. IN REALITY, THEREFORE, A TRICK WAS PLAYED ON THAT HOUSE ; and so the bill remained to this moment on the statute book."

The noble Duke added, that he hoped the Lords would agree to the second reading of the bill before them,

"But that it was impossible they should pass it through committee, without knowing with accuracy how the whole affair stood with respect to the election of guardians, and the due execution of the law in Ireland ;—because, if that law was not carried strictly into effect, their lordships would be placed precisely in the same situation as when the bill was introduced, *four years ago ; i. e. WITHOUT ANY MEASURE OF QUALIFICATION FOR BURGESSES, OR ANY MODE OF ASCERTAINING THE QUALIFICATION, BUT THAT WHICH HE EARNESTLY RECOMMENDED NO MAN TO TRUST TO—THE OATH OF THE PARTY HIMSELF.*"

Such are the noble Duke's words ; such is his expressed determination. We confess it cheers us. There will be no haste, at least, in passing this fatal measure ; and the more it is examined and sifted, the more it will be found unsuitable to the real wants and wishes of Ireland.

It is not, moreover, to be passed, until full security has been given that all the provisions by which the Duke intended it should be limited and regulated, shall be fully and fairly carried into effect. Even with these securities, it will still be a mischievous measure, but so much less so than without them, that we doubt whether O'Connell would receive it. At all events, let it be fully discussed ; let Ireland every where protest against it ; let representations go forth, by which the House of Lords may be fully persuaded, that the peaceful and loyal and intelligent inhabitants of this country deprecate those normal schools of agitation, which are altogether unnecessary for any useful purposes, and would, assuredly, be converted to evil. Let it be known, that it is their fixed persuasion, that they are desired, not for the objects which are professed

and for which they are wholly unnecessary, but for very different objects, which the legislature, so far from facilitating, should discourage by all means in their power. They are desired, because they would operate as a lever for the overthrow of the church. They are desired, because they would materially contribute to the repeal of the union. They are desired, because they would afford foul-mouthed agitators an opportunity of bringing their railing accusations against the gentry of the land. They are desired, because by their means the monarchical principle would be brought into disrepute. They are desired, because, by their means, the people would be inoculated with a passion for republican institutions. These are the objects, latent in the minds of the demagogues, when they raise a clamour for municipal corporations; and it is only fair to the House of Lords, (*who, if they pass this measure, will pass it against their own convictions, and as a concession to public feeling.*) to let them know, distinctly, how it is viewed by all in this country, whose opinions are entitled to respect, and that, in reality, so far from being regarded as a boon, it will be felt to be one of the heaviest curses ever inflicted upon Ireland.

The great objection to corporations as they stand at present is, that they are exclusively Protestant; not that the law declares Roman Catholics ineligible, as common councilmen or aldermen, but that, in practice, they have not been elected. Now this, as a mere fact, is despicable, when urged as a reason for the abolition of these ancient institutions. Let it be shown that it militates against the ends of their being; that it causes them to perpetrate injustice; that it has enabled them to effectuate fraud; or disabled them from affording prompt assistance to the government, in cases of invasion, or rebellion, or insurrection, and we will listen to it. Such would be a legitimate mode of reasoning upon the subject, and one which would be entitled to every consideration. But, to say that they should be abolished, merely because they have been Protestant in their origin, and are

still Protestant in their principles and practice; that would be to make Protestantism, in itself, an offence, such as should subject its professors to penalty and disqualification.

Was the Protestantism of the Dublin Corporation, we ask, an offence in 1798, when it grappled with rampant treason; or, in 1803, when it trampled down an insurrection which took government completely by surprise, and "whose unsounded depths"* will still furnish a topic for the future historian. "Alone I did it," well might the old corporation say; "was there any objection to my Protestantism then?" Why, my Lord Duke, if you can be induced to consent to a measure like this, we must say that you are forgetful of the past, and you see but dimly into the future. Give to O'Connell and the priests Popish and Radical corporations, and what will be wanting to complete the machinery for repeal agitation, through the length and the breadth of the land? And that once set agoing, what is to stop it; what power exists without or within the constitution by which it could be arrested or controlled, until it accomplishes its work, and eventuates in the dismemberment of the empire?

Let it be supposed that the Dublin corporation alone were Popish and Radical forty-five years ago; that they all, or a majority of them, resembled James Napper Tandy; and what powerful countenance and aid would they not have afforded to the United Irishmen of that day? Now, we deliberately affirm, that the system of the United Irishmen was loyalty itself, in comparison with the atrocious riband conspiracy, of the existence of which the Duke has declared himself satisfied by the evidence taken before Lord Roden's committee; and that the former, when most extensive and most formidable, never was more widely ramified throughout the country. Is it into the hands of a banditti like this that the noble Duke and his noble compeers would entrust the franchises, which he and they are ready to wrest from the insulted and persecuted Protestants of Ireland?

While we write, the news has arrived of Professor Butt's address

* "Ireland, Past and Present;" by John Wilson Croker.

at the bar of the House of Lords, by which a powerful impression has been made upon the mind of every impartial hearer. We believe the learned gentleman is allowed to have presented the question before them under an aspect in which it did not appear before; and that many who were before inclined to sacrifice the corporation, in order to propitiate the demon of liberalism, have been made to feel that, by such a sacrifice, not only would no temporary tranquillity be obtained, but the integrity of the empire would be endangered. They are, therefore, well disposed, even at this the eleventh hour, to abstain from further unrighteous or unprincipled legislation.

But will not the Lords be compelled to pass some such measure as that which has been sent up by the Commons? Compelled? By whom? Who are they whose outrageous clamour thus makes wise men mad? The rank, the property, the worth, the ability of Ireland? No such thing. They all, to a man, deprecate the measure. The great masses of the people? Even they are indifferent; or if, any where, a desire for it has been manifested by them, it is clearly traceable to factitious influences, which render it wholly worthless as a criterion of honest, earnest, spontaneous feeling. There is then no compulsion which should move our legislators to do wrong; even if any compulsion ought to move any virtuous legislators ever so to do. Never, never, should they yield to the violence of a House of Commons unsustained by the judgment of the country. Backed by the people, they are every thing; especially as the constitution at present stands: without the people at their back, we will not say they are nothing, for that would be disrespectful, but they are nothing to intimidate the House of Lords; they are nothing to prevent the Peers of England from doing their duty. Let them first settle their accounts with their constituents, and then see how many they can muster to make their assault upon the independence and the privileges of the hereditary councillors of the empire.

The matter next in importance, (if, indeed, it be second in importance to any measure which at present engages

the attention of the legislature,) is Lord Stanley's Irish registration bill. This bill has been rendered necessary by the abuses which have prevailed in the Irish registration courts, and by the defects of the law as it at present stands, in consequence of which frauds, of various kinds, may be most easily perpetrated, while they are with great difficulty detected. These evils Lord Stanley proposes to remedy, by some very simple provisions, not partaking, in the least, of a party character, and the only possible effect of which would be, that they would give the country a *bona fide* constituency, carrying to its utmost constitutional limit the franchise which had been created by the reform enactment, and assimilating, in a great measure, the franchise in this country to that which has prevailed in England, since the revolution, (for revolution it is now admitted to be,) of 1832. But does this satisfy Daniel O'Connell? Is he contented with this measure of justice to Ireland? Oh no; he is mightily displeased at it. Displeased did we say? The man has become outrageous. The demagogue has been transformed into a fiend; he stamps, and roars, and yells, and vociferates, as even he never did before, and all because of the fairest, the most temperate, and the most constitutional remedy that ever was proposed, for an evil admitted to be so great and so crying, that even he is for devising *some sort of remedy* for it!

In the first place, an annual revision of the registry is to be desired, for the removal of the names of such voters as might have died during the year, as well as those who might have forfeited the franchise by change of residence, or loss of qualification. Is this an unreasonable proposition? Is this a proposition which should move the bile or provoke the indignation of an honest reformer? Yet O'Connell vows that if such a measure pass, the Union shall be repealed; and heaven knows what further calamities shall be brought upon the empire! And his wretched bond slaves, the ministers, are taking up his parable, and moving,—we were going to say heaven and earth, but, we believe it would be more appropriate to say earth and hell, to cause the rejection of the bill upon the third reading! Alas! for England,—this is, indeed, the day of her degradation; when the

ministers of the crown bear the stamp of a galling servitude upon them, and march in fetters at the bidding of the most loathsome and despicable political miscreant that ever traded upon popular delusion. They still remain, upon bended knee, the miserable worshippers of Mokanna, although to them it has been given to look behind the veil! Yes, there is a bitter satisfaction in seeing how the monster coerces his selfish and profligate tools; and while from fear, or even worse motives, they are doing his bidding, makes them feel that they are but earning his contempt and scorn!

But is there to be no expurgation of the dead voters; no removal of those by whom the franchise may have been lost; no reconsideration of the claims of those by whom it may have been unfairly obtained? Let us not do the demagogue injustice. We would give even Daniel O'Connell his due. There *is* to be a remedy for all these evils; but then it must be one which he shall introduce himself, or which he will order some of his subordinates in the ministry to introduce, in order that there may be a real and an effectual reformation! Did the reader ever before hear any thing like that? The man who exists but by these abuses, whose political importance is almost wholly caused by them, *he* exclaims against any one, but himself or his confederates, undertaking the conduct of any remedial measure by which they may be done away! Daniel O'Connell, indeed, attempt to extinguish the claims of the dead voters! Has he the least sense of gratitude, even if no motives of self-interest presented themselves, to bespeak his indulgent consideration for those who have ever proved his best friends? How often has an adversary been *dead* beat, while yet a sporting majority of living voters were at his command; and can a man who has been thus frequently favoured from the unseen world, presume to disturb the repose of the departed, by interfering with rights and privileges which were consigned to his especial guardianship, and over which he exercised a more unlimited command than when the real possessors of them were in existence? Oh! yes, indeed. Catch Daniel O'Connell interfering with the franchise of the dead voters!

But we had forgotten; we were on the

point of again doing this great man injustice. His interference with the dead voters is to be conducted upon the principle of *extending the franchise, not of restricting it*. No ingratitude here. No forgetfulness of services already rendered. Well, after all, it is really some consolation to find that this miscreant is not wholly without a spark of gratitude; that he is not "nulla virtute redemptum;" and that in proportion as he renders this world intolerable to the living, he is disposed, in his clemency, to people it with the dead. This is, really, more than we were prepared for, and we are not, we hope, unthankful. But how will the dead take it? Have we no modern Lucian amongst us who may report the votes of thanks, which will, no doubt, be moved and seconded, in the Elysian fields, by the shades who have thus been enabled to triumph over the king of terrors, and who are thus doubly honoured, after a true Irish fashion, by an existence *at the sametime, both here and hereafter*? Henceforth, let no man call the grave "the bourne whence no traveller returns." Were the case so, there would be danger to public liberty; for, there are many members of the O'Connell tail who would wait for their return long enough, if such miracles were not now so familiarly performed, as that they ought to have ceased long since to excite our wonder. "The bourne whence no traveller returns," indeed! Shakspeare was a dolt. Even his imagination was incapable of conceiving the mighty things which may be effected by a modern reformer. He has been said, in the hyperbolical language of an admirer, to have "created worlds, and then imagined new." But did it ever enter into his imagination to contemplate *the living defeated by means of the dead*? Did even he ever fancy the possibility of serving a writ of habeas corpus upon Radamanthus or Pluto, and compelling them to surrender up the shrouded inhabitants of the realms over which they rule, in order to aid the Liberator in the enforcement of "Justice to Ireland?" Orpheus, we know, won back his Euridice; but that was only a single case; a concession, *speciali gratia*, to the charms of the minstrel's melody; and it was also for a personal

object. O'Connell's wholesale resurrections are upon a scale of magnitude corresponding to the extent and the grandeur of his views; and we can well believe that he would scorn to lay his compulsory incantations upon the inhabitants of Erebus, if his object could be accomplished, without having recourse to them for aid, or if that object were any thing less than the regeneration of an empire.

But there is another object which Lord Stanley has in view, in requiring a revision of the registries; there are many living voters whose names have been placed upon them without any sufficient claims; these cases he considers it but right should be re-examined; and if found to have been improperly admitted, disallowed. But that would never suit the Liberator, who would not be less generous to the living than to the dead. And his reasoning on the subject is not without plausibility. "If all these men were dead," he says, "their votes would be completely at my command. *That*, no man can dispute. Why, then, pass a bill which must render it my interest to deprive them of existence?" This is, undoubtedly, good radical logic. Dan may claim an exclusive right over the dead voters; and also over those living ones who, if left to their own free will, might be reluctant enough to obey his commands, but who are reputed as good as dead, by being amongst those,

"Quos novies Styx interclusa coercet."

But we doubt whether it will be regarded by Lord Stanley with all the deference which it deserves. If Dan play Cadwallader, he, it is to be feared, will exhibit some of the spirit of Hotspur; and when the former tells him, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," will have the profane hardihood to answer him in the very words which Shakspeare has put in the mouth of the latter: "And so can I, and so can any man. But will they answer you, when that you call?"

It is, indeed, a matter of life or death, in a political sense, to the agitator himself, to defeat this part of the enactment. In Cork alone, above one thousand names were put upon the registration roll, of men who swore that their tenements were to them of the va-

lue of ten pounds; and who, afterwards, when the poor law enactment came into operation, swore that the same tenements were not of the value of five pounds! What is to be done with such as these? And without such men in buckram, who, be it observed, are just as valuable as if they were dead, how will it be possible to accomplish justice for Ireland? Retained they must be, at all events. Without their honest support the Liberator would be like a stranded whale: *spout*, indeed, he might, for the amusement of those who would come to witness his capture or his death; but he could no longer disport himself as a great leviathan in the waters of popular agitation, and threaten destruction to the vessel of the state, by the fierceness of his onset, *or the lashing of his tail*.

But, in sad and sober earnest, are the Whig gentlemen of England, (for we suppose there are still *some* such,) prepared to go the whole length with this hater of every thing Protestant and English, in his wanton and wicked metamorphose of our Institutions? Lord John Russell has, we perceive, already given notice of his intention to bring in a bill, by which, if it pass, (which, thank God, it cannot do, while we have a house of lords,) the whole registration of England will be hounded, so as practically to level all distinctions, and place the constituency upon a basis equivalent to that of universal suffrage. The measure, we may be sure, is by command of the authority by whom the little Colonial Secretary is content to rule, and presents, even upon the cursory glimpse which has as yet been afforded of it, a perfect wilderness of enactments, furnished with an almost impervious underwood of clauses and conditions, and exceptions, which will no doubt, be regarded as a vast boon by the chicanery of the legal profession, and supply an abundant crop of doubts and disputations, which *are all to be determined upon a principle favourable to the extension of the franchise*. Gentlemen of England, are you prepared to concur in a measure like that? Would it have been suggested two years ago by Lord John Russell himself? Would any thing have driven the present desperate men to propose such a scheme, but the

assured conviction, that by aiding in the progress of the democratic movement, can they alone continue even for a short time longer, their miserable ministerial existence? But,—Gentlemen of England,—you who have not forgotten your birth,—you who look back upon an ancestry still honoured in the people's regards, and forward to the time when you yourselves will be as an ancestry to those by whom you will be succeeded; you to whom the name of *Old England* is still dear, and its fame precious; are you deliberately of opinion that our form of government is not at present, democratic enough, and that it requires a still larger infusion of that element which has already attained such a masterful ascendancy in the empire? If not, do not be shamed to imitate honoured old Burdett, in withdrawing any further confidence from the men, who are obviously willing, for their personal ends, to aid in the utter overthrow of the constitution.

Their interest in the defeat of Lord Stanley's registration bill, is clear to all who will only look steadily at the position in which they are placed. They have rendered England too hot to hold them; and, in case of a dissolution, they are desirous of having some available place of refuge in the damaged and vitiated constituency of Ireland. Why, in case of a real reform of the registration, it is very doubtful whether Dan could secure the return of five of his serfs. It went hard enough with him on the last occasion, and two and three were the majorities of which he had to boast, notwithstanding the aid of the castle, and the influence of the priests, and some disgraceful desertions from the Conservative cause, of which we may yet give some account to our readers. If the registries were what they ought to be, he would have been triumphantly defeated; and any expurgation of them which would have the effect of removing any considerable number of the names of those who became possessed of the franchise by perjury or corruption, would, upon a future election, render all his efforts unavailing. Hence, the paroxysm of madness with which he contemplates a measure, which, if successful, must end in his own extinction. There is an instinct of self-preservation by which the veriest rep-

tile is often stimulated to extraordinary and almost preternatural resistance against anything, or person, or proceeding, by which its life might be brought into peril. Such is, precisely, the impulse under which O'Connell at present acts. His all, he clearly sees, is at stake; and frantic as his demeanour may appear, the effort which he makes is not more than proportioned to the risk he runs in the ensuing contest.

And the ministers,—they are just in the same plight. An Irish seat, at the nomination of O'Connell, is their only resource, or at least the only resource of many of them, upon the next dissolution of parliament. No wonder, therefore, that they should be zealous for their master's interest, in a matter which so nearly concerns themselves. Their temporary removal from office, last year, gave them a clear view of a truth which they had not distinctly apprehended before, at least, in its whole extent, namely, the degree in which they had lost the confidence of the people of England. Never did the wretched remains of a wretched faction, see before them such a prospect of utter political annihilation. The court, and the court alone, afforded them all the importance which they seemed to possess; and by their removal from office, their very being seemed dissolved, and instead of going into opposition as a formidable party, their existence would only have been recognized as a mark, for the contempt and the scorn, and the indignation of the empire. They clearly saw that they stood upon the very verge of ruin, but having very bravely come to the brink, they were not prepared, like Quintus Curtius, to plunge into such a gulf for the good of their country. It is not thus they are wont to exhibit their *Roman* virtues. The chasm which yawned before them, closed up again. The royal magician waved her wand, and the condemned culprits were again reinvested with power, which they will hold, in all probability, until the people have an opportunity of exercising their free choice, when they well know they can only find their way into parliament, and consequently into power, through some of the damaged constituencies of Ireland. No wonder, therefore, they should feel concerned in preserving them as

they are. No wonder that they should hate Lord Stanley's registration bill, and sacrifice all respect for character in their attempts to defeat it. But, gentlemen of England, will you aid them by your votes, in such an object? Have you also lost all respect for character? Do you not see that they have surrendered themselves, body and soul, into the hands of the miscreant agitator, the man whose principles you repudiate, and whose name you loathe; and if you are not also prepared deliberately to do despite to every principle of justice, and to outrage every sentiment of honour, separate yourselves from these unhappy men, and be no longer consenting parties to the offences, which must, sooner or later, bring condign punishment upon the offenders. There remains now no choice between their ruin, and the ruin of the country.

We write before the discussion upon the third reading of the bill: but we feel, comparatively, little interest about that; as in our judgment, its fate is already decided. Upon the second reading, *its principle was affirmed by a hostile parliament*. That is enough to assure us, that its ultimate success is merely a *question of time*. Most assuredly, if parliament were now dissolved, we would hope for the return of one by which such a measure would very soon be passed into a law: and even as matters stand, we will not altogether discard a hope that the O'Connellite and ministerial intrigues against it may be defeated.

At all events, one great object has been gained. Every one must now understand what is meant by the cry of "Justice for Ireland." It means the ascendancy of the O'Connell faction, at the expense of every thing which a constitutional Englishman should hold dear—honour, truth, principle, consistency, a just regard for the rights of the crown, and a tender concern for the interests of the people. O'Connell's "*justice*," it is now clearly evident, is a justice which requires for its basis, *perjury and corruption*. Honourable Englishmen, we again put it to you, are you prepared to aid him in the accomplishment of an object like

that? Mind—there is no objection to carrying the reform franchise to the full extent to which it can be legally and constitutionally carried. Lord Stanley and his supporters have no objection to that. All that they object to is, that it should have been carried a great deal beyond that, by the corruption of profligate political barriesters, and the perjury of an ignorant, a mob-led, and a priest-ridden people.

Will you be parties to the defeat of a measure, which aims at applying a most temperate and a most constitutional remedy to evils like these? If you be, we call upon the country to mark you. We call upon every man to whom truth and honour are dear, to withhold from you his support or countenance, when you next appeal to him for his suffrage; and to refer you, together with the other accomplices of O'Connell, whom their present indignant constituencies will assuredly discard, to that country where only a fitting constituency for you can be found, as you will have virtually abandoned it to the corruptionists and to perjurers, by whom it is at present abused and infested.

We had thought that the wretched men, respecting whom we have been compelled to think and write so much, had reached the climax of disgrace. We were mistaken; they have themselves convinced us of our error. We now clearly see how much they have profited while serving under the demagogue by whom they have been enslaved. Before the last paragraph was completed, the London papers brought an account of the shabby attempt which has been made to defeat the issuing of a writ for the borough of Ludlow, in order to defer the return of a Conservative member, until after the division upon Lord Stanley's bill. Would any men with the slightest pretensions to character, lend themselves, for a moment to such a scheme? This is, indeed, heaping Pelion upon Ossa, in infamy and degradation! But we call upon the country to mark it well. The day of retribution is at hand, when assuredly no such stratagem will avail the miserable delinquents.



Philip Gurnea

PHILIP GURNEA. PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. VIII.

SIR PHILIP CRAMPTON, BARONET,

Surgeon-General, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, F.R.S., &c. &c. &c.

"—Atque idem ego contendo, cum ad NATURAM EXIMIAM atque ILLUSTRAM, accesserit ratio quædam, conformatioque DOCTRINÆ, tum illud nescio quid præclarum ac singulare, solere existere."—Here is a very beautiful, but very rare combination of qualities, tending to constitute however, all, probably, that is attainable of perfection, in genius and learning, in the human character. We need scarcely remind our classical readers, that in this felicitous and philosophic compliment, Cicero sums up the accomplishments of his friend and client, Archias.

It is for wise purposes that there is an inherent disposition in most minds to gather and store up delineations of character, whether real or imaginary, of man as he is, or as he ought to be. There is an especial pleasure, only to be appreciated by those who have experienced it, in discovering in nature and in fact, what had no previous existence but in probability and thought. Forms of the "fair and good," the "pulchrum atque decens," are insensibly imbibed by study, or by observation, into the mind, and it enjoys its own peculiar satisfaction, "with which a stranger intermeddleth not," when the outline of the visionary and imaginative is filled up by the positive and true.—So thought we, when we found with what complete exactness all that the Orator intended to convey, meets in the subject of our present sketch.

We shall enter into none of the details of his brilliant professional career. With all that could interest them upon this subject, the present generation is already and sufficiently familiar. We shall not forestall for those who are to come, the future, and, we sincerely trust, far-distant labours of Sir Philip Crampton's biographer.

Let us, however, and it is with pride and pleasure that we do so, contemplate him briefly as he is. Briefly, we say, more from the confined limits of our space, than of our inclination. For, in truth, to use an expressive phrase, which is often so apt that we could wish it were less vulgar, it is *refreshing* to withdraw occasionally from the hot strife under the vertical sun of politics, and, in the cool of dispassionate reflection, trace Science as she moves along her calm and lustrous path.

Of all the sciences, the medical, beyond a doubt, is that which interests mankind most nearly. We are not for disparaging all other departments of knowledge when we assert this. But we desire, for plain purposes, to assign them their proper place. In full enjoyment of the vigour and energies of the moral and material frame, we might, probably, feel nearly as enthusiastic upon the head of mathematics, as their well-known devotee, who had no idea of future happiness beyond the solution of eternal problems; or upon the head of metaphysics, as a graceful, but sometimes dreamy speculator, who can conceive no other notion of another life but as an infinite expanse of mind. But we must award to medical science the undisputed

palm of the true sublime. An authority, as conversant with nature as an inspired insight into her mysteries could render him, testifies with us here, when, in a catalogue of wonders, he leaves this upon especial record—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

To have arrived at the summit of this science is Sir Philip Crampton's privilege; and we do not fear that we speak too largely, when we say it is the benefit of the country which has given him birth. We feel too secure from the aspersion or suspicion of ever indulging in unmerited eulogium, not to speak as we feel upon the matter in hand. Many and many an eye shall rest upon this page, and the reflection shall arise in many a mind, that if the vivid and grateful recollections of the most tender sympathies, and most consummate and successful skill, *could* find a voice, they should make all we have said, or now intend to say, seem cold and weak.

We should not be sorry, for the contrast's sake, to pause for a moment, if we could, and think in what odour amongst their patients the practitioners of the day may have been, who followed literally the chart laid down for them by Celsus. "The surgeon," says this ancient worthy, *inter alia*, "must not have a trembling hand. His sight must be clear and penetrating—his mind pitiless! *immisericors!*" [the notes of admiration are our own] "and he must disregard the screams and lamentations of his patient!" We should say that one portion of the doctrine here laid down would appear best adapted to procure disciples in the shambles,—so far from qualifying the attendant on a bed of suffering to convey the relief, which is so often felt under the influence even of a kind word, or a compassionate look. The steady hand, the penetrating sight we know are indispensable. But for the pitiless mind!—How strange, that when this marble-hearted operator spoke of mind at all, he could attach to it no loftier nor worthier epithet. Sir Philip Crampton's practice is not based upon this principle. It is the exact reverse. *Immisericors* should be the very last libel one could cast upon him, or his heart, or mind, who ever saw him by the cradle of an ailing child. His mind is not pitiless; but it is powerful. It exercises well those functions so necessary to his critical pursuits. It collects, combines, amplifies, and animates. It is full of that energy, "without which," says Johnson, "judgment is cold and knowledge inert." Sir Philip is a man of constant, accurate, and deep reflection. It could not be enough to meet all the requirements and exigencies of his varied and extensive practice by a mere memory of facts, however aided by all the theories that study could supply. He must draw, as he does, close and well-defined conclusions from these facts; and it is, no doubt, owing mainly to this timely and excellent provision, that in cases where others waver and hesitate, because they see not at all, or, at the best, but dimly, his sight is not less distinct and immediate than his action resolute and prompt. It is evident that in medical, but more especially in surgical treatment, *decision* on the part of the practitioner is of the utmost importance. But this is a quality not so easily attainable. It is, besides, far more perilous than serviceable in its exercise, unless based upon the clearest penetration and sagacity. In the almost infinite variety of maladies to which the human frame is liable, and in the diversified forms which these maladies are often found to assume, it is obvious that they are more likely to be successfully baffled at the outset,

or led through their necessary stages to a favourable result, when with the quickness of an intuitive perception the eye of the practitioner takes in the whole of the case. This is one of Sir Philip's most remarkable gifts. His mind, if we may so speak, *maps out* the mazy course of the complaint, and if it is to be met at all, soundness and solidity of judgment, together with the decisive energy of experience, shall be brought to bear upon its exigencies.

Our readers are all, doubtless, familiar with the likeness which struck Sir Walter Scott, between Sir Philip and Sir H. Davy, in person, if we recollect rightly, as well as in the liveliness and range of his conversation. Sir Philip kindly did the honours of Lough Bray and the Dargle on the occasion of Sir Walter's visit to this country;—a visit made memorable, as Sir Walter expressed himself, by the acquisition of three friends, Lord Plunket, Sir P. Crampton, and Mr. Blake.

In conversational power, Sir Philip certainly is almost without a rival. His opportunities of acquiring information are, no doubt, numerous, but he has a happy art of communicating it which is peculiarly his own. With a mind ever on the alert, he finds, as may be supposed, "good in every thing;" and it is obviously his pleasure to dispense it. We do not know if he is more successful in his feeling and beautiful delineations of the more mournful and darker shadows of our chequered life, or in the play of his own delicate and graceful humour, caught from the lights, or eccentricities, of brighter scenes.

We would say a word here upon that province, for such we must consider it, of the medical profession, of rendering its peculiar science serviceable to the great and absorbing ends of true religion. In public and in private, in the lecture-room, as in the sick-chamber, a wide field is opened for more than passing usefulness. The days have gone by, and, under God, we are indebted to the present leaders of the profession for the change, when the term surgeon was usually held synonymous with infidel, and when an intimate acquaintance with the mechanical functions of the body, was supposed to have divested, necessarily, the initiated mind of the anatomist of that too vulgar superstition, the existence of a soul. To sneer at Revelation, because based upon futurity;—that futurity involving, essentially, the fact of a new mode of being, exquisitely and eternally susceptible of inconceivable joy, or woe—to shake the Christian's hope—to sap and mine the Christian's peace, is now no recommendation to one, who would work a far wider mischief, spread a far deadlier disease than that which he undertakes to remove or remedy.

The science, in whatever department, that would exalt itself above the level which the Word of Truth assigns it, ceases to deserve the name. We are, indeed, happy to have fallen upon days when the specious theories, which do not profess absolute denial of the truth, but still hide their destructive tendency under the more modest and less alarming semblances of doubt, occasion little or no sensation for their unhappy advocates. They may possess all the wiliness, all the lubricity, all the entangling coils of the reptile which they most resemble, but they are partakers, also, of its curse—"Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat."

Prevailing so widely as totally different sentiments and feelings are amongst the eminent in medical science in our day, how desirable should it be, were

they to direct the extraordinary influence which they possess, in the manner and cause we venture to suggest. It is true, "What man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of man which is in him." The only chamber which we are conscious of our ability to keep always secure and untrifled; where no earthly intruder's eye, nor any earthly despoiler's foot can penetrate, is the chamber of thought. But next to himself, notwithstanding, the intelligent practitioner knows the spirit of man best. Whether it is that, believing him thoroughly conversant with what is invisible and unknown to us—our internal organization, for example, in all the minute and delicate complexity of its arrangement and adjustment—we think he may go farther still, and learn some of the combinations that exist in mind; or whether we feel that in detailing the affections, whatever they may be, of the infirm body, we must disclose some of the secret springs of thought—from whatever cause, the effect is certain, that medical men are masters of an influence, which few, comparatively, in any other sphere of action, can command.* If the practitioner be one of acknowledged ability, and, if so, has ascended high, or attained, it may be, the summit of professional fame, we would say his powers of moral persuasion should be almost unlimited. Under this conviction, we should be glad to see them in the course of application, and to enjoy the rejoicing over their results.

We have often listened, with the most unfeigned delight, to Sir Philip Crampton, when in the too brief, we must say, perorations of his brilliant and instructive lectures on zoology, he has brought the well-explained wonders of the natural world to bear on the being and perfections of their author, God. We have sat in the enlightened, crowded, and hushed assembly—hushed so still that even Sir Philip's own voice, "ever soft, gentle, and low" as it is, seemed loud; and this was the silence of reverence. The lecturer is quick to catch the moment when the senses are wrapt in astonishment at the development of wonders in creation, hitherto unthought of and unknown. Unfolding his subject with a simplicity that interests childhood, at the same time investing it with a dignity that claims respect from age, he wins the attention both of the youthful and mature, and prepares all minds for the reception of the solemn question—"If God be thus mirrored in the organic life and structure of a sentient being, many degrees less visible, it may be, than a mote, how fair and full a transcript ought not His surpassing excellence to find in us?" Such is the character of the reflections with which we have invariably retired from the lecture-room, where Sir Philip had suggested them, in reference to ourselves. It is but common justice if we entertain this truth in reference to him—

*"Affectuum potens, at lenis dominator,
Ingenio sublimis—viduus, versatilis,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."*

* The metaphysician, deep read as he may be in the phenomena of mind, knows well that it is one thing to analyse an emotion, and quite another to produce it.

OUR FELLOW LODGERS.*

BY THE REV. R. WALSH, LL.D. AND M.D.

τὰ ζῷα ἐν ταῖς σωμασί; πολλὰ ἐν ἡμῖν ἐνυπνιζοῦντα.

THERE is no pretence, perhaps, more unfounded, or less capable of being sustained, than that which man assumes to the exclusive possession of his own body. He arrogantly supposes, that because he is allowed for a season to exercise over it some control, he is therefore its sole possessor—that it is made entirely for his use—and that its great Architect collected the materials from the various elements of heaven and earth, to erect an edifice in which he was *alone* to dwell. It is most true that this edifice is “fearfully and wonderfully made,”—beautiful in its structure, cunning in its contrivance, and a meet residence for that immortal spirit which its builder has placed within it; but it is not true that that spirit is the only living occupant; many others are permitted equally to share the right, and to some of them is assigned possession of its very best apartments. This will be most apparent, if we take a brief view of our fellow lodgers.

Entomologists enumerate above 1600 species of minute beings, endued with animal life, of various forms and organization, which they denominate *entozoa*. Of these, 18 are found connected with the human body; some in parts which nature seems to have fitted for their reception, and of which they are the *permanent* and *regular* occupants; such as *Ascarides*, small white worms; *Lumbrici*, large round worms; and *Tenia*, flat tape worms. Others are only occasional residents—externs which settle in different convenient parts adapted for their temporary sojourn, and where they are not *generally* found: those are called by various names, according to the circumstances of their generation; and some are of a form and nature so anomalous, that no particular name has been yet assigned them. On these

last, I will venture to offer a few remarks.

It is well known that the fluids of the human body abound with animalcules, invisible to the naked eye, but distinctly seen when submitted to a microscope of high magnifying powers. If a globule of some of those fluids be placed under a lens, immediately on being taken from the body, and while yet warm and preserving its animal heat, it presents the appearance of a bath, in which many animated beings are seen to swim about. In those that I have examined, they resembled tadpoles, impelling themselves by their tails, which they vibrated with great activity, and moved forward with considerable velocity. I have frequently tried to observe some trait of their habits and manners, but the time allowed for the examination was so brief, that I was always disappointed. When the liquid in which they swam lost its animal heat, the vital principle it imparted was withdrawn, the animalcules ceased to move and seemed to perish, and immediately became invisible in the fluid in which they floated. Of this description are the minute beings detected in the pustules of psora, and other cutaneous diseases, whose generation are supposed to be not the cause, but the consequence of the vitiated fluid.

But besides these, the existence of larger *entozoa* in the *living* human body in this way, has been emphatically dwelt on by writers both sacred and profane. The earliest account we have, perhaps, is that recorded in the book of Job. The distemper under which the patriarch laboured, seemed to be a collection of *entozoa*, which we translate *worms*, forming a lodgment in his skin, and in the integuments of the muscles. He exclaims, in the bitterness of his anguish, “My flesh is clothed with

* Read before a meeting of the Royal College of Physicians, at Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital, on the evening of the 10th day of April, 1840, at which his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was present.

worms, and my skin is broken and become loathsome."*

The death of Herod is attributed to the same cause, and the sacred historian mentions it as of that kind which was most humiliating to human pride. The people shouted, saying, his voice was the voice of a god, and not a man; but the angel of the Lord smote him. "He was *eaten* of worms," while he was yet alive, "till he gave up the ghost."†

Among profane writers, many persons are recorded as having fallen victims to this malady. Acastus, son of Pelias, Alkman the poet, Pherecydes the theologian, Calisthenes the Olynthian, Mucius the lawyer, and Eunus, a leader in the Servile war, are said to have perished by some such disease. The cause or symptoms are not detailed, but two of them, Calisthenes and Eunus, died in prison, and it is probable, confinement, privation, and anxiety predisposed them to take it. But the distemper of which Sylla the dictator died, is more minutely described, and leaves no doubt as to the nature of the complaint. Pliny calls it *ptheiriasis*, and says, "*Nascuntur in sanguine ipso hominis animalia exesura corpus*"—"animals are generated in the very blood of a man which devour his body;"‡ and Plutarch thus details the symptoms. It was a considerable time before he perceived he had an ulcer in his body; but at length the putrescency of the flesh became apparent, and produced such a multitude of *φθίρεις*, (vermin, which we translate lice,) that though persons were employed continually both day and night to remove and destroy them, they increased faster than they could be exterminated; and to such a degree did the distemper prevail, that, as Plutarch affirms—*σάρκα eis φθίρεις μεταβάλλει πᾶσαν*—"it changed the whole flesh into lice;" and his clothes, baths, couches, and every place near him were polluted with a perpetual flux of corruption and vermin. It was in vain that he went many times a day into the water, to scour and cleanse his body, the disgusting insects multiplied, so fast, as to baffle every attempt to destroy them; till, at length,

they devoured him, and he, too, like Herod, was "eaten of worms," while yet alive.§

In addition to these facts detailed by ancient writers, I have collected others, either communicated to me by friends, or which have come under my own personal observation. The first I shall mention is a very extraordinary case, told to me by my brother, Dr. Edward Walsh, physician to the forces. While serving in Canada, he was called to see Angus M'Donald, aged 55, an American farmer, active, and robust, and in good circumstances. He had been subject for some years to attacks of *dysuria*, which, however, did not interrupt his ordinary pursuits. At length he was affected with pain and swelling at the bottom of the pelvis; and one day after great exertion in pursuit of strayed cattle, he was seized with acute pain in perineo, followed by fits of fainting. On recovering from the attack, the parts were examined. They were found much swelled, inflamed, and a substance was felt inside, which was discovered to be a large calculus. The inflammation terminated in an abscess, from which on being opened, the calculus was extracted. Meantime other swellings supervened in different parts of the body, particularly round and in the glutei muscles. The obstruction in the neck of the vesica, and the rupture consequent on the descent of the calculus, had created such a derangement of the parts, as to disturb their ordinary functions, causing discharges of nature to find an exit through the integuments, and forming abscesses through which they continually oozed. The weather was excessively hot, the thermometer stood at 96°, and the state of the patient was exceedingly disgusting to the medical attendant while dressing the abscesses. One day on removing the bandages, a number of *living things* were observed in the discharge. They were very active in their motions, of an extraordinary and nondescript form, but most resembled *flies without wings*. But the circumstance of their formation most striking was, that they were *not* confined to the seat of disease. Tumours

* Chap. vii. 4.

† Acts xii. 23.

‡ Hist. Nat. lib. xxvi. c. 13.

§ Plut. vit. Syll. ad finem.

protruded, and abscesses formed in different parts, particularly under the axilla, so that the body was covered with them. When they were opened or discharged of themselves, the purulent matter contained quantities of the same insects, in a very active and lively state. On being touched with spirits of turpentine, they ceased to move, and were readily destroyed by applications of it. Others, however, rapidly succeeded, and the discharges every day became thinner, more copious, and more fœtid. The patient soon sunk under it, and was relieved by death on the ninth day, after a severe suffering, aggravated by the horrid and *preternatural* generation, as he supposed, of those insects in his body.

My brother, in his communication, stated to me no theory or conjecture as to the cause of this extraordinary and nondescript generation, nor can I find it among his papers; and as it has pleased God that he has followed his patient, I cannot have recourse to his opinion. I do not presume to hazard any of my own, but leave it to the very incompetent and learned persons who compose this assembly to investigate it.

The next I shall mention was communicated to me by my much esteemed friend, the late Dr. Pope. It occurred in this hospital, in the year 1815, and though there are some perhaps, present, to whom it is already familiar, there may be many to whom it is not known. I will, therefore, relate it.

Among the patients then in hospital, was a mechanic of the middle stature, having the muscular system feebly developed. His habit of body was what might be called cachectic, and his countenance very pale and languid. He laboured under a chronic disease of the digestive organs; but by means of the judicious treatment employed, his health appeared to be so much improved, that he was ordered to the convalescent ward. Just as he was about to move, suddenly there appeared creeping over his whole body and the bedclothes in which he lay, an immense quantity of insects, resembling *pediculi*, which increased so rapidly, that a countless multitude was seen creeping and strewed over the surrounding floor. On moving the hand on the surface of the body, it felt as if covered over with small

protuberances; a sensation was produced as if prickles of some kind were stuck thickly in his skin; and, on inspection, it appeared that this feeling was caused by these insects *emerging* in different stages, and in the act of piercing the cuticle. Some were in a more advanced state of protrusion, extricating themselves, as it were, from the aperture through which they had just emerged; while others were entirely free and crawling over the surface. Dr. Pope detailed to me the applications made to the patient, which it would be superfluous to state here. Suffice it to say, that, more fortunate than the dictator Sylla, because under more judicious treatment, he did *not* sink under the horrid disease, but was, in a short time, dismissed from the hospital perfectly cured.

When I was in the South of Ireland, many years ago, a case was mentioned to me by a medical friend; and though I believe it has since been published by Dr. Picknell, in the transactions of this College, it is too curious to be omitted in this detail.

Mary Riordan was a native of Cork. When she was about fifteen years of age, two clergymen of her persuasion died. They were men much esteemed, and of great reputed sanctity; and there existed a belief among the peasantry, that clay taken from the graves of such persons, possessed an extraordinary efficacy in protecting the man or woman who carried a portion of it about their persons from evil, and those who drank an infusion of it from disease. At the suggestion of an old woman, the poor girl went to the churchyard where they were interred, and brought home her apron full of the clay. By the advice of her monitress, she placed some of it in a tin can, and, pouring water upon it, she stirred it up, then, suffering the grosser parts to subside, she drank a portion of the remainder every morning. After some time she complained of an affection of sickness; she felt a nausea and a strong tendency to vomit, and at length began to discharge the contents of her stomach. There was found amongst it a quantity of insects, of the beetle kind, called by entomologists *bleps mortisaga*, in different states of existence—some were larvæ or eggs, some pupæ, some more advanced in shape, and some *perfect* insects, already furnished with wings;

so that, immediately on being discharged from her mouth, they *flew* about the room. In this state she was brought to the Cork hospital. She was then twenty-eight, and the frightful disease had been generating in her body for thirteen years. Yet she still continued to use the disgusting medicine, convinced that it did *not* cause, but would *cure* it. It is reported that 700 larvæ of beetles were discharged from her stomach in an active state, some of which were destroyed by herself, and some escaped into apertures of the floor, besides as many more in the grub and yet inanimate stage. Nearly 100 were submitted to Dr. Thompson, of Cork, which averaged in size from one to half an inch in length. The *genus beetle* is very tenacious of life, and some of them, reserved as curiosities, were still animate after they had been kept a year in boxes and bottles. The patient was at length persuaded to desist from her medicine, and treated in return with large doses of turpentine, when the generation of the insects ceased, and she was dismissed convalescent. The trick of swallowing and ejecting from the mouth various things, is one often resorted to by jugglers; but in this case, from the manner in which it was watched and treated, there could be no deception; and the connection of cause and effect was so immediate as to leave no doubt of the origin of the disease. The *bleps mortisanga* is principally found to breed in churchyards, and in great quantities. Their ova impregnated the clay she had taken; they were matured and excluded by the heat of the stomach, and as soon as they attained life, they continually irritated that tender organ, by crawling over its highly sensitive coats, till, by a strong effort of nature, they were expelled from the place where they had generated.

On my first visit to France, some years ago, I went with friends from Paris to see St. Cloud. We walked there; the day was very sultry, and when we were about half way on the road, we were made sick by a very intolerable smell, that issued from a valley which lay beside us. We found it proceeded from a place called a *knacker's yard*, where decayed horses are sent to be killed, flayed, and broken up. The air above it was darkened with flies

in incredible swarms, emitting a dull humming sound, and hovering over the putrid fragments of horse flesh that lay about; and we heard a circumstance which had just before occurred, which made us hasten our departure. A man was proceeding from St. Cloud to Paris with letters; he drank too much wine before he set out, was overcome with intoxication, and, when he came to this place, lay down to sleep. He continued on the ground for twenty-four hours, and was at length roused by an intolerable *itching* sensation, which he felt all over his body. This was succeeded, in a short time, by tumours, which finally burst, and multitudes of worms or maggots fell out in such quantities, that *twenty-three large plates*-full were gathered up in the hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, to which he was conveyed. He was treated with mercury, and finally recovered, but lost his eyes, which were eaten or melted out of their sockets. Dr. Cloquet, who afterwards reported the case, states, that the worms were of that species called *asticats*, and supposes that the flies, feeding on the carcasses of the horses, had alighted on the body of the sleeping man, and, puncturing and penetrating the cuticle in various places, had deposited their ova within, and in this nidus they matured into maggots.

If I have not already exhausted your patience by such details of the experience of others, I will add one or two more, which either came under my own observation, or in which I was *personally the sufferer*.

I had met in France an intelligent Brazilian, sent over by the late Emperor Dom Pedro, to receive a European medical education. He came to London with the same object, and I had an opportunity of showing him some attention. When I afterwards visited Brazil, he found me out at Rio, and returned my attentions with interest. Among other advantages of information, he admitted me as a visitor to the hospital of the Misericordia, which he superintended. In this immense establishment were 760 beds, always full, and containing patients labouring under all varieties of tropical diseases; and when any case of peculiar interest occurred, he apprised me of it, and I visited with him. The fecundity of

insect nature in Brazil is so great, that every place and every thing appeared instinct with life. Decayed trees seemed never to die; but when their proper vegetation was extinct, they were covered with innumerable parasites, and perforated by millions of insect inhabitants. Animals afforded no less subsistence to the tribes of entozoa, and some of the patients in the hospital seemed a compound of minute beings. From the mass I saw, I shall mention one or two cases. In tropical climates, the large blue fly is constantly buzzing about the sick, and when the patient sleeps or dozes with his mouth open, deposits its ova in that and other cavities. When I visited the hospital, I heard from my intelligent medical friend, a singular instance of this. A female, just recovered from a fever, complained of a violent headache, which increased daily, and at length terminated in her death. On a *post mortem* examination, it was found that maggots had generated in her brain; and the opinion was, that the blue fly, while she was ill, had deposited its larvæ in her nose, where they burrowed, and having made their way through the *os cribriforme*, had entered the substance of the brain, and so caused cephalalgia and death. I myself, shortly after, was witness to a circumstance of this kind. A negro slave was just recovering from a long illness, and had been discharged from the hospital of the Misericordia, when he complained of violent headache. He took, by the advice of a Brazilian practitioner, some cephalic snuff, in which *pulvis asari* was an ingredient. It produced violent sneezing, and one day, during a fit of sternutation, a quantity of small maggots were ejected from his nose, and through the roof of his mouth. They were about half an inch long, white, and terminated by a brown head, exactly resembling those generated in putrid flesh. They continued to fall for some days, but in diminished quantity, till at length they seemed exhausted. The headache ceased altogether, and I saw the man in perfect health. As he afforded no opportunity for a *post mortem* examination, the seat of the insects could not be ascertained; but it was generally supposed, though he was unconscious of

it, that some fly, during his illness, had deposited its eggs in the nostrils, from whence the larvæ had made their way, by some unusual communication, into the *frontal sinus*, where the maggots finally made a settlement.

These morbid cases in the human subject recal to us the notion entertained by the ancients of worms bred in the head of every stag; it is thus recorded:—*Vermes cervi omnes continent in capite vivos, qui nasci solent sub lingua, in concavo circiter vertebra, qua cervici innectitur caput, magnitudine haud minores iis quos maximos carnes putres edunt.*—"All stags contain in the head living worms, which are generated under the tongue, in a cavity about the vertebræ, where the head is united to the neck, in size not less than the largest of those generated in putrid flesh."* I am not sufficiently acquainted with comparative anatomy to say whether this be a fiction or reality.

Another insect which came under my notice in this hospital, was one which establishes itself in the muscular parts of the body, generally in the leg. It is called *Dracunculus* or the *Guinea worm*, because it is supposed to have been brought by negroes from the coast of Africa. It is known to be occasioned by drinking, or bathing in the waters of stagnant pools or wells, where the animalcules or embryo worms were deposited. An indolent tumour is formed which, in time, becomes painful. It swells into a point, which at length breaks, and a slender hard substance is protruded from the aperture, which is found to be the head of a worm. When this appears, it is seized by some operator, who twists it round a quill or roll of cotton, and carefully strains it, till by some vermicular motion it elongates, and yields to the force. In this way, by twisting the quill or substance on which it is rolled, a portion of it is every day drawn out, till the whole animal is gradually extracted. On being unrolled, it is found to be a slender white worm, of a very tenacious texture, nearly resembling the *small string* of a violin, about two feet long, surmounted by a black point, which seems to be its head. Native operators extract it with more success than regular

surgeons. They ascertain by feeling with the finger on the surface of the limb, the direction in which the worm is coiled; then making an incision over the middle, and forming a duplication of it into a loop, they draw it forward, and both ends come forth at the same time. The disease immediately ceases when the cause is thus extracted; but should it break in the operation, the part that remains behind causes painful ulcers, and even mortification.

A third insect which I saw in Brazil, establishes itself in the lowest extremity, and is always found in the foot. This is known in the West Indies under the name of *chigre*, and in Brazil is called *beesh*, a corruption of *bichu*, the Portuguese name for any insect. A small tumour is first perceived in the foot, generally in the heel, or under the toes, accompanied by a slight itching. When this is felt, the tumour is opened by some practitioner, and a small sac is found within, which is carefully extracted, and the cure is effected. Should it, however, be neglected, or break in the operation, a considerable inflammation ensues, which terminates in suppuration, and generates a foul phagedanic ulcer, eating into the adjoining parts, showing great indisposition to heal, and sometimes bringing on incurable lameness. The disorder is universal among the negroes, who walk through dust and sand with their naked feet. Nor do boots and shoes afford a protection to the better classes. Scarcely any of my acquaintance escaped. About this time a body of Irish, to the number of 2800, had emigrated to Brazil, under the conduct of Colonel Cotter. Some causes of dispute occurred with the government, and much dissatisfaction ensued. The intended colony was broken up, and the greater part of them sent back to Ireland. I saw many of those that remained behind lying by the wayside, who were afflicted with ulcerated feet by the *beesh*, as they informed me, and I was told that many brought the disease home with them, and suffered under incurable lameness till their death.

Though I escaped such serious consequences, I myself was violently attacked with the malady. In travelling up the country with an Indian guide, I felt one morning an intolerable itch-

ing in one of my heels. My guide seeing me uneasy, and applying my hand frequently to the part, pronounced the word *beesh*, and cautioned me that I should not rub it. When we arrived at the next Rancho, he undertook to remove the cause, and knowing the sagacity of the man in other respects, I submitted entirely to his process. He brought me under a banana tree, and laid me on my face on the ground. Then drawing off my boot and stocking, he proceeded to operate on the affected place. He drew out a blunt fca or knife, which he carried always for the purpose, and carefully laid open different parts of my heel, extracted small portions of flesh about the size and colour of a pea, then laughed, and bade me look. I turned round my head, and observed my heel excavated into various cells, and exactly resembling a *honeycomb*. I was really alarmed at the extensive injury, and thought the operator had lamed me more effectually than the *beesh*; but I was mistaken. He had prepared a leaf of *toasted tobacco*, which he now rubbed between his hands into snuff, and filling up the cavities with it, he tore a slip of banana leaf from the tree which overshadowed us, laid it on my heel, and bound over all a shred of cotton, which he separated from his shirt. A slight inflammation ensued, and when it subsided in about a week, he removed the bandage, and my heel was perfectly healed, though I had used violent exercise in travelling, and never rested for a day during the whole time.

As this affection is known to be produced by an insect, I was curious to examine the interior of the substances he extracted, to see what they contained. To the naked eye they presented no appearance but that of unorganized lumps of sebaceous flesh; but on placing one under the lens of a microscope of strong magnifying power, which I carried with me for such purposes, it exhibited a very beautiful appearance. It was a complete *sac*, forming a perfect nidus of a circular shape, and filled with a number of exquisitely polished eggs, resembling *seed pearls*, and arranged in the neatest order. I carefully watched for the exclusion of some insect, but could discover no trace of animation, though I kept them several days.

Removed from the genial warmth in which the instinct of the parent had placed them, I suppose they had all perished prematurely, and the nidus finally dried up or dissolved in putridity. The parent insect is exceedingly minute, and scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. It is considered a species of *flea*, and called by some entomologists *pulex minimus*. When the eggs are suffered to mature, or when the nidus is broken in extracting it, the insects are lodged in the integuments of the muscles, and the irritation they cause produces those inflammations which have such painful and distressing consequences.

The last case I shall venture to obtrude upon your notice, occurred to me in Ireland, while I superintended the Finglas Dispensary. I had been reading a French work, now, I believe, very scarce, called "*Les Aventures de St. Pierre Viaud*," in which it was stated that, a young man, one of his party, was left behind in the woods, and when they returned to search for him, he was found exhausted by famine, but yet alive, though his lower extremities were mortified and filled with worms. His supporting life in this state was considered so extraordinary, that it was found necessary to attest its veracity by annexing to the narrative affidavits of the fact. While my mind was full of this extraordinary circumstance, it was notified to me, one evening in July, that a man was dying by the road-side, and I went to see him. I observed a person in a large grey coat lying on his face on the ground, in a hollow beside a limekiln. At first I supposed he was asleep or intoxicated, but after some time, perceiving he did not stir, I was induced to examine him more closely, when I found him apparently dead. On turning him on his back to ascertain who he might be, a sight the most awful and horrid presented itself. The person was not dead; but on opening his coat, the whole surface of his body seemed a moving mass of worms. His face was much injured, apparently from some bruises, inflicted either by blows or a fall; and from every aperture of his head, his ears, mouth, and nose,

poured innumerable worms, as if the interior of the skull was entirely filled with them. His eyes were dissolved, and their cavities were occupied by a white moving mass, more terrible and disgusting than it would be possible to conceive, without ocular inspection; and while the living spectre stood before me, rolling about those sightless orbs, in mockery of eyes, I felt as if I could say to him—

"Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
Nor is there speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare withal."*

After some time the miserable being recovered sufficient strength to walk, and was so far restored to his voice and recollection, that he answered several questions. He told me *who* he was, and *where* he lived; that he was returning home the evening before on a car, and having drunk too much, he fell off and lay stunned with the fall till he was discovered. He could not account for the wounds in his head, nor for his lying off the road; but it is probable that he had received the contusions on his face from the fall, that the car had gone over him, and he had insensibly crawled to the place where he lay. The humidity of the ground, and the heat of the weather, had rapidly brought on a solution of the solids, in those bruised parts, already predisposed to putrescency, and in the contact with the moist earth. In this were speedily deposited the ova of innumerable insects, whose generation was as rapid as the predisposing causes were favourable; and thus, while the vital powers rallied at the centre, and the blood, circulating round the heart, preserved the principle of life within, the extremities in which all circulation had ceased, were fast dissolving into their primitive elements.

I had the poor man brought into an out-house and laid on some hay. The loathsome objects were removed as far as could be done. He was washed with spirits, vinegar, and turpentine, and cordials were poured down his throat, which he swallowed with some difficulty; and he so far recovered, that he recollected and took an interest in several trifling things—called for his coat, and felt

* Shakespeare.

for some halfpence which he knew were in the pocket, and seemed roused from that state of stupor in which he was found. But these appearances were fallacious. The putrescency rapidly increased—in a short time spasms in his throat prevented him from swallowing—he gradually became again insensible—and at twelve o'clock the next day he expired, in a state of total putrescency, having sustained life in that dreadful condition for eighteen hours from the time he was first discovered, for the greater part of it in the full possession of his senses and faculties—though the whole surface of his body exhibited a mass of animated corruption.

I am conscious that to some these details may appear more revolting than curious or instructive; yet for me they possess an interest beyond mere medical or physical facts. They obtrude upon my mind with a force that I cannot evade or turn aside that salutary warning of the Scriptures—"I have said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my brother and my sister."* This destiny of man's mere mortal part is the most humiliating to human pride; and no doubt God intended that it should be so. The loathsome mass into which our body dissolves—the fearful beings it engenders—the hateful objects to which it finally gives life—are all

"Taming thoughts to human pride."†

We are taught that our perishable flesh is but a temporary combination of those materials which had before and which will hereafter become the vilest bodies, and when the slender and mysterious thread of life no longer holds its particles together, the muscular arm, the ruddy cheek, and the sparkling eye, are destined to be the repast on which—

"The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes rolled,
Riots uncaresd;":‡

and thus man's pride and woman's

beauty become component parts of those crawling things we now loathe and trample on.

Nor is this process delayed till we have no longer sense to know and to feel it. However striking the remark of an eminent preacher, "that the body is a house of clay that falls to pieces at the entrance of the smallest worm," it is not true. The worm is our fellow lodger. We have all read, and shuddered while we read, the terrible supposition of the poet—

"It is as if the dead should feel
The icy worm around him steal,
And shudder while the reptiles creep
To riot on their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay."§

Yet this fearful image of a poetic imagination is no fiction. What he has fancied of the dead is every day realised in the living subject. The animated, sentient, human body is the abode of a thousand beings equally endowed with life, and having as much right to occupy it as ourselves. They are tenants—joint tenants with us in those mud walls as long as our lease of life lasts, and when that expires, the poor tenement is then let out to other lodgers.

Yet we have the consolation to know that this miserable conformation will not endure. Though, after this life, we shall be summoned from the several places of our mortal rest, and the material elements shall be re-united to the immaterial spirit, that every one of us may stand in his proper person before the awful tribunal of God to give an account of the deeds done in the flesh, yet, different, indeed, will be "the body in which we shall then come." When this mortal shall thus put on immortality, "this corruption," we are assured, "will also put on incorruption"||—"Our vile bodies shall then be changed into the likeness of God's glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

* Job xvii. 16.

† Scott.

‡ Young.

§ Byron.

|| 1 Cor. xv. 54.

STRAY LEAPLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—SECOND DRIFT.

I.

Polycrates and his King, a Ballad.

SCHILLER.

He stood upon his palace-wall,
His proud eye wandered over all
The wealth of Samos, east and west.
"See! this is mine—all this *I* govern!"
He said, addressing Egypt's Sovereign,
"Confess! my lot indeed is blest!"

"Yes! thou hast won the Gods' high favor,
For nobler men than thou, and braver,
Thy rivals once, are now thy slaves;
But, Fate will soon revenge the wrong—
I dare not call thee blest, so long
As Heaven is just or Earth has graves!"

While yet he spake, behold! there came
A messenger in Milo's name—
"Health to the great Polycrates!
O, King, braid laurels in thy hair,
And let new Poems thrill the air,
And incense-offerings load the breeze!"

"Spear-pierced, thy rebel foe lies dead—
Behold! I bear the traitor's head,
Sent by thy General, Polydore."
Unrolling a dark shroud of cloth,
He bared before the gaze of both
A ghastly head, still dropping gore!

The Stranger King shrank back a pace,
Then said, "Thou art of mortal race:
On earth Success but heralds Ill.
Thou hast a fleet at sea; Beware!
For waves and winds heed no man's prayer,
And Tempest wakes at Neptune's will,"

But hark! a loud, a deafening shout
Of welcome from the throng without!
"Joy! joy! The fleet so long away,
So long away, so long awaited,
At last is come, and, richly freighted,
Casts anchor in the exulting bay."

The Royal Guest hears all, astounded.
"Thy triumphs, truly, *seem* unbounded,
But *are* they? No! Thy star will set;
The javelins of the Cretan hordes
Strike surer home than Samian swords,
And thou must fall before them yet!"

Even while he warns, again rejoice
 The crowd with one tumultuous voice—
 "Hurrah! Dread Sovereign, live alway!
 The war is over! Lo! the storms
 Have wrecked thy foes! The savage swarms
 Of Crete and Thrace are Neptune's prey!"

"It is enough!" exclaimed the Guest:
 "Blind Mortal! call thyself The Blest—
 Feel all that Pride and Conquest can!
 I here predict thine overthrow,
 For, perfect bliss, unstarred with woe,
 Came never yet from God to Man.

"I too have been most fortunate:
 At home, abroad, in camp and state,
 The bounteous Gods long favored me—
 Yet I have wept! My only-cherished,
 My son died in my arms! He perished,
 And paid my debt to Destiny.

"If thou then wilt propitiate Fate,
 Pray God forthwith to adulterate
 Thy Cup of Joy! In all my past
 Experience never knew I one
 Who too long filled a golden throne,
 But Ruin crushed the wretch at last!

"But if God will not hear thy prayer,
 Then woo Misfortune by some snare,
 Even as the fowler sets his gin.
 Hast here some jewel, some rare treasure,
 Thou lovest, prizest beyond measure?
 The sea rolls yonder—hurl it in!"

Replied the Host, now seized with fear,
 "My realm hath nought I hold so dear
 As this resplendent opal ring:
 If *that* may calm the Furies' wrath,
 Behold! I cast it in their path;"
 And forth he flung the glittering thing.

But when the morn again was come,
 There stood without the palace-dome
 A fisher with his teeming flasket,
 Who cried, "Great King, thy days be pleasant!
 Thou wilt not scorn my humble present,
 This fish, the choicest in my basket!"

And ere the mid-day meal the cook,
 With joy and wonder in his look,
 Rushed in, and fell before his Master—
 "O, glorious Victor! matchless King!
 Within the fish I found thy ring!
 Thou wast not born to know Disaster!"

Hereon uprose the Guest in dread:
 "I tarry here too long," he said;
 "O, prosperous wretch! my friend no more!
 The Gods have willed thy swift perdition!
 I will not bide the Avenger's mission!"
 He spake, and straightway left the shore.

II.

Cheek: A Voice from the World of Spirits.

SCHILLER.

(From the Drama of Wallensteins Tod.)

"Where I am, and Whitherward I fled,
 When my spirit was from Earth removed?"
 Wherefore ask me? Is not all completed?
 I have lived, lived long, for I have loved!

Tell me where the nightingale reposes
 Which with soulful music fugitive
 Charmed thy dolour in the Days of Roses!
 When *she* ceased to love she ceased to live.

"Have I found anew the dear Departed?"
 O, believe me, I am blent with him,
 There, where Peace unites the Faithfulhearted,
 Where no sorrow makes the bright eye dim.

There thou too, if meek in mind and lowly,
 Mayest behold us when thy Night is o'er,
 There embrace our father,* healed and holy,
 Whom the bloody steel can reach no more.

There he sees how truthful were the feelings
 Born of gazing on yon starry sphere:†
 Blest are they who cherish such revealings!
 Unto them the Holy One is near.

Far above the sapphire spaces yonder
 Souls achieve what Men in vain essay—
 Therefore venture thou to dream and wander;
 Mysteries often lurk in childish play.

III.

To a Mountain Cataract.

COUNT STOLBERG.

Untameable Young One!
 How loudly, how proudly,
 Thou thunderest forth from the firecloven mountain!
 No mortal eye ever beheld
 Thy cradle, thou Strong One!
 On no ear ever knelled
 The first cry of the Babe, the Wild Babe of the Fountain!

How beauteous thou art,
 With those long silver locks!
 How dreadful thou art
 In each volley that shocks the reverberant rocks!

* Wallenstein.

† An allusion to Wallenstein's astrological studies.

Pines tremble before thee ;
 The roots of their oldest
 Thou wrenchest, like Death !
 Rocks vainly implore thee ;
 Thou graspest the holdest,
 And hurlest them, laughing, like pebbles, beneath !

Long ago, for thy glory,
 The sun of the hoary
 Mists over thee made
 An imperial pavilion !
 Long ago he arrayed
 The bright bows that o'erarch thee in gold and vermillion !

And sweetest thou forth
 To the green Summer sea ?
 Is thy liberty, then, of no worth ?
 Bring the mutinous crags, the torn tannen, no glee,
 The reverberant cliffs no delight unto thee ?
 What ! speedest along
 To the sleek Summer sea,
 When as yet thou art free and art strong,
 Yea, as a god strong,
 And as a god free ?

The waves, as they bask in the richness of Noon,
 Seem full of luxuriant repose,
 Nor look they less calm in the beams of the Moon,
 Less bright when the Summer eve glows.

But, what profits the boon
 Of luxuriant repose,
 O ! what are the smiles of the friendliest moon,
 Or the lustre that glows
 In the West at the close
 Of a long Summer day,
 If the heart, if the soul have been yielded away
 And are sleeping in Slavery's harness ?
 Beware !—there are mists between thee
 And the Farness,
 And masked is the snare
 Of the specious Betrayer !
 Beware !
 There is Death in the green of the meadowy Sea !

O ! rush not along
 To the smooth Summer Sea,
 When as yet thou art free and art strong,
 Yea, as a god strong,
 And as a god free !

IV.

Song of the Stars.

FREDERIC BARON SCHLEGEL.

Ye marvel, O, Men ! to witness our shining :
 Ah ! could ye but read our mystical story,
 Ah ! did ye but feel the Firmament's glory,
 How quickly would fleet your cares and repining !

Then Love would flow up from sources eternal ;
 Your hearts would no more be able to harden ;
 But Earth would appear a summer-bright garden
 With skies ever blue and dells ever vernal !

O, think !—Ye are all from One Divine Fountain ;
 Your home is with God, among the Immortals ;
 And see ! they are nigh, the Luminous Portals,
 So soon as ye climb Life's Weariful Mountain.
 Then Courage and Hope, ye Noble and Humble !
 O, joyfully bear the Cross of your Leader !
 Who droopeth not now, shall stand as a cedar
 When we, even We, are destined to crumble !

v.

The Revenge of Duke Swerting.

EBERT.

"Swerting, Duke of the Saxons, was conquered in 435 by Frotho IV. King of the Danes, who imposed upon the Saxons a heavy yearly poll-tax. The Saxons in vain attempted to recover their independence; and Frotho humbled them still more by making them pay a tax for every one of their limbs that was two feet long. To keep the Saxons better in subjection, Frotho had thought it prudent to make his son Ingel marry the daughter of Swerting, in the hope of binding the latter to his interests by this alliance. But Swerting did not desert his own nation—he planned the destruction of the conqueror and oppressor of his country, and accomplished it nearly in the manner related in Ebert's ballad."—*M. Klauer-Klattowski, German Ballads and Romances*, p. 303.

O, a warrior's feast was Swerting's in his Burg beside the Rhine ;
 There from gloomy iron bell-cups they drank the Saxon wine,
 And the viands were served in iron up, in coldest iron all,
 And the sullen clash of iron arms resounded through the hall.

Uneasily sat Frotho there, the Tyrant of the Danes ;
 With louring brow he quaffed his cup, then eyed the iron chains
 That hung and clanked like manacles at Swerting's arms and breast,
 And the iron studs and linked rings that bossed his ducal vest.

"What may this bode, this chilling gloom, Sir Duke and Brother Knights?
 Why meet I here such wintry cheer, such sorry sounds and sights ?
 Out on your shirts of iron ! Will ye bear to have it told
 That I found ye thus when Danish knights go clad in silks and gold ?"

"King ! Gold befits the freeman, the Iron marks the slave ;
 So thought and spake our fathers, and their sons are just and brave :
 Thyself hast bound the iron round thy proud but conquered foe ;
 If thy chains had been but golden we had burst them long ago.

"But I came not here to hold a parle, or tell a tristful tale,
 But to bid the dastard tremble and to make the tyrant quail.
 O, strong, Sir King, is iron, but the heart is stronger still,
 Nor Earth nor Hell can cast in thrall a People's mighty Will !"

While his words yet rang like cymbals, there strode into the Hall
 Twelve swarthy Saxon Rittersmen, with flaming torches tall ;
 They stood to catch a signal-glance from Swerting's eagle eye,
 Then again they rushed out, waving their pitchy brands on high.

The Danish King grows paler, yet he brims his goblet higher ;
 But the sultry hall is dark with smoke ; he hears the hiss of fire !
 Yes ! the Red Avenger marches on his fierce and swift career,
 And from man to man goes round the whisper, ' Brother, it is near !'

Up starts the King ; he turns to fly ; Duke Swerting holds him fast.
 " Nay, Golden King, the dice are down, and thou must bide the cast.
 If thy chains can fetter THIS fell foe, the glory be thine own,
 Thine be the Saxon Land for aye, and thine the Saxon throne !"

But hotter, hotter burns the air all through that lurid hall,
 And louder groan the blackened beams ; the crackling rafters fall,
 And ampler waxes momentarily the glare, the volumed flash,
 Till at last the roof-tree topples down with stunning thundercrash.

Then in solemn prayer that gallant band of Self-devoted kneel—
 " Just God ! assail our souls, thus driven to Freedom's last appeal !"
 And Frotho writhes and rages, fire stifling his quick gasp,
 But, strong and terrible as Death, his foe maintains his grasp.

" Behold, thou haughty tyrant, behold what MEN can dare !
 So triumph such,—so perish, too, enslavers everywhere !"
 And the billowy flames, while yet he speaks, come roaring down the hall,
 And the Fatherland is loosed for aye from Denmark's iron thrall !

VI.

Freedom.

FOLLEN. 1813.

Ring, ring, blithe Freedom's Song !
 Roll forth as water strong
 Down rocks in sheets !
 Pale stands the Gallic swarm—
 Our hearts beat high and warm—
 Youth nerves the Teuton's arm
 For glorious feats !

God ! Father ! to thy praise
 The spirit of old days
 In Deutschland's Youth
 Spreads as a burning brand !
 We hail the fourfold band,
 God, Freedom, Fatherland,
 Old German Truth !

Puretongued and pious be,
 Manful and chaste and free,
 Great Hermann's race !
 And, while God's judgments light
 On Tyranny's brute might,
 Build We the People's Right
 On Freedom's base !

For now in German breasts
 Fair Freedom manifests
 Her power at length ;
 Her worth is understood ;
 We vow to her our blood ;
 We feel that Brotherhood
 Alone is Strength !

Ring, then, glad Song of Zeal,
 Loud as the thunderpeal
 That rocks the sphere !
 Our hearts, hopes, objects One,
 Stand we, One Starry Zone,
 And round One Sun, the Throne,
 Be our career !

VII.

The Erl-King's Daughter, a Danish Ballad.

HEADER.

Sir Olf rode fast towards Thurlston's walls,
 To meet his bride in his father's halls.

He saw blue lights flit over the graves ;
 The Elves came forth from their forest-caves.

They danced anear on the glossy strand,
 And the Erl-King's Daughter held out her hand.

" O, welcome, Sir Olf, to our jubilee !
 Step into the circle and dance with me."

" I dare not dance, I dare not stay ;
 To-morrow will be my nuptial-day."

" Two golden spurs will I give unto thee,
 And I pray thee, Sir Olf, to tarry with me."

" I dare not tarry, I dare not delay,
 To-morrow is fixed for my nuptial-day."

" Will give thee a shirt so white and fine,
 Was bleached yestreen in the new moonshine."

" I dare not hearken to Elf or Fay,
 To-morrow is fixed for my nuptial-day."

" A measure of gold will I give unto thee,
 And I pray thee, Sir Olf, to dance with me."

" The measure of gold I will carry away,
 But I dare not dance, and I dare not stay."

" Then, since thou wilt go, even go with a blight ;
 A true-lover's token I leave thee, Sir Knight."

She lightly struck with her wand on his heart,
 And he swooned and swooned from the deadly smart.

She lifted him up on his coal-black steed ;
 " Now hie thee away with a fatal speed !"

Then shone the moon, and howled the wolf,
 And the sheen and the howl awoke Sir Olf.

He rode over mead, he rode over moor,
 He rode till he rode to his own house-door.

Within sate, white as the marble, his bride,
But his greyhaired mother stood watching outside.

"My son, my son, thou art haggard and wan;
Thy brow is the brow of a dying man."

"And haggard and wan I well may be,
For the Erl-King's Daughter hath wounded me."

"I pray thee, my son, dismount and bide;
There is mist on the eyes of thy pining bride."

"O, mother, I should but drop dead from my steed;
I will wander abroad for the strength I need."

"And what shall I tell thy bride, my son,
When the morning dawns and the tiring is done?"

"O, tell my bride that I rode to the wood,
With my hound in leash and my hawk in hood."

When morning dawned with crimson and grey,
The bride came forth in her wedding array.

They poured out mead, they poured out wine;
"Now where is thy son, O, goldmother mine?"

"My son, golddaughter, rode into the wood,
With his hounds in leash and his hawk in hood."

Then the bride grew sick with an ominous dread.
"O, woe is my heart, Sir Olf is dead."

She drooped like a lily that feels the blast,
She drooped, and drooped, till she died at last.

They rest in the charnel side by side,
The stricken Sir Olf and his faithful bride.

But the Erl-King's Daughter dances still,
When the moonlight sleeps on the frosted hill.

VIII.

Virtue's Triumph.

VAN STEEN.

The Tyrant reigns; his gorgeous chariot
Is drawn by sycophants and slaves;
No shadow dims his dazzling star yet,
And round his brows the laurel waves;
And while, in pompous clouds ascending,
Vain incense rises from his fanes,
The friends of Man and Truth are ending
Their lonely lives in gloom and chains!

Yet, falter not, ye Good and Wise!
Still nobly scorn the lures of Pleasure!
Regard not Life with human eyes!
Disdain what Earth bestows of treasure!

Though Hate and Ruin track your years
 The Angels know your mournful story,
 And righteous Heaven, in brighter spheres,
 Will crown your worth with fadeless glory!

IX.

Twenty Golden Years Ago.

SELDER.

O, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it plashes on the window-sill!
 Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and Gass* around are grown so still.
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
 Ah! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
 In the taverns where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—
 On my life 'tis half-past twelve o'clock!
 After all, the hours *do* slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block!
 For the night, or morn, is wet and cold,
 And my fire is dwindling rather low:—
 I had fire enough, when young and bold,
 Twenty golden years ago!

Dear! I don't feel well at all, somehow:
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am;
 Floods of tears grow common with me now,
 High-Dutch floods, that Reason cannot dam.
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
 If I mope at home so—I don't know—
 Am I living *now*?—I *was* alive
 Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flaggonless, alone,
 Not quite bookless, though, unless I chuse,
 Left with nought to do, except to groan,
 Not a soul to woo, except the Muse—
 O! this, this is hard for *me* to bear,
 Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
 Me, who broke all hearts like chinaware
 Twenty golden years ago!

P'rhaps 'tis better;—Time's defacing waves
 Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
 They who curse me nightly from their graves
 Scarce could love me were they living now;
 But my loneliness hath darker ills—
 Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
 Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
 Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
 O, how plaintive you would ween I was!
 But I won't, albeit I have a deal
 More to wail about than Kerner has!

* Street and lane.

Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
 Mine for withered hopes; my Scroll of Woe
 Dates, alas! from Youth's deserted bowers,
 Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long!
 Me, I tweak no beak among them;—hawks
 Must not pounce on hawks; besides, in song
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.
 Though you find me, as I near my goal,
 Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
 O! I had a grand Byronian soul
 Twenty golden years ago!

Tick-tick, tick-tick!—Not a sound save Time's,
 And the windgust, as it drives the rain—
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
 Sleep!—no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
 Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago!

J. C. M.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.

NO. XI.—SWIFT.—PART IV.

ALMOST immediately upon the defeat of Wood's project, without waiting to receive the applause and homage which gathered round him from all sides, Swift retreated to Quilca, a small country residence belonging to his friend Sheridan, and situated in a secluded part of the county of Cavan. Thither he retired, accompanied by Stella and Mrs. Dingley; and in the pleasant companionship of his warm-hearted host, whose visits were as frequent as his duties in Dublin would allow, and in the unreserved indulgence of a thousand whims and humours, he passed there some happy months.

In the tranquil retirement of this place his literary hours were employed in the revision of "Gulliver's Travels," which he designed for immediate publication. It has been frequently asserted, though with no truth, that Swift was

devoid those powers necessary for even a moderate proficiency in mathematical science; but though he himself disproved the accusation, by making out a knotty problem proposed to him for solution by Sheridan,* it is highly probable that the labour of calculations had no attractions for him; and it is a curious fact, known by family tradition, that the proportions so justly observed throughout the Brobdingnagian and Lilliputian systems were furnished uniformly by Sheridan—a strange instance of intellectual indolence in the author.

This work being completed, he resolved to visit London; and accordingly, in the Spring of 1726, he found himself, for the first time since the death of Queen Anne and the agitating scenes which followed it, in the capital of England. Twelve years had elapsed since then, but still many of those friends

* Though Swift disliked mathematics, it was not from want of capacity for that science. He one day affirmed to Sheridan, that it was an easy study, and in consequence of a dispute with his friend upon that subject, Sheridan gave him a problem to solve. He desired Sheridan to leave the room, and in about half an hour, the Dean called out to him *υεννα, υεννα*. Sheridan assured Mrs. Whiteway, that Swift had resolved the problem in the clearest manner, though he, who was himself a good mathematician, had chosen on purpose, a very difficult one.

whose society he had most delighted in, were there to receive him. Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Pope, Gay, and many others, old friends and dear companions, for whose sake he even still regarded England as his home. He resided, for the most part, at Twickenham, in the house of his old admirer and protégé, Pope, in conjunction with whom he prepared two volumes of *Miscellanies*, being selections from his own and his friends' unpublished productions. The profits arising from these, as well as from the sale of the copyright of *Gulliver*, amounting in all to nearly £500, he surrendered, without reserve, to Pope; and as he was wholly devoid of the sordidness of a trading writer, so was he free from the no less despicable vanity of the professed author, asking for no pay, either in the coin or commendation of the world—in politics writing to accomplish an end, despising all but the strength and fitness of the instrument whereby it was to be effected—and in the lighter works of poetry or fiction, for his own occupation and amusement—careless, even to the apathy of perfect contempt, of that applause, which was the life-breath and only nourishment of the illustrious polisher of couplets and pointer of epigrams with whom he tarried.

It is not the wish of the compiler of this memoir, to offer an elaborate critique upon *Gulliver's Travels*—a satire, upon which volumes have been written, and volumes are yet to be written; but, although admiration is the general characteristic of every critical essay which has pronounced upon its merits, one exception appears to have been universally made to the prejudice of that part in which the author, wearied, as it were, with denouncing and deriding the ills and follies which society, ignorance, faction, and whatever is artificial in our condition have engendered, proceeds, with savage severity and an almost preterhuman scorn, to scoff at the very nature of mankind. There is, in this satire, all the bitterness which a conscious participation in the vileness which it detects and exaggerates can inspire, and, withal, as respects the author, a melancholy evidence of the gradual development of that mental disease, whose first symptoms were exhibited in the increased irritability and misan-

thropy of its victim. The Yahoo is the impersonation of all that is filthy, brutal, and demoniac, among the elements of our mixed nature; and, however shudderingly we may recoil from the monstrous creation, and however indignant we may feel at the insult of the implied identity, it is, nevertheless, true, hide it as we may, that the portrait would not have been a libel had it not been like. Not, indeed, like man—bearing, everywhere, the mingled traces of glory and ruin—whose very sins assume a dignity—whose very levities borrow a sadness from the presence of the godlike attributes which for ever shed within and around him a grandeur and a beauty, the character of heaven, which may be dimmed, but never, on earth, quite obliterated—but the visible incarnation of that second nature whose promptings revolt and scare us, and whose triumph is eternal hell. Exaggerated and intense as was the contempt of human nature which Swift expresses in this revolting satire, it did not spring from what is usually termed misanthropy. He never, in any instance, acted upon the harsh doctrines which his writings would seem to inculcate; and we ought to remember, that besides the increase of that disease, whose first inroads were made, not upon the intellect, but upon the feelings and character of Swift, there existed many circumstances to enhance and to palliate the cynicism which, to a greater or less degree, exhibited itself throughout his life. Born with all the qualities of a generous nature, and plunged helplessly into poverty and bitter dependence—forced, even from his very childhood, to fortify himself against insult and neglect by stern reserve and indignant contempt—the expansion of every tender feeling resisted and repulsed—young, and without companions—generous, and without sympathy—very proud, and, of all men, most beset with mortifications—and, again, a dependent still, in the house of Sir William Temple, holding a most equivocal position—the silent but most sensitive endurer of petty caprice and half-expressed arrogance, and afterwards, this heavy discipline overpast, the heart-devoted, ardent patriot of a grievously oppressed country—in every season of his life placed in peculiar and direct collision with whatever is mean and loathsome

in humanity. Hard, indeed, must be that judge who would visit a misanthropy so induced with a sentence of unconditional condemnation, when it is remembered, too, that it resided in one who never beheld an object of pity without relieving it.

During this visit to London, Swift's professional prospects seemed once more to brighten. The Princess Caroline, whose tastes were decidedly literary, and who much affected the society of men of wit, had congregated about her a little court, consisting of the most illustrious names in English literature, then in being. Swift, of whom she had heard so much, and to behold whom she naturally felt a lively curiosity, was speedily called upon to present himself. The command had, however, to be nine times repeated before it was obeyed. When he did appear, the striking peculiarities of his manner—the remarkable and consistent *practical* adoption of the maxim, that genius and honesty are the only true nobility, and that all rank and titles of human creation are but the figments of society; a moral phenomenon it may be, never seen before or since within the precincts of a court, naturally interested her attention, while the profundity of his knowledge of mankind, the variety of his reading, the exhaustless resources of anecdote, the originality of his observations, the liveliness and pungency of his wit, and his striking unlikeness to any thing which she had seen before, soon elicited and fixed her unqualified admiration. His reception was so gracious, and his attendance so repeatedly commanded, for he never would present himself unless by command, that all, except himself, were induced to believe that the Princess would avail herself of the earliest opportunity to realize the long-disappointed hopes of Swift. The Dean, however, had learned the justice of the injunction, "Put not your trust in princes;" and, however sanguine may have been the anticipations of his friends, he did not suffer himself, for one moment, to be deceived. During his stay in the capital, he made it an early object to obtain an interview with Walpole, which was readily accorded, and in a long, and, upon his side, an ardent colloquy, the Drapier pleaded the cause of his country—representing, in their true and piteous hues, the miseries of his countrymen,

the poverty, jobbing, abuses and degradation which misgovernment had begotten, and pointing out, with bold and keen-eyed patriotism, the remedies by which she might be saved. The minister received him politely, was deeply interested by his statement—and did nothing. It has been said, with as much charity as consistence, that the real object proposed by Swift in this interview was the selling himself to the Whig prime minister; and it has been alleged that he actually made an offer of his services, which was rejected. In answer to this calumny, it may be observed that Swift had caused more resistance to the government, and thrown more impediments in its way, than any other man breathing—that he was the most sagacious detector of ministerial frauds, and the most vigilant scrutinizer of ministerial measures then in being—that he possessed powers of ridicule and sarcasm which rendered him individually formidable, and a control over the people of Ireland, which made him, to a dishonest government, publicly tremendous. He was, therefore, if any man living was so, worth purchasing; and there can hardly be a question, that had there been the slightest chance of success in any negotiation which had for its object the corrupting of the Drapier's integrity, to that chance would Walpole, the great paragon of all state bribers who have ever since arisen, eagerly, and, in his generation wisely, have applied himself. Again: had Swift entertained a thought of assuming the advocacy of the ministerial policy without disgraceful and instant detection, and a frantic ostentation of profligacy, he must have gradually withdrawn himself from the opposition, and from the society of the most obnoxious of his Tory friends, and carefully have avoided any personal offence to the ministers; but, so far from thus preparing the way for a change so startling, he took, on the contrary, in all those particulars, the very measures best calculated to render the success of his alleged schemes in the highest degree shocking to public opinion, and wholly unaccountable, except by supposing a direct purchase and sale of conscience to have taken place. Immediately previous to his visit to London, he had denounced, in language the most energetic, and thwarted, by

movements the most effective, the plans of the government, and openly braved their power and defied their hostility. Immediately on his arrival in London, he had, with the most marked and devoted assiduity, resumed his friendship with Bolingbroke; and lastly, with a pungency of satire, which, if the imputed tergiversation be any thing but a falsehood, nothing but downright fatuity could have prompted, he criticised the prime minister himself in the very work, to publish which was one of the objects which he proposed to himself in visiting London. We are, then, to suppose that a man of Swift's acknowledged sagacity, while meditating a barter of principle for promotion, at the very moment at which the intended change was to take place, was fool enough to walk voluntarily into a position so remarkable, prominent, and decided, as to render his projected dishonesty conspicuous to all the world. We must, also, suppose Swift utterly and suddenly bereft of all care for that gigantic power which his noble patriotism and uncompromising courage had given him in his own country, and fresh from such victories as that which asserted the violated liberties of a nation—victories which his prophetic spirit must have told him fame would remember for ever—willing, in the decline of life, and in the approaches of an honored age, to forego renown and power, to become a renegade parson in England—for it must be remembered that Swift sought no more than to exchange his deanery for an English benefice. Neither is it consistent with these old women's tales that Swift should have altogether neglected the most flattering opportunities of paying his court to her who exercised, politically, a jealous and complete control over the mind of the heir apparent to the throne of England. To those who know any thing of the character of Swift, the foregoing hasty vindication of his memory is unnecessary, for they know that that character, though chequered with some stains and shadows, was truly noble. But men there are, and not a few, who cannot understand such a nature as that of Swift any more than a prostitute can the honour of a matron, or a sordid gambler the simplicity of a Christian.

During his sojourn in the capital, Swift experienced a return of his deadly complaint, with its usual symptoms, deafness and vertigo; and during its most painful violence, his wretchedness was enhanced by the most alarming accounts from Ireland respecting the declining health of Stella. Unable to endure the combined miseries of the frightful malady under whose assaults he then laboured, and of the grievous mental anxiety which the melancholy tidings from home daily increased, he abruptly left the house of Pope, with whom he was lodging at the time, and after a short delay returned with his earliest celerity to Ireland. The language in which he speaks of Stella's precarious state of health is infinitely touching, and breathes throughout the energy of the warmest and tenderest affection. Full of the most agonising anticipations, and with health but imperfectly restored, he set out for Ireland. His reception upon his arrival is worthy of notice, as illustrative alike of the public appreciation of the services of *the Dean*, (for such was his general title,) and in no less a degree of the constitutional warmth and enthusiasm of our country. We borrow from Sheridan the following particulars:—

“In his return to Dublin, upon notice that the ship in which he sailed was in the bay, several heads of the different corporations, and principal citizens of Dublin, went out to meet him in a great number of wherries engaged for that purpose, in order to welcome him back. He had the pleasure to find his friend Dr. Sheridan, in company with a number of his intimates, at the side of his ship, ready to receive him into their boat, with the agreeable tidings that Mrs. Johnston was past all danger. The boats adorned with streamers and colours, in which were many emblematical devices, made a fine appearance; and thus was the Drapier brought to his landing-place in a kind of triumph, when he was received and welcomed on shore by a multitude of his grateful countrymen, by whom he was conducted to his house amid repeated acclamations of ‘*Long live the Drapier!*’ The bells were all set a-ringing, and bonfires kindled in every street. As there never was an instance of such honours being paid to any mortal in that country, of whatever rank or station, Swift must have been a stoic, indeed, not to have

been highly gratified with these unexpected, unsolicited, marks of favour from his grateful fellow-citizens."

Stella was soon so far recovered as to be pronounced out of immediate danger, although the complaint which had threatened her life was by no means removed, nor even in any considerable degree mitigated. The urgent cause of his return to Ireland having been thus taken away, Swift again repaired to London early in March. His reception at court was as flattering as ever, and the death of George the First, and the consequent elevation of the Prince of Wales to the throne, rendered the speedy promotion of the Dean, in the eyes of experienced men, a matter, if not of certainty, at least of the highest probability. A complete change in the construction of the cabinet, including, in its effects, the degradation of Walpole, was expected as a necessary result flowing from the accession of George the Second; so that, in all human calculation, the only apparent barrier to the elevation of Swift was removed; while, upon the other hand, the influence of the Queen, supposed to be so favourable to his claims, was to be employed alike in the formation of the new cabinet, and probably with paramount control in the direction of ministerial patronage. Swift had, however, been too often disappointed to look with confidence to the realization of hopes of personal advancement, however well grounded. It, therefore, occasioned him not much either of surprise or vexation to see Walpole reinstated in all his offices, and to find the completion of his wishes as far removed as ever. Swift continued to reside for some time in London; but a renewed and alarming assault of the inveterate malady which persecuted him, more violent and protracted than ever, altogether unfitted him for business or society; at the same time, once more from Ireland arrived the most melancholy accounts of the rapid decline of Stella. As soon as the state of his health would at all permit it, he left London, by letter bidding a sorrowful and final farewell to his friend Pope. When he arrived in Dublin all hopes of Stella's recovery were at an end. He found her in the last stage of slow decline, with resigned and broken spirit

drawing patiently towards the grave. For five months was the stroke of death suspended, and during this time, with all tenderness and devotion, and agonies of grief, did Swift watch by the couch of the pale sufferer, whose young days of health and spirit had been given all to him—his cheerful companion and faithful friend for thirty-five years of the changes and chances of fretful life. Welcome was to her the change that carried her to that quiet rest, where head and heart feel no longer the aching of sorrow, but are as still and cold as the clay that laps them, where thrilling passion and shooting pain, tumults of hope and fear, and lonely repining, grieve never more.

The following inscription, upon a white marble slab, the production of no very skilful eulogist, marks the place of her sepulture:—

Underneath lie
interred, the mortal remains
of Mrs. HESTER JOHNSON, better
known to the world by the name of STELLA,
under which she is celebrated in the writings of
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of this Cathedral.

She was a person of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments, in body, mind and behaviour, justly admired and respected by all who knew her, on account of her many eminent virtues, as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections.

She died, January the 27th, 1727-8,
in the 46th year of her age; and
by her will bequeathed one
thousand pounds towards the
support of a Chaplain to
the Hospital founded in
this city by Doctor
Stephens.

Swift himself drew a sketch of the character of Stella so interesting and beautiful, that we cannot forbear transferring a few passages for the gratification of the reader:—

"Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness, somewhat more than human, in every motion, word and action. Never

was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank; yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being introduced to her, immediately found her out; and if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill, upon the least breach of respect; for in such a case she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers by; yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain, and durst not resent. All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously, that in an afternoon or evening conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled almost beyond belief. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor never said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved."

" Her servants loved, and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect. She chid them seldom; but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time."

" With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of an hero. She and her friend having removed their lodgings to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues, armed, attempted the house, where there was only one boy; she was then about four and twenty; and having been warned to apprehend some such attempt, she learned the management of a pistol, and the other women and servants being half dead with fear, she stole softly to her dining-room window, put on a black hood, to prevent being seen, primed the pistol fresh, quietly lifted up the sash, and, taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol, loaden with bullets, into the body of one villain, who stood the fairest mark. The fellow, mortally wounded, was carried off by the rest, and died the next morning; but his companions could not be found. The Duke of Ormond has often drunk her health to me on that account, and had always a high esteem for her. She was, indeed, under some apprehensions of going in a

boat, after some danger she had narrowly escaped by water, but she was reasoned thoroughly out of it. She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear in a coach or on horseback; or any uneasiness by those sudden accidents with which most of her sex, either by weakness or affectation, appear so much disordered."

" She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, nor given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty to new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topics of female chat; scandal, censure, and detraction, never came out of her mouth; yet, among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex, she was rather inclined to extenuate, or to pity."

" Her frequent fits of sickness, in most parts of her life, had prevented her making that progress in reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in the Greek and Roman story, and was not unskilled in that of France and England. She spoke French perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physic, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her younger days, by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense, both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critic of style; neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided that it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet, perhaps, she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgment

and vivacity, to the last; but often used to complain of her memory."

"She was a prudent economist; yet with a stronger bent to the liberal side, wherein she gratified herself by avoiding all expense in clothes (which she ever despised) beyond what was merely decent. And although her frequent returns of sickness were very chargeable, except fees to physicians, of which she met with several so generous that she could force nothing on them, (and indeed she must otherwise have been undone,) yet she never was without a considerable sum of ready money; insomuch, that upon her death, when her nearest friends thought her very bare, her executors found in her strong box about £150 in gold. She lamented the narrowness of her fortune in nothing so much, as that it did not enable her to entertain her friends so often, and in so hospitable a manner, as she desired. Yet they were always welcome; and while she was in health to direct, were treated with neatness and elegance, so that the revenues of her and her companion passed for much more considerable than they really were."

"Her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen who furnish the fopperies of other ladies. She bought clothes as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity; for it went farther in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say, 'she always met with gratitude from the poor,' which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them."

"She had another quality that much delighted her, although it might be thought a kind of check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleasure she could not resist; I mean, that of making agreeable presents, wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, 'that it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted, or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for money.' I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she has, in these and other kinds of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being, on all

occasions, the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of."

"She was never positive in arguing; and she usually treated those who were so, in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. Addison, I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse she commonly gave when her friends asked the reason was, 'that it prevented noise and saved time.' Yet I have known her very angry with some, whom she much esteemed, for falling into that infirmity."

"She loved Ireland much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it; and having brought over all the fortune she had, in money, left the reversion of best part of it, one thousand pounds, to Dr. Stephens's Hospital. She detested the tyranny and injustice of England, in their treatment of this country. She had, indeed, reason to love a country, where she had the esteem and friendship of all who knew her, and the universal good report of all who ever heard of her, without one exception, if I am told the truth by those who keep general conversation; which character is the more extraordinary, in falling to a person of so much knowledge, wit and vivacity; qualities that are used to create envy, and consequently, censure; and must be rather imputed to her great modesty, gentle behaviour, and inoffensiveness, than to her superior virtues."

"Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex; yet she was so far from making a parade of it, that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say, 'they found she was like other women.' But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shown in her observations, as well as in her questions."

This bereavement severed the tie which held Swift to life; from henceforth the symptoms of his disease ra-

pidly gained strength and development, and death became the goal of all his wishes. Some time after this grievous and irremediable affliction, an accident, or, rather, a strange species of fraud, for ever extinguished the court favour which Swift had, to a certain degree, enjoyed. Mrs. Barber, a respectable widow residing in Dublin, was induced, by the necessities of her condition, to prepare for publication a volume of poems, composed by herself; and with a view to secure some profit from the work, she applied herself to Swift, and easily obtained from him recommendations to several men of the highest eminence in the literary world, fortified with which she repaired to London, and proceeded to effect the intended publication. At this time three letters were addressed to the Queen, bearing the signature of Swift, and composed in imitation of his style, but clumsily executed. The writer proceeded, in a tone of the most bombastic vehemence, to laud the productions of Mrs. Barber, and to urge, with the most indecent violence and familiarity, upon the Queen, the propriety of encouraging the poet, and of ceasing to be actuated by that anti-Irish feeling which her conduct evinced. The manner of expression, as well as the whole substance of the letter, was as offensive and indecorous as could well be conceived. The Queen was naturally highly incensed, and Pope wrote at once to Swift to remonstrate with him upon the unreasonableness of his conduct. To this communication Swift replied in a letter containing a most indignant refutation of the whole charge. Upon this denial, Dr. Johnson has sought to throw discredit, and throughout the whole of his "Life of Swift," he seems to have laboured to let no opportunity of wounding the reputation of the poet and statesman pass, unimproved. It has been wondered at, and not unnaturally, that the great dictator of literature should have pursued, with the deadly rancour of insidious posthumous libel, the memory of a man, who, in habits, peculiarities, and prejudices, as also in political predilections, so strikingly resembled him. It is not impossible, however, that this very similarity may have produced the antipathy. The great moralist was vain and envious, and being, perhaps, conscious that he was, in many res-

pects, a bad imitation of Swift, he may have desired, without, it maybe, acknowledging, even to himself, the ignoble feeling, to detract from the merits of one with whom comparison was inevitable, and to be feared. The motives of the hostility of the lexicographer are not worth inquiry: his character for flippancy and prejudice is too well established to allow his censure to be formidable or his misrepresentations believed; and a little time will dispel the mists and shadows which he has sought to cast upon the memory of many great men as completely as it has already routed that affected, spurious taste which lauded and imitated the stilted latinity of his style.

— But to return to the forgeries—

"The reader may be disposed to ask, who could have taken it upon them to forge letters addressed to the Queen by such a person? The only letter preserved is in a large female hand, bearing no resemblance whatever to that of the Dean, any more than the outrageous compliments to Mrs. Barber correspond with his taste or style, who, even in praising his dearest friends, usually conveyed his eulogy under a mask of irony, and whose taste was too just to bestow such extravagant commendations on verses which scarce reach mediocrity. It is, therefore, probable they were forged by Mrs. Barber, or some of her friends; which is the more likely, as scandal imputed to her an intrigue with an Irish literary character of some distinction. The Pilkingtons, husband and wife, were also acquainted with the poetess, and either of them were capable, from talents and disposition, to have committed such an imposture."

But besides the interested motives which Scott supposes to have actuated the production of these letters, others may be imputed with equal probability, and it is clearly possible that the whole occurrence may have originated in the thoughtless waggery of some court retainer, who may have devised this scheme for embroiling the parties and *drawing out* the Dean, with no other object than that of amusing himself.

Improbable as was the charge, and strongly as it had been denied by Swift, the Queen thought it convenient that it should be true, and was resolved to believe it, and whatever interest the

Dean had in appearance possessed at court was for ever ruined.

The withdrawal of the countenance of royalty was to Swift a grievance easily to be borne, the rather that he had never looked with confidence to Queen Caroline for that support and advancement of which his friends believed him secure. In literature he still employed his pen, although in no work of elaborate finish or considerable length, chiefly devoting it to the production of light satirical verses, and in politics, vindicating, upon every occasion, and by every means, the rights of his country; and though by the increasing infirmities of body and of intellect naturally disinclined to the labours and collisions of political advocacy, yet overcoming the reluctance of a wearied mind, and broken constitution, with an unbending resolution to vindicate the rights of nations and of mankind by asserting the liberties of Ireland. And upon this great and good object were lavished all the varied powers, the wit and persuasiveness, argument and irony of that rich and wondrous intellect, until all its faculties were prostrate in irrecoverable ruin. In the year 1728, in conjunction with Sheridan, he started a periodical paper called "The Intelligencer," which he intended should be the organ of the national principles which he sought to inculcate; but the project, owing to a deficiency of capital, was soon laid aside. His collisions with Carteret, although unmarked by any thing of that stern and almost rancorous antipathy which generally swayed his treatment of political adversaries, were frequent. Carteret was possessed of an elasticity of mind which enabled him to sustain, with ease, the impetuous assaults of Swift, and to reply, with quick and often elegant wit, to sallies whose ardent vehemence would have silenced a less ready and experienced antagonist. Many stories of undoubted authority are told in illustration of the eccentric terms upon which the Dean and Lord Lieutenant respectively stood.

"He never could prevail upon Lord Cartaret," says Scott, "to nominate him one of the trustees of the linen manufactory, or even a justice of peace. His lordship always replied, 'I am sure, Mr. Dean, you despise those feathers, and

would not accept of them.' The Dean answered, 'No, my lord, I do not, as I might be serviceable to the public in both capacities; but as I would not be governed by your excellency, nor job at the board, or suffer abuses to pass there, or at a quarter's assizes, I know that you will not indulge me for the good of this unhappy nation: but if I were a worthless member of parliament, or a bishop, would vote for the court, and betray my country, then you would readily grant my request.' Lord Carteret replied, with equal freedom and politeness, 'What you say is literally true, and therefore you must excuse me.' The Dean, some time afterwards, in company with Dr. Bolton, Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Synges, Bishop of Elphin, and other trustees of the board, asked why they would not elect him trustee. The Archbishop answered, 'That he was too sharp a razor, and would cut them all.' To which the Dean made no reply."

The reader must recollect the anecdote which we related of his first and striking interview with the Viceroy, and in no after instance, when the subject of conference was the government of Ireland, did the ardour of the Drapier abate, or the ingenuity and readiness of the governor forsake him. It is said that about the time when the proclamation was abroad against the Drapier's fourth letter, the Dean visited the castle, and having waited for some time without seeing the lord-lieutenant, wrote upon one of the windows of the chamber of audience these lines:—

"My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task,
For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask."

Under which Lord Cartaret wrote the following happy reply:—

"My very good Dean, there are few who come
here,
But have something to ask, or something to fear."

On some such occasion, when Cartaret had parried, with his usual dexterity, some complaint or request of Swift, he exclaimed, "What, in God's name, do you do here? Get back to your own country, and send us our boobies again!"

They appear uniformly to have understood each other. Cartaret took

no offence at the patriotic effusions of the Dean, however violent, and Swift, without expecting that thorough change of measures respecting Ireland, which he knew it was not in Cartaret's power to effect, was contented to exert his influence, as occasion offered, to prevail on the lord-lieutenant to promote either his own personal friends, or persons whom he had political reasons for recommending. The Dean had, indeed, no longer those high ideas of Cartaret's patriotism, which seem to have dictated the poem entitled, "The birth of manly Virtue," but down to the period of his leaving Ireland, he continued to retain as much respect for him, as was consistent with his consenting to remain the involuntary instrument of a ministry whom he hated, and their nominal agent in measures which he secretly disapproved; and he acknowledged, at the same time, with gratitude, the lord-lieutenant's attention to his recommendations.

"I believe my Lord Cartaret, since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler way of binding the chains of this kingdom, than most of his predecessors, and I confess, at the same time, that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford."

Swift was, however, seldom so lenient in his treatment of a political adversary, even where it was sought to propitiate him by explanations and apologies. Having been assailed once with considerable acrimony, in the house of peers, by Joshua, Lord Allen, who had formerly professed a warm attachment to him, the Dean was highly incensed. Lord Allen, however, it may be, unwilling to come under the merciless scourge of the satirist, despatched a common friend, by whose intercession he hoped to conciliate the offended churchman. Finding all other arguments unavailing, the mediator observed, at the same time significantly touching his forehead, "You know, sir, our friend is a little disordered here at times." To which Swift replied, with perfect gra-

vity, "I know that he is a madman—and if that were all, no man living could commiserate his condition more than myself. But, sir, he is a madman possessed by the devil; I renounce him."

It was about this time that Swift, in company with Dr. Sheridan, visited the residence of Mr. Mathew, whose establishment exhibited one of the most splendid and extraordinary expansions of Irish hospitality ever witnessed. The arrangements of this systematic hospitality were so unique and magnificent, that its originator deserves an honourable place in an Irish magazine. The following spirited sketch is transferred from the pages of Sheridan:—

"There lived at that time in Ireland a gentleman of the name of Mathew, whose history is well worth recording, although in a great part it may appear digressive. He was possessed of a fine estate in the finest county of that kingdom, Tipperary, which produced a clear rent of about eight thousand a year. As he delighted in a country life, he resolved to build a large commodious house for the reception of guests, surrounded by fifteen hundred acres of his choicest land, all laid out upon a regular plan of improvement, according to the new adopted mode of English gardening, (which had supplanted the bad Dutch taste brought in by King William,) and of which he was the first who set the example in Ireland; nor was there any improvement of that sort then in England which was comparable to his, either in point of beauty or extent. As this design was formed early in life, in order to accomplish his point, without incurring any debt on his estate, he retired to the Continent for seven years, and lived upon six hundred pounds a year, while the remaining income of his estate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned there. When all was completed, he returned to his native country; and after some time passed in the metropolis, to revive the old, and cultivate new acquaintance, he retired to his seat at Thomastown, to pass the remainder of his days there. As he was one of the finest gentlemen of the age, and possessed of so large a property, he found no difficulty, during his residence in Dublin, to get access to all whose character for talents or probity made him desirous to cultivate their acquaintance. Out of these, he selected such as were most conformable to his taste, inviting them

to pass such leisure time as they might have upon their hands, at Thomastown. As there was something uncommonly singular in his mode of living, such as I believe was never carried into practice by any mortal before, in an equal degree, I fancy the reader will not be displeased with an account of the particulars of it, though it may appear foreign to the subject in hand.

"His house had been chiefly contrived to answer the noble purpose of that constant hospitality which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with suitable accommodation to their servants. Each apartment was completely furnished with every convenience that could be wanted, even to the minutest article. When a guest arrived, he showed him his apartment, saying, 'This is your castle; here you are to command as absolutely as in your own house; you may breakfast, dine and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests to accompany you as may be most agreeable to you.' He then showed him the common parlour, where he said a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society; 'but from this moment you are never to know me as master of the house, and only consider me as one of the guests.' In order to put an end to all ceremony at meal time, he took his place at random at the table; and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aside, the guests seated themselves promiscuously, without any regard to difference of rank or quality. There was a large room fitted up exactly like a coffee-house, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here, such as chose it, breakfasted at their own hour. It was furnished with chess-boards, backgammon tables, newspapers, pamphlets, &c., in all the forms of a city coffee-house. But the most extraordinary circumstance in his whole domestic arrangement, was that of a detached room in one of the extremities of the house, called the tavern. As he was himself a very temperate man, and many of his guests were of the same disposition, the quantity of wine for the use of the common room was but moderate; but as drinking was much in fashion in those days, in order to gratify such of his guests as had indulged themselves in that custom, he had recourse to the above-mentioned contrivance; and it was the custom of all who loved a cheerful glass, to adjourn to the tavern soon after dinner, and leave the more sober folks to themselves. Here

a waiter in a blue apron attended, (as was the fashion then,) and all things in the room were contrived so as to humour the illusion. Here, every one called for what liquor they liked, with as little restraint as if they were really in a public-house, and to pay their share of the reckoning. Here, too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated, with the same noisy mirth as is customary in his city temples, without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family. Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling; and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement, without injury to the purse of the players. There were two billiard-tables, and a large bowling-green; ample provision was made for all such as delighted in country sports; variety of guns, with proper ammunition; fishing tackle of all sorts; a pack of buck-hounds, another of fox-hounds, and another of harriers. He constantly kept twenty choice hunters in his stables, for the use of those who were not properly mounted for the chase. It may be thought that his income was not sufficient to support so expensive an establishment; but when it is considered that eight thousand a year at that time was fully equal to double that sum as at present; that his large demesne, in some of the richest soil in Ireland, furnished the house with every necessary except groceries and wine; it may be supposed to be easily practicable if under the regulation of a strict economy; of which no man was a greater master. I am told his plan was so well formed, and he had such checks upon all his domestics, that it was impossible there could be any waste, or that any article from the larder, or a single bottle of wine from the cellar, could have been purloined, without immediate detection. This was done partly by the choice of faithful stewards, and clerks of approved integrity; but chiefly by his own superintendence of the whole, as not a day passed without having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to do by his early rising; and the business being finished before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the most disengaged man in the house, and seemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the guests. And, indeed, to a stranger he might easily pass for such, as he made it a point that no one should consider him in the light of master of the house, nor pay him the least civilities on that score; which he carried so far, that he sometimes went abroad without

giving any notice, and staid away several days, while things went on as usual at home; and on his return, he would not allow any gratulations to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him, than if he had not been absent during that time. The arrangements of every sort were so prudently made, that no multiplicity of guests or their domestics ever occasioned any disorder, and all things were conducted with the same ease and regularity as in a private family. There was one point, which seemed of great difficulty, that of establishing certain signals, by which each servant might know when he was summoned to his master's apartment. For this purpose there was a great hall appropriated to their use, where they always assembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall bells were ranged in order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it; so that when any of them was rung they had only to turn their eyes to the bell, and see what servant was called. He was the first who put an end to that inhospitable custom of giving vales to servants, by making a suitable addition to their wages; at the same time assuring them, that if they ever took any afterwards, they should be discharged with disgrace; and to prevent temptation the guests were informed that Mr. Mathew would consider it as the highest affront, if any offer of that sort were made. As Swift had heard much of this place from Dr. Sheridan, who had been often a welcome guest there, both on account of his companionable qualities, and as being precursor to the nephew of Mr. Mathew; he was desirous of seeing with his own eyes whether the report of it were true, which he could not help thinking to have been much exaggerated. Upon receiving an intimation of this from Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the Dean, requesting the honour of a visit, in company with the Doctor, on his next school vacation. They set out accordingly on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation of Mr. Mathew, and from whom I received the whole of the following account. They had scarce reached the inn where they were to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when a coach and six horses arrived, sent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomastown; and at the same time bringing store of viands, wine, and other liquors for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark

of attention paid him, and the circumstance of the coach proved particularly agreeable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey. When they came within sight of the house, the Dean, astonished at its magnitude, cried out, 'What, in the name of God, can be the use of such a vast building?' 'Why, Mr. Dean,' replied their fellow-traveller before mentioned, 'there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us.' Swift, in his usual manner, called out to the coachman to stop, and bade him turn about and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. 'Well,' said he, afterwards, suddenly, 'there is no remedy, I must submit; but I have lost a fortnight of my life.' Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then, conducting him to his apartment, after some compliments, made his usual speech; acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after the cook appeared with his bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper, and the butler at the same time with a list of wines and other liquors. 'And is all this really so?' said Swift, 'and may I command here as in my own house?' The gentleman before mentioned assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of that mansion, than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. 'Well, then,' said Swift, 'I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests while I stay, for I think I shall hardly be tempted to mix with the mob below.' Three days were passed in riding over the demesne, and viewing the several improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew, or any of his guests; nor were the company below much concerned at his absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him with awe, and they were afraid his presence would put an end to that ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them. On the fourth day, Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew in one of the finest complimentary speeches that ever was made; in which he expatiated on all the beauties of his improvements with the skill of an artist, and the taste of a connoisseur. He showed that he had a full comprehension of the whole of the plan, and of the judicious adaptation of the parts to

the whole, and pointed out several articles which had escaped general observation. Such an address, from a man of Swift's character, could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was at the same time the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one who was supposed to deal more in satire than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossess the rest of the company in his favour. He concluded his speech, by saying, 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine if we do not pass our time agreeably.' After dinner, being in high spirits, he entertained the company with various pleasantries; Dr. Sheridan and he played into one another's hands; they joked, they punned, they laughed, and a general gaiety was diffused among the whole company. In a short time all constraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all their little schemes of promoting mirth, and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one, which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. Never were such joyous scenes known there before; for, when to ease and cheerfulness there is superadded, at times, the higher zest of gay wit, lively fancy, and droll humour, nothing can be wanting to the perfection of the social pleasures of life. When the time came which obliged Dr. Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the Dean, that they earnestly entreated him to remain there for some time longer; and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke through his rule of never soliciting the stay of any guest, (it being the established custom of the house that all might depart whenever they thought proper, without any ceremony of leave-taking,) by joining in the request. Swift found himself so happy in his situation there, that he readily yielded to their solicitations, and instead of the fortnight which he had originally intended, passed four months there, much to his own satisfaction, and that of all those who visited the place during that time. Having gone somewhat out of my way to give an account of the owner of this happy mansion, I am tempted to digress a little farther by relating an adventure he was engaged in, of so singular a kind, as deserves well to be recorded. It was towards the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, when Mr. Mathew returned to Dublin, after his long residence abroad. At that time party ran very high, but raged no where

with such violence as in that city, inasmuch that duels were fought there every day on that score. There happened to be, at that time, two gentlemen in London who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed; the former a major, the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these deadly exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knight-errants, to go over in quest of adventure. Upon enquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack, rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him, resolved the first opportunity to pick a quarrel with him; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, jostled the fore-chairman. Of this Mathew took no notice, as supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterwards boasted of it in the public coffee-house, saying that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it. There happened to be present a particular friend of Mr. Mathew's, of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and said, he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront intended, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot; but if the Major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town. The Major said that he should be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companions would wait their commands. Immediately on his arrival, Mathew, being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being shown into the room where the two gentlemen were, after having secured the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying, he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, 'In cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator; so, sir,' (addressing himself to Creed,) 'if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner.' Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of instantly drawing his sword; and to work the four champions fell, with the same composure as if it were only a fencing-match with foils. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained

with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion, Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed, 'Ah! poor Creed, are you gone?' 'Yes,' said Mathew, very composedly, 'and you shall instantly Pack after him;' at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more extraordinary, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, 'Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle.' For a long time their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best disposition, except in this Quixotish idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured."

Among Swift's exciting or amusing occupations, a sedulous anxiety to improve the interests of his cathedral were never forgotten; nor was he once known, even when disease had much impaired his faculties, and the love of money was supposed to have acquired in his mind an undue ascendancy, to sacrifice, in the smallest degree, the permanent interests of the deanery to his own immediate advantage, however great.

The poverty of the clergy, to which he in great measure attributed the indecent contempt in which the order was held in Ireland, he referred to the selfish and interested mismanagement of their predecessors; and while he sought, by all legitimate means, to elevate his church to that position of

temporal wealth and honour which he believed it ought to occupy in order to be effective for the purposes of its establishment, he never for a moment forgot, that, far superior to all earthly dignities, and far more necessary to his church than all provisions of land and gold, are the noble endowments of piety exhibited in the morals and benevolence of its clergy. It was the same general anxiety for the improvement of his order which induced him, industriously and critically, to observe not only the doctrines, but even the manner and pronunciation of such young clergymen as happened to preach in his cathedral, and, at the close of the service, with a frank, but, at the same time, a courteous distinctness, to declare to his youthful visitor the result of his attentive hearing, seasoned always with whatever commendations the quality of his doctrine or elocution would warrant. His intimacy with Sir Arthur Acheson induced him, about this time, to consent to visit him at his residence, where he passed a year, as usual, upon such occasions, taking upon him the functions of head steward, overseeing the labourers and directing their operations, declaiming upon health and exercise, writing what he called "family trifles," among which that admirable piece of humour, "Hamilton's Bawn," was one, and indulging freely every caprice which presented itself. But the social qualities of Swift were much impaired. The horrible malady, whose final victory was approaching, had strangely distorted the noble character in its pristine form so justly moulded. Some passions, and those among the darker, had acquired a morbid enlargement, and other finer tendencies were cankered and gone; and the unbending energy of judgment which had governed and tempered all the elements of passion and thought, had lost its unquestioned sovereignty, and waged a precarious, fluctuating war against the rebellious strugglers that it used to rule so grandly and so well. He had now become liable to unaccountable and appalling bursts of fury upon the slightest contradiction. To protracted fits of bleak, inaccessible moroseness—to long visitations of midnight, dark despondency—and to stern, uncomplaining agonies of dim forebodings; he began to feel his own

unfitness for society;* and having declined a proposition to which he had almost conclusively assented, to fix his residence upon a small farm, which Sir Arthur desired to let to him for that purpose, in the neighbourhood of Market-hill, he once more established himself in the deanery house. At about this time were written some of the most vigorous and fiery of his satirical poems. "The Rhapsody on Poetry;" "The Verses on his own Death;" "The Legion Club;" the last of which was written during an unmitigated paroxysm of his disease. Almost the last, and certainly one of the most violent of the scenes in which the satire of the Dean involved him, was his interview with Sergeant Bettesworth. The circumstances of which, Scott has collected with concise distinctness. "In a satire printed in 1773, ridiculing the Dissenters for pretending to the title of "Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians," the Dean, among other illustrations of their presumption, introduced this simile:—

Thus at the bar the booby B——,
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law, nor text, nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother Sergeant.

The blank in the termination of the first couplet indicated Mr. Bettesworth, a member of Parliament, and a Sergeant-at-law,† remarkable for his florid elocution in the house, and at the bar,

who had been very active in promoting those proceedings which Swift regarded as prejudicial to the clergy. Upon reading the lines, he was wrought up to such a height of indignation, that drawing out a knife, he swore he would, with that very instrument, cut out the Dean's ears. After this denunciation, he went in the height of his fury to the deanery, and from thence to Mr. Worrall's, where Swift was on a visit. The family was at dinner, and the stranger being shewn into another apartment, the Dean was called out to him. The Sergeant advanced to him with great haughtiness, and said, "Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, I am Sergeant Bet—tes—worth;" this being his affected mode of pronouncing his name. "Of what regiment?" answered Swift. After a very long parley, Bettesworth began to raise his voice, and gave such indications of violence, that Mr. Worrall and the servants rushing in, compelled him to withdraw. The tradition in the Dean's own family bears that Bettesworth actually drew his knife; but the Dean's own narrative, transmitted to the lord lieutenant, does not countenance that last excess; only affirming, that by Bettesworth's own report, he had a sharp knife in his pocket, and a footman attending in the hall, to open the door to one or two ruffians, who waited his summons, in the street.‡ The Dean remained composed and unmoved

* While at Market-hill, he frequently rose abruptly from the dinner table, and had his food brought to him in his own chamber, where he used to confine himself, until the paroxysm of gloom or ill-humour had passed away.

† The rhyme is said to have been suggested by a casual circumstance. A porter brought a burden to the Dean's house while he was busy with the poem, and labouring to find a rhyme for this uncommon name, the more anxiously, that Bettesworth exulted in the idea of its being impossible. The fellow's demand being considered as exorbitant, he wiped his forehead, saying, with the humour of a low Irishman, "Oh! your reverence, my sweat's worth half a crown." The Dean instantly caught at the words. "Ay, that it is—there's half a crown for you." This anecdote is given on the authority of Mr. Theophilus Swift.

‡ Various accounts of this interview have been given, but that of the Dean to the Duke of Dorset, written immediately after it took place, ought to be preferred. The following additional circumstances are mentioned by Sheridan:—"Oh! Mr. Dean," said Bettesworth, in answer to the retort mentioned in the text, "We know your powers of raillery, you know well enough that I am one of his Majesty's Sergeants at law." "What then, sir?" "Why, then, sir, I am come to demand of you whether you are the author of this poem, (producing it,) and these villainous lines on me?" at the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis, and much gesticulation. "Sir," said Swift, "it was a piece of advice given in my early days by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge; because, if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown afterwards would infallibly be imputed to me as mine. Now, sir, I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and as such, have followed it ever since; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great

during this extraordinary scene. It was fortunate for the Sergeant's person, as well as his character, that he did not proceed in his meditated vengeance on the person of an old man, and a clergyman, since the attempt must have been made at the risk of his life. So soon as the news transpired, the inhabitants of that part of Dublin, called Earl of Meath's Liberty, assembled, and sent a deputation to Swift, requesting his permission to take vengeance on Bettesworth, for his intended violence to the patriot of Ireland. Swift returned them thanks for their zeal, but enjoined them to disperse peaceably; and, adding a donation of two or three guineas, prohibited them from getting drunk with the money, adding, "You are my subjects, and I expect you will obey me." It is no slight proof of the despotism of his authority, founded as it was, solely upon respect and gratitude, that his defenders complied with his recommendation in both particulars, and peaceably and soberly separated to their dwellings. For some time, however, they formed a guard among themselves for the purpose of watching the deanery, and the person of the Drapier, lest Bettesworth should have adopted any new scheme of violence.

Few stronger proofs of the fervour of popularity and gratitude, of which Swift was the object, could have been afforded, than that conveyed in the above anecdote. That Swift was fully conscious of the influence which he possessed over the opinions and passions of the populace, cannot be for a moment reasonably doubted. When he opposed the scheme of Primate Boulter, which had in contemplation the lowering of the value of the gold currency of Ireland, a considerable agitation was excited, and the offended dignitary availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the Lord Mayor's public entertainment, to tax Swift with having inflamed the prejudices of the people against him. "What; I inflame them," said Swift; "had I lifted

my finger, they would have torn you to pieces." In spite of the Drapier's opposition, however, the measure was adopted; and as it was found to answer the objects proposed, it was soon forgotten.

The political feelings, or rather passions of Swift, burned on, even after the extinction of almost every other motive and sensibility; and in 1741, when the tidings of Lord Orford's dismissal reached Dublin, he actually, for the purpose of expressing his joy and triumph, set up a carriage; a luxury in which he had never before indulged. The news was, however, groundless; and Bishop Rundle, one of the many *old friends* of Swift who insulted his memory, even before his body had ceased to live, has commemorated the occurrence, in a letter preserved in the British Museum.

"As soon as Dean Swift heard that Lord Orford was dismissed from power, he awakened with one flash of light from his dreaming of what he once was, and cried, 'I made a vow that I would set up a coach when that man was turned out of his places: and having the good fortune to behold that day, long despaired of, I will show that I was sincere;' and sent for a coach-maker. The operator comes—had one almost ready—it was sent home—horses were purchased—and the Dean entered the triumphal double chariot, supported by two old women, and his daily flatterer, to entertain him with the only music he had an ear to hear at this age. They made up the *partie quarrée*, and with much ado, enabled his decrepit reverence to endure the fatigue of travelling twice round our great square, by the cordial and amusement of their fulsome commendations, which he calls facetious pleasantry. But the next packet brought word (what lying varlets these news-writers are!) that Lord Orford's party revived, &c. Swift sunk back in the corner of his coach, his under jaw fell; he was carried up to his chamber and great chair, and obstinately refused to be lifted into the treacherous vehicle any more, till the news-writers at least, shall be hanged, for

a master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule." Many other things passed, as related in the above-mentioned letter. But when Bettesworth was going away, he said, "Well, since you will give me no satisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protection; under the sanction of which, like one of your own Yahoos, who had climbed up to the top of a high tree, you sit secure, and squirt your filth round on all mankind." Swift had candour enough not to conceal this last circumstance, at the same time saying, "that the fellow showed more wit than he thought him possessed of."

deceiving him to imagine that Lord Orford was *bona fide* out of power, though visibly out of place. Now he despairs of seeing vengeance taken on any, who, odd fellow ! he thinks more richly deserve it ; and since he cannot send them out of the world with dishonour, he intends soon to go out of it in a pet."—*Letter signed Thomas Derry, dated March 20, 1741-2.*

"The Bishop is incorrect in supposing that Swift laid aside the equipage which was thus set up. It appears from Wilson's affidavit, that Swift, in July 1742, had a carriage of his own."

Year after year now brought to Swift the mournful announcement that some one or other of those friends, who had shared his happiest and proudest hours, were gathered to the grave. His health too, long undermined, began rapidly to decline ; and these melancholy circumstances were darkened by the conscious dread, that the proud mind would be the first to die. This was a presentiment which had long haunted him. Doctor Young, the celebrated author of the *Night Thoughts*, has recorded a striking anecdote illustrative of this melancholy habit. Having, along with some friends, accompanied the Dean upon a walk of about a mile out of town, Swift stopped short. "We passed on," says the author of the *Night Thoughts*, "but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which, in its uppermost branches, was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top." "To the same internal feeling of decay," says Scott, may be traced his answer to a friend who mentioned some one as a fine old gentleman. "What!" said the Dean with some violence, "have you yet to learn that there is no such thing as a fine old gentleman? If the man you speak of had either a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago." About the same time, and under the influence of the same cheerless despondency, when a friend had observed upon the sudden fall of a lofty and ponderous pier-glass, under which he and Swift had been standing but a moment before. "What a providential escape have we had. Had I stood alone," replied Swift, "I should not have rejoiced at my escape." The last source of social enjoyment,

the companionship of the gay, simple, honest Sheridan, was now removed from him. Pecuniary embarrassments, and a certain generous imprudence respecting the regulation of expenses, which was, for two or three generations, the peculiar, and almost the only inheritance of the family, obliged him to discontinue his school, and to leave Dublin. Previously, however, to his retiring to his country residence, he made a short sojourn at the deanery ; a visit which terminated, owing to the morbid moroseness of Swift, in the alienation of the two friends. And it is a melancholy reflection, that the quarrel preceded by but a few months, the death of the faithful Sheridan, whose light-hearted humour had so-laced many a gloomy hour of the ascetic statesman ; and who uniformly and successfully exerted his powers, to cheer the declining days of him, to whom he had accustomed himself to look with the love of brotherhood, and with the admiration almost of worship. But with his humour, good nature and simplicity, Sheridan had a just and honest pride, which scorned to take false alarm at the bluntness of the Drapier's eccentric manners, but which, in no less a degree, scorned to submit for a moment, to an act or word, which carried in reality the spirit of insult.

Swift and Sheridan then parted in displeasure ; and long after the injured friend had been numbered among the dead, and when the palsy of idiocy had touched the brain of Swift, leaving but few remembrances unobliterated, and few affections undestroyed, he was wont to ask Mrs. Whiteway, "Do you remember Dr. Sheridan?" And upon her answering him in the affirmative, it was his habit to continue with a deep sigh, "Ah, my friend, I lost my right hand when I lost him."

By means of his strict economy, Swift had amassed a considerable sum of money, which, after some doubt, he at length resolved to bequeath for the foundation of that charitable Institution which bears his name ; prompted it may be, to this peculiar application of the bequest, by a melancholy anticipated sympathy with those miseries which it is meant to relieve, or at least to shelter.

From the year 1736, until the year 1740, his constitutional disease afflicted him with daily increasing violence.

Long and full of energy was the struggle between the mind and its destroyer—but faculty after faculty was subdued—the grand intellectual fabric reeled under the relentlessly repeated shocks. Spirit, temper, memory, all the exhilarating gaiety and matchless wit, the unconquerable ardour, the fervent reasoning, the deadly, fiery sarcasm, all the unequalled powers which had made him beloved by the oppressed, and feared by the great, were now for ever confounded in helpless, undistinguishable ruin, and Swift the patriot—the man who with the sole force of intellect, and single-handed, had vindicated the liberties of his country, was now a living spectacle of won-

der and abasement—a mere effigy of humanity—a palsied delirious idiot.

When first his reason gave way, he at once burst into the ravings of outrageous lunacy, a state of violence which was succeeded by one of passive and utter fatuity, in which he appeared scarcely conscious of anything that surrounded him, unobservant, dumb, and helpless, a monument of stricken humanity. Until the 19th of October, 1745, was this piteous and most awful scene protracted, and then without one pang or struggle, his eventful life was closed.*

The moment that it was made publicly known that Swift was dead, the gratitude and enthusiasm of the Irish

* The most minute account of this melancholy period is given by Dr. Delany. "In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so greatly increased, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. Early in the year 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew was Mrs. Whiteway; and the sight of her, when he knew her no longer, threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful, that she was forced to leave him; and the only acts of kindness that remained in her power, was to call once or twice a week at the deanery, inquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servants who brought him his provisions staid in the room. His meat, which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour upon the table before he would touch it; and at last he would eat it walking; for, during this miserable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a day.

"In October, 1742, after this frenzy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it would mortify; several large boils also broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five persons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his eyes. Just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness: that day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared so far to have recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes that he might once more enjoy society, and be amused with the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterwards he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of his chapter, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and upon opening his head it appeared that he was not mistaken; but, though he often entreated the Dean's friends and physicians that his skull might be trepanned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice.

"After the Dean had continued silent a whole year in this helpless state of idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November in the morning, telling him that it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this he immediately replied—'it is all folly, they had better let it alone.'

"He would often attempt to speak his mind, but could not recollect words to express his meaning; upon which he would shrug up his shoulders, shake his head, and sigh heartily. Among all kinds of smells, none offended him so much as the stuff of a candle. It happened that a young girl, the daughter of his housekeeper's relation, blew out a candle in his chamber; at which he knit his brows, looked angry, and said,

people gathered thousands around the house, where lay all that remained of the great patriot who had thought so wisely, and striven so well for the rights of his country. The long term of mental darkness which had preceded his dissolution, the years of suffering which had separated him from their sight, were all forgotten, and tears and sobs and blessings spoke the fervour and sincerity of the love and reverence which they had borne him.

He was buried, in obedience to his own directions, privately, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's cathedral. The spot is marked by a plain slab, upon which is cut the following epitaph, written by himself:—

NIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
MUJUS ECCLESIE CATHEDRALIS
DECANI:
UBI SEVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.
ABI, VIATOR,
ET IMITARE, AI POTESIS
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICATOREM
OBIIT ANNO (1745):
MENSIS (OCTOBRII) DIE (19)
ÆTATIS ANNO (78).

No man ever yet understood himself or another created man. A machine so infinitely complex, so inscrutably subtle,—the great miracle of miracles,—not moved by one spring or regulated by one check, but stirred by

ten thousand thousand forces, impelling powers, working in secret, some opposed, and some combined, applied in a thousand different parts, all restless, all straining for the mastery, all fountains of never-ending motion. Philosophers have dreamed away whole existences in speculation. Metaphysicians have argued, ridiculed and declaimed. The cunning engineers of the mind have builded up their Babel towers. But there is confusion of tongues among them, and jarring of design, and mutual frustration of labour, rendering schemes in themselves unattainable, and efforts intrinsically vain, a spectacle of pain, humiliation, and involuntary ridicule. We judge of man's character through the outward senses. We look upon his countenance, and we see there, mayhap, a scowl or a smile, we look to his history and we see there the record of certain acts, and of certain words. These are but the ripples and *billows* of that infinite and fathomless ocean—the mind of man. But whence come they, or why? Are they borne on by the ebb and flow of the immutable tides—have they had their birth in earthquake-shocks of secret volcanos—are they the glad offspring of fresh breezes, or the spent tremblings of distant tornados—or are they rolled up by the heavings of the unseen monsters of the mighty deep—We know not, we see them, and that is all. Can we sum

‘You are a little dirty slut!’ He spoke no more of it; but seemed displeased with her the whole evening.

“Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness had ended in stupor, seems to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind.

“He was sometimes visited by Mr. Dean Swift, a relation, and about Christmas, 1743, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr. Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs. Ridgeway, the housekeeper, immediately said, ‘Won’t you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, sir?’ To this he made no answer, but showed he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do, when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening with him, and which was as much as to say, ‘you will ruin me in wine.’ Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterwards silent. A few months after this, upon his housekeeper’s removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, ‘I am what I am;’ and, in about six minutes, repeated the same words two or three times.

“In the year 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempted to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he showed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, ‘I am a fool.’ Once afterwards, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, ‘Bring it here;’ and when the same servant was breaking a hard large coal, he said, ‘That is a stone, you blockhead.’

“From this time he was perfectly silent, till the latter end of October 1745; and then died without the least pang or convulsion, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.”

up the number of the agents endlessly at work in the mind of man, or calculate the subtle varieties of strength and direction which regulate their impulses. Can we find a rule to measure their fluctuations, and to account for their awakenings, or their slumberings? Surely we cannot. The world of matter is subdued to us—mountains are cut through—the tides of the sea over-spanned by bridges—we walk dry and safe under the waters of great rivers—nay, certain masses of inert matter have been so fashioned, that at the will of the artist, they must add and subtract, and calculate with infallible mathematical precision, but there never will arise that moral *Babbage* who can understand or expound the simplest of the movements of that miraculous piece of mechanism—the human mind. It is a work too near akin to God, for us to comprehend it, until at least other faculties are given to it; or else, until the capabilities which it has, are matured hereafter; but now God has hidden that knowledge from our sight, and set it beyond us, as far as the east is from the west, as the heaven is from the earth. Therefore, in attempting to trace the character of that great man, whose chief acts and vicissitudes have been narrated in these pages, the writer is conscious that he is but guessing, that he is but choosing among *theories*; nevertheless, among all this confusion and dimness, there are certain discernible fixed points, called principles, certain beacon lights, which, though they cannot disclose the dark world which lies beyond them, yet mark out with a steady brightness where a few of the mighty headlands lie.

Swift was a patriot. He loved his country as no public man ever loved it since. He knew that it might be grand and happy—he saw it tortured and degraded. The process by which it was governed was a systematic outrage upon the constitution—a repeated assault upon the liberties, and an insult to the sense of the country. He looked to the people, and saw that example and fear had taught them to acquiesce. The rich bore their chains of gold, and the poor their chains of iron, and all carried them daintily, lest the clanking of the links should disturb the turn-key. The weak were cajoled, the dishonest bribed, and the timid terrified.

No instrument of corruption or of intimidation was unemployed, and none were employed in vain. The difficulties of his course were aggravated by many circumstances: he was, when he returned to Ireland, a denounced and suspected man, and singularly unpopular; and moreover, the people to whom he was to address himself, were then even more discordantly divided than they are now; yet, by the power of incorruptible integrity, unconquerable zeal, and matchless intellectual endowments, he aroused and united them all, made the nation for once assume the noble attitude of independence, and clothed it with dignity and power. His patriotism was not assumed to gratify a political pique, or to perplex a Whig premier. So early as the year 1708, we have the following remarkable passage:—

“Here has been the Irish speaker soliciting to get the Test clause repealed by an act here, for which I hope he will be impeached when your parliament meet again. I have reason to fear it will be repealed here next session; which will be of terrible consequence, both as to the thing and the manner, by the parliament here interfering in things purely of Ireland, that have no relation to any interest of theirs. London, April 15, 1708.”

The patriotism of Swift was a passion of his mind—he sought the honour and happiness of his country, in all things striving for its true advantage, with an inspiring zeal and intrepidity which no meaner motive could have sustained. His exertions were regulated by the occasions which the history of his country presented, and not by interest. There were from him no periodical bursts of patriotism to secure the periodical replenishment of coffers, but a steady and unvaried ardour of advocacy, which exposed every fraud, and appealed from every wrong which exaggerated no danger, and spared no delinquent.

The “agitation,” by means of which he wrought, was peculiar: it was an appeal to *all* Irishmen; and its result was not the victory of a faction, but the triumph of a nation. It spoke to the reason, and not to the passions of the people; and, consequently, it was unstained by crime and blood. It has been often said, that Swift hated Ire-

land; a charge supported by some falsely imputed libels upon that country, and more plausibly, by his acknowledged desire to reside in England; but beyond the pleasures of London society, and the attractions possessed by his most valued friends, there was another deeper motive. While he remained in Ireland, he was compelled, day by day, with unavailing but unquenchable indignation, to witness the usurpations of England, the triumph of oppression, and the hopeless, helpless slavery of his people. He saw fraud and corruption, and all vile political prostitution richly prosperous, and systematically established;—he saw that the great were venal, and that the poor were slaves; and that England oppressed his country by demoralizing both;—he saw that the government of this country was in principle a violation of the rights of nations; and practically, the infliction upon his countrymen of poverty and wretched dependance; and he loathed the sight—he hated to witness crimes unpunished, and wrongs unredressed. To rub shoulders with slaves, and to uncover his head to the betrayers of trust and trucklers to power.

The country of his birth felt to its heart the patriotism of Swift; and it is enough for the sincerity of that patriotism that the Irish people *unanimously* allowed it. And though the name of the Drapier has long ceased to command the passions and applause of the populace, the effects of his benevolence, the influence of his advocacy, and the power of his example, have not passed away. The friends of the principles advocated by the great Irish patriot, should remember, that his fame is perseveringly assailed by men who neither know nor can appreciate the struggles which he maintained for his country, and who, by the virulence of factious hatred, which has survived for a century, the death of its object, unwittingly testify in favour of the power of that genius which they seek to decry.

Why does there exist no social confederation in honour of his name? England has her Pitt clubs, her Fox clubs, and the like. Ireland *had* her Drapier's Club, but that has long passed away: the popular memory and gratitude of Ireland lives not long. The events in her history throng too

rapidly, and stand in relief too dark and startling, to suffer the eye of the spectator to rest upon the dim, but glorious past. In the moment of rapture and worship, we build a shrine to the genius and to the patriotism which have enlightened and saved our country, but there are none to keep the sacred fires alive, and the altars grow cold almost before the clay of the dead whom they are meant to commemorate.

Among the few beautiful feelings which nature has given to the heart of man, is that which bids us sympathise with mortality and spare the dead; which makes good men speak of the departed with reverence; and woe to him who plucks from a garden of weeds one of its few flowers: woe to him who would kill that beautiful mysterious feeling which God has laid in the bosom of mankind. While our brother mortal is among us, he is of us; his lot is ours; the same love he gives and takes; the same instincts, wishes, wants, are his; the same hatred pursues, the same slander dogs him; the same hot foemen beset his dwelling: but, in the midst of this loving and hating, jostling and avoiding, and all the rage and roar of act and passion, hope and hurry, comes death; and the stirring spirit, the noisy struggler through the world's throng, is called away. But whither? We know not. The Almighty has spread a cloud between us and him; and he shall be no more seen. All his vast hopes, his world of unfinished projects; pride, love, and scorn, are laid in the dark, cold, narrow grave, where the pointed witticism, and the loud sallies of jocund humour, with all their echoes of lusty laughter; and the clear voice of deep philosophy, and the thunders of god-like eloquence, are all for ever and ever still; where the sting of satire, the strugglings of passion, the wrestlings of conflict, the gratulations of friends, the aspirings of great ambition, the yearnings and the sorrows of the heart, are all at an end; where the swords of warriors moulder beside the strong arms of those who conquered with them, and the mighty weapons of human intellect are lifted up no more.

Swift was benevolent—while it was his humour to have all men think him hard of heart, stern and stoical, under

this rude, hard and cold exterior were gushing sweet fountains of ever-living piety. Where poverty had laid honest worth low in the abject dust, he raised it up; where patient merit pined in the dark corners of obscurity, his industry discovered, his sagacity appreciated, and his power rewarded it; where sorrow had stricken the good, he stood beside the sufferer with reverent sympathy; and where sin and folly had clothed a man in rags, he rebuked, indeed, but he relieved. In charity to his brother men, as in all other virtues and duties, he hated hypocrisy with a loathing and a lodged hatred, and much of his habitual benevolence remained undiscovered until the possibility of concealment was terminated by the decline of his faculties, and the necessary transference of the management of his affairs from his own into other hands. Then came to light many, many laboriously and long hidden charities, the unseen and unknown offices of true generosity; the noble deeds of pity and brotherhood, prompted by a heart which the world pronounced hard, stoical and corroded by the sordidness of age. Some too were not known until the heart and hand of the benefactor were cold in the grave; and others will sleep in oblivion until the great day when the books shall be opened and the judgment set. To enumerate the private charities of Swift, is here unnecessary; but it may be permitted to us to record a very few of those acts of benevolence with which the names of illustrious men are connected. In his journal he says—

“Do you know, I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people: Steele I have kept in his place; Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured; Rowe I have recom-

mended, and got a promise of a place; Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations; I set Addison to right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has.”

To the generous and judicious exertions of Swift, is due the merited promotion of the illustrious Berkley. His effective support of Pope has been acknowledged in the preface to his *Iliad*; Gay, too, owed to him his introduction to Lord Bolingbroke. His own touching account of his last visit to Harrison, is worthy of notice:—

“I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket: *I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door, my heart misgave me.* I did knock, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me. I could not dine with Lord Treasurer, nor any where else, but got a bit of meat towards the evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray, God Almighty bless you. Adieu.—I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.”

Swift was a true friend: witness his love to Oxford, long after that love had become a bar to his hopes, alike in the field of interest and of ambition. He had that rare gift—a heart that knew how to harbour the loyalty which binds friend to friend. Nor was he without the tender and beautiful weaknesses of humanity: on parting with Sheridan, having struggled much and in vain with his feelings, he at length rushed from the room where so many happy hours had been passed, and wept long and bitterly. And again, when he read the funeral service over the remains of his faithful servant,* that

* This was Alexander Magee. Swift had him buried in the south aisle of his cathedral, where he erected a monument to him in a small piece of statuary marble, with this inscription:—

Here lieth the body of
ALEXANDER MAGEE, servant to Doctor
Swift, Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

His grateful master caused this monument to be
erected in memory of his Discretion, Fidelity,
and Diligence in that humble station.

Ob. Mar. 24, 1721, Ætat. 29.

In the original draft, in the dean's own hand-writing, it stood thus:

His grateful friend and master.

A gentleman of the dean's acquaintance (probably the cold-blooded and narrow-

voice, so used to command, was observed to falter, and his tears flowed fast and unrestrained. Thus, often did the cynicism of Swift yield to the tenderest throes of nature; and well were it for the sentimental dealers in ostentatious charity, who declaim against the moroseness of the Drapier, if their hearts had ever felt the yearnings of pity, and the pangs of sympathising grief and love as strongly and as purely.

Nothing can be less consistent with the truth, than the generally accepted character of Swift. He is thought to have entered upon his mission in Ireland with the stern coldness of perfect justice, and of perfect power; whereas, in reality, even in political contests, whose subjects and whose issue involved comparatively nothing of excitement, his temper and conduct were marked by the most impetuous ardour of enthusiasm; and however misunderstood at present may be the feelings of his heart, it is certain that they were recognised and appreciated at the time in which he lived, a matter which has been attested by a less fallible criterion than the flattery of parasites, or the applauses of the multitude, by the fact, that wherever poverty, sickness or trouble had befallen any man, the benevolence and energetic charity of Swift were the refuge to which the sufferer recurred. Of all historic characters that ever lived, Swift most stood in need of a Boswell: we know but the prominences of his character; the naked bones, without the muscle or flesh. It is natural, that biography should have recorded, and tradition preserved, whatever was most eccentric and original in an eccentric and original character, leaving to chance or fancy the task of supplying, to the lines of a rude, hard sketch, the necessary continuity and consistence, and of blending together, in natural harmony, the extremes of light and shade with which the portrait is touched; unhappily, none but a contemporary could supply this *mezzo-tint*, and but one of his biographers, and that one but slenderly acquainted even with the habits of the dean, has attempted the task. Mrs.

Pilkington's memoir, an extract of which is appended to Sheridan's Life of Swift, conveys far the most vivid, and, indeed, the only distinct representation of the *manner* of the dean, which is to be found, and actually succeeds in, bringing the reader into the presence of Swift. It is easy, in such a position, to understand how different in spirit and effect were the gay and humorous cynicism, and the *polished roughness* of Swift, from the coarse, browbeating dogmatism of Johnson, and how skilfully and pleasantly what seemed rude and abrupt in speech was seasoned by the obvious *bonhomie* and latent waggery of the speaker. The sketch of which we speak, conveys, it may be in faint colours, but, clearly and irresistibly, the impression of something infinitely pleasant and easy in the address of its subject; a consciousness that there must have existed in the air, the gesture, the tone of voice, the *tout ensemble* of the dean, a spirit which qualified even his harshest observations; which made his eccentricities agreeable, his very moroseness good-natured, and his rudeness almost courteous. In early life his manners, though marked with strong peculiarities, were singularly pleasing; and it was not until his mind was almost a wreck, that his temper became intractable and incapable of submitting to contradiction; on the contrary, he could thoroughly enjoy a repartee, or even a practical joke, of which he himself was the object; and as he never found his claims to attention in society treated with the smallest disregard, so he was peculiarly cautious lest unlimited indulgence should lead him unduly to extend his prerogative; and among other rules which he laid down to himself to be observed in conversation was one to which he adhered with peculiar consistence, never to speak longer at a time than three minutes; an allowance which however moderate, he never exceeded. His talents in conversation were of the first order: his language was correct and concise, but perfectly free from the appearance of study, or of pedantry; his ready wit and playful

miinded Dr. Delany), prevailed upon him to leave out the word *friend*, and only write his grateful master; and this in contradiction to a known maxim of his own—"That an affectionate and faithful servant, should always be considered in the character of an humble friend."

fancy were sustained by an even flow of lively spirits, which never deserted him except with his health; and his observations upon men and manners, of which he had seen more than usually falls to the lot even of the most conspicuous and elevated of mortals, were seasoned with a peculiar caustic humour and marked by an originality and a justness of penetration, which made them not only amusing as witty, but valuable as wise sayings. His whole conversation too, was diversified with anecdotes, interesting, humorous, or characteristic of the many illustrious persons with whom his eventful life had associated him. Endowed with gifts like these, so irresistibly fascinating, and with so undoubted and large a share of sterling goodness and faithfulness of heart, it is hardly wonderful that those who were admitted into his nearer intimacy, loved and admired him to an excess little short of worship.

When shall there arise such another writer of pamphlets as Swift? When shall there arise another, who, like him, will rule his fellow-mortals by their influence with a dominion over body, mind, soul and passion, such as no sceptre of earthly metal ever carried? When shall there arise another who shall, like him, do more than make, as kings of empires do, governments to suit the people—one who shall command a nation to be like its government? When shall there arise a man who will again make the passions of a whole country the slaves of his talisman? These are questions which have risen dimly or vividly upon the mind of every ambitious adventurer who, since the days of Swift, has wielded a pen in the taskwork of politics; and these are questions which admit of but one solution—Never. Men may be found hereafter, or *now*, if you will, to write as well as Swift; but the season for pamphlets is gone by. Write as you may, you will be nearly, if not altogether, equalled, it may be excelled, by the penmasters of the daily journals; and, besides, and more important in its results, the great facility of access to political *information*, which is all that men generally desire, afforded by the accurate reports of parliamentary proceedings and debates, a facility wholly unknown in the days of Swift, has brought down the once epidemic

pamphlet fever. The people now look to the debates in the houses of parliament for a thorough sifting of every public question of importance; and having read the discussion through, they are content to believe that they have exhausted the subject as much as it has probably exhausted them. And again, the nation is in some points more Tory than ever it was, for it is certain that nations frequently became that to which ours is tending, by overrating and envying that aristocracy which they pretend to despise, and that the folly of setting an excessive value upon the advantages of what are called the higher orders, is frequently a symptom of the approach of the predominance of republicanism. And so it is that a nameless, or, at least, an untitled author of a pamphlet, is but poorly rated, or read at best with supercilious, patronising toleration, by the man who can, day by day, hold sweet converse with my Lord Melbourne or Sir James Graham, in the columns of his county paper; and while he can get a regular doctor with bag, wig, and gold-headed cane, to prescribe for his maladies at five-pence the visit, it is in vain for the apothecary to look for a shilling. The influence of pamphlets is gone. The wit of Fontblanque—the humour of Sidney Smith, do no more than tickle their party without swaying them this way or that; and were Giffard himself to write a pamphlet, even his would fail to do more than dazzle, delight, be worshipped and disobeyed. It is true, the nation is to be led; there is now, as of old, a ring in its nose; but the strings which are attached thereto are in the hands of certain newspaper editors, who, along with my Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, my Lord Roden, my Lord Melbourne, and some others, pull long and strong each in his own direction. The pamphleteers of the present day are powerless; their works are bought and sold rather as literary commodities than as political engines—they labour in vain—the nation has put its nose-string into other hands.

The style of Swift has been sometimes condemned and sometimes lauded, alternately the object of the most scornful censure and of the most extravagant praise. The truth is, that whoever

takes the trouble of analysing, with verbal criticism, the writings of the Drapier, will find ample matter for condemnation and approval. Grammatically examined, nothing can be more slovenly—full of inaccuracies, and abounding in syntactical blunders, which, to an *educated ear*, as the modern phrase goes, are nothing short of painful; and it is by no means unamusing to follow the grammatical progress of Sheridan through the works of his illustrious godfather, and to observe the patient industry, the mingled reverence for departed greatness and for living English, which animates his laborious re-arrangement of the sentences of his author; and few, who know not traditionally the veneration which Sheridan entertained for the memory of Swift, can duly estimate the value of the sacrifice which the honest biographer has made to the genius of grammar, in every little note which asserts the authority of syntax at the expense of his early patron. Thus far the style of Swift is faulty; but these errors were less visible and more venial in his days than they now are; and when we consider that they were largely shared by the papers of the *Spectator*, so long though so unjustly regarded as models of English writing, we should be less prompt to condemn without qualifying the sentence. But again, if the compositions of Swift are regarded with reference to the language in which they are written, independently of its order and arrangement, all must allow that no where is to be found a more perfect, pure, and nervous sample of genuine English; and it must be acknowledged, also, that in a writer of vast and enduring popularity, this consistent use of the noblest and purest vein of his native language is a virtue of far greater importance to the literature of his country than the smoothest arrangement or the most syntactical regularity—and that by this unstudied, perhaps unconscious, but most admirable use and rejection of words, Swift effected more for the language of his country than could have been achieved by the establishment of a thousand such academies as that which he projected. The intellectual part of Swift's style is even more remarkable than the verbal. *Plainness*, in the double sense

of the term, is its great characteristic—unornamented simplicity, and downright distinctness. It has been truly remarked, that the reader of Swift needs no previous acquaintance with literary or historic lore. His writings are complete, and, as it were, self-contained. He does not assume that his reader has ever read before—he nowhere presents him with vague allusions to foregone authors, or rests upon his presumed acquaintance with other sources of information. He addresses himself to uneducated and sound common sense. He places his subject distinctly before his reader, proceeds to expound it with a clearness which seems to spring from conviction, and necessarily carries persuasion with it. His argument never evinces the strength of effort; it has not the appearance of task-work, but seems throughout the easy and inevitable process of honest and energetic reason. Each stage in the inductive progress is so gradual, and, as it were, so natural, that the reader is unconscious while he follows it step by step, until he arrives at his journey's end, that he has been led leagues beyond his calculation, and in a course perhaps diametrically opposed to that which he would have followed had he not taken Swift for his companion.

Swift has been more frequently charged with avarice than with any other vice: his strict economy gave a plausibility to the accusation, which has enabled the enemies of his fame to repeat it upon all occasions. To his maxim, "that a man should carry money in his head but not in his heart," he appears to have strictly adhered. The instances in which his sincerity on this score was tested are worthy of record. "Of all the trials of an avaricious disposition, (says Sheridan,) nothing is so likely to make it show itself in the most glaring colours, as some considerable unexpected loss." To this test was Swift severely put in two remarkable occurrences in different periods of his life. The first was in 1712, before he was made Dean of St. Patrick's. He had deposited near four hundred pounds in the hands of his friend Stratford, which was all the money he then possessed in the world. An account was brought him that Stratford was broke. What

effect this had on him, he thus describes in his journal to Stella:—

"I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but M. D. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time, beyond a quarter of an hour."

Of the other, he gives the following account in a letter to Mr. Worral, dated Quilca, June 11, 1725:—

"Your letter has informed me of what I did not expect, that I am just even with the world; for, if my debts were paid, I think I should not have fifty pounds beside my goods. I have not railed, nor fretted, nor lost my sleep, nor stomach, I thank God. My greatest trouble is, that some friends, whom I intended to make easy during their lives, and the public, to which I bequeathed the reversion, will be disappointed."

And, in another to Dr. Sheridan of the same date, he says:—

"You are to know that by Mr. Pratt's ruin I lose only twelve hundred and fifty pounds, which he owes me. So that I am now, as near as I can compute, not worth one farthing but my goods. I am, therefore, just to begin the world. I should value it less, if some friends and the public were not to suffer; and I am ashamed to see myself so little concerned on account of the two latter. For, as to myself, I have learned to consider what is left, and not what is lost.—But enough of this."

It were good for society if all men had, like Swift, the moral courage to encounter fearlessly the false imputation of avarice, rather than rob their creditors or lie in gaol, unable to relieve the distresses of others, almost to endure their own. He thoroughly knew that a man must live within his income, or be a scoundrel; and, knowing this, he had the honesty and manhood to deny himself the indolent, pleasurable negligence of account-books, which some persons call generosity, and to eschew the indiscriminate, slovenly profusion, so often mistaken for charity, that he might have the power to be both truly generous and truly just.

The personal appearance of Swift has been graphically sketched by Sir Walter Scott:—

"Swift was in person tall, strong, and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind. He was never known to laugh, and his smiles are happily characterised by the well-known lines of Shakspeare. Indeed the whole description of Cassius might be applied to Swift—

—————'He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.—
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.'

"The features of the Dean have been preserved in several paintings, busts, and medals. In youth, he was reckoned handsome; Pope observed, that though his face had an expression of dullness, his eyes were very particular. They were as azure, he said, as the heavens, and had an unusual expression of acuteness. In old age, the Dean's countenance conveyed an expression which, though severe, was noble and impressive."

There exist but few public monuments to honour the memory of Swift. There is a full-length portrait in the deanery-house, and another in the examination hall of the Dublin College—from the latter was copied the etching prefixed to this memoir. A marble bust of Swift is placed among many others of great men and dead provosts, in the library of the University of Dublin. It was bought by money subscribed for that purpose by the class who were candidate bachelors in the year of his decease. The board did not purchase it, either because being only a *Dean* he did not possess that kind of claim to distinction which they could best understand; or else because the College being then (though history contradicts the supposition) a poor corporation, they could not well afford the sum of money which it cost; or else because he had left his money to found an institution for the reception of fools at the *opposite* end of the city; or else because the following announcement, contained in the London and Dublin Magazine for March, 1735, p. 250, was true:—

"Last Thursday and yesterday, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, and the

Lord Bishop of Clogher, met at our University as visitors, to examine into the conduct of the Fellows, and the abuses of the College. The Rev. Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D., was present, and spoke against some corruptions and abuses."

If he did, as this contemporary paragraph would imply, actually expose the holy peccadilloes and the sacrosanct corruptions of the College, his memory deserved whatever punishment it had to inflict. But although the board did not venture to excite public indignation by an insolent refusal to admit the effigy of the patriot of Ireland, a monument which had cost them not one penny, into a conspicuous, and what they thought an honourable place, they marked their acceptance of the gift by a strange, but by no means an inappropriate condescension; and those who could only be induced "*per specialem gratiam*" to receive into their library the bust of Swift the patriot and statesman, with a singular sense of fitness procured and exhibited in their public museum a cast of the head of Swift the idiot. In speaking of the college as constituted in the days of Swift, it is hard to forbear the expression of that disgust which naturally arises upon the contemplation of stupid and pedantic prejudice, insolent academic martinism, and griping avarice. It is hardly necessary to say that the censure so justly bestowed upon the *then* materials of our university, cannot apply to it in its present improved condition. The junior fellows are now generally distinguished by remarkably polished manners, genuine modesty, great condescension to their pupils, a tolerable acquaintance with French mathematics, and often with the Greek and Latin authors, in whose works they examine the students. They are exactly fitted to be what they are, and it were unfortunate for themselves and the world that they were any thing else. The senior fellows are no less admirable, and have become almost proverbial for spirit and liberality. Having thus fully acquitted ourselves of all desire to level one unmerited reflection against the College corporation, and with the full confidence that sooner or later even the most prejudiced will be induced to do justice to their deserts, we leave this interesting subject to return to Swift.

We are every day condemned to hear the repetition of the barren cant, which asserts the superiority of genius and worth over all the pompous and hollow titles of factitious rank. But with the exception of the untutored inspired peasant, Robert Burns, there exists no evidence that any man but Swift had ever the great moral courage and true originality to carry the theory into practice. He never sought the tables, or affected the company of men to whom the caprice of fortune the accident of birth, or the favour of a court had assigned a sphere superior to his own. If they were bad men or fools, he *acted* upon the conviction that their rank and dignities served only to make their wickednesses and folly conspicuous. If they were men, not only noble in heraldry, but enriched with that nobility which comes from the King of kings, they were of his brotherhood; and as an earnest of the spirit of independence and equality, in which their future intercourse with him was to be conducted, he claimed that the first advances towards acquaintance should come from them. As his genius was acknowledged, his terms were invariably complied with; and the awkward adulation of the pompous Orrery sufficiently proves that even among the proudest of the aristocracy, a familiar acquaintance with the Dean was regarded as an honour.

Two circumstances combined to expose Swift, in no ordinary degree, to the attacks of false witnesses—his own complete and contemptuous carelessness as to the whisperings of gossip—his defiance of libel, and the high and resolute belief that, in spite of all detraction, and of all the petty labours of industrious calumny, true nobleness will assert itself. And again, the fact that throughout the whole of a long life, his conduct and motions were subjected to the malignant scrutiny of faction. Of all the accusations levelled against him, perhaps the most frequently urged was that which charged him with laxness in matters of religion. Yet none was farther from the truth. With the utmost regularity, he every morning read family prayers to his assembled household; and several hours of every day were passed in secret devotion. He employed a small closet adjoining his bed-room as an oratory,

and when his memory had failed so much that he could scarcely trust it even for the suggestion of habitual observances, he was still seen day by day to retire to the same chamber, to offer up the adoration of a resigned and faithful spirit. And frequently he would call Mrs. Whiteway to him, and ask her with much uneasiness, whether he had been in his closet that day, and on being answered in the affirmative, he used to seem much relieved.

Swift had, to a remarkable degree, a temper which identified itself with the community among whom his lot was cast. Their interests, he cared not how minute, were his; and to the utmost of his power were cultivated by his care, and advanced by his abilities; and as he scarcely ever resided for a year at any place, without leaving there the perpetual marks of his active and benevolent mind, so there is hardly to be found in this country one channel into which modern charity has been taught to flow, whose place and direction was not designed at least by Swift. This vivid ardour in the assumption of the cause of those with whom he was placed—the fervent activity of his sagacious mind, and the inborn hatred of oppression, combined with those vague unfathomable feelings which make men even unconsciously love their country, were the elements of which his patriotism was made.

There was a doubt in the mind of Swift as to the place of his burial, whether his dust should lie in Ireland or in England. For a time he had resolved on being buried in the church of Holyhead—it may be, prompted to the selection by the hope that those who crossed the channel to and fro upon the missions of government, might be reminded by the tomb of the Drapier, of the claims of freedom, and of the rights of Ireland. This struggle was not, however, of long duration. He bequeathed his ashes to his country.

Swift knew that oppression was not

always to rule his country, and in sure and prophetic trust that the spirit which he had evoked would never die, he laid his ashes even in the house of bondage; remembering well, that though tyranny and slaves were for a season to possess the land, that apart from the ignoble throng would be found at all times a worthy few to cherish his memory and to honour his principles; and that, after the degradation of his country was overpast, when the day of bondage was closed for ever, and the forty years' long temptation in the wilderness at an end, that then the children of the promise—the warriors who had fought the good fight—would honour, as a dear national possession, the tomb of that heroic mortal whose example had sustained them, and whose behests they had accomplished. And there, in the aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, lies that dust which has created so much of the history of Ireland, and will create more—that dust from which emanated, a century ago, the gigantic words—Independence—Freedom—Nationality!

No Irishman, who ever spent one thought upon the hopes and history of his country, can tread the pavement of that rude old Cathedral, and behold the simple marble which marks the long resting-place of the great patriot, without a feeling of awful grandeur—a feeling (momentary, it may be) of sublime enthusiasm—the consciousness that to his heart Swift is appealing from the grave. Thus it is, that when one who has done much and greatly for his country lies down in the solitude of the tomb, his mission is not ended with his life—for the principles which he has asserted strengthen and expand by time—the thoughts which he has spoken stimulate to noble actions after he is gone—and his example is a guide and his very name an inspiration long after the head that wisely thought and the heart that generously felt are lost in the dust of the grave!

BIRCH'S FAUST.*

ANOTHER translation of the wonder-working Faust? The more the merrier; we welcome them all, and seek to learn something from each. Whatever be the success of the different writers who have sought to introduce the German conjuror into English society, there must be some strange fascination in the song which has unsettled so many sound heads, and set so many crazy limbs capering with delight. It would seem that nobody reads the poem without being seized with a fit of versifying. Was the enchanted fiddle in the hands of Mr. Michael Scott's man,

"Who askit bread, and gat nane."

or the fairy bag-pipe of Rob the Ranter, in Tennant's poem, which set all the hearers dancing, but a type or prophecy of what the German magician was to effect?—

"Lords and ladies jigged it as they could."

"Then did the infectious hopping mania seize

The circles of the crowd that stood more near,
Tilt round and round, far spreading by degrees,
It maddened all the loan to kick and rear;
Men, women, children lilt and romp and squeeze,
Such fascination takes the general ear,
Even babes, that at their mothers' bosoms hung,
Their little willing limbs fantastically flung.

And hoar-haired men and wives, whose marrow
age

Hath from their hollow bones sucked out and
drunk,

Canary in unconscionable rage,

Nor feel their sinews withered now and
shrunk;

Pell-mell in random couples they engage,
And bolsterously wag feet, arms, and trunk,
As if they strove, in capering so brisk,
To heave their aged knees up to the solar disk.

And cripples from beneath their shoulders fling
Their despicable crutches far away,
Then yoked with those of stouter limbs, upspring
In hobbling merriment uncouthly gay,
And some on one leg stand by, gambling;

For why? the other short and frail had they.
Some whose both knees distorted were and weak,
Dance on their poor knee-pans in mad prepos-
térus freak.

So on they trip, king, Maggie, knight, and earl,
Green-coated courtier, satin-smooded dame,
Old men and maidens, man, wife, boy and girl,
The stiff, the supple, bandy-legged and lame,
All sucked and rapt into the dance's whirl,
Inevitably witched within the same,
While Rob, far seen, serenely looking on,
Rejoices in his pipes."*

The activity of the strange dancers, and the quiet of the musician not inaptly represent Goethe's restless translators, and the great poet to whose music they are moving—not always in time. To us, who have read the poem in the original, and who may therefore be said to hear the magic notes, the movements of the gentlemen and ladies, the clowns and serving men, thus jigg-ing it so merrily, seem far from capricious or unmeaning; but fancy for a moment the music unheard, and then look at the dancing—fancy the poor devils who read these queer books, and think they are reading Goethe. We are not able to give Mr. Birch high praise; yet his translation is in general faithful to the meaning of the original, and the volume may be of some slight use to the German student. His language is always bold, often very expressive, and now and then singularly felicitous; but either his ear for verse has been but little exercised, or his pronunciation of English words differs very much from that of other men. We select as a very favourable specimen a few lines from a prologue to the poem, in which a conversation occurs between a stage-manager and the dramatic poet, from whom he would exact some task-work—a proposal which excites the poet's indignation:—

Manager—What ails you? is it rapture or the
cholic?

Poet—Go to, and seek some more obsequious
wight.

What, shall the bard forego his highest right—
The right of man, by nature kindly leant?
Shall he, for whim of thine, from glory's path
depart?

By what enchantment doth he move each heart?
What magic vanquish every element?
Is it harmony that from his bosom flows,

* Faust translated into English Verse. By Jonathan Birch. London: Black and Armstrong. 1840.

† Tennant's Anster-Fair.

And on his heart the world again estows,
When Nature—the ever-lengthening harl of life
(Where all the germs of being, as in strife,
Are mixed, and unharmonious thro' each other
mingle)—

Carelessly turning forces on the spindle—
Who takes the flowing fibre off in equal skeins,
And ranges them idoneously ?
Who consecrates the several parts, till all attains
A form, that strikes the ear harmoniously ?
Who makes the raging winds pourtray the
passions—
The evening red in a solemn sense to glow ?
Who plaits the simple verdant leaf that nods
In chaplets o'er the brow of merit ?
Who props Olympus ? reconciles the gods ?
Man's powers, revealed in the poet.

Mr. Birch, in an advertisement prefixed to the work, states his qualifications for his task :—"I was," he says, "partially acquainted with Goethe's *Faust* so far back as 1804, and became more so during many years' sojourn in Prussia, where, residing among Germans, and mixing in all grades of society, I had ample opportunity of studying and practising the German language, as written and spoken by the peer, the highly learned, the merchant, the mechanic, and the peasant, so as to become well versed in the genius of the language ; since then my practice has been confined to occasionally reading a German author. About three years ago *Faust* again fell in my way ; I gave it much attention, and was rewarded with astounding delight ; for I discovered in it beauties which I had heretofore overlooked, reading it as I then did for its story and dramatic effect. I perused it again and again, and each time with increased pleasure and wonder. I attempted some detached parts in poetry, and found that I succeeded. Then did the first thought arise in my mind of making a complete translation. Not having seen any of the renderings into English, I possessed myself of two, and, after having compared the parts I had done and them, and both with the German, I presumed there was room for another versified translation." He does not mention which of the English translations he examined before proceeding with his own, nor is it of much moment to know. We have looked at most of the translations, and, though we do not agree with Mr. Birch, in thinking his superior to any which we have seen, we yet think his volume in many respects valuable. In his interpretation of some passages he is, however, decidedly wrong.

"O Tod—ich kenn 's—das ist mein *Famulus*,"

is the language of *Faustus*, when his speculations are interrupted by *Wagner*.

"'S death—'tis this pupil-lad of mine,"

is the meaning which every body, native of Germany or stranger, has hitherto given to the words. Mr. Birch, however, has succeeded in persuading himself that *Faustus*, when he heard a knock at the door, thinks that it is "*Tod*" or "*Death*" who knocks, and that *Death* is called a *famulus*, or *familiar* spirit. Mr. Birch has come to this conclusion, although he knows the opinion of every German to be against him, and although the term *famulus* is used in after-scenes of the very poem itself in the meaning which is sufficiently expressed by the word "pupil-lad," implying the relation of college dependant or servant, which our word, *servitor*, expressed pretty much in the same way.

We think Mr. Birch has now and then acted rashly, in seeking to say more than his author has done. "I love," says Goethe, in the person of the stage-manager,

"I love to see the multitude rushing to our booth."

What says the interpreter ?

"Oh, I do love to see the mob
Run crowding to the booth in shoals !
Boys, butchers, students, snip and snob,
Push through the barrier, like young foals."

The words we have marked in italics are an unauthorised addition. "I have taken," says Mr. Birch, "in this instance a trifling liberty with Goethe, in order that my translation might flow ; it amounts, however, only to particularising the mob, and comparing the crowd at the booth-barrier to the rush made by a number of foals to enter a known pasturage, when the field gate is opened. Snip and snob are cant names for tailor and shoemaker." Surely, the addition is far from an improvement.

The volume is very beautifully printed, and illustrated with steel engravings, after Retzsch's outlines. Mr. Birch has advertised a translation of the second part, which we shall be curious to see. To the students of the original—an increasing body—Mr. Birch's work may be, as we have said, of some use.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE JOURNEY.

THE election concluded—the turmoil and excitement of the contest over—all was fast resuming its accustomed routine around us, when one morning my uncle informed me that I was at length to leave my native county, and enter upon the great world, as a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Although long since in expectation of this eventful change, it was with no slight feeling of emotion I contemplated the step, which, removing me at once from all my early friends and associations, was to surround me with new companions and new influences, and place before me very different objects of ambition from those I had hitherto been regarding.

My destiny had long ago been decided; the army had had its share of the family, who brought little more back with them from the wars than a short allowance of members and shattered constitutions; the navy had proved, on more than one occasion, that the fate of the O'Malleys did not incline to hanging; so that, in Irish estimation, but one alternative remained, and that was the bar. Besides, as my uncle remarked, with great truth and foresight, "Charley will be tolerably independent of the public at all events, for, even if they never send him a brief, there's law enough in the family to last *his* time"—a rather novel reason, by the bye, for making a man a lawyer, and which induced Sir Harry, with his usual clearness, to observe to me—"Upon my conscience, boy, you are in luck; if there had been a Bible in the house, I firmly believe he'd have made you a parson."

Considine alone, of all my uncle's advisers, did not concur in this determination respecting me. He set forth, with an eloquence that certainly converted me, that my head was better calculated for bearing hard knocks than unravelling knotty points; that a shako would become it infinitely better than a wig; and declared roundly that a boy who began so well, and had such very pretty notions about shooting, was positively thrown away in the Four Courts. My uncle, however, was firm, and, as old Sir Harry supported him, the day

was decided against us, Considine murmuring, as he left the room, something that did not seem quite a brilliant anticipation of the success awaiting me in my legal career. As for myself, though only a silent spectator of the debate, all my wishes were with the count. From my earliest boyhood a military life had been my strongest desire; the roll of the drum, and the shrill fife that played through the little village, with its ragged troop of recruits following, had charms for me I cannot describe; and, had a choice been allowed me, I would infinitely rather have been a sergeant in the dragoons than one of his Majesty's learned in the law. If, then, such had been the cherished feeling of many a year, how much more strongly were my aspirations heightened by the events of the last few days. The tone of superiority I had witnessed in Hammersley, whose conduct to me at parting had placed him high in my esteem—the quiet contempt of civilians, implied in a thousand sly ways—the exalted estimate of his own profession, at once wounded my pride and stimulated my ambition; and, lastly, more than all, the avowed preference that Lucy Dashwood evinced for a military life, were stronger allies than my own conviction needed to make me long for the army. So completely did the thought possess me, that I felt, if I were not a soldier, I cared not what became of me. Life had no other object of ambition for me than military renown—no other success for which I cared to struggle, or would value when obtained. *Aut Caesar aut nullus*, thought I; and, when my uncle determined I should be a lawyer, I neither murmured nor objected, but hugged myself in the prophecy of Considine, that hinted pretty broadly, "the devil a stupider fellow ever opened a brief; but he'd have made a slashing light dragoon."

The preliminaries were not long in arranging. It was settled that I should be immediately despatched to Dublin, to the care of Dr. Mooney, then a junior fellow in the University, who would take me into his especial charge; while Sir Harry was to furnish me with a letter to his old friend Dr. Barret, whose

advice and assistance he estimated at a very high price. Provided with such documents, I was informed that the gates of knowledge were more than half a-jar for me, without an effort upon my part. One only portion of all the arrangements I heard with any thing like pleasure : it was decided that my man Mickey was to accompany me to Dublin, and remain with me during my stay.

It was upon a clear, sharp morning in January, of the year 18—, that I took my place upon the box-seat of the old Galway mail, and set out on my journey. My heart was depressed, and my spirits were miserably low. I had all that feeling of sadness which leave-taking inspires, and no sustaining prospect to cheer me in the distance. For the first time in my life I had seen a tear glisten in my poor uncle's eye, and heard his voice falter as he said "farewell !" Notwithstanding the difference of age, we had been perfectly companions together ; and, as I thought now over all the thousand kindnesses and affectionate instances of his love I had received, my heart gave way, and the tears coursed slowly down my cheeks. I turned to give one last look at the tall chimneys and the old woods—my earliest friends—but a turn of the road had shut out the prospect, and thus I took my leave of Galway.

My friend Mickey, who sat behind with the guard, participated but little in my feelings of regret. The potatoes in the metropolis could scarcely be as wet as the lumpers in Scariff ; he had heard that whiskey was not dearer, and looked forward to the other delights of the capital with a longing heart. Meanwhile, resolved that no portion of his time should be lost, he was lightening the road by anecdote and song, and had an audience of four people, a very crusty-looking old guard included, in roars of laughter. Mike had contrived, with his usual *savoir faire*, to make himself very agreeable to an extremely pretty-looking country girl, around whose waist he had most lovingly passed his arm, under pretence of keeping her from falling, and to whom, in the midst of all his attentions to the party at large, he devoted himself considerably, pressing his suit with all the aid of his native minstrelsy.

"Hould me tight, Miss Matilda, dear."

"My name's Mary Brady, av ye please."

"Ay, and I do please—"

'Oh, Mary Brady, you are my darlin',
You are my looking-glass, from night till
morning ;
I'd rayther have ye without one farthen,
Nor Shusy Gallagher and her house and garden.'

"May I never av I wouldn't then,
and ye needn't be laughing."

"Is his honor at home ?"

This speech was addressed to a gaping country fellow, that leaned on his spade to see the coach pass.

"Is his honor at home ? I've something for him from Mr. Davern."

Mickey well knew that few western gentlemen were without constant intercourse with the Athlone attorney. The poor countryman accordingly hastened through the fence, and pursued the coach with all speed for above a mile, Mike pretending all the time to be in the greatest anxiety for his overtaking them ; until at last, as he stopped in despair, a hearty roar of laughter told him that, in Mickey's *parlance*, he was "sould."

"Taste it, my dear ; devil a harm it 'll do ye ; it never paid the king sixpence."

Here he filled a little horn vessel from a black bottle he carried, accompanying the action with a song, the air to which, if any of my readers feel disposed to sing it, I may observe, bore a resemblance to the well-known, "a fig for St. Denis of France."

"POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE DEAR."

"Av I was a monarch in state,
Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,
With the best of fine victuals to eat,
And drink like great Nebuchadnessar,
A rasher of bacon I'd have,
And potatoes the finest was seen, sir ;
And for driak, it's no claret I'd crave,
But a keg of ould Mullen's potteen, sir,
With the smell of the smoke on it still."

"They talk of the Romans of ould,
Whom they say in their own times was
frisky ;
But, trust me, to keep out the cowl,
The Romans at home here like whiskey.
Sure it warms both the head and the heart,
It's the soul of all readin' and writin' ;
It teaches both science and art,
And disposes for love or for fightin'.
Oh, potteen, good luck to ye dear."

This very classic production, and the black bottle which accompanied it,

completely established the singer's pre-eminence in the company ; and I heard sundry sounds resembling drinking, with frequent good wishes to the provider of the feast. " Long life to ye, Mr. Free," " Your health, and inclinations, Mr. Free," &c. ; to which Mr. Free responded, by drinking those of the company, " as they were vartuous." The amicable relations thus happily established promised a very lasting reign, and would, doubtless, have enjoyed such, had not a slight incident occurred, which for a brief season interrupted them. At the village where we stopped to breakfast, three very venerable figures presented themselves for places in the inside of the coach ; they were habited in black coats, breeches, and gaiters, wore hats of a very ecclesiastical breadth in their brim, and had altogether the peculiar air and bearing which distinguishes their calling, being no less than three Roman Catholic prelates on their way to Dublin, to attend a convocation. While Mickey and his friends, with the ready tact which every low Irishman possesses, immediately perceived who and what these worshipful individuals were, another traveller, who had just assumed his place on the outside, participated but little in the feelings of reverence so manifestly displayed, but gave a sneer of a very ominous kind as the skirt of the last black coat disappeared within the coach. This latter individual was a short, thick-set, bandy-legged man, of about fifty, with an enormous nose, which, whatever its habitual colouring, on the morning in question was of a brilliant purple. He wore a blue coat, with bright buttons, upon which some letters were inscribed, and around his neck was fastened a ribbon of the same colour, to which a medal was attached. This he displayed with something of ostentation, whenever an opportunity occurred, and seemed altogether a person who possessed a most satisfactory impression of his own importance. In fact, had not this feeling been participated in by others, Mr. Billy Crow would never have been deputed by No. 13,476 to carry their warrant down to the west country, and establish the nucleus of an Orange Lodge in the town of Foxleigh ; such being, in brief, the reason why he, a very well-known manufacturer of " leather continuations " in Dublin, had ventured upon the perilous

journey from which he was now returning. Billy was going on his way to town rejoicing, for he had had a most brilliant success ; the brethren had feasted and feted him ; he had made several splendid orations, with the usual number of prophecies about the speedy downfall of Romanism ; the inevitable return of Protestant ascendancy ; the pleasing prospect that, with increased effort and improved organization, they should soon be able to have every thing their own way, and clear the green isle of the horrible vermin St. Patrick forgot when banishing the others ; and that, if Daniel O'Connell (whom might the Lord confound), could only be hanged, and Sir Harcourt Lees made primate of all Ireland, there were still some hopes of peace and prosperity to the country.

Mr. Crow had no sooner assumed his place upon the coach than he saw that he was in the camp of the enemy. Happily for all parties, indeed, in Ireland, political differences have so completely stamped the externals of each party, that he must be a man of small penetration, who cannot, in the first five minutes he is thrown among strangers, calculate with considerable certainty, whether it will be more conducive to his happiness to sing, " Croppies lie down," or " the battle of Ross." As for Billy Crow, long life to him, you might as well attempt to pass a turkey upon M. Audobon for a giraffe, as endeavour to impose a papist upon him for a true follower of King William. He could have given you more generic distinctions to guide you in the decision than ever did Cuvier to designate an antediluvian mammoth ; so that no sooner had he seated himself upon the coach, than he buttoned up his great coat, stuck his hands firmly in his side pockets, pursed up his lips, and looked altogether like a man that, feeling himself out of his element, resolves to " bide his time " in patience, until chance may throw him among more congenial associates. Mickey Free, who was himself no mean proficient in reading a character, at one glance saw his man, and began hammering his brains to see if he could not overreach him. The small portmanteau which contained Billy's wardrobe bore the conspicuous announcement of his name ; and, as Mickey could read, this was one important step already gained.

He accordingly took the first opportunity of seating himself beside him, and opened the conversation by some very polite observation upon the other's wearing apparel, which is always, in the west, considered a piece of very courteous attention. By degrees the dialogue prospered, and Mickey began to make some very important revelations about himself and his master, intimating that the "state of the country" was such that a man of his way of thinking had no peace or quiet in it.

"That's him there, fornent ye," said Mickey, "and a better Protestant never hated mass. Ye understand."

"What!" said Billy, unbuttoning the collar of his coat, to get a fairer view at his companion; "why, I thought you were—"

Here he made some resemblance of the usual manner of blessing oneself.

"Me! devil a more nor yourself, Mr. Crow."

"Why, do you know me too?"

"Troth, more knows you than you think."

Billy looked very much puzzled at all this; at last he said—

"And ye tell me that your master there's the right sort?"

"Thru' blue," said Mike, with a wink, "and so is his ucles."

"And where are they when they are at home?"

"In Galway, no less; but they're here now."

"Where?"

"Here."

At these words he gave a knock of his heel to the coach, as if to intimate his "whereabouts."

"You don't mean in the coach—do ye?"

"To be sure I do; and troth you can't know much of the west, av ye don't know the three Mr. Trenches of Tallybush! them's they."

"You don't say so?"

"Faix, but I do."

"May I never drink the 12th July, if I didn't think they were priests."

"Priests!" said Mickey, in a roar of laughter, "priests!"

"Just priests."

"Begorra, though, ye had better keep that to yourself; for they're not the men to have that same said to them."

"Of course, I wouldn't offend them," said Mr. Crow; "faith, it's not me would cast reflections upon such real

out-and-outers as they are. And where are they going now?"

"To Dublin straight; there's to be a grand lodge next week; but shure Mr. Crow knows better than me."

Billy after this became silent. A moody reverie seemed to steal over him, and he was evidently displeased with himself for his want of tact in not discovering the three Mr. Trenches of Tallybush, though he only caught sight of their backs.

Mickey Free interrupted not the frame of mind in which he saw conviction was slowly working its way, but, by gently humming in an under tone, the loyal melody of "croppies lie down," fanned the flame he had so dexterously kindled. At length they reached the small town of Kinnegad. While the coach changed horses, Mr. Crow lost not a moment in descending from the top, and, rushing into the little inn, disappeared for a few moments. When he again issued forth, he carried a smoking tumbler of whiskey punch, which he continued to stir with a spoon. As he approached the coach door he tapped gently with his knuckles, upon which the reverend prelate of Maronia, or Mesopotamia, I forget which, inquired what he wanted.

"I ask your pardon, gentlemen," said Billy, "but I thought I'd make bold to ask you to take something warm, this cold day."

"Many thanks, my good friend; but we never do;" said a bland voice from within.

"I understand," said Billy, with a sly wink; "but there are circumstances now and then—and one might for the honor of the cause, you know. Just put it to your lips, won't you?"

"Excuse me," said a very rosy-cheeked little prelate; "but nothing stronger than water."

"Botheration," thought Billy, as he regarded the speaker's nose. "But I thought," said he aloud, "that you would not refuse this."

Here he made a peculiar manifestation in the air, which, whatever respect and reverence it might carry to the honest brethren of 13,476, seemed only to increase the wonder and astonishment of the bishops.

"What does he mean?" said one.

"Is he mad?" said another.

"Tear and ages," said Mr. Crow, getting quite impatient at the slowness

of his friends' perception, "tear and ages, I'm one of yourselves."

"One of us," said the three in chorus, "one of us?"

"Ay, to be sure," here he took a long pull at the punch; "to be sure I am; here's 'no surrender,' your souls! whoop!"—a loud yell accompanying the toast as he drank it.

"Do you mean to insult us?" said Father P——. "Guard, take this fellow."

"Are we to be outraged in this manner?" chorused the priests.

"July the First, in Oldbridge town," sung Billy, "and here it is, 'the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, of the great, and good—"

"Guard! where is the guard?"

"And good King William, that saved us from popery!"

"Coachman! guard!" screamed Father——.

"Brass money!"

"Policeman! policeman!" shouted the priests.

"Brass money, and wooden shoes; devil may care who hears me," said Billy, who, supposing that the three Mr. Trenches were skulking the avowal of their principles, resolved to assert the pre-eminence of the great cause, single-handed and alone.

"Here's the Pope in the pillory, and the devil pelting him with priests."

At these words a kick from behind apprised the loyal champion that a very ragged auditory, who, for some time

past, had not well understood the gist of his eloquence, had at length comprehended enough to be angry. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, certainly, in an Irish row. "The merest urchin may light the train; one handful of mud often ignites a shindy that ends in a most bloody battle;" and here, no sooner did the *vis a tergo* impel Billy forward, than a severe rap of a closed fist in the eye, drove him back, and in one instant he became the centre to a periphery of kicks, cuffs, pullings, and haulings, that left the poor deputy grand not only orange, but blue.

He fought manfully, but numbers carried the day; and, when the coach drove off, which it did at last without him, the last thing visible to the out-sides was the figure of Mr. Crow, whose hat, minus the crown, had been driven over his head, down upon his neck, where it remained like a dress cravat, buffeting a mob of ragged vagabonds, who had so completely metamorphosed the unfortunate man, with mud and bruises, that a committee of the grand lodge might actually have been unable to identify him.

As for Mickey and his friends behind, their mirth knew no bounds; and, except the respectable insides, there was not an individual about the coach who ceased to think of, and laugh at the incident, till we arrived in Dublin, and drew up at the Hibernian, in Dawson-street.

CHAPTER XIV.—DUBLIN.

No sooner had I arrived in Dublin, than my first care was to present myself to Dr. Mooney, by whom I was received in the most cordial manner. In fact, in my utter ignorance of such persons, I had imagined a College-Fellow to be a character necessarily severe and unyielding; and, as the only two very great people I had ever seen in my life, were the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Chief Baron, when on circuit, I pictured to myself that an University Fellow was, in all probability, a cross between the two, and feared him accordingly.

The Doctor read over my uncle's letter attentively, invited me to partake of his breakfast, and then entered upon something like an account of the life before me, for which Sir Harry Boyle

had, however, in some degree prepared me.

"Your uncle, I find, wishes you to live in college; perhaps, it is better, too; so that I must look out for chambers for you. Let me see: it will be rather difficult, just now, to find them." Here he fell for some moments into a musing fit, and merely muttered a few broken sentences, as, "To be sure, if other chambers could be had—but then—and, after all, perhaps, as he is young—besides, Frank will certainly be expelled before long, and then he will have them all to himself. I say, O'Malley, I believe I must quarter you for the present with a rather wild companion; but, as your uncle says you're a prudent fellow"—here he smiled very much, as if my uncle had

not said any such thing—"why, you must only take the better care of yourself, until we can make some better arrangement. My pupil, Frank Webber, is at this moment in want of a 'chum,' as the phrase is; his last three having only been domesticated with him for as many weeks, so that, until we find you a more quiet resting-place, you may take up your abode with him."

During breakfast, the doctor proceeded to inform me that my destined companion was a young man of excellent family and good fortune, who, with very considerable talents and acquirements, preferred a life of rackets and careless dissipation, to prospects of great success in public life, which his connexion and family might have secured for him; that he had been originally entered at Oxford, which he was obliged to leave; then tried Cambridge, from which he escaped expulsion by being rusticated, that is, having incurred a sentence of temporary banishment, and lastly, was endeavouring, with what he himself believed to be a total reformation, to stumble on to a degree in the "silent sister."

"This is his third year," said the Doctor, "and he is only a freshman, having lost every examination, with abilities enough to sweep the University of its prizes. But, come over, and I'll present you to him."

I followed him down stairs, across the court, to an angle of the old square, where, up the first floor, left, to use the college direction, stood the name of Mr. Webber, a large No. 2 being conspicuously painted in the middle of the door, and not over it, as is usually the custom. As we reached the spot, the observations of my companion were lost to me, in the tremendous noise and uproar that resounded from within. It seemed as if a number of people were fighting, pretty much as a banditti in a melo-drama do, with considerably more of confusion than is requisite; a fiddle and a French horn also lent their assistance to shouts and cries, which, to say the least, were not exactly the aids to study I expected in such a place.

Three times was the bell pulled, with a vigour that threatened its downfall, when, at last, as the jingle of it rose above all other noises, suddenly all became hushed and still; a momentary pause succeeded, and the door was opened by a very respectable-looking servant, who, recognising the Doctor,

at once introduced us into the apartment where Mr. Webber was sitting.

In a large and very handsomely furnished room, where Brussels carpeting and softly cushioned sofas, contrasted strangely with the meagre and comfortless chambers of the Doctor, sat a young man at a small breakfast-table, beside the fire. He was attired in a silk dressing gown and black velvet slippers, and supported his forehead upon a hand of most lady-like whiteness, whose fingers were absolutely covered with rings of great beauty and price. His long silky brown hair fell in rich profusion upon the back of his neck, and over his arm, and the whole air and attitude was one which a painter might have copied. So intent was he upon the volume before him, that he never raised his head at our approach, but continued to read aloud, totally unaware of our presence.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," said the servant.

"*Ton dapaney boninos, prosephe, crione Agamemnon*," repeated the student, in an ecstasy, and not paying the slightest attention to the announcement.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," repeated the servant in a louder tone, while the Doctor looked around on every side for an explanation of the late uproar, with a face of the most puzzled astonishment.

"*Be daktown para thina dolekoskion enkos*," said Mr. Webber, finishing a cup of coffee at a draught.

"Well, Webber, hard at work, I see," said the Doctor.

"Ah, Doctor, I beg pardon. Have you been long here?" said the most soft and insinuating voice, while the speaker passed his taper fingers across his brow, as if to dissipate the traces of deep thought and study.

While the doctor presented to me my future companion, I could perceive in the restless and searching look he threw around, that the fracas he had so lately heard was still an unexplained *verata questio* in his mind.

"May I offer you a cup of coffee, Mr. O'Malley?" said the youth with an air of almost timid bashfulness. "The Doctor, I know breakfasts at a very early hour."

"I say, Webber," said the Doctor who could no longer restrain his curiosity. "What an awful row I heard here as I came up to the door. I thought Bedlam was broke loose. What could it have been?"

"Ah, you heard it, too, sir," said Mr. Webber, smiling most benignly.

"Hear it; to be sure I did. O'Malley and I could not hear ourselves talking with the uproar."

"Yes, indeed, it is very provoking; but, then, what's to be done? One can't complain, under the circumstances."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Mooney, anxiously.

"Nothing, sir; nothing. I'd much rather you'd not ask me; for, after all, I'll change my chambers."

"But why? Explain this at once. I insist upon it."

"Can I depend upon the discretion of your young friend?" said Mr. Webber, gravely.

"Perfectly," said the Doctor, now wound up to the greatest anxiety to learn the secret.

"And you'll promise not to mention the thing, except among your friends."

"I do," said the Doctor.

"Well then," said he, in a low and confident whisper, "it's the Dean."

"The Dean!" said Mooney with a start. "The Dean! Why, how can it be the Dean?"

"Too true," said Mr. Webber, making a sign of drinking; "too true, Doctor. And then, the moment he is so, he begins smashing the furniture. Never was any thing heard like it. As for me, as I am now becoming a reading man, I must go elsewhere."

Now, it so chanced that the worthy Dean, albeit, a man of most abstemious habits, possessed a nose which in colour and development, was a most unfortunate witness to call to character, and as Mooney heard Webber narrate circumstantially the frightful excesses of the great functionary, I saw that something like conviction was stealing over him.

"You'll, of course, never speak of this, except to your most intimate friends," said Webber.

"Of course, not," said the Doctor, as he shook his hand warmly, and prepared to leave the room. "O'Malley, I leave you here," said he; "Webber and you can talk over your arrangements."

Webber followed the Doctor to the door, whispered something in his ear, to which the other replied, "Very well, I will write; but if your father sends the money, I must insist—" the rest was lost in protestations and professions of the most fervent kind, amid which

the door was shut, and Mr. Webber returned to the room.

Short as was the interspace from the door without to the room within, it was still ample enough to effect a very thorough and remarkable change in the whole external appearance of Mr. Frank Webber; for, scarcely had the oaken pannel shut out the Doctor, when he appeared no longer the shy, timid, and silvery-toned gentleman of five minutes before; but dashing boldly forward, he seized a key-bugle that lay hid beneath a sofa-cushion, and blew a tremendous blast.

"Come forth, ye demons of the lower world," said he, drawing a cloth from a large table, and discovering the figures of three young men, coiled up beneath. "Come forth, and fear not, most timorous freshmen, that ye are," said he, unlocking a pantry, and liberating two others. "Gentlemen, let me introduce to your acquaintance, Mr. O'Malley. My chum, gentlemen. Mr. O'Malley, this is Harry Nesbit, who has been in college since the days of old Perpendicular, and numbers more cautions than any man who ever had his name on the books. Here is my particular friend, Cecil Cavendish, the only man who could ever devil kidneys. Captain Power, Mr. O'Malley; a dashing dragoon, as you see; aid-de-camp to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and love-maker general to Merriam-square, West.

"These," said he, pointing to the late denizens of the pantry, "are Jibs, whose names are neither known to the proctor nor the police office; but, with due regard to their education and morals, we don't despair."

"By no means," said Power; "but come, let us resume our game." At these words he took a folio atlas of maps from a small table, and displayed beneath, a pack of cards, dealt as if for whist. The two gentlemen to whom I was introduced by name, returned to their places; the unknown two put on their boxing gloves, and all resumed the hilarity which Dr. Mooney's advent had so suddenly interrupted.

"Where's Moore?" said Webber, as he once more seated himself at his breakfast.

"Making a spatch-cock, sir," said the servant. At the same instant a little dapper, jovial looking personage appeared with the dish in question. "Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Moore, the gentleman

who by repeated remonstrances to the board, has succeeded in getting eatable food for the inhabitants of this penitentiary, and has the honoured reputation of reforming the commons of college."

"Any thing to Godfrey O'Malley, may I ask, sir?" said Moore.

"His nephew," I replied.

"Which of you winged the gentleman the other day for not passing the decanter, or something of that sort?"

"If you mean the affair with Mr. Bodkin, it was I."

"Glorious that, begad I thought you were one of us. I say, Power, it was he pinked Bodkin."

"Ah, indeed," said Power, not turning his head from his game, "a pretty shot I heard—two by honours—and hit him fairly—the odd trick. Hammersly mentioned the thing to me."

"Oh, is he in town?" said I.

"No, he sailed for Portsmouth yesterday; he is to join the 11th—game—I say, Webber, you've lost the rubber." "Double or quit, and a dinner at Dunleary," said Webber; "we must show O'Malley—confound the Mister—something of the place."

"Agreed."

The whist was resumed; the boxers, now refreshed by a leg of the spatchcock, returned to their gloves. Mr. Moore took up his violin, Mr. Webber his French horn, and I was left the only unemployed man in the company.

"I say, Power, you'd better bring the drag over here for us; we can all go down together."

"I must inform you," said Cavendish, "that, thanks to your philanthropic efforts of last night, the passage from Grafton-street to Stephen's-Green is impracticable." A tremendous roar of laughter followed this announcement; and, though at the time the cause was unknown to me, I may as well mention it here, as I subsequently learned it from my companions.

Among the many peculiar tastes which distinguished Mr. Francis Webber, was an extraordinary fancy for street-begging; he had, over and over, won large sums upon his success in that difficult walk; and so perfect were his disguises, both of dress, voice, and manner, that he actually at one time, succeeded in obtaining charity from his very opponent in the wager. He wrote ballads with the greatest facility, and sang them with infinite pathos and

humour; and the old woman at the corner of College-green was certain of an audience when the severity of the night would leave all other minstrelsy deserted. As these feats of *jonglerie* usually terminated in a row, it was a most amusing part of the transaction to see the singer's part taken by the mob against the college men, who, growing impatient to carry him off to supper somewhere, would invariably be obliged to have a fight for the booty.

Now it chanced that a few evenings before, Mr. Webber was returning with a pocket well lined with copper, from a musical *réunion* he had held at the corner of York-street, when the idea struck him to stop at the end of Grafton-street, where a huge stone grating at that time exhibited, perhaps it exhibits still, the descent to one of the great main sewers of the city.

The light was shining brightly from a pastry-cook's shop, and showed the large bars of stone, between which the muddy water was rushing rapidly down, and plashing in the torrent that ran boisterously several feet beneath.

To stop in the street of any crowded city is, under any circumstances, an invitation to others to do likewise, which is rarely unaccepted; but, when in addition to this, you stand fixedly in one spot, and regard with stern intensity any object near you, the chances are ten to one that you have several companions in your curiosity before a minute expires.

Now, Webber, who had at first stood still, without any peculiar thought in view, no sooner perceived that he was joined by others, than the idea of making something out of it immediately occurred to him.

"What is it, agra?" inquired an old woman, very much in his own style of dress, pulling at the hood of his cloak.

"And can't you see for yourself, darlin'?" replied he sharply, as he knelt down, and looked most intently at the sewer.

"Are ye long there, avick?" inquired he of an imaginary individual below, and then waiting as if for a reply, said, "Two hours!" "Blessed virgin! he's two hours in the drain!"

By this time the crowd had reached entirely across the street, and the crushing and squeezing to get near the important spot, was awful.

"Where did he come from? who is he? how did he get there?" were the

questions on every side, and various surmises were afloat, till Webber, rising from his knees, said, in a mysterious whisper to those nearest him, "He's made his escape to-night out o' Newgate by the big drain, and lost his way; he was looking for the Liffey, and took the wrong turn."

To an Irish mob, what appeal could equal this? a culprit, at any time, has his claim upon their sympathy; but let him be caught in the very act of cheating the authorities and evading the law, and his popularity knows no bounds. Webber knew this well, and, as the mob thickened around him, sustained an imaginary conversation that Savage Landor might have envied, imparting now and then such hints concerning the runaway as raised their interest to the highest pitch, and fifty different versions were related on all sides—of the crime he was guilty—the sentence passed on him—and the day he was to suffer.

"Do ye see the light, dear," said Webber, as some ingeniously benevolent individual had lowered down a candle with a string; "do ye see the light; oh! he's fainted, the creature." A cry of horror from the crowd burst forth at these words, followed by an universal shout of "break open the street."

Pick-axes, shovels, spades, and crow-bars, seemed absolutely the walking accompaniments of the crowd, so suddenly did they appear upon the field of action, and the work of exhu-

mation was begun with a vigour that speedily covered nearly half of the street with mud and paving stones; parties relieved each other at the task, and, ere half an hour, a hole, capable of containing a mail coach was yawning in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Dublin. Meanwhile, as no appearance of the culprit could be had, dreadful conjectures as to his fate began to gain ground. By this time the authorities had received intimation of what was going forward, and attempted to disperse the crowd; but Webber, who still continued to conduct the prosecution, called on them to resist the police, and save the poor creature: and now began a most terrific fray, the stones forming a ready weapon, were hurled at the unprepared constables, who, on their side, fought manfully, but against superior numbers; so that, at last, it was only by the aid of a military force the mob could be dispersed, and a riot, which had assumed a very serious character, got under. Meanwhile, Webber had reached his chambers and changed his costume, and was relating over a supper-table the narrative of his philanthropy to a very admiring circle of his friends.

Such was my chum, Frank Webber, and, as this was the first anecdote I had heard of him, I relate it here, that my readers may be in possession of the grounds upon which my opinion of that celebrated character was founded, while yet our acquaintance was in its infancy.

CHAPTER XV.—CAPTAIN POWER.

WITHIN a few weeks after my arrival in town, I had become a matriculated student of the university, and the possessor of chambers within its walls, in conjunction with the sage and prudent gentleman I have introduced to my readers in the last chapter. Had my intentions on entering college been of the most studious and regular kind, the companion into whose society I was then immediately thrown, would have quickly dissipated them. He voted morning chapels a bore, Greek lectures a humbug, examinations a farce, and pronounced the statute book, with its attendant train of fines and punishment, an "unclean thing." With all my country habits and predilections fresh

upon me, that I was an easily won disciple to his code need not be wondered at; and indeed, ere many days had passed over, my thorough indifference to all college rules and regulations had given me a high place in the esteem of Webber and his friends. As for myself, I was most agreeably surprised to find that what I had looked forward to as a very melancholy banishment, was likely to prove a most agreeable sojourn. Under Webber's directions, there was no hour of the day that hung heavily upon our hands: we rose about eleven, and breakfasted; after which succeeded fencing, sparring, billiards, or tennis in the park; about three got on horseback, and either cantered in the Phœ-

nix or about the squares till visiting time ; after which made our calls, and then dressed for dinner, which we never thought of taking at commons, but had it from Morrison's—we both being reported sick in the Dean's list, and thereby exempt from the meagre fare of the Fellows' table. In the evening our occupations became still more pressing ; there were balls, suppers, whist parties, rows at the theatre, shindies in the street, devilled drumsticks at Hayes's, select oyster parties at the Carlingford ; in fact, every known method of remaining up all night, and appearing both pale and penitent the following morning.

Webber had a large acquaintance in Dublin, and soon made me known to them all ; among others, the officers of the —th Light Dragoons, in which regiment Power was a Captain, were his particular friends, and we had frequent invitations to dine at their mess. There it was first that military life presented itself to me, in its most attractive possible form, and heightened the passion I had already so strongly conceived for the army. Power, above all others, took my fancy : he was a gay, dashing-looking, handsome fellow, of about eight-and-twenty, who had already seen some service, having joined while his regiment was in Portugal ; was in heart and soul a soldier ; and had that species of pride and enthusiasm in all that regarded a military career that form no small part of the charm in the character of a young officer.

I sat near him the second day we dined at the mess, and was much pleased at many slight attentions in his manner towards me. "I called on you to-day, Mr. O'Malley," said he, "in company with a friend, who is most anxious to see you."

"Indeed," said I, "I did not hear of it."

"We left no cards either of us, as we were determined to make you out on another day ; my companion has most urgent reasons for seeing you ;—I see you are puzzled," said he ; "and, although I promised to keep his secret, I must blab : it was Sir George Dashwood was with me ; he told us of your romantic adventure in the west, and, faith, there is no doubt you saved the lady's life."

"Was she worth the trouble of it ?" said the old Major, whose conjugal experiences imparted a very crusty tone to the question.

"I think," said I, "I need only tell her name to convince you of it."

"Here's a bumper to her," said Power, filling his glass ; "and every true man will follow my example."

When the hip, hiping, which followed the toast was over, I found myself enjoying no small share of the attention of the party as the deliverer of Lucy Dashwood.

"Sir George is cudgelling his brain to show his gratitude to you," said Power.

"What a pity, for the sake of his peace of mind, that you're not in the army," said another ; "it's so easy to show a man a delicate regard by a quick promotion."

"A devil of a pity for his own sake too," said Power, again : they're going to make a lawyer of as strapping a fellow as ever carried a saber-tasch."

"A lawyer !" cried out half a dozen together, pretty much with the same tone and emphasis, as though he had said a two-penny postman, "the devil they are."

"Cut the service at once : you'll get no promotion in it," said the Colonel, "a fellow with a black eye like you, would look much better at the head of a squadron than of a string of witnesses. Trust me, you'd shine more in conducting a piquet, than a prosecution."

"But if I can't ?" said I.

"Then take my plan," said Power, "and make it cut *you*—"

"Yours," said two or three in a breath ; "yours ?"

"Ay, mine ; did you never know that I was bred to the bar. Come, come, if it was only for O'Malley's use and benefit—as we say in the parchments—I must tell you the story."

The claret was pushed briskly round, chairs drawn up to fill any vacant spaces, and Power began his story.

"As I am not over long-winded, don't be scared at my beginning my history somewhat far back. I began life, that most unlucky of all earthly contrivances for supplying casualties in case any thing may befall the heir of the house—a species of domestic jurymast, only lugged out in a gale of wind—a younger son. My brother Tom, a thick-skulled, pudding-headed dog, that had no taste for any thing, save his dinner, took it into his wise head one morning, that he would go into the army, and, although I had been originally destined for a soldier, no sooner

was his choice made, than all regard for my taste and inclinations was forgotten; and, as the family interest was only enough for one, it was decided that I should be put in what is called a 'learned profession,' and let push my fortune. 'Take your choice, Dick,' said my father, with a most benign smile; 'take your choice, boy: will you be a lawyer, a parson, or a doctor?'

"Had he said, 'Will you be put in the stocks, the pillory, or publicly whipped,' I could not have looked more blank than at the question.

"As a decent Protestant, he should have grudged me to the church, as a philanthropist, he might have scrupled at making me a physician; but, as he had lost deeply by law-suits, there looked something very like a lurking malice in sending me to the bar. Now so far I concurred with him, for having no gift for enduring either sermons or senna, I thought I'd make a bad administrator of either, and as I was ever regarded in the family as rather of a shrewd and quick turn, with a very natural taste for roguery, I began to think he was right, and that nature intended me for the circuit.

"From the hour my vocation was pronounced, it had been happy for the family that they could have got rid of me. A certain ambition to rise in my profession laid hold on me, and I meditated all day and night how I was to get on. Every trick, every subtle invention to cheat the enemy that I could read of, I treasured up carefully, being fully impressed with the notion, that roguery meant law, and equity was only another name for odd and even.

"My days were spent haranguing special juries of housemaids and laundresses, cross-examining the cook, charging the under butler, and passing sentence of death upon the pantry boy, who, I may add, was invariably hanged when the court rose.

"If the mutton were overdone, or the turkey burned, I drew up an indictment against old Margaret, and against the kitchen maid as an accomplice; and the family hungered while I harangued; and, in fact, into such disrepute did I bring the legal profession, by the score of annoyance of which I made it the vehicle, that my father got a kind of holy horror of law courts, judges, and crown solicitors, and absented himself from the assizes the

same year, for which, being a high sheriff, he paid a penalty of £500.

"The next day I was sent off in disgrace to Dublin to begin my career in college, and eat the usual quartos and folios of beef and mutton which qualify a man for the woollack.

"Years rolled over, in which, after an ineffectual effort to get through college, the only examination I ever got, being a jubilee for the king's birthday, I was at length called to the Irish bar, and saluted by my friends as Counsellor Power. The whole thing was so like a joke to me, that it kept me in laughter for three terms, and in fact it was the best thing could happen me, for I had nothing else to do. The hall of the Four Courts was a very pleasant lounge, plenty of agreeable fellows that never earned sixpence, or were likely to do so. Then the circuits were so many country excursions, that supplied fun of one kind or other, but no profit. As for me I was what is called a good junior: I knew how to look after the waiters, to inspect the decanting of the wine, and the airing of the claret, and was always attentive to the father of the circuit, the crosscut old villain that ever was a king's counsel. These eminent qualities, and my being able to sing a song in honour of our own bar, were recommendations enough to make a favourite, and I was one.

"Now the reputation I obtained was pleasant enough at first, but somehow I wondered that I never got a brief. Begad, if it rained civil bills or declarations, devil a one would fall upon my head, and it seemed as if the only object I had in life was to accompany the circuit, a kind of deputy assistant commissary general never expected to come into action. To be sure, I was not alone in misfortune: there were several promising youths who cut great figures in Trinity, in the same predicament, the only difference being, that they attributed to jealousy, what I suspected was forgetfulness, for I don't think a single attorney in Dublin knew one of us.

"Two years passed over, and then I walked the hall with a bag filled with newspapers, to look like briefs, and was regularly called by two or three criers from one court to another. It never took: even when I used to seduce a country friend to visit the courts, and get him into an animated conversation, in a corner between two pillars, devil

a one would believe him to be a client, and I was fairly nonplused.

"How is a man ever to distinguish himself in such a walk as this?" was my eternal question to myself every morning as I put on my wig. 'My face is as well known here as Lord Manners': every one says, 'How are you Dick,' 'How goes it Power;' but except Holmes, that said one morning as he passed me, 'Eh, always busy,' no one alludes to the possibility of my having any thing to do.

"If I could only get a footing, thought I, Lord how I'd astonish them, as the song says,—

'Perhaps a recruit
Might chance to shoot,
Great General Buonaparte.'

So, said I to myself, I'll make these halls ring for it some day or other, if the occasion ever present itself. But, faith, it seemed as if some cunning solicitor overheard me, and told his associates, for they avoided me like leprosy. The home circuit I had adopted for some time past, for the very palpable reason that, being near town, it was least expensive, and it had all the advantages of any other for me, in getting me nothing to do. Well, one morning we were in Philipstown; I was lying awake in bed, thinking how long it would be before I'd sum up resolution to cut the bar, where certainly my prospects were not the most cheering, when some one tapped gently at my door.

"Come in," said I.

"The waiter opened gently, and held out his hand with a large roll of paper tied round with a piece of red tape.

"'Counsellor,' says he, 'hansel.'

"'What do you mean,' said I, jumping out of the bed, 'what is it, you villain?'

"'A brief.'

"'A brief; so I see, but it's for Counsellor Kinshella, below stairs.' That was the first name written on it.

"'Bethershin,' said he, 'Mr. M'Grath bid me give it to you carefully.'

"By this time I had opened the envelope, and read my own name at full length, as junior counsel in the important case of *Mouaghan v. M'Shean*, to be tried in the record court, at Ballinasloe. 'That will do,' said I, flinging it on the bed with a careless air, as if it were an every day matter with me.

"'But Counsellor, darlin, give us a

thrifle to dhrink your health, with your first cause, and the Lord send you plenty of them.'

"'My first,' said I, with a smile of most ineffable compassion at his simplicity; 'I'm worn out with them; do you know, Peter, I was thinking seriously of leaving the bar when you came into the room. Upon my conscience, it's in earnest I am.'

"Peter believed me, I think, for I saw him give a very peculiar look as he pocketed his half-crown and left the room.

"The door was scarcely closed when I gave way to the free transport of my ecstasy; there it lay at last, the long-looked-for, long-wished-for object of all my happiness, and, though I well knew that a junior counsel has about as much to do in the conducting of a case as a rusty handspike has in a naval engagement, yet I suffered not such thoughts to mar the current of my happiness. There was my name in conjunction with the two mighty leaders on the circuit, and, though they each pocketed a hundred, I doubt very much if they received their briefs with one half the satisfaction. My joy at length a little subdued, I opened the roll of paper, and began carefully to peruse about fifty pages of narrative regarding a water-course that once had turned a mill; but, for some reasons, doubtless, known to itself or its friends, would do so no longer, and thus set two respectable neighbours at loggerheads, and involved them in a record that had been now heard three several times.

"Quite forgetting the subordinate part I was destined to fill, I opened the case in a most flowery oration, in which I descanted upon the benefits accruing to mankind from water communication since the days of Noah; remarked upon the antiquity of mills, and especially of millers, and consumed half an hour in a preamble of generalities that I hoped would make a very considerable impression upon the court. Just at the critical moment when I was about to enter more particularly into the case, three or four of the great unbrieffed came rattling into my room, and broke in upon the oration.

"'I say, Power, said one, 'come and have an hour's skating on the canal; the courts are filled, and we shan't be missed.'

"'Skate, my dear friend,' said I, in a most dolorous tone, 'out of the ques-

tion ; see I am chained to a devilish knotty case with Kinshella and Mills.'

" 'Confound your humbugging,' said another ; 'that may do very well in Dublin for the attorneys, but not with us.'

" 'I don't well understand you,' I replied ; 'there is the brief ; Henesy expects me to report upon it this evening, and I am so hurried.'

" Here a very chorus of laughing broke forth, in which, after several vain efforts to resist, I was forced to join, and kept it up with the others."

" When our mirth was over, my friends scrutinized the red-tape-tied packet, and pronounced it a real brief, with a degree of surprise that certainly augured little for their familiarity with such objects of natural history.

" When they had left the room, I leisurely examined the all-important document, spreading it out before me upon the table, and surveying it as a newly anointed sovereign might be supposed to contemplate a map of his dominions.

" 'At last,' said I to myself, 'at last, and here is the footstep to the wool-sack.' For more than an hour I sat motionless, my eyes fixed upon the outspread paper, lost in a very maze of reverie. The ambition which disappointments had crushed and delay had chilled, came all suddenly back, and all my day-dreams of legal success, my cherished aspirations of silk gowns, and patents of precedence, rushed once more upon me, and I resolved to do or die. Alas ! a very little reflection showed me that the latter was perfectly practicable ; but, as a junior counsel, five minutes of very common-place recitation was all my province, and that with the main business of the day I had about as much to do as the call-boy of a play-house has with the success of a tragedy.

" 'My lord, this is an action brought by Timothy Higgins, &c., and down I go, no more to be remembered and thought of than if I had never existed. How different it would be were I the leader ! Zounds ! how I would worry the witnesses, browbeat the evidence, cajole the jury, and soften the judges ! If the Lord were just, in his mercy, to remove old Mills and Kinshella, before Tuesday, who knows but my fortune might be made ? This supposition once started, set me speculating upon all the possible chances that might

cut off two king's counsel in three days, and left me fairly convinced that my own elevation was certain were they only removed from my path.

" For two whole days the thought never left my mind ; and on the evening of the second day I sat moodily over my pint of port, in the Clonbrock Arms, with my friend, Timothy Casey, captain in the North Cork militia, for my companion.

" 'Fred,' said Tim, 'take off your wine, man. When does this confounded trial come on ?'

" 'To-morrow,' said I, with a deep groan.

" 'Well, well, and if it does, what matter,' he said ; 'you'll do well enough, never be afraid.'

" 'Alas !' said I, 'you don't understand the cause of my depression.' I here entered upon an account of my sorrows, which lasted for above an hour, and only concluded just as a tremendous noise in the street without announced an arrival. For several minutes, such was the excitement in the house—such running hither and thither—such confusion and such hubbub, that we could not make out who had arrived.

" At last a door opened quite near us, and we saw the waiter assisting a very portly looking gentleman off with his great coat, assuring him the while that if he would only walk into the coffee-room for ten minutes, the fire in his apartment should be got ready. The stranger accordingly entered, and seated himself at the fireplace, having never noticed that Casey and myself—the only persons there—were in the room.

" 'I say, Phil, who is he ?' inquired Casey of the waiter.

" 'Counsellor Mills, captain,' said the waiter, and left the room.

" 'That's your friend,' said Casey.

" 'I see,' said I ; 'and I wish, with all my heart, he was at home with his pretty wife, in Leeson-street.'

" 'Is she good-looking ?' inquired Tim.

" 'Devil a better,' said I, 'and he's as jealous as Old Nick.'

" 'Hem,' said Tim, 'mind your cue, and I'll give him a start.' Here he suddenly changed his whispering tone for a louder key, and resumed—'I say, Power, it will make some work for you lawyers. But who can she be ? that's the question.' Here he took a

much-crumpled letter from his pocket, and pretended to read—‘A great sensation was created in the neighbourhood of Merriion-square yesterday, by the sudden disappearance from her house of the handsome Mrs. —.’ Confound it, what’s the name—what a hand he writes? Hill or Miles, or something like that—‘the lady of an eminent barrister, now on circuit. The gay Lothario is, they say, the Hon. George —.’ I was so thunderstruck at the rashness of the stroke, I could say nothing; while the old gentleman started as if he had sat down on a pin. Casey, meanwhile, went on—‘Hell and fury,’ said the king’s counsel, rushing over, ‘what is it you’re saying?’ ‘You appear warm, old gentleman,’ said Casey, putting up the letter, and rising from the table.

‘Show me that letter—show me that infernal letter, sir, this instant!’

‘Show you my letter,’ said Casey; ‘cool that, any how; you are certainly a good one.’

‘Do you know me, sir? answer me that,’ said the lawyer, bursting with passion.

‘Not at present,’ said Tim quietly; ‘but I hope to do so in the morning, in explanation of your language and conduct.’ A tremendous ringing of the bell here summoned the waiter to the room.

‘Who is that —?’ inquired the lawyer. The epithet he judged it safe to leave unsaid, as he pointed to Casey.

‘Captain Casey, sir; the commanding officer here.’

‘Just so,’ said Casey, ‘and very much at your service, any hour after five in the morning.’

‘Then you refuse, sir, to explain the paragraph I have just heard you read.’

‘Well done, old gentleman; so you have been listening to a private conversation I held with my friend here. In that case we had better retire to our room; so saying he ordered the waiter to send a fresh bottle and glasses to No. 14, and, taking my arm, very politely wished Mr. Mills a good night, and left the coffee-room.

‘Before we had reached the top of the stairs the house was once more in commotion. The new arrival had ordered out fresh horses, and was hurrying every one, in his impatience to get away. In ten minutes the chaise rolled

off from the door; and Casey, putting his head out of the window, wished him a pleasant journey; while turning to me he said—

‘There’s one of them out of the way for you, if we are even obliged to fight the other.’

‘The port was soon despatched, and with it went all the scruples of conscience I had at first felt for the cruel ruse we had just practised. Scarcely was the other bottle called for when we heard the landlord shouting out, in a stentorian voice—

‘Two horses for Goron-bridge, to meet Counsellor Kinshella.’

‘That’s the other fellow,’ said Casey.

‘It is,’ said I.

‘Then we must be stirring,’ said he. ‘Waiter, a chaise and pair in five minutes—d’ye hear? Power, my boy, I don’t want you; stay here, and study your brief. It’s little trouble Counsellor Kinshella will give you in the morning.’

‘All he would tell me of his plans was, that he didn’t mean any serious bodily harm to the counsellor, but that certainly he was not likely to be heard of for twenty-four hours.’

‘Meanwhile, Power, go in and win, my boy,’ said he; ‘such another walk over may never occur.’

‘I must not make my story longer. The next morning the great record of *Monaghan v. M’Shane* was called on, and, as the senior counsel were not present, the attorney wished a postponement. I, however, was firm; told the court I was quite prepared, and, with such an air of assurance, that I actually puzzled the attorney. The case was accordingly opened by me, in a very brilliant speech, and the witnesses called; but, such was my unlucky ignorance of the whole matter, that I actually broke down the testimony of our own, and fought like a Trojan for the credit and character of the perjurers against us! The judge rubbed his eyes—the jury looked amazed—and the whole bar laughed outright. However, on I went, blundering, floundering, and foundering at every step, and, at half-past four, amid the greatest and most uproarious mirth of the whole court, heard the jury deliver a verdict against us, just as old Kinshella rushed into the court, covered with mud and spattered with clay. He had been sent for twenty miles to

make a will for Mr. Daly, of Daly's-mount, who was supposed to be at the point of death, but who, on his arrival, threatened to shoot him for causing an alarm to his family by such an imputation.

"The rest is soon told. They moved for a new trial, and I moved out of the profession. I cut the bar, for it cut me; I joined the gallant 14th, as a volunteer, and here I am without a single regret. I must confess, that I didn't succeed in the great record of Monaghan v. M'Shane."

Once more the claret went briskly round, and, while we canvassed Power's story, many an anecdote of military life was told, which every instant extended the charm of that career I longed for.

"Another cooper, Major," said Power.

"With all my heart," said the rosy little officer, as he touched the bell behind him; "and now let's have a song."

"Yes, Power," said three or four together, "let us have 'the Irish Dragoon,' if it's only to convert your friend, O'Malley, there."

"Here goes, then," said Dick, taking off a bumper as he began the following chant to the air of "Love is the soul of a gay Irishman":—

"THE IRISH DRAGOON."

"Oh, love is the soul of an Irish Dragoon,

In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon—

From the tip of his spur to his bright sabre-tasche.

With his soldierly gait and his bearing so high,
His gay laughing look, and his light speaking eye,

He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench,
He springs in his saddle, and *charges* the French,
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche.

"His spirits are high, and he little knows care,
Whether sipping his claret or charging a square,
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche

As ready to sing or to skirmish he's found,
To take off his wine, or to take up his ground;
When the bugle may call him, how little he fears
To charge forth in column, and beat the Moons
seers.

With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche.

"When the battle is over, he gallily rides back,
To cheer every soul in the night bivouac,

With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche

Oh, there you may see him in full glory crown'd
As he sits mid his friends on the hardy-won ground,

And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,

As he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live.
With his jingling spur and his bright sabre-tasche."

It was late when we broke up; but among all the recollections of that pleasant evening, none clung to me so forcibly, none sunk so deeply in my heart, as the gay and careless tone of Power's manly voice; and as I fell asleep towards morning, the words of the Irish Dragoon were floating through my mind, and followed me in my dreams.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE VICE-PROVOST.

I HAD now been for some weeks a resident within the walls of the University, and had yet never presented my letter of introduction to Dr. Barret. Somehow, my thoughts and occupations had left me little leisure to reflect upon my college course, and I had not felt the necessity suggested by my friend Sir Harry of having a supporter in the very learned and gifted individual to whom I was accredited. How long I might have continued in this state of indifference, it is hard to say, when chance brought about my acquaintance with the Doctor.

Were I not inditing a true history in this narrative of my life, to the events and characters of which so many are living witnesses, I should certainly fear

to attempt any thing like a description of this very remarkable man, so liable would any sketch, however faint and imperfect, be, to the accusation of caricature, when all was so singular and so eccentric.

Dr. Barret was, at the time I speak of, about sixty years of age, scarcely five feet in height, and even that diminutive stature lessened by a stoop. His face was thin, pointed, and russet coloured; his nose so aquiline as nearly to meet his projecting chin, and his small grey eyes, red and bleary, peered beneath his well worn cap, with a glance of mingled fear and suspicion. His dress was a suit of the rustiest black, threadbare, and patched in several places, while a pair of large brown leather slippers, far

too big for his feet, imparting a sliding motion to his walk, that added an air of indescribable meanness to his appearance ; a gown that had been worn for twenty years, browned and coated with the learned dust of the *Fügel* covered his rusty habiliments, and completed the equipments of a figure that it was somewhat difficult for the young student to recognise as the Vice-Provost of the University. Such was he in externals. Within, a greater or more profound scholar never graced the walls of the college ; a distinguished Grecian, learned in all the refinements of a hundred dialects ; a deep Orientalist, cunning in all the varieties of Eastern languages, and able to reason with a Moonshee, or chat with a Persian ambassador. With a mind that never ceased acquiring, he possessed a memory ridiculous for its retentiveness even of trifles ; no character in history, no event in chronology, was unknown to him, and he was referred to by his contemporaries for information in doubtful and disputed cases, as men consult a lexicon or a dictionary. With an intellect thus stored with deep and far-sought knowledge, in the affairs of the world he was a child. Without the walls of the college, for above forty years, he had not ventured half as many times, and knew absolutely nothing of the busy active world that fussed and fumed so near him ; his farthest excursion was to the Bank of Ireland, to which he made occasional visits to fund the ample income of his office, and add to the wealth which already had acquired for him the well merited repute of being the richest man in college.

His little intercourse with the world had left him, in all his habits and manners, in every respect exactly as when he entered college, fifty years before ; and, as he had literally risen from the ranks in the University, all the peculiarities of voice, accent, and pronunciation which distinguished him as a youth, adhered to him in old age. This was singular enough, and formed a very ludicrous contrast with the learned and deep read tone of his conversation. But another peculiarity still more striking belonged to him. When he became a fellow, he was obliged by the rules of the college, to take holy orders, as a *sine quâ non* to his holding his fellowship ; this he did, as he would have assumed a red hood or blue one, as bachelor of laws, or doctor of medicine, and thought no more of it ; but,

frequently, in his moments of passionate excitement, the venerable character with which he was invested, was quite forgotten, and he would utter some sudden and terrific oath, more productive of mirth to his auditors than was seemly, and for which, once spoken, the poor Doctor felt the greatest shame and contrition. These oaths were no less singular than forcible, and many a trick was practised, and many a plan devised, that the learned Vice-Provost might be entrapped into his favorite exclamation of "May the devil admire me," which no place, no presence could restrain.

My servant, Mickey, who had not been long in making himself acquainted with all the originals about him, was the cause of my first meeting the Doctor, before whom I received a summons to appear, on the very serious charge of treating with disrespect the heads of the college.

The circumstances were simply these.—Mike had, among the other gossip of the place, heard frequent tales of the immense wealth and great parsimony of the Doctor ; of his anxiety to amass money on all occasions, and the avidity with which even the smallest trifle was added to his gains. He accordingly resolved to amuse himself at the expense of this trait, and proceeded thus ;—boring a hole in a halfpenny, he attached a long string to it, and, having dropped it on the Doctor's step, stationed himself at the opposite side of the court, concealed from view by the angle of the common's wall. He waited patiently for the chapel bell, at the first toll of which, the door opened, and the Doctor issued forth. Scarcely was his foot upon the step, when he saw the piece of money, and as quickly stooped to seize it ; but just as his finger had nearly touched it, it evaded his grasp, and slowly retreated. He tried again, but with the like success. At last, thinking he miscalculated the distance, he knelt leisurely down, and put forth his hand ; but lo ! it again escaped him ; on which, slowly rising from his posture, he shambled on towards the chapel, where, meeting the senior lecturer at the door, he cried out, "H—to my soul, Wall, but I saw the halfpenny walk away."

For the sake of the grave character whom he addressed, I need not recount how such a speech was received ; suffice it to say, that Mike had been seen

by a college porter, who reported him as my servant.

I was in the very act of relating the anecdote to a large party at breakfast in my rooms, when a summons arrived, requiring my immediate attendance at the Board, then sitting in solemn conclave at the Examination-hall.

I accordingly assumed my academic costume as speedily as possible, and, escorted by that most august functionary, Mr. M'Alister, presented myself before the seniors.

The members of the Board, with the Provost at their head, were seated at a long oak table, covered with books, papers, &c., and from the silence they maintained, as I walked up the hall, I augured that a very solemn scene was before me.

"Mr. O'Malley," said the Dean, reading my name from a paper he held in his hand, "you have been summoned here at the desire of the Vice-Provost, whose questions you will reply to."

I bowed; a silence of a few minutes followed, when, at length, the learned Doctor, hitching up his nether garments with both hands, put his old and bleary eyes close to my face, while he croaked out with an accent that no hackney coachman could have exceeded in its vulgarity,

"Eh, O'Malley; you're *quartus*, I believe; an't you?"

"I believe not. I think I am the only person of that name now on the books."

"That's thrue; but there was three O'Malleys before you. Godfrey O'Malley, that constered *calve Neroni* to Nero the Calvinist—ha! ha! ha! ha!—was cautioned in 1788."

"My uncle, I believe, sir."

"More than likely, from what I hear of you—*ex uno*, &c. I see your name every day on the punishment roll. Late hours, never at chapel, seldom at morning lecture. Here ye are, sixteen shillings, wearing a red coat."

"Never knew any harm in that, Doctor."

"Ay, but d'ye see me now; 'grave raiment,' says the statute. And then, ye keep numerous beasts of prey, dangerous in their habits, and unseemly to behold."

"A bull terrier, sir, and two gamecocks, are, I assure you, the only animals in my household."

"Well, I'll fine you for it."

"I believe, Doctor," said the Dean,

interrupting, in an under tone, "that you cannot impose a penalty in this matter."

"Ay, but I can. 'Singing birds,' says the statute, are forbidden within the walls."

"And then, ye dazzled my eyes at commons, with a bit of looking-glass, on Friday. I saw you. May the devil—ahem—as I was saying. That's casting *reflections* on the heads of the college; and your servant it was *Michaelis Liber*, Mickey Free—may the flames of—ahem—an insolent varlet, called me a sweep."

"You, Doctor, impossible!" said I, with pretended horror.

"Ay, but d'ye see me now; it's thrue; for I looked about me at the time, and there wasn't another sweep in the place but myself. Hell to—I mean—God forgive me for swearing; but I'll fine you a pound for this."

As I saw the Doctor was getting on at such a pace, I resolved, notwithstanding the august presence of the board, to try the efficacy of Sir Harry's letter of introduction, which I had taken in my pocket, in the event of its being wanted.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if the time be an unsuitable one; but may I take the opportunity of presenting this letter to you."

"Ha! I know the hand; Boyle's. *Boyle secundus*. Hem, ha, ay. 'My young friend; and assist him by your advice.' To be sure! Oh! of course. Eh; tell me young man, did Boyle say nothing to you about the copy of Erasmus, bound in vellum, that I sold him in Trinity term, 1782?"

"I rather think not, sir," said I, doubtfully.

"Well, then, he might. He owes me two-and-four pence of the balance."

"Oh! I beg pardon, sir; I now remember he desired me to repay you that sum; but he had just sealed the letter when he recollected it."

"Better late than never," said the Doctor, smiling graciously. "Where's the money? Ay; half-a-crown. I haven't twopence; never mind. Go away, young man; the case is dismissed. *Vehementer miror quare huc venisti*. You're more fit for any thing than a college life. Keep good hours; mind the terms, and dismiss *Michaelis Liber*. Ha, ha, ha! May the devil—hem, that is, do—" so saying, the little Doctor's hand pushed me from the

hall, his mind evidently relieved of all the griefs from which he had been suffering, by the recovery of his long lost two-and-fourpence.

Such was my first and last interview

with the Vice-Provost, and it made an impression upon me that all the intervening years have neither dimmed nor erased.

CHAPTER XVII.—TRINITY COLLEGE—A LECTURE.

I HAD not been many weeks a resident of Old Trinity, ere the flattering reputation my chum, Mr. Francis Webber, had acquired, extended also to myself; and by universal consent, we were acknowledged the most riotous, ill-conducted, and disorderly men on the books of the University. Were the lamps of the squares extinguished, and the College left in total darkness, we were summoned before the Dean; was the Vice-Provost serenaded with a chorus of trombones and French horns, to our taste in music was the attention ascribed; did a sudden alarm of fire disturb the congregation at morning chapel, Messrs. Webber and O'Malley were brought before the board; and I must do them the justice to say, that the most trifling circumstantial evidence was ever sufficient to bring a conviction. Reading men avoided the building where we resided as they would have done the plague. Our doors, like those of a certain classic precinct commemorated by a Latin writer, lay open night and day; while moustached dragoons, knowingly dressed four-in-hand men, fox-hunters in pink, issuing forth to the Dubber, or returning splashed from a run with the Kildare hounds, were everlastingly seen passing and repassing. Within, the noise and confusion resembled rather the mess-room of a regiment towards eleven at night, than the chambers of a College student; while with the double object of affecting to be in ill-health, and to avoid the reflections that day-light occasionally inspires, the shutters were never opened, but lamps and candles kept always burning. Such was No. 2, Old Square, in the goodly days I write of. All the terrors of fines and punishments fell scatheless on the head of my worthy chum; in fact, like a well-known political character, whose pleasure and amusement it has been for some years past to walk through acts of parliament, and deride the powers of the law, so did Mr. Webber tread his way, serpentine through the statute

book, ever grazing, but rarely trespassing upon some forbidden ground, which might involve the great punishment of expulsion. So expert, too, had he become in his special pleadings, so dexterous in the law of the University, that it was no easy matter to bring crime home to him; and even when this was done, his pleas in mitigation rarely failed of success.

There was a sweetness of demeanour, a mild, subdued tone about him, that constantly puzzled the worthy heads of the College, how the accusations ever brought against him could be founded on truth; that the pale, delicate-looking student, whose harsh, hacking cough terrified the hearers, could be the boisterous performer on a key bugle, or the terrific assailant of watchmen, was something too absurd for belief; and when Mr. Webber, with his hand upon his heart, and in his most dulcet accents, assured them that the hours he was not engaged in reading for the medal, were passed in the soothing society of a few select and intimate friends of literary tastes and refined minds, who, knowing the delicacy of his health—here he would cough—were kind enough to sit with him for an hour or so in the evening; the delusion was perfect, and the story of the Dean's riotous habits having got abroad, the charge was usually suppressed.

Like most idle men, Webber never had a moment to spare. There was nothing he did not do, except read. Training a hack for a race in the Phoenix—arranging a rowing match—getting up a mock duel between two white feather acquaintances—were his almost daily avocations; besides that, he was at the head of many organized societies, instituted for various benevolent purposes. One was called "The Association for discountenancing Watchmen," another, "The Board of Works," whose object was principally the embellishment of the University, in which, to do them justice, their labours

were unceasing, and what with the assistance of some black paint, a ladder, and a few pounds of gunpowder, they certainly contrived to effect many important changes. Upon an examination morning, some hundred luckless "jibs" might be seen perambulating the courts, in the vain effort to discover their tutors' chambers, the names having undergone an alteration that left all traces of their original proprietors unattainable. Doctor Francis Mooney having become Doctor Full Moon—Doctor Hare being, by the change of two letters, Doctor Ape—Romney Robinson, Romulus and Remus, &c. While, upon occasions like these, there could be but little doubt of Master Frank's intentions, upon many others, so subtle were his inventions, so well-contrived his plots, it became a matter of considerable difficulty to say whether the mishap which befel some luckless acquaintance were the result of design or mere accident; and not unfrequently well-disposed individuals were found condoling with "poor Frank," upon his ignorance of some College rule or etiquette, his breach of which had been long and deliberately planned. Of this latter description was a circumstance which occurred about this time, and which some who may throw an eye over these pages will perhaps remember.

The Dean having heard (and indeed the preparations were not intended to secure secrecy) that Webber had destined to entertain a party of his friends at dinner on a certain day, sent a most peremptory order for his appearance at Commons, his name being erased from the sick list, and a pretty strong hint conveyed to him, that any evasion upon his part would be certainly followed by an inquiry into the real reasons for his absence. What was to be done? That was the very day he had destined for his dinner. To be sure the majority of his guests were College men, who would understand the difficulty at once; but still there were others, officers of the 14th, with whom he was constantly dining, and whom he could not so easily put off. The affair was difficult, but still Webber was the man for a difficulty; in fact, he rather liked one. A very brief consideration, accordingly, sufficed, and he sat down and wrote to his friends at the Royal Barracks, thus—

"Dear Power—I have a better plan

for Tuesday than that I had proposed. Lunch here at three—(we'll call it dinner)—in the hall with the great guns: I can't say much for the grub, but the company—glorious! After that we'll start for Lucan in the drag—take our coffee, strawberries, &c. and return to No. 2, for supper, at ten. Advertise your fellows of this change, and believe me

"Most unchangeably yours,

"FRANK WEBBER.

"Saturday."

Accordingly, as three o'clock struck, six dashing-looking light dragoons were seen slowly sauntering up the middle of the dining-hall, escorted by Webber, who, in full academic costume, was leisurely ciceroning his friends, and expatiating upon the excellencies of the very remarkable portraits which grace the walls.

The porters looked on with some surprise at the singular hour selected for sight-seeing, but what was their astonishment to find that when the party arrived at the end of the hall, instead of turning back again, they very composedly unbuckled their belts, and having disposed of their sabres in a corner, took their places at the Fellows' table, and sat down amid the collective wisdom of Greek Lecturers and Regius Professors, as though they had been mere mortals like themselves.

Scarcely was the long Latin grace concluded when Webber, leaning forward, enjoined his friends, in a very audible whisper, that if they intended to dine, no time was to be lost.

"We have but little ceremony here, gentlemen, and all we ask is a fair start," said he, as he drew over the soup, and proceeded to help himself.

The advice was not thrown away, for each man, with an alacrity a campaign usually teaches, made himself master of some neighbouring dish; a very quick interchange of good things speedily following the appropriation. It was in vain that the Senior Lecturer looked aghast—that the Professor of Astronomy frowned; the whole table, indeed, were thunderstruck—even to the poor Vice-Provost himself, who, albeit given to the comforts of the table, could not lift a morsel to his mouth, but muttered between his teeth—"May the devil admire, me, but they're dragoons." The first shock of surprise

over, the porters proceeded to inform them that except Fellows of the University or Fellow-commoners, none were admitted to the table. Webber, however, assured them, that it was a mistake, there being nothing in the statute to exclude the 14th Light Dragoons, as he was prepared to prove. Meanwhile dinner proceeded; Power and his party performing with great self-satisfaction upon the sirloins and saddles about them, regretting only from time to time that there was a most unaccountable absence of wine, and suggesting the propriety of napkins whenever they should dine there again. Whatever chagrin these unexpected guests caused among their entertainers of the upper table, in the lower part of the hall the laughter was loud and unceasing, and long before the hour concluded, the Fellows took their departure, leaving to Master Frank Webber the task of doing the honours alone and unassisted. When summoned before the board for the offence on the following morning, Webber excused himself by throwing the blame upon his friends, with whom he said, nothing short of a personal quarrel—a thing for a reading man not to be thought of—could have prevented intruding in the manner related. Nothing less than *his* tact could have saved him on this occasion, and at last he carried the day; while, by an act of the board, the 14th Light Dragoons were pronounced the most insolent corps in the service.

An adventure of his, however, got wind about this time, and served to enlighten many persons as to his real character, who had hitherto been most lenient in their expressions about him. Our worthy tutor, with a zeal for our welfare far more praiseworthy than successful, was in the habit of summoning to his chambers, on certain mornings of the week, his various pupils, whom he lectured in the books for the approaching examinations. Now, as these sittings were held at six o'clock in winter as well as summer, in a cold, fireless chamber—the lecturer lying snug amid his blankets, while we stood shivering around the walls—the ardour of learning must indeed have proved strong that prompted a regular attendance. As to Frank, he would have as soon thought of attending chapel as of presenting himself on such an occasion. Not so with me. I had not yet grown hacknied enough to fly in the face of

authority, and I frequently left the whist table, or broke off in a song, to hurry over to the Doctor's chambers, and spout Homer and Hesiod. I suffered on in patience, till at last the bore became so insupportable that I told my sorrows to my friend, who listened to me out, and promised me succour.

It so chanced that upon some evening in each week Dr. Mooney was in the habit of visiting some friends who resided a short distance from town, and spending the night at their house. He, of course, did not lecture the following morning—a paper placard, announcing no lecture, being affixed to the door on such occasions. Frank waited patiently till he perceived the Doctor affixing this announcement upon his door one evening; and no sooner had he left college, than he withdrew the paper and departed.

On the next morning he rose early, and, concealing himself on the staircase, waited the arrival of the venerable dainsel who acted as servant to the Doctor. No sooner had she opened the door and groped her way into the sitting-room, than Frank crept forward, and, stealing gently into the bed-room, sprung into the bed, and wrapped himself up in the blankets. The great bell boomed forth at six o'clock, and soon after the sounds of feet were heard upon the stairs—one by one they came along—and gradually the room was filled with cold and shivering wretches, more than half asleep, and trying to arouse themselves into an approach to attention.

"Who's there?" said Frank, mimicking the Doctor's voice, as he yawned three or four times in succession, and turned in the bed.

"Collisson, O'Malley, Nesbitt, &c., said a number of voices, anxious to have all the merit such a penance could confer.

"Where's Webber?"

"Absent, sir," chorussed the whole party.

"Sorry for it," said the mock Doctor, "Webber is a man of first-rate capacity, and were he only to apply, I am not certain to what eminence his abilities might not raise him. Come, Collisson—any three angles of a triangle are equal to—equal to—what are they equal to?" here he yawned as though he would dislocate his jaw.

"Any three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles," said Collisson

in the usual sing-song tone of a freshman.

As he proceeded to prove the proposition, his monotonous tone seemed to have lulled the Doctor into a doze, for in a few minutes a deep, long-drawn snore announced from the closed curtains that he listened no longer. After a little time, however, a short snort from the sleeper awoke him suddenly, and he called out,

"Go on; I'm waiting.—Do you think I can arouse at this hour of the morning for nothing but to listen to your bungling? Can no one give me a free translation of the passage?"

This digression from mathematics to classics did not surprise the hearers, though it somewhat confused them, no one being precisely aware what the line in question might be.

"Try it, Nesbit—you, O'Malley—silent all—really this is too bad;" an indistinct muttering here from the crowd was followed by an announcement from the Doctor that "the speaker was an ass, and his head a turnip!—Not one of you capable of translating a chorus from Euripides; 'Ou, ou, papai, papai, &c.' which, after all, means no more than, 'Oh, whilleleu, murder, why did you die,' &c. What are you laughing at, gentlemen? May I ask, does it become a set of ignorant, ill-informed savages—yes, savages; I repeat the word—to behave in this manner—Webber is the only man I have with common intellect—the only man among you capable of distinguishing himself. But as for you—I'll bring you before the board—I'll write to your friends—I'll stop your college indulgences—I'll confine you to the walls—I'll be damned, eh,——"

This lapse confused him; he stammered, stuttered, endeavoured to recover himself, but by this time we had approached the bed, just at the moment

when Master Frank, well knowing what he might expect, if detected, had bolted from the blankets and rushed from the room. In an instant we were in pursuit; but he regained his chambers, and double-locked the door before we could overtake him, leaving us to ponder over the insolent tirade we had so patiently submitted to.

That morning, the affair got wind all over college. As for us, we were scarcely so much laughed at as the Doctor; the world wisely remembering, if such were the nature of our morning's orisons, we might nearly as profitably have remained snug in our quarters.

Such was our life in Old Trinity, and strange enough it is that one should feel tempted to the confession; but I really must acknowledge these were, after all, happy times, and I look back upon them with mingled pleasure and sadness. The noble lord who so pathetically lamented that the devil was not as strong in him, as he used to be forty years before, has an echo in my regrets, that the student is not so young in me as when those scenes were enacting of which I write.

Alas and alack! those fingers that were wont to double up a watchman, are now doubled up in gout; the ankles that once astonished the fair, now only interest the faculty; the very jests that set the table in a roar, are become as threadbare as my dress "continuations;" and I, Charles O'Malley, having passed through every gradation of coming years, from long country dances to short whist; from nine times nine and one cheer more, to weak negus and a fit of coughing for chorus; find myself at the wrong side of —. But stop, this is becoming personal; so I shall conclude my chapter, and with a bow as graceful as rheumatism permits, say to one and all of my kind readers, for a brief season—adieu.

ROMISH MISQUOTATION EXPOSED.*

WE are no friends to parole controversy. Our opinion has ever been that it seldom does any good. We do not mean to include in this observation that grave conversational entertainment of religious subjects which is prompted by an earnest desire to arrive at the truth, and where mind fairly meets mind, with nothing but truth for its object. Such we have often known productive of the best effects. But those gladiatorial exhibitions of theological skill, in which the feeling uppermost in the mind of the combatants is, how they may most effectually foil or expose each other, seldom terminate with any other result than that bitterness is added to the differences which previously existed. Each remains, or professes to remain, of the same opinion which he held before, while the odium theologium assumes a character of aggravated uncharitableness, from some supposed want of honesty or candour in his opponent. Nor are the witnesses of the exhibition altogether exempted from influences thus morally injurious. They feel for their respective champions all the zeal of warm partizans; and although truth may sometimes be made to flash, with irresistible evidence, upon minds that had previously been darkly in error, and information may be communicated by which prejudices may be removed, it is our fixed persuasion, respecting all such wordy warfare, that the passions which are excited and the hostility which is engendered by it, are more than sufficient to counterbalance all such advantages.

These observations have been suggested by the perusal of a work, the remote result of a controversy which is still remembered in this city; that which took place, some years ago, between the Rev. Richard Pope, and the Rev. Thomas Maguire. We believe we are within bounds in saying, that the partizans of each of these gentlemen laid claim, on that occasion,

to the victory; and that both were ready to acknowledge, that the result, on either side, was not so decisive or so satisfactory, as to furnish certain grounds for any signal triumph.

Never, indeed, were theological combatants more unequally matched, whether we have respect either to their moral or their intellectual qualifications. Mr. Pope, a refined and elegant scholar, a well-read divine, one who might, indeed, be said to have been mighty in the Scriptures, and a deeply convinced and thoroughly practical Christian, was opposed to one of the "roughest customers" that could be found amongst the popish priesthood of Ireland: a fellow of infinite humour, an amazing reach of memory, a home-spun, vigorous logic, exuberant animal spirits, exhaustless intellectual energy, and who had furnished himself, and been crammed by others, with all the current controversial divinity, which Romish divines have made available for their purposes, from the time when their dogmas were first disputed, to the present day. Such was the man by whom the deeply serious Christian, and the accomplished scholar, who appeared on the Protestant side, was confronted. The very appearance of the men presented a striking contrast, and the beholder was reminded, involuntarily, of Aldiborontiphosphormio, and Rigdum Fuidos: the one all earnestness, all solemnity, his frame attenuated by recent illness, and his countenance "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" the other an improved personification of Friar Tuck; jocund, blithe, rubicund and hearty; with whose outward man the discipline of his order seemed marvellously to agree; and whose vigorous frame and rosy cheek bespoke quite as much familiarity with mountain breezes, as did his fluent tongue with those writings which constitute the stock in trade of the Romish theologians.

But our readers may readily believe

* Roman Misquotation: or Certain Passages from the Fathers, adduced in a work entitled "The Faith of Catholics," &c., brought to the test of the Originals, and their perverted character demonstrated. By the Rev. Richard T. P. Pope, A.M. London: Samuel Holdsworth. William Curry, jun. and Co. Dublin. 1840.

that it is not with any view to enter upon the field of controversy upon which these well-known divines exhibited their great and varied powers, that we at present lay claim to their attention. The result of the discussion has been made fully known and widely circulated in a publication having the authority of the disputants themselves. To that we must refer all those who feel any curiosity respecting the manner in which it was conducted. Our immediate object is the work before us, which, we conceive, may be of great use, in exhibiting, to all those confiding Roman Catholics into whose hands it may come, some choice specimens of the manner in which testimony has been perverted to suit their purposes by some of those in whom they place the greatest confidence, and by whose representations they are chiefly influenced in persevering in their adherence to the Church of Rome.

Its history is simple. After the discussion before referred to, Mr. Pope was led to compare some of the quotations adduced by his antagonist from the Fathers, with the originals from which they professed to be derived, and he was astonished to find that they were, in almost every instance, falsified or perverted: that their real import, when truly understood, bore directly against the very proposition in support of which they were adduced;—and he has rightly judged that an exposure of such fraud was imperiously called for, and that it cannot be made without advantage.

“‘The Faith of Catholics, confirmed by Scripture, and attested by the Fathers of the five first centuries of the Church,’ occupies,” Mr. Pope observes, “no ordinary place in the estimation of Roman ecclesiastics.—First published in 1813, it was re-edited in the year 1830, with considerable additions. According to the address ‘to the reader,’ in the second edition, ‘The Faith of Catholics’ was made use of in their publications, by the late Dr. Poynder, by the present Bishop of Strasburgh, Dr. Trevern, and by many other advocates of the Church of Rome. The book, in fact, against which the present strictures are directed, is the manual, which has, of late years, sup-

plied the papal controversialists with quotations from the Fathers.”

The following are the rules of “honourable citation,” which Mr. Pope alleges have been violated in the work of authority to which he refers:—Firstly, that a correct translation, or, at least, the *true import* of the original, should be always given; and, secondly, that no impressions should be attempted to be conveyed by an *extract*, which must be greatly qualified, if not entirely removed, by a knowledge of the context. In our judgment, his proof of the very serious charges which he brings is complete; and we entreat the attention of candid Roman Catholics to the instances by which he substantiates his allegations. The following quotation from Origen is thus given in “The Faith of Catholics.” Most earnestly do we invite to it the attention of our Roman Catholic readers. It is cited for the purpose of proving that “the Church is the Expounder of the Scriptures:”—

“Let him look to it, who, arrogantly puffed up, condemns the apostolic words. To me it is good to adhere to apostolic men, as to God, and his Christ, and to draw intelligence from the Scriptures, according to the sense, that has been delivered by them. If we follow the mere letter of the Scriptures, and take the interpretation of the law, as the Jews commonly explain it, I shall blush to confess, that the Lord should have given such laws. But if the law of God be understood as the church teaches, then truly does it transcend all human laws, and is worthy of him who gave it.”—*Hom. viii. in Levit. T. ii. p. 224, 226.* (Edit. Bened. Paris. 1723.)

Now hear Mr. Pope:—

“The foregoing passage (as the reference testifies) consists of two extracts from the second volume of Origen—that, concluding with the words ‘delivered by them,’ taken from p. 224—the remainder from p. 226. I shall first address myself to the following part of the quotation:—

“‘To me it is good to adhere to apostolic men, as to God, and his Christ, and to draw intelligence from the Scriptures, according to the sense that has been delivered by them.’

“According to this extract, traditive interpretations of Scripture, delivered by ‘apostolic men,’ are exalted to a level

with the sacred volume ; it being impossible to adopt stronger language with regard to the inspired messengers of heaven, than that—

“ It is good to adhere to *them*, as to God and his Christ.”

“ The Council of Trent, in its fourth session, decreed, that the Bible and tradition ought to be received ‘with the like feelings of piety and reverence.’ As the quotation stands, therefore, I freely admit, that it supports a leading doctrine of the Church of Rome. On consulting, however, the edition of Origen’s works, employed by Messrs. Berington and Kirk, it will be found that the reader of ‘The Faith of Catholics’ has been imposed on by a most shameless perversion. The words, ‘*apostolic men*’ have been substituted for ‘*his apostles!!!*’ Upon such a misrepresentation I shall offer no comment. When Origen himself is allowed to speak, he merely states—

“ To me it is good to adhere as to God and our Lord Jesus Christ, so also to his apostles, and to draw intelligence from the Scriptures, according to the sense that has been delivered by them—that is, by the apostles, not by ‘*apostolic men*,’ as Messrs. Berington and Kirk would have their readers suppose. The necessary correction, however, having been made, the passage may still seem to countenance the doctrine of tradition. For, after the sentence has been amended, the question continues to present itself, where is the sense of Scripture, delivered by the apostles, to be found? Should the language of Origen be considered to imply, that, in his opinion, it is contained in the traditions of the church, so to speak, it will be clearly shown, that such a supposition is wholly groundless. *The context proves to demonstration—*

first, that Origen refers to the apostles themselves, and not to ‘apostolic men ;’ and, secondly, TO THE EXPOSITION OF PASSAGES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, DELIVERED BY THE APOSTLES IN THE NEW.

“ The context runs thus :—

“ But now let us also see some of those things which are written concerning clean and unclean, whether concerning meats or animals ; and, as in the explanation of the cup, so also concerning meats which are spoken of by way of shadow, let us ascend to those which spiritually are true meats. But, to investigate these subjects, we stand in need of the testimonies of DIVINE SCRIPTURE, lest any one should think, (for men love to whet their tongues as a sword,) lest any one, I say, should think, that I do violence to the Divine Scriptures, and in a forced

manner apply to men, those things which are written in the law concerning animals, quadrupeds, or even birds, or clean or unclean fishes, and feign that these things were spoken of men. For, perhaps, some of the hearers may say, why doest thou violence to Scripture? animals are spoken of, let animals be understood. Lest, therefore, any one should believe, that these things are perverted by a human understanding, the APOSTOLIC authority on these subjects is to be called forth. Hear first of all, therefore, after what manner Paul speaks of these things :—“ For all,” he says, “ passed through the sea, and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea, and did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink, for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, but the rock was Christ.” (1 Cor. x. 2, et seq.) Paul says these things, an Hebrew of the Hebrews, according to the law—a Pharisee, and instructed at the feet of Gamaliel ; who, truly, never would dare to name spiritual meat and spiritual drink, unless he had learned by the knowledge of the truest doctrine delivered to himself, that such was the meaning of the Lawgiver. From whence he adds this also, as if confident and certain respecting the import of clean and unclean, that they are to be observed, not according to the letter, but spiritually ; and says :—“ Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect to an holy day, or of the new moon, or sabbath days, which are a shadow of things to come.” (Col. ii. 16.) Thou seest, therefore, in what manner Paul, who had learned those things better than they who now boast that they are teachers, says, that all those things which Moses speaks concerning meats or drinks, are a shadow of things to come. And, therefore, as we have said, we ought to ascend from this shadow to truth. The discourse is to Christians and from Christians, to whom the authority of APOSTOLIC words ought to be dear.”

“ In immediate connexion with the preceding extract, stands the first part of the quotation—

“ But, if any one, puffed up with arrogance, undervalues or scorns apostolic words, he shall look to it. But to me it is good to adhere, as to God and our Lord Jesus Christ, so also to his APOSTLES, and to draw intelligence from the Scriptures, according to the sense that has been delivered by them.”

Thus this distinguished Father

made, by Messrs. Berington and Kirk, to bear as testimony in favour of exalting the authority of the Church over that of the Scriptures, from language which he evidently uses in order to exalt the authority of the Scriptures above every other authority which might crest itself against them.

Again, Mr. Pope observes—

“Having animadverted on the substitution of ‘apostolic men’ for ‘his apostles,’ I proceed to consider the remaining branch of the quotation :

“If we follow the mere letter of the Scriptures, and take the interpretation of the law, as the Jews explain it, I shall blush to confess, that the Lord should have given such laws.—But if the law of God be understood as the church teaches, then truly does it transcend all human laws, and is worthy of him who gave it.” *How. vii. in Levit. tom. ii. p. 226. ‘The Faith of Catholics,’ p. 16.*

“As the matter which intervenes between this part of the quotation, and that already reviewed, deserves especial notice, I shall give it in full.—In immediate connexion with the long extract which has been cited, Origen observes :

“But, perchance, some one may say, concerning quadrupeds, indeed, and creeping things, and birds, thou hast furnished a reason, why men ought to be understood; give also an explanation concerning the inhabitants of the waters. Since truly the law designates, even of these, some as clean and others as unclean, I demand not, that credit should be reposed in my words, unless I shall bring forward appropriate witnesses. I shall produce the LORD himself, and our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, a witness and author of these things, shewing in what manner men may be said to be fishes. “*The kingdom of heaven,*” says he, “*is like unto a net cast into the sea, which gathers of every kind of fishes; and, when it has been filled, sitting on the shore, they place the good in vessels, but the bad are cast away.*” *Matt. xiii. 47.* He plainly taught, that those fishes which are said to be taken in nets, are either good or bad men. Those, therefore, are they, who, according to Moses, are called either clean or unclean fishes. These matters, then, having been established by apostolic and evangelic authority, let us see, in what manner each man can be shewn to be either clean or unclean.

“Every man has some food in himself, which he supplies to the individual who comes nearest to him. For, when we approach each other, it is impossible,

but that, either from an answer, or a question, or from some gesture, we mutually receive or impart some relish. (gustum.) And, if the man from whom we derive a relish, be clean, and of a good mind, we receive clean food. But, if the individual, with whom we are brought into contact, be unclean, we receive from him, agreeably to what has been already said, unclean food. And on this account, I am of opinion, the Apostle PAUL says of such persons, as of unclean animals: “*With such an one no not to eat.*” *1 Cor. v. 11.* But, that my meaning may be more intelligible, let us take an example from greater things, that we may thence gradually descend, until we come to inferior things. Our LORD AND SAVIOUR says, “*Except ye shall eat my flesh, and drink my blood, you shall not have life in yourselves. My flesh is truly meat, and my blood is truly drink.*” (*John vi. 54-56.*) Because, Jesus, therefore, is altogether and wholly clean, his entire flesh is meat, and his entire blood is drink; because his every work is holy, and his every speech is true. On that account, therefore, both his flesh is true meat, and his blood is true drink. For, by THE FLESH AND BLOOD OF HIS OWN WORD, as with clean food and drink, he gives drink to, and recruits all the race of men. In the second place, after his His flesh, Peter and Paul and all the Apostles are clean food. In the third place, their disciples: and thus each, according to the extent of his deserts and the purity of his perceptions, is made clean food to his neighbour. He who cannot endure to hear these things, may perhaps turn aside, and avert his ears, after the example of those who said, “*How will he give us his flesh to eat? who can hear him? and they departed from him.*” (*John vi. 53, 61, 67.*) But you, if you are the sons of the church, if you are embued with evangelical mysteries, if the Word, made flesh, dwells in you, acknowledge, because they are of the Lord, the things which we say, lest perhaps he who knows them not, should not be known of Him. Acknowledge, because they are figures, the things which are written in the inspired volume; and, therefore, as spiritual and not as carnal persons, examine and understand what is said. For, if as carnal persons, you understand them, they injure, and do not nourish you. For there is in the gospels also a letter which kills: a killing letter is not found in the Old Testament alone. There is also in the New Testament a letter which kills him, who does not understand spiritually the things which are spoken. For if, according to the letter, thou followest the very thing which is

said, "*Except ye eat my flesh, and drink my blood,*" (John vi. 54) *this letter kills.*"

This, surely, is most important;—and convicts the reverend gentlemen by whom "The Faith of Catholics" has been compiled, of most shameful perversion of the meaning of this Father.

But these citations are important, not merely as convicting modern Romanists of most shameful perversion of the meaning of ancient authors, but also as ascertaining, respecting a principal article of faith, the opinion maintained by the ancient church. The candid reader must see at a glance how completely the testimony of Origen, overthrows the monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation. Not only does he maintain that the interpretation of those texts adduced in support of it, in any sense by which it would seem to be favoured, *is a false and dangerous interpretation*, but he praises the church of his day, because by it such an interpretation was condemned! Upon this we have nothing to add to the words of Mr. Pope, which we earnestly commend to the attention of all who are desirous of judging aright respecting the character of the Church of Rome, and the claims of its advocates to the respect and the confidence of their readers.

"Once more: in the context Origen is found, not only pleading for the spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures, but

urging it upon the acceptance of his hearers, expressly on the ground of their 'being sons of the Church.' 'But you,' writes Origen, 'if you are sons of the Church, if you are imbued with evangelical mysteries, if the Word, made flesh, dwells in you, acknowledge, because they are of the Lord, the things which we say, lest he who knows them not, should not be known of Him. Acknowledge, because they are figures,' &c.—From this passage the direct inference is, that, in Origen's time, the Church expounded the sacred page spiritually. On the other hand, let that tenet be examined, which *constitutes, in fact, the LIFE-BLOOD of the Papal system*—the doctrine of transubstantiation. By it, the voice of Deity speaking through the senses, the remonstrances of reason, and the analogy of scripture language, are alike disregarded. Upon what basis, then, is a dogma of so monstrous a character principally founded? On the *literal* sense of the words, 'this is my body.' A strange want of appositeness, therefore, is evinced in a quotation, which, though eulogising a church, because it interpreted scripture *spiritually*, is yet adduced in support of a communion, the *chief* article of whose creed mainly rests on certain expressions in the New Testament, *literally* understood.

"In conclusion; it is evident, that, in the present instance, the rules of honourable citation have been broken.—In the second section of the passage, a most unjustifiable departure from the obvious meaning of Origen has been exposed; while it has been shown from the context, that an unfair application has been made of the entire extract."

THE POPE'S BULL*—AN EPIGRAM.

'Tis a Paddy-like thing when a driver of slaves
Takes the Wilberforce side, and at *slavery* raves:
This Irishman's bull has his Holiness made,—
'Twas indeed "the Pope's *bull*" that denounced the slave-trade!

H. L. W.

* Our readers are, of course, aware of the late Anti-Slavery manifesto issued by the court of Rome.

ROUGH NOTES ON A ROUGH RIDE FROM THE EAST.

BY FERINGEE FURAREE.

PART I.

THE following notes were collected for two purposes—first, as a diary of dates and distances, for the use of a brother officer who contemplated a somewhat similar route; and secondly for my own private amusement on my way from Hindostan to England, in the year 1837—a receptacle for wandering lucubrations which were scribbled upon scraps of paper as I rode along and stuffed into my holsters, or sometimes for want of paper—when opportunity offered—on the sleeve of my shirt or jacket, if I happened to have one on; and thence, if legible, transcribed into my journal, with the intent of afterwards filling up from recollection various blanks and deficiencies, which like many other and better intentions, I found myself when leisure did offer generally unable to perform—so have adopted the easier mode of leaving the patchwork nearly in its native nakedness, merely sticking the pieces together as they best might fit, often but indifferently. All I can say in their favour is, that the narrative is nothing indebted to my imagination for incident—of which in truth there is but little. All observations remain just as made on the spot or suggested from conversations with natives or other travellers—both but cursory sources—assisted by the hasty perusal of a very few books I met with at different stages of the journey, having none of my own.

The sole object of my journey having been its speedy termination, I pretend not to describe countries which to me were but a highway to Europe, any more than a railway traveller between London and Liverpool could thereupon think to write an account of England. He might however gather up some useful *wrinkles* for future travellers, touching such small matters as accommodations at inns—or for the stowage of hats, legs, or other incumbrances of passengers in the carriages—the best modes of capturing flying portmanteaus (his own or any one else's) in the hubbush of changing trains, and such like. He might also relate what sights he saw—or thought he saw—on either side of the road, by means of a rapid vibration of his dizzy optics to the right and left as he was whirled along. Such shreds of intelligence as these I propose to give—content if they prove useful to any future poster against time on the same track, or even amusing to the general reader—to the latter, the only apology I will make for serving him up so ill-seasoned a hash of *disjuncta membra* is simply, that I have neither patience nor inclination to concoct it better—even if the ingredients were worth the trouble—and that *it was not cooked for his table*—but just for the two purposes above mentioned, which having been accomplished, I now pitch it to the d—, (the *printer's devil* gentle reader,) who might perhaps have got it sooner, had not its vagrant destinies carried it back again into the torrid zone, and only lately restored it to rest and retirement in the temperate regions of this our most temperate county of—Cork. To conclude, the motive of my trip was merely to carry out conscientiously my “first human principle;” which is—that every Christian man, who has the luck to continue moderately sane after having revelled in the far-sought and unappreciable luxuries of the Eastern hemisphere, during ten of those long bright and cloudless summers for which our gilded plains of Hindostan are so justly celebrated, must, as the necessary result of his sanity, take our patriot bard's advice, and “order his wings and fly off to the west” without delay, lest excessive bliss, too long protracted, should cloy upon his taste and produce a surfeit—this is always supposing said wings to remain sufficiently unplucked and unsinged, to carry what remains of his personal identity safe out of those sunny climes, into the more genial obscurity of his native fogs.

THE very day on which my services entitled me to a change of air I turned my heels on the splendour of an Eastern court, and marched with the —th regiment towards the ancient city of

Ukhburabad. An agreeable and intelligent scion of a royal house accompanied us thus far—his highness Uqbal ud Dowleh, who has since been pretty well lionized in this country as “the

Prince of Oude." Of this portion of my travels I shall say nought—it having been performed in due order as laid down in that most true, and ancient, and unalterable of guide books yclept "Patton's Routes;" but having reached the city of the great Akbar, I cannot withhold adding my little mite of admiration to its one wonder; however, as all previous travellers have tried to describe it and failed, I shall not make the attempt. Not even the painter's art, much less my words, can give an idea of its beauties, because they are magical, and evidently owing to enchantment—at least so after mature reflection it appears to me—therefore I will only add my testimony, that "Taj Muhul" is the most magnificent tomb our sun shines upon in his daily course; perhaps none other such ever did exist in record of the frail mortality of man. Yet its faults are neither slight nor few; it wants the chaste and harmonious majesty of Grecian temples—nor does it aspire to the daring sublimity of the Gothic; but grace and airy elegance have marked it for their shrine, and will fascinate the sternest critic's tongue to silence, should the measured rules of art forbid his formal praise. The first glance at the gorgeous glittering pile of domes and minarets bewilders the eye, which requires some little leisure to arrange the whole into a connected picture; but this more and more improves the longer it is dwelt on, and then each part still more delights, by the rarely beautiful and pure white marble of which the exterior is formed, and the exquisite taste and execution of the mosaic ornaments inside which astonish and rivet the attention of the most indifferent visiter. There is, in short, an enchantment about the place, which defies criticism. The spacious gardens with their groves of citron, orange, mango, and many other fruit and forest trees, and shady marble walks, form a favourite resort for picnickers from the neighbouring cantonment in the cool season; and during the hot winds, knots of coffee-drinkers may be found among them, idling away their vacant mornings between the small scandal of the station, and the bubbling fragrance of their hookahs. At night a quadrille or graceful waltz may wind along the marble terraces—a regimental band the while, cheering up; the perfumed foliage of overhanging

boughs does fitting homage to the voluptuous shades of Noor-Muhul—"the harem's light,"—to ensure whose repose prayers are regularly offered, and lamps kept continually burning, according to the pious bequest of Shah Jehan, "king of the world," but her devoted slave. Unless however in the immediate *sanctum sanctorum*, no great sanctity is attached to the place by the natives. The building and gardens are kept in repair by our government, so far as consists with the present rage for economy; but Lord W. being rather of the ultra-utilitarian school in matters of taste, it is beginning to exhibit weeds and chinks, in which that sure destroyer the peepul tree has sown seeds which if not attended to, will soon lay the foundation for a beautiful ruin; but the ruin will not be worthy of the Taje, whose chief excellence is in the exquisite finish and well selected richness of its material. The brilliantly white marble, mosaic pavements, and inimitably ornamented walls—the flowerbeds and avenues—are all in true oriental stateliness; solemn formal ranks of cypress stand on each side, relieved by lofty trees overshadowing the whole, and bowing their thirsty heads towards the sparkling rows of fountains, about eighty of which throw their fantastic showers into the marble reservoir which extends the whole length of the garden—their dewy spray tempering the feverish drought of the air, more refreshes, perhaps, by the idea of coolness than by its reality, of which in truth little is to be had at Agra during the hot winds.

By moonlight this is the very beau ideal of a fairy palace. It resembles nothing "of the earth, earthy"—so still and solemn, it seems a very sacrilege to break the silence by a whisper. High walls, with a belt of lofty trees, protect the repose of the tomb from all external sounds. The gardens open only towards the Jumna, which runs broad and swiftly, at a distance of 40 or 50 feet below a marble terrace, which is scarped with solid masonry from the garden into the bed of the river.

In the fort of Agra also much is to be seen—its Moulee Musjid (pearl mosque) is preferred by many to the Taje. In chasteness of design and taste it is certainly superior, and anywhere else would be altogether unrivalled—all built of the whitest

marble without any adventitious ornament—the palace in the fort was also built by Shah Jehan while kept prisoner there by his son Aurungzebe, and is the finest royal residence I have seen in India. The mosaic of precious stones on the pillars is superior in my opinion to any in the TAUJE. Both are supposed to be the work of European artists—Italians. The Sheesh Muhul, is rather a paltry chamber—brilliant with fountains and lights, and enamelled walls covered with little bits of coloured mirrors. A most delicious hot weather couch particularly took my fancy—a shallow marble bath apparently intended to recline in, while a fountain played over it—beautifully carved, in form of a shell. Another similar to it is said to have been carried away by the Marchioness H—, and this one narrowly escaped the same fate.

The mosaic here as in the TAUJE, is shamefully defaced by attempts to extract the stones—exquisitely beautiful figures being in many places completely destroyed for the sake of a paltry bit of agate or bloodstone, here inestimable, but of little value any where else! There were formerly many valuable precious stones, emerald, garnet, &c. but these, of course, all disappeared before our time.

In the courts of the palace is a very thick and fine slab of black marble, the edges adorned with Persian poetry in high relief, telling how the sun and moon hid their faces when the great Jehangeer ascended it, &c. This was split through the middle, the instant the Jaut (Sooruj Mull, the Bhurtpore Rajah, who took the fort) placed his foot on it. So they say, and a similar accident is related of the imperial crown at Delhi. When Gholam Kader dragged the king off the throne, and placed his foot upon the royal neck (before putting his eyes out,) every jewel in the crown suddenly and spontaneously shivered to pieces!

Lord W. B. peeled the silver off one of the ceilings in the palace, and sold it for 10,000 rupees, which went into the company's coffers. He also disposed by auction of quantities of bloodstone, cornelian, agate, and other rubbish from ruined parts of the palace, which are now hawked about in the shape of knife handles and other gimcrackeries. Nothing was pulled down however, or injured by this; but for the proprietors of relics picked out of the walls, and

the owners of vile English names scribbled over them—heaven have mercy on them!—I hope they may never be left to mine.

Sent off my baggage on camels half loaded, and despatched others for my servants and self, a week in advance. Had a dawk (relay) of six horses laid to Gwalior, 75 miles; and on the 17th February, a dismal rainy morning, blowing fresh, and bugles blowing no parade, I turned my back on cantonments, scarcely daring to believe that I was no longer a slave, but really a free Briton, and on my way to England. Half-way is Dhoulpore, a good town—the last in the Company's territory; a fort and Rajah, good snipe-jheel, (swamp,) and a bungalow, where an officer (Lieutenant T—) is stationed Thug hunting; he has sent 25 lads to Jubbulpore for trial within the last fortnight. From this the road is down steep and narrow ravines to the Chumbul, the boundary of our territory. In these I had the luck to meet a party of Mahrattas, every man with seven wives in bullock coaches which just fitted into the ravine, so it was all but impossible to pass; my legs accordingly—although fined down to the company's regulation by ten Bengal summers—were almost ground to powder by their wheels. Crossed the Chumbul, a noble stream, along with my horse, in a boat like a large tray; good partridge ground on the western bank; stony soil all the way to Gwalior with little cultivation, and a few villages consisting at most of thirty or forty wretched mud hovels thatched with unshapen cake-looking tiles strewed at random over their tops. Our side of the Chumbul has good cultivation and good villages with serais; but there is great difference in the soil of the two sides; a stone is scarcely to be seen on ours, all the way to Agra, where the deep alluvial land is almost composed of brick, and the houses roads and fences entirely so; for many miles round the remains of the ancient city at Gwalior every thing is built of stone. Hot, unhealthy place. Three miles from the fort, is the British residency—an ugly good house, with good garden, and three or four other houses about it, which belong to the assistant-resident, the surgeon, and officer commanding the escort—all these gentlemen are at present absent on a tour through Scindiah's country, helping

him to settle his affairs. One affair the resident Colonel S—, has just settled much to the Maharajah's satisfaction, having got restored to his misrule a district near Boorhunpore which had been handed over to us some twenty years ago, to be kept till a debt was paid out of its revenues; this was accomplished two or three years ago, and the Rajah claimed restoration of his territory, to which claim the council in Calcutta have acceded, to the certain ruin of the landholders who had built houses and planted vineyards, considering themselves secure under leases granted by our government, which, at the time of taking the land, had made a clause in their treaty with Scindiah which appears to have entirely escaped the notice of the present generation of diplomatists, in both Gwalier and Calcutta; but the collector of Dhoolia, who has the management of the district, discovered that we had reserved to ourselves the option of either restoring the land to Scindiah, or if we chose, retaining it and paying to him the whole revenues. This latter the Bombay government have directed to be done on Mr. B—'s remonstrance, and have retained possession pending an appeal against the supreme government's decision, which it is probable they will amend.

18th.—Disappointed in horses here, had to lay a palkee dawk, and wait till morning. Left "cantonment" at nine, accompanied by a cold hen, and a bottle of "Allsop," having before sunrise had the minister's permission to visit the fort, which to my eye, appears almost impregnable, but nevertheless was taken by our troops on their first assault. It contains curious Buddhist images, and very ancient temples, with unintelligible inscriptions, but above all, that most enchanting of trees, which grows by the tomb of "Tau Sein," with whose leaves, alas, I had no opportunity of sweetening my voice, or I should have given my readers a stave ere this; below is Scindiah's camp between the fort and rocky hills which must, by a double reflection of the sun's rays, make rather warm quarters even for them. The force cantoned there is said to be at present 80,000. Near Gwalier are great flocks of camels grazing on the bushes—all bearers sent from Gwalier therefore dawk slow, and double price (one rupee a mile;) did not

reach Norwa till eleven at night; 40 miles; large tower, with hill-fort several miles in circumference; 400 or 500 feet high; fine lake; very beautiful place, but could not see it well by moonlight. Found a suwar (horseman) and horse waiting for me from Sipree, so mounted and rode 35 miles of the worst road I ever went over; had to walk our horses almost the whole way; changed steeds at Goondree, a hamlet with a dozen hovels, (passed no other); thence by a steep and stony pass to the Sind, whose bed being made of round rocks and loose boulder stones, with three feet deep of rapid water over them; my horse tumbled and soaked me disagreeably, being thinly clad, and a sharp, cold wind blowing, (suwar warmly dressed in cloth); we met a few droves of Brinjaree bullocks, carrying grain on the other side of Nurwa; since that no man nor animal except deer and the ghosts of tigers, which frightened our horses frequently in the night; my trooper pointed his matchlock at things he called "janawurs," (invisible to me,) and kept blowing his match continually; fine tiger jungle all the way; Sipree at 5 A. M.

19th.—Not expected, so no bed, and had to sleep in my wet clothes on a couch in L—'s tent; here all hands are living under canvass, and building houses—the cantonment for Scindiah's reformed contingent (which is newly organized like the Nizam's) having been removed hither from its old unhealthy station, Goonah. Sipree is well selected, on high land, (500 feet higher than Gwalier,) rocky, gravelly, red, iron soil with ravines, and some black cotton soil below which does well for gardens; scrubby jungle all round—the iron gravel not being very fertile but good enough for byre bushes and babool, and so compact that old and deep shafts of iron mines which were worked in the parade ground, nobody's grandfather ever heard when, are as square and smooth as new brick chimneys; fine shooting country, and altogether no bad station considering treble allowances, and little work; the pay is the same as the Nizam's, except that here the troops are paid (by mistake) in Company's rupees which are 18 per cent better than Nizam's; one cavalry and one infantry regiment, with a company of artillery, and two nine-pounders—Major Orlando Stubbs com-

manding, and five or six European officers.

Sipree is a good town, and likely to be much increased by the protection of the troops, which will secure its bazaars from too frequent visits of the neighbourly Puidarree commissioners of woods and forests.

20th.—My baggage camels arrived from Gwalier, where they had halted by mistake, sent them forward to Goonah and joined a tiger party to spend the day in the jungle with four captains, three Russuldars, ten elephants, and about sixty wild men, armed with drums, bugles, matchlocks, cymbals, and every unmusical instrument that ever was invented for making noises—but saw no other wild animals, except a leopard, sneaking up the side of a ravine—and a man, whose father was scalped by a bear two days ago, and the indubitably fresh prints of a large tiger's feet, the owner of which had absconded, till on the way home, as (despairing of nobler quarry,) we were consoling ourselves by bagging small game, (double spurred and grey partridge,) one of the Shikaree (hunting) elephants began to look knowing, and shortly there was a general demonstration of uneasiness among the rest—all hands seized their bone-breakers and prepared for action, when a rustling and sudden crash among the bushes put two or three of the beating elephants to flight, helter skelter. Some more of the younger ones appeared half disposed to follow the example, but were kept on their ground through sheer shame and hacking of the mahout's crooks, till the danger was over—their heads and faces streamed with blood, and the enemy lay not twenty yards in front—a full grown tigress—she had scarcely shown herself when three too well-directed messengers of fate (out of a general volley) spoiled all chance of sport, and nothing was wanting to complete the triumph except to trample the prostrate enemy under foot, which ceremony was zealously performed by old Hyder Ali who played battledore and shuttlecock with the carcase, kicking it backwards and forwards between his fore and hind feet till quite satisfied it was *bona fide* dead as mutton, and no mistake—a conclusion Hyder seemed in his wrath rather slow in coming to. At last he was induced to spare further indignities to the corpse, and having smelt it all over retired with the air of a conquering hero. The spoil was tied

on a beater's back, and we proceeded in better humour to pick up whatever small birds came in our way, giving up all further idea of tigers; but we had scarcely gone a mile, when an elephant on our flank began to blow his trumpet and beat the ground violently with his trunk; and in another moment the stirring cry of "sher, sher," ('tiger, tiger,') was responded to by a faint but uncivil sounding growl among the bushes of a tangled and impenetrable thicket. All men and elephants had their eyes fixed on this spot—stragglers pushed up to the fray in glorious anticipation—drawing charges or the less patient ramming double balls over their small shot, all bent upon death without fair play or law—a brace of tigers on our way home no bad sport—but instead of the lord of the jungles, a large black bear sneaking out sulkily, and apparently doubtful whether to go away or return to his arbour stood for a moment bolt upright on hind legs, staring at us and wondering what we could mean by making such a pother about his castle gates. The only satisfaction he received from his intrusive visitors was a charge of small shot about his ears on which he at once made up his mind, and justly indignant at so atrocious an insult, to our no small surprise charged full tilt among us and in a moment had grappled with the nearest elephant, clinging in close embrace round one of his legs, one or two ineffectual bullets having barely grazed him in the onset. Here was a novel conjuncture—the elephants were in dismay and horror; one ran right off and never stopped till out of sight and hearing, leaving a votive rag from his 'jhool' on every bush he passed, and nearly breaking his rider's head among branches of trees. The rest stamped and trumpeted; some seeming disposed to follow the fugitive, and only kept from disgracing themselves by fear of the mahout's 'ungoos.' Others more valiant, hurried to rescue their brother from the unbecoming familiarity of bruen's hug, and were with equal difficulty kept to their places. A royal tiger never caused greater sensation; the rider of the hugged elephant had enough to do keeping himself and guns from being thrown out of the howdah by the furious shaking and kicking of his enraged animal, who at last succeeded in disengaging himself, and quickly proved that two could play at

the game of squeezing. Bruen now relaxed his hold, and in his turn vainly struggled to extricate himself from his irksome position under the elephant's knee, who lent him the full weight of his body till he had flattened him like a pancake and then having added a few thrusts of his ivorys, rose up and carefully trampled his victim under foot till he had kneaded him up into an uniform jellyish consistence. He was then content, and one or two others were allowed to show their bravery, by going up and kicking the still dreaded carcase. We finished the day's work by carrying home our victim whose skin had very slightly suffered by the tusks of the elephant, although I believe not a whole bone remained in its body.

21st.—According to custom, I now levied a contribution upon all my friends' stables—had G——'s horse to Syanee, L——'s to Kolanee, M——'s to Buddewass, Daood Khans (the Russuldar Major) to Myana, and my own riding camel to Goonah, altogether sixty four miles through as wild a jungle as might be found from this to Timbuctoo, saving a few very miserable hamlets ten miles asunder, with an average of about five hovels in each, and as far as I could discover, no inhabitants in any of them. The produce of the country was a few big-ahs of corn about each of these; and at one some beautiful red and purple poppy fields, far more agreeable to the eye than the white poppies of Behar, with which I have been almost blinded riding from Gyah to Patna on a sunny day; their glare dazzles the eyes like fields of snow, with the additional nuisance of their opiate atmosphere, but these by their beauty make full amends to the eye for whatever offence the nose sustains. Reached Goouah at sunset—what a dismal spectacle is a deserted station; the solitude of a jungle is nothing—it is natural; but here, and wherever the silence of death treads closely on the heels of life—whether in the battle-field after the fry is over, and the mortal remains of what yesterday was life lie strewn around—or even in the deserted ball room, when flickering wax lights quail before the face of day, the same *memento mori* still grates upon the mind; the same melancholy train of pale and silent ghosts will occupy the vacant space. Nowhere is desolation

felt more than in a lately abandoned station; here are all the requisites for comfort and enjoyment; excellent houses, and still in no bad order except that the doors and windows are gone—gardens and walks just beginning to return to the native wilderness but still neatly fenced and gravelled; fine trellice work for graperies, stripped of their vines, and every thing rooted out that could be carried off. Not even an orange could I find to quench my thirst in the best of the gardens, though a few months ago Goonah had been famed for the excellence and abundance of its fruit. The soil is rich, black cotton land, low, flat, ugly and unhealthy—just such as our ancestors loved to fix their military posts in; (the Dutch and French in India had a different taste;) got my billet in a deserted Russuldar's house with no doors or windows, and some of the troopers brought me fruit and sweetmeats for my supper.

22nd.—Took an escort from the party in charge of the lines; I had brought an order from the Russuldar or Major, for eight suwars through Scindiah's country; but thought four could protect all the wealth I carried. Mounted my camel at daybreak for a slow march, as I must now plod along with my kit until I can get another lift in the horse line; very hot; took shelter under a tree for two or three hours at noon, and at sunset arrived at —, a large village thirty-two miles; where, a regiment of Scindiah's being encamped marching on relief from Ougein to Gwalier, it was almost impossible to get food for either myself or camels, all the provisions having been seized on by them, except what the bunyaus had managed to conceal. On being satisfied I belonged not to these locusts, they stealthily opened me their hidden stores; slept in the verandah of a bunyau's shop with my cavalry picketed in front, and a barrier of camels on the flank.

23rd.—Got out of my bad neighbourhood at dawn of day and pushed on with two suwars, leaving the rest to follow with my baggage camels and servants; thirty-five miles to Bawar. At about 25 stopped at a fine stream, the first I saw, and took a sleep, such as I could with only the scanty shade of a stunted date tree to defend me from sun, wind, and dust. Here I remained from noon till sunset in the vain hope of getting breakfast on the arrival of my party,

with whom I had indiscreetly left all my resources, both provisions and money; not even a stray traveller passed from whom I could get intelligence of them; at last, to secure something, I shot a fat peafowl out of a flock that came to drink at the river, but could not wait to cook it, so slung it to my saddle, as the evening shades were thickening and a good storm appeared brewing, and I was all alone, having sent both my suwars before me to Beawr to secure quarters for the night. Had not gone a mile when dark night and the storm came on together—pitch dark. The road—if road there was—was invisible even by daylight; but a boy herding buffaloes near the river had shewn me the bearing of a village, which its barking dogs enabled me to reach, and thence a guide brought me to Beawr by ten o'clock, where my advance guard had been able to procure me no better accommodation than a long shed, in which horses and Mah-ratta burkundazes (matchlock men) were sleeping promiscuously. In this "miscellaneous repository" among strange bed-fellows, I made my bed with my cloak and saddle, having first swallowed as much as I could—but not enough to satisfy my hunger—of a villainous compost, called here "sweet-meat"—treacle, meal, and ghee—what else I know not, but I had to lick my lips and call it "*khoob mithaee*;" (good sweetmeat;) for it was purchased by one of my troopers as the most delicate fare the bazaar could boast. My game was a trouble to me now, as hereabouts a peafowl's life is as sacred as that of a man or cow, and I was afraid some inquisitive Rajpoot might be peeping into my bag while I was sleeping; so threw it on the roof of the shed, determined to secure it at day-break, or if I should not be the first to find it in the morning, to disclaim it altogether.

24th.—Waited till the sun forced its beams through a thick and hazy sky, and then, in despair of my stragglers, rode on with one servant who had followed me in advance of the rest, and had been only prevented by the storm from joining me last night—left one suwar to remain at Beawr, and follow with what news he could get of my kit. All I can hear is, that a large body of Goojars has been plundering hereabouts for the last week, and two days ago levied their chout on Rajghur,

a large town four miles off my yesterday's road, and on the same day burned several villages. Not very consoling intelligence. Neither my clothes nor camels would be of much service to these marauders, but the suwar's horses who accompanied them might be tempting. However, *coute qui coule*, I must get on. So left my last suwar to bake a cake and bring it after me to the nearest river possessing the rare conjunction of water and shade; after a hot and hungry ride of fourteen miles found precisely what I wanted; turned my camel loose among peepul trees on the bank, while I and my companion gathered sticks and with the help of my gun and waistcoat pocket (by way of tinder) blew up a good fire—plucked the peafowl—cut its breast into steaks which when roasted black and the ashes washed off in the river, made a breakfast fit for the king of the Cannibal Islands, leaving abundance for dinner besides. My pursuivant-at-arms brought in time for dessert two gigantic elephant cakes, but no tidings of my people, who cannot now overtake me till I halt for them somewhere.

While lying on the bank tearing my breakfast with tooth and nail, an otter popped his head up in the pool beside me, and I instinctively snatched my gun and pointed at him, but he swam towards me looking so good-humoured and confidently in my face with his large eyes, that my finger *would* not draw the trigger, though I tried to reason the point with it that he too was himself a murderer—but it would not do—he seemed to say "there are only two of us and we may as well be friends." I felt quite ashamed of myself, and laying down my gun offered him share of my breakfast—he gamboled about close beside me till it was finished, when I went away peaceably and better satisfied than if I had got his fine skin spread over my saddle-bags.

Seharunpore, my next stage, is thirty-six miles from Beawr—sent my only remaining suwar on, and followed after noon, with my groom behind me. Puchawar, at sunset—here got a guide, who was relieved at each village afterwards without a moment's delay, or the expectation of payment, which, when offered, was taken with astonishment and profuse thanks. These guides are the best I have seen in India, and always at their post; each village has a certain number, who hold their land rent free

for their services to travellers. That is usual everywhere, but it is not usual to find them so attentive.

At eight p.m. found my trooper had halted in a small village, where he had collected tempting bribes to induce me to shorten my night's march—for myself sweetmeats and milk—grain and grass for the cattle, all arranged on a clean terrace, round a banyan tree, the abode of a Hindoo god and a fakeer. His horse was tired, and all of us being somewhat in the same condition, I consented—though not fond of curtailing my marches—and spread my cloak, *sub dio*, on the cleanest bed I have had since leaving Sipree. Here we all fared sumptuously, particularly my camel, who got the better half of his master's supper, and seemed to relish it much more. Slept soundly for five hours, the night being cool and clear, and on the 25th, at daybreak, reached the gates of Sheharunpore, which were shut, but got through the wicket, and woke up the durwan, who went for the keys to the killedar's house, and after a quarter of an hour we got in. The city is the residence of the Dewass Rajah, on the banks of the —, a fine stream, clear, broad, gravelly bed, with at present about a foot of water where we forded.

Posted my last trooper in Sheharunpore as a relay to bring intelligence, and pushed on with my servant behind me for Shajehanpore, where I may halt two or three days without losing time, while a dawk is laying for Indore. At noon entered the city of Shajehanpore, after ten hours' ride, having had to walk my jaded camel most of the way, as the day was excessively hot. Seeing some suwars strolling through the bazaar, whose demiferingee costume bespoke '*Holkars contingent*'—strange visions of fish and rice, with tables, chairs, coffeepots, and other tantalizing breakfast reminiscences, began to flit before my eyes, as they wandered about in search of an European-looking bungalow—a hopeless search, as soon appeared by the reply of a trooper I asked to show me his commanding officer's quarters. "Teen koss," was the varlet's laconic answer—that is to say, "It is nine miles off—or, 'by'r lady, ten!'" This dispelled my festive visions; but, determined to get on even the teen koss rather than halt here—though quite against my attendant's recommendation—took a short cut over a stony hill,

which saved two or three miles, but gained nothing in time. The heat was broiling; the rough stones lamed my camel, so that I had to dismount my aide-de-camp and let him follow as he could; and the bushes robbed me of a great portion of my shirt sleeves; but, as a set-off for these inconveniences, I nearly came in for a choice *morceau* of shikar. On reaching the top of the hill spied a crowd of villagers, about a mile distant, whose movements and multitudinous weapons shewed they were intent on deeds of arms. On observing me they appeared to parley as if waiting my arrival, and so I shoved along my limping dromedary to see the row; but after a few minutes' pause two men went forward, approaching cautiously towards some object which I could not distinguish, but, from their attitude supposed to be a dangerous customer. Advancing about fifty paces, they suddenly stopped, and appeared to hesitate—in another instant a tiger sprung from behind a bush upon the foremost, who appeared to fall—it was a fearful sight. What happened I could not observe; but there was evidently a scuffle, which gave me hopes that one at least of the men had escaped. These were immediately confirmed by a shout, and all the crowd rushing to the spot. When I reached the scene of action, all was over—the tiger lay dead with a spear through his chest, and out between the ribs—on the point of this he had been received by one of the men at the spring I saw him make, and the other instantly ran up and dispatched him with his sword, ripping up his belly. Both of them had escaped unhurt. It was the most dashing affair in the tiger way I ever saw. Our howdah tiger shooting is slow sport. The neighbouring village had turned out in force, with all the implements of war and husbandry they could muster, to attack the animal, which had been discovered by a herd-boy feeding on the carcase of an ass he had slain the day before; but having only two matchlocks among them all, they were undecided how to make their assault, and on my appearance proposed to wait and see if I could bring any help; but these two adventurous youths would not be restrained; and, as it turned out, I was almost glad of it, a double-barrelled detonator might have spoiled their far more sporting exploit. The tiger was not quite full-grown. These

people then pointed out to me two white specks, which were Captain M'M——'s tents, near the village of Rosewass, and there I arrived at three. Two hours afterwards the skin of the tiger was brought to him, and the whole village came to present their champions to the 'Captan Sahib,' and I was happy to be able to confirm their story. M'M—— was exactly the person I wanted; and a halt of three days under his canvass was a most agreeable pastime. He despatched scouts in search of my stray people, who brought them in safe and unrobbed on the third day. They had lost their road in the jungle, and, instead of Beawr gone to Rajghur the very day after it had been plundered by the Goojars. I had nearly made the same mistake myself, but some people set me right, luckily—as meeting any one is an event which does not occur more than once or twice in a day's march. Sometimes the only individual we have met from morning till night was Scindiahs pawn dawk. The Maharajah, it seems, is an epicure in that luxury, and has relays of banghy bearers laid every ten or fifteen miles from Gwalier to Boorhanpoor, about five hundred and fifty miles, to bring him fresh supplies every day, the Boorhanpoor pawn being reputed the best in India and alone worthy of his exalted jaws. Being a minor he leaves the rest of the cares of government to his minister—a low-bred man, who never dreamt of such luck, until with the assistance of Mr. C——'s "non-interference," the hopeful boy, who had been adopted by the Baiza bae as her son and heir, managed to jostle his mamma off the guddee. The country has been going to the bad ever since. She was a woman of extraordinary ability, (as all women rulers in India have been,) and though rather off-hand for our modern European ideas, (and off-head when it suited her,) is spoken of with respect by all classes of the people for the justice and energy of her government—qualities not apparent in the present administration.

Rosewass is a small village, selected as the station for a regiment of contingent horse raising by Captain M'M——, for Holkar's service: he is to be the only European at the place, and to act both as civil and military authority. The lines are formed on a rising ground on the bank of a river which contains the best water within

many miles—so the natives judge, who being more addicted to that beverage than we are, ought to know best. Here I changed my mode of journeying; having got through the desert regions I shall be able to get on quicker by leaving my kit and trusting to the resources of the country—so sent my riding camel back to Agra and my escort to Goonah—the former being relieved by relays of a palkee and five horses from mine host—the latter by two troopers of Holkar's horse, all that could be spared, as the greater part of his corps are out in pursuit of Goojars, a pastime they have in abundance, as this being on the borders of Scindiah's, Holkar's, the Dewass, Bhopalpoore, and some other petty rajah territories which are most ingeniously dove-tailed into each other, is good hunting ground for freebooters, who can dodge their pursuers back and forward from one demesne into another. However, lately M'M——'s people have got (or taken) the liberty of hunting over the whole; and his corps being chiefly composed of renegade maostroopers, some of them mighty hunters in their day, are unusually successful in kidnapping their old companions.

Got fresh baggage-camels, and sent my own to Mhow empty to be fresh for a new start in case others not procurable there. And here I must pay a tribute to the memory of an esteemed friend I may never meet again. A camel's pace is generally said to be distressing to the rider, but I have been much in the habit of using them and not found it so. The long smooth trot of a high-caste riding camel is by no means disagreeable. Mine was of the pure blood of the desert—unusually tall, and used to carry me with ease six miles in half an hour, though for a distance six in the hour was his best pace. How he was off for the organ of locality I know not, but his topographical sagacity was very much beyond that of a horse or most other domestic animals. I have often been deceived by trusting to my horse for the road, but my camel never failed me. When puzzled on returning home in the night from shooting, I have, whenever riding him, trusted implicitly to his judgment, and he never seemed to have a doubt on the subject, but would take me, perhaps, six or eight miles straight across a country which he never could have been in before

morning having lost the way, I rode up to some people gathering opium in a poppy field to enquire, but they were so stupified, either with smelling or eating opium, that they could give no information on that or any other subject. The suwar then tried his hand, but being equally unsuccessful had at last to ride off to a neighbouring village to enquire. From Indore got a fat horse from a subadar, which deposited me at my friend S.'s quarters in Mhow, at one p.m.—twelve miles through a rich and beautiful country—the aspect of which has rapidly improved since leaving Rosewase; and here the sight of neat gardens with lines of European bungalows—albeit not boasting much architectural beauty—was quite reviving after four hundred miles of almost unmitigated jungle. A pretty cantonment, more like Saugur than any other we have—built like it on a ridge of stony hills, below which is a great plain of black cracked soil, not so bleak as Saugur and said to be a better (i. e. cooler) climate; but the difference must be trifling, merely from a greater elevation of about a hundred feet—I think 2150 above the sea. This is half way from Agra to Bombay, and for the remaining half I chiefly depend upon the assistance of hospitable Ducks, from whom various intimations of saddled steeds have greeted my arrival. Mhow all in a whirl with races, plays and balls, in the confusion of which, seven spinsters—the whole stock of the cantonment, have been lost—all merged into matrons within three months! A gallant captain popped the question to the last of the maidens yesterday—too late in the day, although Phœbus had not yet stooped from his place of power in the meridian sky—but, alas! the lady said she was very sorry for him, but really and truly it was out of her power to grant his request, for that very morning she had bestowed all he asked for upon a brother captain in his own regiment. In the evening the favoured swain actually carted his betrothed in his rival's buggy. This was too bad. The ceremony of carting clinches our matrimonial bargains in the east; after that nobody dares say black is the white of the lady's eye.

Found fresh baggage camels ready to proceed on the same terms as those I had brought from Agra, viz., half loads, and thirty miles a-day, to Bom-

bay; so dispatched them immediately on my arrival and followed in S.'s buggy with a relay of four saddle horses, for Mundlairsir (thirty miles) at one a.m. on the 2nd March; intending to descend the Ghat at daybreak and house myself in Mundlairsir, which is reputed the hottest station on our side of India, before the sun became intolerable. But here I was mistaken in toto—for my groom in waiting insisted on bringing me on a wrong road, ~~four miles~~ from Mhow. Now I, Feringee Farree, being of an amiable and docile temper have a habit of giving up my own opinion (of which, by the way, I invariably have to repent afterwards—barring this sole case of selecting between two roads—in picking out the right one I have generally found niggers most handy.) So, acting on general principles, I drove along the gradually fading traces of the road till they totally disappeared at the foot of a mountain; and then, rather than retrogress sent back my vehicle, determined to make my way alone by a short cut over the mountain; forgetful of a pair of top-boots, which though good for riding were just the least taste in life too tight for travelling on foot. Of course another half hour found me dead lame, foundered and stumbling and scrambling along the side of a steep mountain, with no trace of a path or of any human being to show me one—and then lest my misery should be imperfect, the sun, my enemy, began to grin horribly at me over the top of the hill on my left. A 'pugdundee' (footpath) led me to a buffalo shed inhabited by women, grinding bajree, who politely assured me I was going exactly in the right direction. This was satisfactory, so I limped along a mile or so till another buffalo hut appeared, where men were winnowing; these staring at me, said "sabib kidhur jata," meaning thereby "what the devil brought you here?" This was a poser: I told them with the greatest simplicity, I was taking a short cut for the Jaum Ghat; and they replied that I was doing no such thing, for the straight road to the Jaum Ghat lay five miles to the east, beyond the mountain. A gossoon was easily induced to accompany me to the top of this, and showed me a village three miles off, where commissariat bullocks from Mhow were kept grazing and close to which the road passed. Thither accordingly I

hobbled with what legs I had, and was then conducted by a very civil "bullock-maun" (as they are called in Anglo-Bengallee) to an eminence, whence he showed my road with such explicit directions to turn to the right, and in no wise to the left, that I could not possibly go astray any more. I had vainly endeavoured to hire the loan of a tattoo in the village but was obliged again to put my best leg foremost, bad as it was. After a mile this broad road, like the rest, began to vanish, gradually exhausted by little foot-paths into the jungle; there was nothing for it now but to follow my "South West coarse," like my countryman Barney O'Reardon—so I walked through various streams, which cooled my apoplectic feet while in the water, but made them far more painful afterwards. Spying some cattle grazing and inferring that there might be a biped in charge, I made my way towards them in quest of a benevolent cowherd, but no human animal appeared, or answered, though I bellowed like a bull (perhaps that was the reason.) The guardian of the kine I guessed, had hidden himself through fear of a white feringee; thinking to entice him forth by driving away his cattle, I seized upon the bullock who bore the bell, and twisted him along by the tail till quite out of sight of the rest, but still nobody came to the rescue; he seemed himself to be the sole protector of the flock, so to his care I again consigned them, and after a little while a broad pukka road appeared crossing my way at right angles. Here was another difficulty; my course should be south, and this road went east and west—odds in favour of west—soon backed by the fresh traces of camels' feet, and all doubt was at an end when a tower and fort and the village of Jaum appeared; but my feet seemed utterly unfit to carry me down the Ghat. To complete my discomfort, beside the great gateway which guards the top of the pass stood my two camels without their loads! They ought ere this to have been eating gram in Mundlaisir. I found that they had halted at the village as the Ghat is impracticable for such long-legged animals by night—difficult and dangerous even by day; and when re-loaded in the morning, being (as the surwan confessed) young untrained animals, took fright at the rattling of the trunk padlocks, and ran away, strewing boxes and cooking pots about

the jungle, which the people were now busy collecting. One had been stopped just at the gateway—a few steps further and his neck must necessarily have been broken. The surwan swore, by way of appeasing my wrath, that he had himself lost a bag containing fifty rupees, and wanted leave to go in search of it. This being of course a lie, I made him accompany me and taking a spear shaft to support my steps, valiantly faced the Ghat, but after half a mile had to give it up and not able any longer to stand lay down under shelter of a tuft of grass with my feet supported on a high stone. The pain was a little relieved by this; I had no knife, and had made many ineffectual attempts to saw through the boots with sharp stones the wetting and drying in the sun over my swollen feet having made it quite impossible to pull them off. Got on one of my baggage camels when they came down, and my third horse (I had missed the two first by my pedestrian excursion) was soon after sent up from the foot of the Ghat by a traveller who took pity on my distress; but after four or five miles' riding, the pain in my feet became so intense it very nearly made me faint, which I only avoided by hastily dismounting. Luckily the suwar who accompanied me had a knife with which I slit the obnoxious buskin from top to toe. I have seldom in my life felt such comfort as after this operation; but it required great care to avoid cutting my feet, as they had, although excessively painful, completely lost their common feeling, which did not return for a considerable time; in truth, they were in an incipient stage of mortification, and looked exactly like pieces of boiled pork. A fourth horse belonging also to a suwar of the Bhopaur contingent, took me into Mundlaisir, at two p.m. Rested from this day's labour in the house of the surgeon, who was acting political agent, and procured me the loan of two riding camels from Russuldars to take me to Talnair. The descent from Mhow is sixteen or eighteen hundred feet and the difference of climate is from cool and healthy, to a hot muggy malaria that kills almost every European who does not go away sick. It is the frontier station of Bengal, and here, according to the rules of the service, my furlough commences, though I may not get out of India this month yet;

a regulation rather hard on western Bengallees who don't like travelling two thousand miles out of their way by Calcutta.* Got soft slippers for my foundered feet, and sent both riding and baggage camels across the Nerbudda to be ready at two in the morning. Had to part here with the last remaining of my servants who was unable, though willing enough, to proceed further—even as far as the holy Kibla of Islam, as his high ambition was to return with the degree of Hadjee—but here his pilgrimage terminated to our mutual regret, with promises on both sides to renew our acquaintance on my return from Europe, if we could find each other. The only fault I had with him was, that he was unable to ride camels, and it was frequently impossible to mount him on tattoos in these deserts, so he had to walk nearly half the way from Agra, and on arrival here his feet were not in much better marching order than his master's after the Jaum Ghat.

8d March.—Crossed the Nerbuddah in a boat at two this morning; could have slept a few hours longer, but my camels were ready saddled on the other side—such saddles and such camels as no Christian man ever rode upon before; however there was no alternative, so folded my cloak for a cushion and set forward, a shut-suwar (camel rider) accompanying me on another. To console me on the road, my host had got a bale of sandwiches and a magnum of tea strapped behind me, and given me a billet for the night's lodgings upon the kameswar of Sindwa which is sixty miles off. The camels soon proved themselves unfit for harder work than their usual employment of parading the streets of Mundlaisir, bedecked with fringes and tassels and jingling bells. To keep these animals in training, very hard and regular exercise is required. These were completely fatigued with a trot of twenty miles, which they did at a fair enough rate; for the rest, no persuasions could extort more than a few paces at a time of a dislocating composite gait, between a walk and a trot. We halted nowhere except at one stream for ten minutes to drink muddy water, and arrived at Sindwa at nine p.m., after nineteen hours of the most fatiguing ride I ever have had either before or since.

Passed only two running streams, but dry beds of five or six more; a wilder wilderness than even Scindia's country; saw no human beings except ourselves and three small parties of Mahrattas all armed to the teeth with spears, swords, matchlocks, shields, pistols, and bows and arrows.

All Sindwa was asleep, but I succeeded with some trouble in getting the kamisdar awakened, to receive my letter of credit, and shortly after a deputation of his myrmidons waited on me with provisions for myself and camels—sweetmeats and mussels. Cramped their yawning gullets well with sugar ghee and spices, as the only hope of giving them legs for to-morrow, and then placed my own charpoy (bedstead) beside them in the street, and slept—too soundly, for I was awake by daylight dawning over the castle walls; five minutes more saw us both on our saddles and outside the gates, as our only preparation was to rub our eyes, give one yawn, and then mount our lofty steeds. Sindwa is a pretty place, but we waited not for daylight to admire its beauty having the fear of sunshine before our eyes. Jogged and flogged along our rough and cruelly jaded camels till half-past four when with much labour and belabouring of our poor beasts we arrived at Talnair, forty-four miles; hills, ghata, and jungle all the way; passed no running stream, some beds of rivers had stagnant pools which even the camels refused to drink; and the few villages marked in maps of the Bheel hills are all deserted and in ruins.

On entering the bazaar met a horse with an English saddle coming in from the opposite side, which mightly guessing to be for my use I instantly and joyfully mounted and forded the Tapti, a fine river but not nearly equal to the Nerbudda.

Three more nags took me to Dhoolia, viz., two gallopers and a walker, which last carried me ten miles in four hours; however, I arrived at Mr. B.'s house at nine p.m., just in time to save the remnant of an excellent dinner from going off the table, for which I found a better use. Had fed during the day on the savings of my last night's supper of sweets. Found several travellers here before me; so dawks were scarce and not to be had for some

* This rule has since been partially rescinded.

days either horse or palkee; could not halt, however in better quarters.

Mr. B. has fortified himself against the climate which is almost as bad as Mundlaisir, by building an excellent three-storied house with splendid gardens, baths, &c., all which are used with right oriental hospitality. He is at present enraged with our Bengal government and Gwalior resident for stealing away a piece of his district which he had taken great pains in improving, and handing his tenants over to be fleeced by Scindiaces, I have before mentioned.

7th.—By great luck, got four horses belonging to Mr. D. ready on the road from Malligaum to Copergaum—left B.'s house at twelve last night in a covered bullock-cart with springs and cushions, an excellent device of the Ducks for night marches, but unknown among my Bengal countrymen. Changed bullocks at four villages on the road, paying eight annas (one shilling) for each pair; and arrived at Malligaum at nine in the morning, thirty miles. Here I was well billeted upon Lt. F. and the 21st mess.

8th.—Cattle being ready, started at six with my breakfast inside—the safest cupboard on a journey. D.'s horses carried me delightfully fifty-three miles to Copergaum by half-past ten. Here in a large building, lately transmogrified into a dawk bungalow, I found a table adorned with grapes, tea, and other such ornaments; and shortly after entered another agreeable appearance, Lt. M. whom I had known some years ago in camp during the besiegement of Akulkote; he was making night marches, Duck fashion in a bullock cart, and had a heap of straw inside by way of springs. From Malligaum to Bombay there are dawk bungalows at each stage so travellers need not carry tents, which is a great comfort. Our government have built these on most of the great roads in this presidency, and on *some* of our own, in humble imitation of the native fashion of serais; but a most humble imitation it is of those magnificent lodging houses which frequently can accommodate a hundred people and are open, gratis to all comers; but these bungalows are only intended for Europeans; have but three or four rooms, and for their use there is a charge of one rupee per diem. Still the convenience is very great to those who enjoy it; but, as a

matter of policy, or generosity, the natives would think well of our continuing the good old custom of their Moslem rulers, building serais pro bono publico; even to prevent those already built from falling to ruin would be something.

Strange customs prevail in those demi-civilized parts of Asia: every groom (here nick-named "ghorawala, or horse fellow) on my changing horses, hands me a quart bottle, and says "sahib botel beer hue," meaning don't forget the beer, sir. If I was voluntarily leaving my hat or spurs behind, it could not astonish him more than my declining to drink it, does; but really I cannot afford to add fire to my burning throat in these dog-days; a bottle of strong ale every hour or two! But the Ducks are mighty good fellows entirely, and would as soon send a horse without a saddle or bridle as without the "botel beer."

Copergaum is built on the virtuous and most holy river Godavery, here called "Gungajee," because its waters slip away underground from some unknown part of the Ganges, and rise again at Trimbuck for the accommodation of the Brahmin priests—a fact to which they themselves are ready to testify.

The troubles of this day now commenced; sixty miles on "baggers," i. e. a bare boned, raw-backed, diminutive species of pack-pony. It was plain sailing on D.'s horses from Malligaum; but five miles for the first hour, and after that three—well whipped and spurred—is no joke for the hot part of a summer's day. Reached Nuggur at ten, having passed and re-passed the cantonment three times in the dark before I could find it, and then came in at the wrong side. Found Captain C. playing whist with an itinerant tooth-drawer, so rested myself by a few rubbers, after a pretty heavy supper and then to bed for four hours' sleep. A hundred and twenty miles this day not bad work considering my cattle: I would rather have double the distance on good ones; but still it was a trifle to either of my days—on the Mundlaisir camel.

9th.—Breakfasted by candle-light, and on horse as soon as day enough to see the road to Poonah; raining and hailing—drenched well, but dry again before I reached G. G.'s camp at Warigaum, who has a company of

sepoys and prisoners making a road. Twenty-six miles on a good horse of Lt. D.'s ; here another breakfast with G., then galloping horses to Koondapore, Shikrapore, Wargoolee—and Poonah, before sunset ; seventy-two miles—or eighty-two, counting a retrograde stage, which, having been obliged latterly to ride blindfold on account of the wind sun and dust, I did not discover till I had countermarched about five miles, having left it to my horse's discretion to return homewards, upon which he went the contrary way. Poonah is the pet station of Bombay, the Meerut of the west, as Banaalore is among the Malls. The big-wigs spend most of their time here, which makes it gay, but expensive for the military.

Found my old friends of the —th regiment little changed beyond the addition of a few pair of whiskers among beardless ensigns that were—five years ago. Having been uncommonly well starved of late I turned their excellent mess to good account, and in four days had made great progress towards replenishing my muscular system ; besides getting refitted with a new cuticle for my face, the old covering having been burned clean off. But here—though no way fastidious in these matters, I must, once more, in the name of my Bengal brethren, enter a solemn protest against the wilful and perverse obstinacy of these same Ducks, who *will* persist in eating their mutton in a state of nature ! that is, without gramfeeding according to the custom of civilized countries.

I also abhor having a huge tumbler of swipes placed before me when any person opposite chooses to drink the villainous potation. I am free to take a glass of cool claret with any man that asks me, but can't, and *won't*, swill *bad* malt liquor just like a brewer's horse. There may be exceptions in these matters of mutton and beer ; my late host in Dhoolia was one ; but, as far as I can judge, they are the rules, and I consider them grievances, and warn all of my countrymen who cannot submit to them, and also to living in heated ovens, to beware of *Duck officer's* dens—dens with two doors and loophole windows, and without a tatty, or even a hook in the ceiling to hang a punkah ! With all these faults, (and it is a heavy catalogue), they are excellent good fellows, and I have seen some of them handle a hog-spear well.

N.B.—I don't care a whit about their

calling old men 'boys,' though it sounds funny ; but we have old 'boys' in old Ireland too.

Here I was joined by a brother officer from the sister presidency, and we left Poonah at daybreak ; and on the 13th dined at Mahabuleshwar ; seventy miles ; good bungalows at several stages, particularly Wye—a beautiful place ; pretty good bridle road, though not made all the way, and at one steep place we were obliged to dismount. Several steps up ranges of hill with broad levels on the top—much better than going one hundred miles by the great road through Sattarah as some of our friends advised us. Found the T.'s in a small edifice containing four closets—one of five bungalows which the Bombay government have built for their invalid servants, who are accommodated therewith for a trifling rent of seventy rupees a month ; not near so good as those at our convalescent depot of Landour which officers on duty have rent free. Private houses are however now rising on all sides ; upwards of fifty built already, and room for five hundred—they have the great advantage over our Himalaya stations, of abundant level ground. Here are excellent carriage roads in every direction, (fifty miles of them it is said,) but bad for walking, being composed of soft, red sand and pudding stone and scoræ like half vitrified brick ; so must be almost always ankle deep with either dust or mud. Of this stone the houses also are built ; and it appears durable, growing hard by exposure.

Mahabuleshwar is 4800 feet above the sea ; the climate pleasantly cool, never cold ; no snow nor frost ; thermometer (March 15th,) 62° to 68° ; delightful, compared with the Concan, but in the rains it is said to be better at Poonah, and no one remains here, they are so constant and violent. The surrounding scenery is very fine ; amazingly beautiful views into the plains, and of the sea from the higher parts. The hills covered with vegetation—ferns, small trees and shrubs ; but none of the grandeur of the Meezourie range or Simla—no snowy summits—no gigantic deodar, pine, oak, or those magnificently flowery rhododendrons. Here are few large trees of any kind ; no eagles or pheasants, or chamois, or the other kinds of deer which attract a sportsman into the Himalaya ; there are, however, bears, cheetas, and samburs, and some

other large game, well worthy of a rifle-man's notice.

16th.—Red dust on the ghat very disagreeable. Rode to Mhar in the afternoon; thirty miles, four or five of which were down the steep ghat with the evening sun in our eyes which spoiled a noble prospect. Mountain sides clothed with great variety of trees with brilliant flowers and gigantic creepers hanging about them in festoons. Near the bottom bamboos prevail—harbingers of a warm ride for us to-morrow. The difference of climate after an hour's descent is far from agreeable. Mhar is one long street with a good bazaar and picturesque dawk bungalow built overhanging the river, in which got good beds and tea.

17th.—Started at three for Nagotna—forty-four miles, on yesterday's jaded ponies. Hot ride to the bungalow at Indorpore twenty-four miles, where, after two hours, we succeeded in getting some eggs and rice cakes cooked in the village, with chips of dried bumboes, and a lota (brass cup) of milk. Our nags fared better and brought us to Nagotna by sunset, where a bunder boat with a week's provisions from Bombay waited in charge of T——'s head butler, whose offices we forthwith brought into requisition. Set sail at high water, eight p.m. leaving our suite and baggage to follow as they could and in twelve hours more changed the boat for palkees which took us to T.'s terraced mansion at Khambala.

Found that a passage had been already secured for us in an Arab buggala, bound for Bushire on board which we went forthwith, and there saw little to congratulate ourselves on, except that the captain (nakhoda) appears a decent rational sort of fellow for an Arab, and promises to clear us a gangway into our cabin through the pepper-bags. He also assures us that "if it be the will of Providence we shall get to Bushire in less than a month," which is a comfort. But for the rest, the prospect is rather "*pokerish*," as Jonathan would say—an incomparably unwieldy topsy turvy looking concern, composed principally of poop and pepper-bags, with two tall masts raking forwards right over her bowsprit. The best cabin was occupied by sixteen pilgrims from Lucknow, before which a piece of the steerage had been enclosed for us with canvass walls; in front of our den was a pile of bags, and on each

sidelittle cloisters containing Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and the dwellers in—I know not where—but we shan't want for company. We cannot stand upright in our cabin, nor is there room in it for both our beds; this last is of no importance as I have got mine slung in fresher air over the rails of the poop. We are to sail in four days—the steamer does not sail for a month; there is nothing else, and tempus fugit.

Should never have got ourselves equipped in time for our travels by sea and land without the aid of the most beneficent Parsee Pickerjee Pokerjee, who also had managed to hire our cabin for the moderate sum of four hundred rupees, the sixteen Lucknow gents (as we afterwards learned,) paid one hundred and eighty for theirs; but *n'importe*—any port in a storm.

One of our troubles was getting bills of exchange on different places; and some bags of Spanish dollars—the standard coin in outlandish parts of this world. One of the great annoyances of travelling in India is hereby avoided—for instance, in Agra I had Furrukhabad rupees, which would not pass in Gwalior; then at Shahjehanpore the Gwalior money must be changed for Indore rupees, which go no further than Mhow. At Mundlairs again, Chandore rupees; all these must be exchanged at a loss. From Dhoelia these give place to Company's rupees from the new mint at Bombay which now supplies the whole presidency—the first time her Majesty's head has made its appearance in India: till now our money was, absurdly enough, coined in the name of one "Shah Allum," to show the mercantile humility of my mushroom lord and master "John company." The new money is not in my opinion so handsome as the old but is a great convenience as there is a similar coinage in Calcutta where a gigantic mint has lately been erected to make money by steam for the whole Bengal presidency. This has swallowed up the provincial mints of Benares, Sangor, &c., which used to supply the upper provinces; and to their no small inconvenience, as the fluctuations of the money market, and the power of great capitalists must be increased by so distant a source of supply—from some places 2000 miles. The revenue collectors receive only our own money, which at the rent-paying season is accordingly enhanced in price. Formerly, this was remedied by

the facility of getting old silver coined into the currency. At Saugar, natives used when rupees were at an advance of more than the cost of coining, ($\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.) to bring bullion in horse loads from distances of two or three hundred miles, sit down and see it assayed and stamped before their faces (this was done by natives with dies made on the spot but equal to any in England,) in their own simple and cheap manner, only slightly modified by improved construction of their instruments, which were so little complicated that common coolies from the bazaar, hired by the day as wanted, did almost all the work. By this mint not only were the expenses of coinage paid, (the only instance however, in India, in which this has been accomplished,) but the European superintendent, Col. P——, after deducting his own salary and all others, sent a clear profit of 10,000 rupees per

annum into the government treasury for the last six years: twelve lakhs of money coined in the year covered the expense. In Calcutta, two hundred and fifty are required as an establishment of people who understand the machinery must be constantly kept up; steam engines are not omnipotent in a country where day labourers can be procured for 2½d. or 3d. a day. In 1836, the Calcutta mint coined one and a half million of silver money for which the country paid £30,000, besides great inconvenience was suffered by government in collecting the revenue of the distant provinces, in which accordingly the court have now recommended the re-establishment of mints on the old system—to rebuild what they had just pulled down, exemplifying one of the benefits of an experimental government on the other side of the world.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture. Third edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Oxford: John H. Parker; Charles Tilt, London, 1840.

THIS is not only a very pretty but a very useful work, appealing to the eye as well as to the understanding. The compiler under the respective heads of his glossary, not only, describes well, but the publisher spares no pains or expense in woodcuts of the very best description, to illustrate what has been stated in the letter-press; so much so, that we consider that any person, by the aid of these volumes, may, at very little expense of time or trouble, become acquainted with the terms and characteristics of architecture. Though professing to illustrate *all* styles of architecture, yet it is principally (though by no means exclusively) confined to the Gothic order: and we think the compiler right, for in our opinion the fine fancy—the exuberant fertility—the wild romance of the Gothic style, make it every day more and more a favourite—and we are constrained to favour and admire it more than the cold and chaste, but less interesting forms of classic architecture—just on the same principle that we prefer a play of Shakspeare to one of Euripides, or would lay aside the *Æneid* of Virgil to take up the *Jerusalem Delivered* of

Tasso. We consider a convenient and comparatively cheap work on architecture very desirable for Irishmen; for certainly as yet *our* architecture, whether public or domestic, is not to be boasted of. It is true, we may have some really fine buildings in our metropolis; and, without specifying, may assert that Dublin can boast of works creditable to *any* city. But, still, we hold that, generally speaking, in our places of worship and in our domestic buildings we are much behind hand, and that it is very desirable that a taste for the useful and beautiful, more especially in the Gothic style, should be communicated to our nobility and gentry. We are quite sure that were a gentleman in possession of this book, and took the trouble to consult its beautiful illustrations, as well as read its accurate definitions, he would not permit a builder, calling himself an architect, to erect for him the monstrous, absurd, inconvenient, gimcrack of a thing, which might be called PEPPER-BOX CASTLE—nor a minister and churchwardens deform their new churches with a multitude of spikes, like a many-legged insect sprawling on its back, and then say they had imitated an abbey church of the olden times. The fact is, that Ireland is behind the rest of Europe in architeo-

tural works. Of the period before the Anglo-Norman conquest, we have no existing remains, but the round towers, Cormac's chapel on the Rock of Cashel, and a few extremely simple and unornamented churches. Subsequent to that conquest—and when the invaders became petty princes, and wished to bargain with the church for the safety of their souls—there were sundry abbeys and cathedrals built in imitation of those already existing in England and France; but there were three obstacles to the prevalence of ornate and elaborate architecture; viz. in the comparative poverty of the country, the want of handicraftsmen, and the difficulty of procuring a good material. Ireland, deficient as it is in the newer and upper formations—which abound above the coal measures in France and England—cannot offer either the new sandstone or the oolite to the workman to cut or carve with a readiness that made ornamental work comparatively cheap elsewhere. Our granite and carboniferous limestone almost set at defiance the tools of that period; and even now, when used, the labour required in the cutting is so costly, that it is almost out of the question to expect that the rich decorations and the delicate carvings which are to be seen wrought out in the sandstone and oolites of England, should be produced in our country. Consequently, it is found, by old records, and by the exhibition of the stone itself, that most of the decorations of our ecclesiastical buildings in Dublin and elsewhere—as, for instance, the mullioned windows, the groins, the mouldings, the corbels, of St. Patrick's, Christ Church, &c. &c.—were imported from Normandy or Bristol. And, even at this day, the expensiveness of our native material—which, confessedly, when finished, is most durable—forces the Irish builder to have recourse to Roman cement, &c. to execute his decorations. Now, the truth is, that the Irish climate is not suitable to the permanence of those *succedanea*. Its dampness—its alternations of frost and thaw—very soon cause the scaling off of these exterior coatings; and we have, more than once, in travelling through Ireland, had to observe a castle, decked out in all the florid taste of extreme

Gothic, with the mean brickwork peeping out from its towers, embattlements, and mullions, and showing off, perhaps, like its owner, as an ambitious spendthrift, very much out at elbows. Without, then, expecting that our country will ever be remarkable for specimens of the florid Gothic, or of very elaborate decorations, we have at least a right to suppose that, with increasing wealth, and increasing skill in our builders and tradesmen, there will be more attention to chaste and legitimate ornament, combined with convenience and comfort, in our public and private buildings; and, to further this desirable effect, we cannot recommend a more useful or instructive work than the one we now notice.

Ver-vert: a Poem in four cantos. From the French of J. B. L. Gresset. With illustrative notes by M. Montagu. London: Starie. 1840.

AN agreeable trifle, for the most part pleasantly translated. Of Gresset's *Ver-vert* there had been already two English translations—one by Dr. Geddes, which appears to have combined almost every possible fault—gratuitous additions, too, are made—and of extreme coarseness. We have only seen such parts of this translation as are printed in Mason Good's life of Geddes; but these are quite enough to enable us to speak with entire assurance on the subject.

Another translation, by Gilbert Cooper, possesses very high merit. The versification is easy and graceful, and the story, on the whole, is well told, though we think Cooper too fond of enlarging and expanding, and though he is every now and then led away by the temptation of a whimsical rhyme. This translation is printed in Chalmers's Poets. Mr. Montagu's has not quite the easy flow of Cooper's style, but has the merit of greater fidelity.

Mr. Montagu has added a few entertaining notes, and gives translations from Catullus and Ovid of Lesbia's Sparrow and Ovid's Parrot.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*: with copious Notes, explanatory and critical; partly selected from the various commentators, and partly original; also a Memoir of his life. By James Prendeville, A.B. 8vo. Holdsworth, London. 1840.

AN edition of the *Paradise Lost*, containing, in a moderate compass, a selection from the notes of his many

commentators, was a book much wanting, and this want Mr. Prendeville's book in part supplies. It is of convenient size, is, for the most part, carefully printed,* and the selection of notes not injudicious. A life of Milton is prefixed, written on the plan of Hayley's, so as to make the poet, by large extracts from his letters and political tracts, his own biographer. We are dissatisfied with but one thing in Mr. Prendeville's book, which is his arbitrary alteration of the punctuation of former editions. The interposition of notes of admiration and dashes—even supposing them rightly placed, and exhibiting that the editor understands his author—may be too frequent. In any republication of Milton, the punctuation of the editions printed during his life, and, in particular, the second, should not be unnecessarily deviated from. In the few cases in which it may be deemed unavoidable, (if, indeed, there be any such, for Milton's works were printed with great correctness,) the editor should always communicate such changes by a note.

On the whole, however, this edition is creditable to the author's scholarship; and although, for the reason we have mentioned, it is not quite such an edition as would be best for purposes of reference, it is likely to be found a very convenient and useful schoolbook. The quotations from the Greek and Latin poets, familiar as they in general are, add very much to the value of the book, and will save both master and pupil much trouble.

Geometrical Propositions Demonstrated, or a Supplement to Euclid, being a Key to the Exercises appended to Euclid's Elements. By W. D. Cooley, A.B. 12mo. London. 1840.

WE do not know any work more useful for the purposes of school instruction in geometry than this new collection of exercises on Euclid. The propositions are admirably selected—

not so many nor so difficult as to deter the young student from the task of making himself master of them, and yet containing a greater variety of propositions both of practical use and (a far more attractive quality to a true lover of geometry) intrinsic beauty, than some of our most popular collections of formidable size and extravagant price. The demonstrations are beautifully concise, clear, and simple—the diagrams admirably executed, and the abbreviations made use of so clear as to cause no difficulty to the student, while they very materially diminish the size and cost of the book. It contains only 120 propositions; but we do not know any book containing three times the number which will convey more useful instruction to the young student, or suggest more elegant modes of demonstrating other theorems.

The Dream of Life: a Narrative Poem. Waterford. 1840.

The Austrians in Italy: a Cosmopolitical Romance. By Eugene Gustavus Von Swinney. Cork. 1838.

Religious Poems, IN VERSE. Belfast. 1840.

THREE books, in three provincial cities
born,

The counters of three booksellers
forlorn,

John Bull, John Bolster, John M'Comb
adorn—

Why with such bibliopolists at home
As Bolster, Bull, and sweet Will
Honey Comb,

Should our three native bards to
London roam?

The first in gauzy sentiment surpast,
The next in leaf-gold phrase—in both
the last;

All these last month were sent us for
review—

What can we do with them? What
did we do?

— We did the first—which did the
other two.

* One strange blunder occurs page 93—plantain is printed for "platane." The mistake is mentioned in a note, and attributed to inadvertence. The page ought to have been cancelled when the blunder was observed.

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